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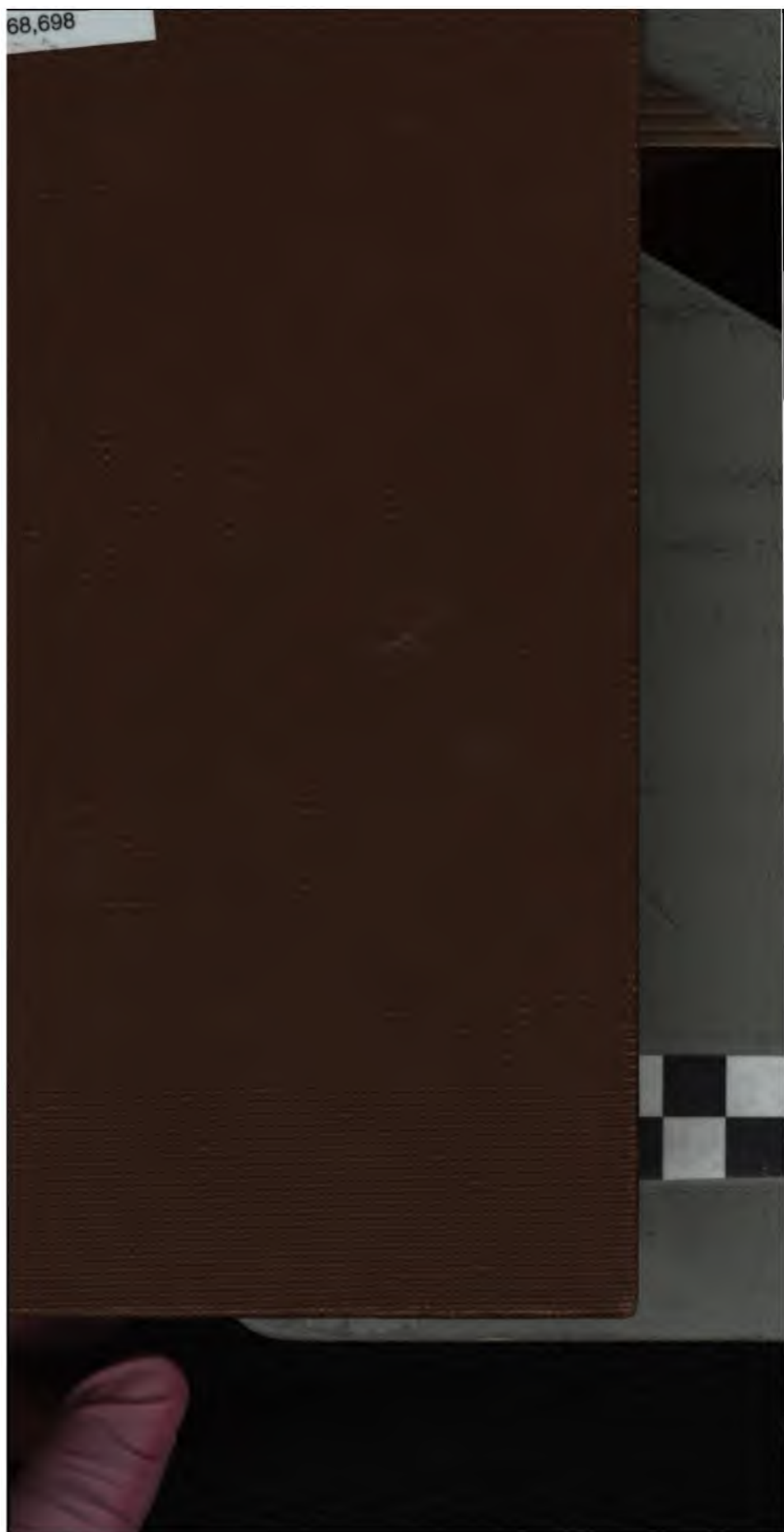
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Vol. LXXVI.

THE GROWTH AND PROSPECTS OF BRITISH AMERICA.

It cannot fail to be of interest to British readers to trace the growth, and to speculate upon the prospects, of colonies the bulk of whose population are of British extraction, and which promise to be the favoured recipients of a large portion of the industry and enterprise of the most valuable classes of our own fellow-countrymen, who are daily leaving the land of their birth in search of a wider field and a better reward for their labour. We propose, therefore, to review the progress which our North American colonies have made during the past ten or twenty years in population, in commerce, and in agriculture; and, whilst doing so, we believe we shall be enabled to show that, vast and rapid as has been the growth of the neighbouring "United States" in everything which can conduce to the greatness, the wealth, and the social happiness and worth of a people, the growth of British America, within the past few years, at all events, has been even more rapid, and almost wonderful. Within the memory of the comparatively young amongst our readers, the population of British America was chiefly an alien one, composed of the French "residents" of Lower Canada, chiefly located in the city of Quebec, and in the districts bordering upon the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with a sprinkling of settlers from this country engaged in the lumber trade of New Brunswick, and the

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fisheries of Newfoundland and the Bay of Fundy. Upper Canada was an almost unexplored territory, into which only the adventurous trapper penetrated during the hunting season, returning at the fall to the Lower province to dispose of his peltries, and to locate himself for the winter months beyond the reach of attack from the Red Indians, whose cunning and revenge he had to dread in return for his trespasses upon their forests and prairies. Whilst, as late as 1831, the population of Lower Canada was 511,922 souls, that of Upper Canada numbered only, in 1830, 210,437 souls, of which the bulk were located in Montreal and along the banks of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of Lake Ontario. The agricultural portion of this population were chiefly composed of small holders of partially cleared land on the lower banks of the Ottawa River—energetic, but humble men, living in log-huts, and cultivating just as much land as would subsist them, aided by the game won by their rifles during the season when their lumbering operations could be pursued. A few insignificant villages, which have since grown into thriving towns, supplied stores, at which the surplus products of their industry could be exchanged for clothing, and the few articles of comfort and necessity required by Europeans embarked in such a life of perhaps unaccustomed toil and occasional privation, and to

which they could resort from time to time for those religious consolations which they had been wont to enjoy in the land which had given them birth: for the bulk of the population of Upper Canada at this period were of English or of Scottish extraction; and it is gratifying to find that provision for religious instruction and education has progressed, step by step, with the settlement of this and other provinces of our North American colonies. For many years subsequent to this period, moreover, there was little good feeling existing between the population of Upper and Lower Canada, differing, as they did, in religion and in race; and, as a natural consequence, the population of the former depended for its increase rather upon an accession of new settlers from Great Britain than upon immigration of the French inhabitants from the lower province, whose very loyalty to the crown was of a dubious character. A strong feeling of irritation, in fact, existed between the populations of Upper and Lower Canada, which was aggravated by the intermeddling and vacillating policy of successive colonial secretaries, by whom the agitating patriots (?) of the latter were shielded from the consequences of their turbulence and sedition, whilst the loyalists of the former, whose firmness ultimately saved its "brightest jewel" from being reft from the diadem of the British sovereign, had the cold shoulder of authority turned to them at every available opportunity, when such studied insult could serve to conciliate and flatter the disaffected. Upon both provinces imperial legislation was the means of inflicting serious discouragement. A constant tampering with the trade of the colony was carried on, alternately stimulating and depressing it, giving it now one direction and again another, until little certainty for the investment of capital could be said to exist.

Upon this subject, Mr. T. C. Keefer, of Montreal, in his prize essay upon the Canals of Canada, written in 1851, remarks:—

"A wise and liberal policy was adopted with regard to our exports previous to 1822. The products of either bank of the St. Lawrence were indifferently exported to the sister colonies, as if of

Canadian origin; and those markets received not only our own, but a large share of American bread-stuffs and provisions. Our timber was not only admitted freely into the British markets, but excessive and almost prohibitory duties were imposed upon importations of this article from the Baltic, for the purpose of fostering Canadian trade and British shipping. The British market was closed by prohibition against our wheat until 1814, which was then only admitted when the price in England rose to about two dollars per bushel—a privilege in a great measure nugatory; but the West Indies and lower provinces gave a sufficient demand so long as a free export of American produce was permitted by this route. In 1822 the Canada trade acts of the imperial parliament, by imposing a duty upon American agricultural produce entering the British American colonies and the West Indies, destroyed one-half of the export trade of the St. Lawrence; and the simultaneous abundance of the English harvest forbade our exports thither."

It will be naturally inferred from the above that Canada had not, up to 1822, been an extensive exporter of agricultural produce of her own growth. Her population, however, were largely engaged in milling pursuits, in the manufacture of pot and pearl ashes, &c.; and the existing railways and canals of the United States not having then been formed, and afforded routes for shipment of the agricultural produce of their western territory from the Atlantic seaboard, such produce could be forwarded only by the St. Lawrence, as if of Canadian origin—the people of Canada, and especially the shipowners, profiting largely by the trade. But to proceed with our essayist:—

"As a recompense for the damage done by the Trade Act of 1822, our flour and wheat in 1825 were admitted into the United Kingdom at a fixed duty of five shillings sterling per quarter. The opening of the Erie and Champlain canals at this critical juncture gave a permanent direction to those American exports which had before sought Quebec, and an amount of injury was inflicted upon the St. Lawrence which would not have been reached had the British Action of 1825 preceded that of 1822. The accidental advantages, resulting from the differences which arose between the United States and Great Britain, on the score of reciprocal navigation (which differences led to the

interdiction of the United States' export trade to the West Indies, and reduced it from a value of 2,000,000 dollars, in 1826, to less than 2000 dollars in 1830), restored for a time our ancient commerce. The trade of the St. Lawrence was also assisted by the readmission, *free*, in 1826 (after four years' exclusion), of American timber and ashes for the British market, and by the reduction of the duty upon our flour for the West India market, and therefore rapidly recovered, and in 1830 far surpassed, its position of 1820.

"In 1831 there was a return to the policy which existed previous to 1822. United States' products of the forests and agriculture were admitted into Canada *free*, and could be exported thence as Canadian produce to all countries, except the United Kingdom; and an additional advantage was conferred by the imposition of a differential duty, in our favour, upon foreign lumber entering the West Indian and South American possessions."

Notwithstanding some fluctuations, caused by abundant crops in England, and a failing crop in Lower Canada, the writer goes on to say:—

"The shipping and commerce of the St. Lawrence gradually increased in importance and value, with no continued relapse down to the year 1842. The revulsion of 1842 was general, being one of those periodical crises which affect commerce, but was aggravated in Canada by a repetition of the measures of 1822, not confined this time to the provision trade only, but attacking the great staple of Quebec—timber. The duties on Baltic timber in Britain were reduced; the free importation of American flour was stopped by the imposition of a duty thereon, and our trade with the West Indies annihilated by the reduction of the duty upon American flour brought into those islands. By imposing a duty of two shillings sterling per barrel upon American flour imported into Canada, and reducing it in the West Indies from five to two shillings, an improvement equal to five shillings sterling per barrel was made in the new position of American flour exported from the Mississippi, Baltimore, and New York. *The value of our trade with the West Indies in 1830 (during the exclusion of the Americans) amounted to 906,000 dollars; and in 1846 it was 4000 dollars!*"

It will very naturally be supposed that a people whose interests were thus trifled with, and upon whom the imperial legislature blew hot and cold in a breath, were not likely to progress greatly in material wealth, or in

population. To a certain extent the supposition is correct. The growth of Canada *was* retarded; but there were influences at work—there was a stubborn energy in the character of a portion of that people, and, more than all, there was given them a soil, and natural facilities for its conversion into wealth—which, combined together, enabled them to surmount the difficulties and stumbling blocks thrown in their way by anti-patriotic and bungling statesmanship. We have stated that the population of Upper Canada was, in 1830, 210,437 souls. In 1842 it had reached 486,055 souls, being an increase during the twelve years of upwards of 130 per cent. The population of Lower Canada increased from 511,922, in 1831, to 690,782 in 1844, or a little over 34 per cent. in the thirteen years. For this striking disparity in the progress of the two provinces abundant reasons can be adduced. In the first place, the inhabitants of Lower Canada are not of an enterprising race. If left to them alone the country would probably have merged long ago into the United States Confederation. They held fast by the old laws and habits of the worst times of their parent country; and their ambition seemed to be circumscribed within the limits of the soil which had been cultivated for them by the early settlers, which was being divided and subdivided, as the natural increase of their population required. The French were never a successful colonising people; and it is doubtful whether any people can be so who cling to the tenets of a Church, beyond whose immediate ministrations they are deterred from living, and dare not die. Besides, Lower Canada suffered especially from the changeable policy of the Imperial government, which had been playing fast and loose with the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and the trade of its chief city, Quebec. In Upper Canada, on the contrary, influences were in operation, as we have stated, which tended to neutralise the effect of the impediments thrown in the way of its hardy settlers by British legislation. The wave of population from Europe and the Atlantic States of the American Republic had begun, long before 1842, to approach the great Lake District

bordering upon Upper Canada, and an important frontier trade had been established. The communications between the lakes and the Atlantic and Gulf seaports were open to the Upper Canadian people, whose productions were thus brought practically and economically nearer to the consuming countries of the Old World than those of Lower Canada. Moreover, the immigration from Great Britain naturally tended towards the upper province, whether flowing through the St. Lawrence or the Atlantic ports, as to a territory in which settlers would find communities of a common blood and country, speaking the same mother tongue, and imbued with the same associations, religion, domestic habits, and aspirations with themselves, and acknowledging the same allegiance and loyalty to the same Sovereign and the same laws. These circumstances, connected with their respective positions, combined with the superior energy of character and habit inherent in the race by which Upper Canada was being peopled, are sufficient to account for the more rapid increase of the material wealth and population of that province, during a period when the whole of the North American colonies seem to have been the subject of experimental, if it may not even be called hostile, legislation by the Government of the mother country. To a considerable extent Upper Canada has been favoured by its climate as the recipient of a European population; whilst, at the same time, the more frigid climate of Lower Canada suits admirably the wants of that country. Mr. Andrews, the consul of the United States for Canada and New Brunswick, reports:—

"It is true that in Eastern Canada there are extremes of climate unknown in the North-Western States (of America); but it will be found that the mean temperature varies but little in the two regions. The intense cold of the winter makes a highway to the operations of the lumberman over and upon every lake and stream, whilst the earth and the germs of vegetation are jealously guarded from the injurious effects of severe frost by a thick mantle of snow. The sudden transition from winter to summer, melting the accumulations of ice and snow in every mountain stream, converts them

into navigable rivers *downward*, for bearing in the cheapest and most expeditious manner, the fruits of the lumberman's winter labour to its market on tide-water. The commencement of vegetation is delayed by the duration of the snow; but its maturity is reached about the same period as in the western country, because there has been a smaller loss of caloric during the winter, less retardation from a lingering spring, and more rapid growth from the constant action of a strong and steady summer heat.

"Whatever exceptions may be taken to the climate of Eastern Canada, it must be remembered that it embraces the greater portion of the white pine bearing zone of North America, the invaluable product of which can only be obtained by those conditions of climate (the abundant ice and snow) which have given it such imaginary terrors. There is scarcely one article, or class of articles, from any one country in the world which affords more outward freight, or employs more sea tonnage, than the products of the forests of British North America,

"While these conditions of climate and production give necessarily a commercial and manufacturing character to the Eastern province, the milder climate and more extensive plains of Western Canada afford a field for agriculture, horticulture, and pastoral pursuits unsurpassed in some respects by the most favoured sections of the United States. The peninsula of Canada West, almost surrounded by many thousand square miles of unfrozen water, enjoys a climate as mild as that of northern New York. The peach tree, unprotected, matures its fruit south and west of Ontario, whilst tobacco has been successfully cultivated for years on the peninsula between lakes Erie and Huron. During the last two years (1851 and 1852) Western Canada has exported upwards of two millions of barrels of flour, and over three millions of bushels of wheat; and at the present moment the surplus stock on hand is greater than at any former period. *There is probably no country where there is so much wheat grown in proportion to the population, and the area under cultivation, as in that part of Canada west of Kingston.*"

We may illustrate the concluding paragraph of the above extract by the following statement from the *American Statistical Annual*:—

"The production (in bushels) of grains in the two provinces, as represented in the census of 1851, and in the United States in that of 1850, gives the quantities per capita as follows:—

	Wheat.	Rye.	Oats.	Buckwheat.	Barley.	Maize.
Upper Canada, .	13.3	0.5	11.7	0.7	0.8	1.7
Lower Canada, .	3.4	0.4	10.1	0.9	0.5	0.5
Both provinces, .	8.5	0.4	10.9	0.9	0.6	1.1
United States, .	4.4	0.6	6.5	0.4	0.2	25.9"

Another circumstance has given a vast impulse to the prosperity of both provinces. In 1841 a legislative union of Upper and Lower Canada prepared the way for a more harmonious action of their population. In 1847 the Imperial Government formally abandoned all control over the Canadian tariff; and in their next session the colonial legislature abolished the differential duties upon imports inland, and placed the mother country in the same relative position as foreigners. From 1841 the development of the upper province was most rapid. We have given the population in 1842 at 486,055 souls. In 1851 it was 952,004, having increased nearly 100 per cent. in the nine years. The total population of Canada—both provinces—was

In 1841, .	1,156,139
In 1851, .	1,842,265
Increase, .	59.34 per cent.

But the increase of the wealth and productiveness of Upper Canada was even more striking than the increase of its population. We quote from the Report of Lord Elgin, presented to Parliament February 15, 1853:

"The first returns of the assessable property of Upper Canada, as taken under the Act of 1819, which I have been enabled to procure, are those of 1825. Its total amount is estimated in that year

	at £1,854,965	5	0
In 1830, .	"	2,407,618	14 8
" 1835, .	"	3,189,862	14 11
" 1840, .	"	4,608,843	12 0
" 1845, .	"	6,393,630	16 0

Another Act (13 and 14 Vict. Cap. 67) was passed in 1850, requiring the municipal authorities to assess property at its real value, and rendering certain descrip-

tions of personal property rateable which were previously exempted from assessment. I have obtained statements which, although not strictly official, are, I believe, tolerably correct, of the amounts of the two valuations (those, namely, for 1851 and 1852) which have already taken place under the Act; and I find them to be as follows:

Total assessable Property of Upper Canada in the years—

1851, .	£36,252,178	7	0
1852, .	37,695,931	4	8

In order to arrive at the real value, it is believed that 20 per cent. at least ought to be added to these amounts."

The same report gives us the following statistics as to the increase of the wheat crop of Upper Canada:—

	Bushels.	To each Inhabitant.
In 1841, .	3,221,991	6.60
" 1847, .	7,558,773	10.45
" 1851, .	12,692,852	13.33

Nearly quadrupling itself in ten years.

The wheat crop of Lower Canada has also increased: it was

	Minots.	To each Inhabitant.
In 1843, .	942,835	1.36
" 1851, .	3,075,968	3.46

The minot is one-twelfth more than a bushel.

This remarkable increase of the population and productiveness of Upper Canada cannot be accounted for, in the ordinary way, as the result of emigration direct to the province; and herein consists a feature which is well worth the serious consideration of the British public. The following are the statistics of the immigration for the last six years into both provinces:—

Whence derived.	1848.	1849.	1850.	1851.	1852.	1853.
England and Wales, .	6,034	8,980	9,887	9,677	9,276	8,714
Ireland, .	16,582	23,126	17,976	22,381	15,983	14,976
Scotland, .	3,086	4,984	2,879	7,042	5,477	4,682
Lower ports, . . .	1,842	468	701	1,106	1,184	435
European Continent, .	1,395	436	849	870	7,256	7,278
Total, . . .	27,839	39,494	32,292	41,076	39,176	36,085

The gross amount of this immigration—215,000 in six years—is certainly large as an addition to a population of under two millions; but it does not by any means represent the accession of numbers which the country has acquired from this source. It is obvious that a large amount of the population of the upper province must have come by the Atlantic ports of the United States; for we find that the shipping using the ports of Quebec and Montreal during the past few years has actually diminished instead of increasing. The following statement of the number and tonnage of vessels from sea, which entered inwards and outwards at the ports of Quebec and Montreal in each of the six years preceding 1852, is taken from Lord Elgin's Report:—

	Ships.	Tonnage.
1845, .	1,699	628,389
1846, .	1,699	623,791
1847, .	1,444	542,505
1848, .	1,350	494,247
1849, .	1,328	502,513
1850, .	1,341	485,905
1851, .	1,469	573,397

His Lordship remarks, in explanation of this falling off,—

“During the earlier years of this series, while the Canada Corn Act of 1843 was in operation, an impulse was given to the trade of Quebec and Montreal, by the preference accorded in the markets of Great Britain to produce conveyed by the route of the St. Lawrence. Since that preference has been withdrawn, the facilities afforded by the Government of the United States for the transportation in bond of Canadian imports and exports through its territory, and the multiplication of railways connecting the southern bank of the St. Lawrence with different points on the coast, have diverted a portion of the trade of that river from the Canadian seaports to those of the United States. As this is, however, a point of considerable importance to the interests of the lower province especially, it may be well to look into it more closely, with the view of inquiring whether there be anything in the nature of the route itself, or in the nature of the trade, which places the route of the St. Lawrence at a disadvantage in competing with others for the trade of the Great West.”

It is a well-known fact that a large portion of the emigrants from this country, whose intended destination is Canada, go by way of the United

States' ports, not because they offer the cheapest route, but because they afford constant facilities. The St. Lawrence is only open for traffic during about seven months out of the twelve; and the competition which the United States is enabled to carry on successfully with our shipowners, by means of her efficient internal communications, compels a large portion of our tonnage to go out to British America, either circuitously or in ballast, from British ports. This is most strikingly shown by the following—

STATEMENT showing the number and tonnage of vessels entered inwards and outwards at the port of Quebec, in 1852, with cargoes or in ballast.

INWARDS.			
	Ships.	Tons.	
With cargoes, .	560	224,525	
In ballast, . .	671	280,499	
OUTWARDS.			
With cargoes, .	1228	518,580	
In ballast, . .	None.	None.	

No ship in ballast can afford to carry passengers, inasmuch as she must pay dock and light dues, &c, which would sweep away the bulk of her earnings from such a freight. A considerable number of our timber ships, therefore, make the outward voyage to a United States port, thus diverting the legitimate trade of Canada, both with respect to goods and passengers, through the United States' territory and routes to the Far West. To show the extent of this diversion of traffic from its natural course, we quote again from the very valuable Report of Lord Elgin:—

“The imports or principal articles of British and foreign merchandise entered for consumption in Canada, during the year ending the 5th Jan., 1852, amounted in value to £4,404,409 0s. 3d., on which £608,114 5s. of duty was collected; and the goods in warehouse and in bond on that day were valued at £233,545 15s., subject to £76,660 2s. 3d. of duty. The corresponding figures of the year preceding were as follows:—

Imports, .	£3,489,466	3	4
Duty collected, .	506,050	8	6
Goods warehoused, .	150,709	18	7
Duties payable thereon, .	49,871	13	6

Of the imports entered for consumption there were imported from Great Britain—

In 1851 to the value of £2,475,643 14 7
 In 1850 " 1,979,161 16 2

From the United States—

In 1851 to the value of £1,718,992 17 2
 In 1850 " 1,355,108 6 4"

These imports from the United States are not composed either exclusively or mainly of produce of that country. A portion of them are foreign products, such as sugar, tea, &c. ; and the rule is to enter them as belonging to the country where they are purchased, unless they are sent under bond.

The want of an independent route to the Canadian provinces, and the necessity for their imports being made to pay a toll to the United States, have been a serious hindrance, not only to the growth of this portion of our colonies, but to the prosperity of the British and North American ship-owners. Unfortunately our colonists have been behind the citizens of the United States in laying out and perfecting railways and canals, to enable them to overcome the difficulties which the climate offers to the navigation of the St. Lawrence. They possessed a

route for their products through the United States. They had provided very superior accommodation for the traffic *via* the St. Lawrence through the great lakes; but there were wanting facilities by railway and canal for carrying on their growing internal traffic, and these have only been in course of being supplied within the past few years. The capability of accommodating its traffic shall have been completed, may be estimated by the following returns of the receipts on the canals in connection with the great lakes:—

CANAL TOLLS.

	Gross Receipts.		Nett Receipts.
1848, £38,214 1 3		£30,259 1 9	
1849, 46,192 8 3		39,479 13 8	
1850, 54,059 12 3		45,296 7 8	
1851, 62,640 3 8		52,545 5 6	

We quote again from Lord Elgin's Report:—

"A still more striking result is obtained, if the total movement of property in goods, wares, and merchandise on the principal canals, viz, the Welland, St. Lawrence, and Chambly, in each of these years respectively, be compared.

	Welland. Tons.	St. Lawrence. Tons.	Chambly. Tons.
1848, . . .	307,611½	164,267	18,835
1849, . . .	351,596½	213,153	77,216
1850, . . .	399,600	288,183½	109,040½
1851, . . .	691,627½	450,260½	110,726½"

With respect to these canals, which are so remarkably promoting the trade of Canada, we may explain that the Welland and St. Lawrence complete a continuous inland navigation to Chicago on Lake Michigan, a distance of 1587 miles from tide-water at Quebec. Properly constructed vessels, conveying 4000 barrels of flour, or from 350 to 400 tons of freight, can pass through them. They possess an advantage over the United States' route, by the Erie Canal to New York—the great rival route from the West—inasmuch as the latter is not capable of transporting vessels of more than 75 tons burthen. The Chambly Canal connects Lake Champlain with the river Richelieu, which enters the St. Lawrence at Sorel. This canal has of late had to contend against the competition of a neighbouring railway.

The enterprise of her population,

however, has prepared the way for a vastly increased prosperity for Canada, and for the western province especially. The great grain-growing country of this province, so far at least as it is at present cultivated—for it is almost without limit—extends along the banks of the St. Lawrence, Lake Ontario, and Lake Erie, to the town of Windsor, opposite Detroit, in the State of Michigan, U.S., and within a short distance of the confluence of lakes Erie and Huron, with a vast expanse of country to the westward. A powerful company—the Great Western Railway Company of Canada—have formed a line from Montreal to Windsor, passing through the important towns of Kingston, Hamilton, and Toronto, with a branch line to Lakes Simcoe and Huron, and an intended continuation to Quebec. Of this line, 228 miles are now open, con-

structed at an expense of about £10,000 per mile, with a single line of rails—the large works, however, being formed for a double line; and the receipts since its opening show a traffic not only most remunerative to the shareholders, but promising results calculated to promote the prosperity of the colony. It was first open throughout in January last; and in the week ending the 20th, the receipts were £3000. On the 27th they were £2366; and it must be remarked that winter will always tell considerably upon the traffic of Canadian railways. In March the receipts reached £5130 per week, and they have fluctuated from about this amount to about £4500 down to May last. The Great Western Railway must therefore pay an excellent percentage upon the capital invested in its construction, were it even dependent upon its local traffic. It is not so, however, as it forms an important link in the chain of communication between the St. Lawrence, the New England States of the American Republic, the great grain-producing States of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, south of the lakes, and the rich mineral districts of Upper Canada in the north. A still more important accession to it, and one which must give a vast impulse to the prosperity of the whole of British America, will shortly be furnished by the carrying out of the magnificent scheme of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. This scheme, which may with complete propriety be regarded as a national one, has its eastern terminus on the Atlantic at Portland, in the State of Maine,—to and from which in the winter months, when the navigation of the St. Lawrence is closed, a line of powerful steamers has been established from the port of Liverpool, with which, very shortly, Canada will have a weekly communication. At the town of Richmond, about half-way between Quebec and Montreal, on the east side of the St. Lawrence, and in Canadian territory, a line is intended,—although not for the present in course of construction—to branch off to Quebec, and to run along the bank of the river to Trois Pistoles, where it *will ultimately* be joined by other lines *through New Brunswick to St. John's,*

and to Halifax in Nova Scotia. Another line, and what may be considered the main line, is being carried westward to Montreal, where it will cross the St. Lawrence by a tubular bridge two miles in length, to be constructed after the design of Robert Stephenson, Esq., C.E., the eminent builder of the world-famed viaduct over the Menai Straits, on the Chester and Holyhead Railway. This gigantic work has already been provisionally contracted for by an eminent English firm—Messrs. Peto, Brassey, Betts, and Jackson—who have also undertaken the construction of the line, 345 miles in length, from Montreal to Toronto, where it joins the Great Western scheme, and connects the whole of Upper and Lower Canada with the great lakes and the Western States of the American Republic. It is scarcely possible to estimate what must be the effect of the opening out of this magnificent route, by which goods and passengers will be transported from the Atlantic seaboard along a distance of upwards of 1400 miles, the greatest portion of it through British territory, to one of the most fertile and productive countries ever brought under the hands of the cultivator. We dare not speculate upon the growth of the province of Upper Canada, when she shall thus have been brought practically within a fortnight's distance from Europe, and a trip to her noble scenery becomes no longer regarded as requiring a greater effort than a journey down the Rhine, or an ordinary run to the Highlands or the metropolis. There are circumstances in the position of the province, both social and industrial, which must exercise a powerful influence in its future development. The tourist, or the casual visitor of Upper Canada, has no longer to report the existence there of a state of society, of which dangerous adventure and hard struggle are the prevailing features. At every step in his progress he will witness social comfort, order, and the palpable marks of a prosperity rarely to be met with in the old countries of Europe, or even in Great Britain, favoured as she has been in her career amongst nations. Thriving towns will be found scattered throughout every por-

tion of the province, inhabited by communities essentially British in habits and pursuits. Well-stocked farms, upon which the log-hut has given place to the substantial brick or stone dwelling, diversify the landscape on every side; and what may appear strange at first to the European observer, the occupants in almost every case are privileged to call the soil which they till their own. Amongst the yeomanry of Upper Canada there are thousands who went originally into the woods with little beyond their axe and a few months' provisions, and are now the comfortable possessors of ample incomes, owners of a few hundred acres of the finest land in the world, and of a thousand or a couple of thousand pounds in money, wherewith to meet any emergency, or to push forward any enterprise. This population are universally reaping a rich reward for their past struggles, and temporary sacrifices of what, in an old country, are regarded as the comforts of life. The value of land is increasing rapidly, as new communications are formed with the markets for its produce. Civilisation, educational and religious institutions, are being brought into every district as rapidly as it is cleared for the cultivator; and what is a most desirable feature in a new country, every such district affords sources of profitable employment for the industry of its population of every class and sex by their own hearths. This is a leading feature in the condition of both Upper and Lower Canada, but especially of the lower province. We find every available opportunity of

employing the vast water-power of the country for useful purposes promptly seized. Grist-mills offer themselves upon every stream and canal to enable the cultivator to convert his grain into the more marketable commodity of flour. Fulling-mills assist him in the conversion of his wool into cloth, manufactured by his own spinning-wheel and loom. Asheries enable the woodman to prepare his refuse timber into a valuable commodity; and tanneries, founderies, and other similar works, are readily accessible throughout both provinces. The religious statistics of the country are especially evidence of an advanced state of society. Upper Canada has 1559 churches for 952,004 adherents. Of these churches 226 belong to the Church of England, 135 are Roman Catholic, 471 Methodists, and 148 Presbyterians, the remainder belonging to other denominations. There is thus in the province one place of worship to every 612 inhabitants, and it is estimated that there is accommodation for 470,000 persons. In Lower Canada there are 610 churches for 890,261 adherents—746,866 being Roman Catholics. There is in the province one place of worship for every 1459 inhabitants. Upper Canada, moreover, can now boast of a number of thriving towns which are progressing in population and commerce at an unexampled rate, and must increasingly progress as the result of the completion of the railway facilities now being provided. The following table gives the value of the imports from all parts of a few of these towns during a period of four years:—

	1848. Dollars.	1849. Dollars.	1850. Dollars.	1851. Dollars.	Population in 1851.
Toronto,	788,900	1,315,452	2,538,889	3,601,932	30,775
Hamilton,	941,380	1,123,024	1,583,132	2,198,300	14,112
St. John,	3,106,692	1,213,640	1,477,784	1,948,460	3,215
Kingston,	303,788	384,044	499,040	1,025,492	11,585

The smaller towns of Stanley, Prescott, Brookville, Oakville, and Cobourg show a similar increase; and it must be borne in mind that the returns at present furnished do not give us either the commerce or the population since the Great Western Railway line reached any of these places, but only at a period when they were dependent for most of their imports and trade upon *their inland communica-*

tions with the United States. For example, of the total imports into Toronto in 1851, amounting to 2,601,932 dollars, 1,525,620 dollars came from the United States.

Vastly, however, as Canada and the whole of British America must be benefited by the enterprise at present directed towards the improvement of the internal communications of the country, important conse-

quences must result therefrom to Great Britain herself, and especially to her shipowners. We have at present going on from this country, and from Europe, *via* British ports, an emigration which takes off upwards of a thousand persons per day to people the soil of the United States and British America, yet of this vast number a mere fraction only proceed direct in British ships to British American ports. We have shown above that a large portion of our shipping enters those ports in ballast, thus enhancing the cost of their homeward cargoes of timber, bread-stuffs, and other produce. By-and-by the advantages afforded by the St. Lawrence route, not only to Canada, but also to the western territory of the United States, will become more extensively appreciated; and the British and colonial shipowner will be enabled to compete successfully in a trade from which the Americans, during the past ten years, have been profiting extensively, and almost exclusively. The diversion of the passenger-carrying traffic to British American ports will at the same time exercise an important influence in improving the model and build of our colonial ships. A considerable improvement has been effected in this direction within the past few years, and especially since emigration has increased so rapidly to the gold districts of Australia. The builders in the ports of St. John, N.B., and Quebec have of late been producing ships whose performances at sea have not been surpassed by those either of the mother country or of the United States, which pride themselves upon the qualities of their clipper vessels. Some of the fastest vessels in our Australian merchant fleet are of colonial build; and this branch of industry promises to become one in which a far greater amount of labour and capital will be employed, than was the case when the colonial builders studied only to secure great carrying capacity at the lowest possible cost of construction.

We must, however, withdraw our observation now from Upper Canada, and direct it to what are commonly called the Lower Provinces of British America, the recent development of which has been very rapid, and which afford most profitable fields for the ex-

ercise of British enterprise and energy. And in noticing these we shall glance first at the province of New Brunswick. With respect to this province, the following remarks are contained in a Report recently made by a Railway Commission to the British Legislature:—

“Of the climate, soil, and capabilities of New Brunswick, it is impossible to speak too highly. There is not a country in the world so beautifully wooded and watered. An inspection of the map will show that there is scarcely a section of it without its streams, from the running brook to the navigable river. Two-thirds of its boundary are washed by the sea; the remainder is embraced by the large rivers, the St. John and the Restigouche. The beauty and richness of scenery of this latter river and its branches are rarely surpassed by anything on this continent.

“The lakes of New Brunswick are numerous and most beautiful; the surface is undulating—hill and dale, varying up to mountain and valley. It is everywhere, except a few peaks of the highest mountains, covered with a dense forest of the finest growth. The country can everywhere be penetrated by its streams. In some parts of the interior, by a portage of three or four miles only, a canoe can float away either to the Bay of Chaleur or the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or down to St. John's and the Bay of Fundy. Its agricultural capabilities and climate are described by Rouchette, Martin, and other authors. The country is by them—and most deservedly so—highly praised. For any great plan of emigration or colonisation there is not another British colony which presents such a favourable field for trial as New Brunswick. On the surface is an abundant stock of the finest timber, which, in the markets of England, realises large sums annually, and affords an unlimited supply of fuel to the settler. If the forests should ever become exhausted, there are the coal fields underneath.”

The growth of the province in cultivation and population, although it falls much short of that of Upper Canada, has been very rapid for a country whose soil has to be cleared by the axe. In 1840, the quantity of land improved and under cultivation was 426,611 acres. In 1851, the quantity was 643,954 acres, showing an increase of 50 per cent. The population, in 1834, was 119,477; in 1840, 156,162; and in 1851, 193,800, although a portion of territory, con-

taining, in 1840, 2162 souls, had been ceded to the United States by the Ashburton Treaty. These figures, however, form a very imperfect basis for estimating the probable future growth of the province. The extension of the railway system to New Brunswick is only a question of time; and when this is done, the route both to Upper and Lower Canada by the port of St. John in the Bay of Fundy must become a favourite one. The harbour of St. John's is described as spacious, with sufficient depth of water for vessels of the largest class, with a tide-fall of from twenty-one to twenty-five feet, which effectually prevents its being frozen over or impeded by ice during the winter. When connected by railway with the Canadian and United States lines, and with the navigation of the great lakes, we shall see a much larger amount of tonnage entering New Brunswick direct from British ports,

with cargo, than at present; and the means will thus be provided for diverting to the province a larger portion of the tide of emigration from this country and from Europe. As an illustration of the existing state of things, we may state that, whereas out of 489,150 tons of shipping, the total entered at St. John's in 1851, only 113,665 tons went direct from Great Britain, the remaining portion being driven to take outward cargoes to the West Indies, the States, and other countries, previously to going to that port for cargo. The clearances direct to British ports were in the same year 347,757 tons, out of a total of 538,528 tons. To show the importance to this country of the development of the great resources possessed by New Brunswick, we give the following statement of the quantities and values of the timber floated down the river St. John in the season of 1852:—

White-pine timber, . . .	100,000 tons, valued at 600,000 dollars.
Hackmatac timber,* . . .	10,000 " .. 70,000 ..
White-pine logs, . . .	50,000,000 feet, .. 300,000 ..
Spruce logs, . . .	20,000,000 " .. 100,000 ..
Pine boards, . . .	5,000,000 " .. 750,000 ..
Cedar and pine shingles, . . .	15,000 m., .. 45,000 ..
Clapboards, . . .	5,000,000 pieces, .. 80,000 ..
Total value, . . .	1,945,000 dollars.
	Or, £405,208 sterling.

The total imports of New Brunswick were, in 1849, 3,467,835 dollars, and in 1850, 4,077,655 dollars. Of these amounts the colony took from Great Britain direct, in 1849, 1,507,340 dollars, and in 1850, 1,988,195 dollars. The exports were, to all countries, in 1849, 3,007,310, and in 1850, 3,290,090 dollars. To the amount of exports, however, we have to add the value of the ships built in the colony, and sold principally in Great Britain. This branch of business is largely increasing in the province, the St. John's builders, especially, having recently furnished us with some of our finest clipper ships, and now possessing a deservedly high reputation. More attention is being paid to the finish of their productions than formerly; whilst the excellent timber which they

possess enables them to secure superior strength and durability. The following was the number and tonnage of ships built in the province in 1851:—

St. John's, . . .	60 ships, 28,628 tons.
Miramichi, . . .	21 " 5,603 "
St. Andrew's, . . .	6 " 109 "
Total, . . .	87 ships, 34,350 tons.

Being an average of nearly 400 tons to each vessel.

There is no portion of our North American colonies, as we have already stated, which affords a finer field for the British emigrant than New Brunswick, unless, perhaps, we except the valley of the river Ottawa in Lower Canada. To the sturdy labourer, not possessed of capital, it offers a home and an independent settlement as a landholder in return

* A species of larch much valued for ship-building both in the colonies and the United States. Ships built of this wood rate first-class for seven years, whilst those built of spruce or pine are only first-class for four years.

for his labour. The best woodmen are found to be the Irish. After a year or two of location in this or any other portion of North America, the native of Ireland is found to be a most valuable settler. Change of diet increases his physical powers; and change of scene and occupation transforms him into a totally different being from what he was whilst vegetating upon the soil of his birth. His bearing is more manly, and more worthy of his physical formation. He may cling to his Roman Catholicism, but he is no longer the bigoted slave of his religious priesthood. Parties who have visited British America report emphatically upon the change in the Celtic character. It cannot be conceived that the Scotsman is inferior to the Irishman in adaptation to the business of a backwoodsman. He is generally found, however, to betake himself at once, on arrival, to purely agricultural pursuits. The great fishing-stations of New Brunswick are located on the islands of Grand Manan, Campobello, and West Isles, in St. John's harbour, and in Cumberland Bay. On these stations an aggregate of five hundred vessels are found fishing during the season; and there are reared in the pursuit some of the hardiest seamen to be found in the world. Upon the subject of the fisheries, the Commissioners' Report, from which we have already quoted, remarks:—

"The rivers, lakes, and sea-coast abound with fish. Along the bay of the Chaleur it is so abundant that the land smells of it. It is used as a manure; and while the olfactory senses of the traveller are offended by it on the land, he sees out at sea immense shoals darkening the surface of the water."

A rapidly-increasing internal trade is carried on by means of the rivers St. John, Peticodiac, Richibucto, Miramichi, and some lesser streams, which are navigable for a considerable distance from their respective harbours on the Bay of Fundy and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The St. John, which is four hundred and fifty miles in length from its mouth, will accommodate ships of one hundred tons and large steamers for ninety miles, to Fredericton, the seat of government; and small steamers ply farther upward for

sixty miles, to the thriving town of Woodstock. On all these rivers there is an abundant fall of water, the value of which is incalculable to the colonist. Every few miles along their banks small communities are being formed, availing themselves of this power for manufacturing and other purposes. First in order generally rises a saw-mill, to aid the operations of the lumberman. A flour, or, as it is termed in the colonies, a grist mill, rises next in order; then a store—wooden in general—a few dwellings, and, when a small body of population has been drawn together, a church or chapel and a school-house. From the census of 1851, we find that there had been established in this way throughout the entire province,—

Establishments.	Number.	Hands employed.
Saw-mills,	584	4302
Grist-mills,	261	366
Tanneries,	125	255
Founderies,	11	242
Breweries,	8	
Weaving and card- ing (5475 hand looms),	52	96
Other factories,	94	953

The difficulties and hardships of a settler's life, the fear of which deters so many from trying their fortune in our colonies, are very materially smoothed down by the rapid formation of these small communities in every eligible site, wherever the forest has fallen before the woodman's axe, and the soil been brought under cultivation. The formation of railway routes from St. John's and Miramichi, by the aid of which the tide of emigration may flow direct to the province, must, within a very few years, render New Brunswick one of the most flourishing colonies belonging to the British crown.

The province of Nova Scotia next claims our attention, by the rapidity of its recent growth in commerce and population, the latter of which is extensively Scottish, both in origin and in religion. In 1817 the population of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton amounted to 91,913. Its subsequent growth has been as follows:—

1827.	1838.	1851.
142,578	208,237	276,117

Showing an increase of 32½ per cent.

from 1838 to 1851. Excluding Cape Breton, whose population decreased during these years, Nova Scotia has added to its inhabitants nearly 40 per cent. Its principal religious denominations, from which we gather a fair idea of the origin of the population, were, in 1851,—

	Persons.
Church of England, . . .	36,482
Roman Catholics, . . .	69,634
Presbyterians,—	
Kirk of Scotland, . . .	18,867
Presbytery of Nova Scotia, . . .	28,767
Free Church of Scotland, . . .	25,250
Baptists, . . .	42,243
Methodists, . . .	23,596

The progress of the province, both in population and in wealth, has been materially aided by its chief port, Halifax, being adopted as a calling station for the Cunard line of mail steamers between this country and the United States; and this progress must be materially aided when the railway communications projected from its Atlantic seaboard, to join those which are in progress from Lower Canada to the westward, are carried out. This must eventually be done, as the splendid harbours which Nova Scotia possesses point her out as destined to provide a route for a large portion of the traffic, both passenger and merchandise, between the Atlantic and the Far West. It is stated on reliable authority that, between Halifax and Cape Canso, there are twelve ports capable of receiving ships of the line, and fourteen others of sufficient depth for merchantmen. Unlike most other portions of British America, the province has not as yet developed a large amount of agricultural resources. Some of its high lands are rocky and sterile; but even these, when the surface is cleared away, are found to possess an under-soil of great fertility. The portion best adapted for cultivation is its north-eastern section, which is thus described:—

“Its most valuable portion is upon the Bay of Fundy, where there are deep and extensive deposits of rich alluvial matter, thrown down by the action of the extraordinary tides of this extensive bay. These deposits have been reclaimed from the sea by means of dykes; and the ‘dyked marshes,’ as they are termed, are the

richest and most prolific portion of British North America. Nothing can exceed their enduring fertility and fruitfulness, to which there seems no reasonable limit.”

These marshes are said to contain an area of upwards of 40,000 acres, valued at about 60 dollars per acre. The improved land was about 800,000 acres in 1851. Nova Scotia, however, although as yet behindhand in its agriculture, is rich in its fisheries, and in the possession of minerals. In 1851, the number of vessels employed in the fisheries was 812, with a burthen of 43,333 tons, manned by 3,681 men. The number of boats engaged was 5161, manned by 6713 men. The total value of the products of the fish and oil was estimated as greatly exceeding a million of dollars. The coal-mines of the province are situated at Pictou, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, in Cape Breton, and at the head of the Bay of Fundy. The main seam at Pictou is thirty-three feet in thickness, with twenty-four feet of good coal, of which thirteen feet are fit for exportation, and the remainder valuable for furnaces and forges. The principal exportation is to ports in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, with a small quantity to New York. The quality is bituminous; and the amount shipped to the United States alone was estimated, by the Hon. S. Cunard, the general agent for the mines, to have been, in 1850, 62,954 chaldrons of coarse, and 8,518 chaldrons of slack. Cape Breton is also rich in minerals and in its fisheries. It contains a noble sea-water lake—the Bras d’Or—considered to have been formed by some volcanic eruption, upon which fisheries of every kind are carried on with great success. It has two entrances from the sea, one of which is twenty-three miles long, and the other twenty-five miles. The shores of these entrances, we are informed, “are settled by Scotch Highlanders and emigrants from the Hebrides, who prosecute the fisheries in boats with much success.” In several of the large bays connected with the Bras d’Or, large timber ships from England receive their cargoes at a distance of forty to sixty miles from the sea. The coal deposits of Cape Breton extend over

about 120 square miles, containing good working seams of bituminous coal of the best quality.

Nova Scotia, including Cape Breton, has also made great progress in the number and extent of its manufacturing establishments. In 1851 it possessed 1153 saw-mills, employing 1786 hands; 398 grist mills, employing 437 hands; 237 tanneries, employing 374 hands; 81 weaving and carding shops, employing 119 hands, and containing 11,096 looms, with other manufacturing establishments of a miscellaneous character. The increase of its imports and exports has been very striking during the past few years, the total having been, in 1849, 7,728,925 dollars; 8,637,495 dollars in 1850; and 9,069,950 in 1851.

One of our most singular colonies, to a European, is the island colony of Newfoundland. Viewed from the sea, it has a wild and sterile appearance, covered with three different kinds of vegetation, the districts containing which are classed as "woods," "marshes," and "barrens." The trees of Newfoundland consist principally of the pine, spruce, fir, larch (or Hackmatac), and birch. Some lighter woods are also found in the colony. The timber is generally of small growth. In the valley and the low lands are found open tracts or marshes. These are very fertile. The "barrens" occupy the summits of the high lands, and produce little beyond shrubs and herbs of various kinds. One of the most remarkable features of the country is the abundance of lakes or ponds, which cover its surface, and are to be found even upon its highest hills. The island contains no river, and scarcely any streams. Its area is estimated at 23,040,000 acres.

The great staple of Newfoundland is its codfish, the pursuit of which is either undertaken in large vessels in the open sea, upon the Grand Bank of Newfoundland, or else in boats near the coast of the island. The Grand Bank is thus described in the report of Mr Andrews:—

"The Grand Bank is the most extensive submarine elevation yet discovered. It is about six hundred miles in length, and in some places five degrees, or two hun-

dred miles, in breadth. The soundings on it are from twenty-five to ninety-five fathoms. The bottom is generally covered with shell-fish. It is frequented by immense shoals of small fish, most of which serve as food for the cod. Where the bottom is principally of sand, and the depth of water about thirty fathoms, cod is found in greatest plenty; on a muddy bottom cod are not numerous. The best fishing grounds on the Grand Bank are between latitudes 42° and 46° north."

The deep-sea fishery is prosecuted on this bank in vessels of considerable size; but the shore fishery is carried on by the humbler portion of the inhabitants, in boats, or vessels of a size corresponding with the means of those who use them. The shore fishery is the most productive, both of fish and oil. Herrings frequent the coasts in vast shoals, but are not regarded as worth taking, except for bait. The most profitable fishery is that for seals, which has been increasing during the past few years, and employs a considerable amount of tonnage. In 1851 there were engaged in the seal fishery throughout the island of Newfoundland 323 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 29,545 tons, manned by 11,377 men. The population, by the census of 1845, was 96,295 souls. On the 1st of January, 1852, it was estimated at 125,000, of whom 30,000 were engaged directly in the fisheries. The produce of these, including oil, was estimated in 1851 at over £900,000 sterling. The coast of Labrador, north of Newfoundland, is also the resort of a large amount of tonnage and fishermen, chiefly from Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. The value of the quantity of seals and fish caught is variously estimated at from £600,000 to £800,000 sterling per annum.

When we come to regard British America as a whole, there are some considerations with respect to its future which forcibly strike the mind. Throughout the various provinces there was in 1851 a population of close upon two millions five hundred souls, owing allegiance to the British crown, extensive consumers of British products, and employing a large amount of British capital and shipping, which promises an amazing increase, when, in the course of a few

years, the great works now in course of formation are completed. It must be obvious to the most careless observer that the progress of this new people in commerce, in wealth, and in numbers is only just commencing. The vast resources of the soil which they occupy cannot be said to have been as yet developed to more than the merest fraction of their real extent, whilst the natural advantages of its position, climate, &c., have been very partially made use of, and indeed are scarcely comprehended. Of one of the most valuable portions of the territory of Canada—the valley of the Ottawa—a very small area only has been explored; yet it is ascertained that this territory, possessed of fertility equal to the valley of the Mississippi, is capable, when cleared and brought under cultivation, of supporting a population treble in number of that which is now spread over the whole of the different provinces. Such population, too, from their position, must become directly tributary to Great Britain as consumers of her manufactured products, whilst they can supply her markets with products of the forest and of agriculture to an almost unlimited extent, and afford vastly increased employment for her shipping and her seamen. We have not, moreover, to depend for the peopling of this or any other portion of British America upon emigration from the parent country. Germany is sending forth the most energetic and industrious of her population to the new soils of the West. In the seven years from 1846 to 1852, according to a report of a Hamburg society, 725,132 persons emigrated, either direct from Continental ports or through British ports; and of this number, all except a mere fraction proceeded across the Atlantic, and the bulk of them went to the United States' ports. We know, however, that, although taking this route, the ulterior resort of a considerable portion of this population is the western portion of Upper Canada, bordering upon the great lakes, as, from the rise which has taken place in the price of land in the United States, the prospects of a settler there are no longer so encouraging as in British America. For example, by an order

from the Crown Lands Department, dated "Quebec, 6th August, 1852," the price of land east of the county of Ontario, within Upper Canada, was fixed at four shillings per acre; in the county of Ottawa at three shillings; and in some districts as low as one shilling per acre, payable by instalments. There is timber upon such new lands which will generally cover the expense of clearing it. There is no opportunity for investment upon terms like these in the United States. The German exodus, as it may with truth be called, has increased since 1852; and during the past few months the streets and quays of our ports of emigration have been thronged with these strangers. The following extract from a Liverpool paper will furnish an idea of the rapid rate at which the movement towards the New World is progressing:—

"The total number of emigrant ships which have left Liverpool during the past month (May) for all foreign ports, has been fifty-seven, of an aggregate tonnage of 64,425 tons, and having on board a total number of 27,128 passengers, of whom 5270 were English, 1611 Scotch, 13,722 Irish; 6287 natives of other countries, chiefly Germans; and 238 first cabin passengers. Of these thirty-six ships were for the United States, with 18,405 emigrants on board, composed principally of Irish and Germans, there being upwards of 10,000 of the former and 4000 of the latter. The exodus of the Germans, indeed, seems to increase in intensity with every month, the lodging-houses devoted to them during their brief sojourn in Liverpool being continually crowded."

In fact, the only bar to a still further amount of emigration, both from this country and from Europe, is the want of means of conveyance at a reasonable rate, the passage-money at present charged being from 50 to 60 per cent. higher than it was two or three years ago.

Another influence which must tend to promote the growth both of British America and the United States is the additional use of steam as a propelling power for ships. We have now crossing the Atlantic six different lines of steamers to these countries; viz., the Cunard mail-boats, touching every alternate week at Halifax, Nova

Scotia; the Collins' line of American mail steamers; a line of screw vessels to Portland and Quebec; a line from Havre and Southampton to New York; a line of screw steamers from Liverpool to New York; and a line of screw steamers from Liverpool to Philadelphia. The settler in our colonies is thus placed in constant communication with the mother country and with Europe; and what is important, as bearing upon the future progress of emigration, means are afforded him, which are both expeditious and easily available, for the remittance home of his savings, for the purpose of enabling his friends or kinsmen to join him in his new country. The extent to which emigration, from Ireland especially, is paid for by remittances from the United States and British America is surprising, and at the same time most gratifying, as illustrative of the existence of a kindly trait in the Celtic and Anglo-Saxon character.

A most important consideration with respect to the future of British America is the position which she occupies towards what may be regarded as the great Transatlantic power. Regarded commercially, British America occupies a position which renders her of infinite advantage to the commerce and greatness of the mother country. Her territory extending along the frontier of the United States from north-east to south-west, from Maine to Michigan—a distance of from fourteen to fifteen hundred miles—effectually checks the adoption by American statesmen of a prohibitory policy, or high tariff duties, against British productions. The enforcement of such a policy would be utterly impracticable, even if the attempt could be seriously entertained for a moment. No system of customs could effectually guard a frontier so extended, and especially one composed of lakes and navigable rivers common to the shipping and commerce of two countries, having different systems of taxation. The United States, however, are yearly becoming less dependent of a customs revenue to meet the expenditure of their government. Their public debt is rapidly diminishing in amount; *their manufactures and produce require less protection, as machi-*

nery and science are increasingly applied to promote their development; and the time is probably not far distant when the interests of British America and the United States will become commercially identical.

But, it may be asked,—What would be the result of a hostile collision between two nations, thus intimately connected, and adjoining each other? We have heard a great quantity of blustering talk about annexation by the United States of the British possessions in America. But this talk has come almost entirely from sources not American—from the organs of Irish patriots (?) thirsting for an opportunity of converting "England's difficulty" into "Ireland's opportunity," for revenge and bloodshed. The really valuable and estimable portion of the United States people scout the thought of a quarrel to be decided by arms, between the British and the inhabitants of North America and the great Republic. Nothing could be so wicked, so damaging to the best interests of both parties, and of the entire human race, as such a fratricidal quarrel. British America, however, is not so powerless as may be imagined to resist aggression from the United States, and she is not at all likely to invite annexation. In the first place, her position is one of great natural strength to resist such aggression. An American writer says of it:—

"Among the prominent features of Canada, her military position is worthy of notice. She is the most northern power upon this continent; and in configuration upon the globe she presents a triangular form, the apex of which forms the extreme southing, and penetrates the United States frontier; while the base is remote, and rests upon the icy regions of the north. Flanked by the inhospitable coast of Labrador upon the east, and by the almost inaccessible territories of the Hudson's Bay territory on the west, she can only be attacked 'in front;' when, retiring into more than Scythian fastnesses on the Ottawa and Saguenay, and keeping up communication with the strong fortress of Quebec, she can maintain strong and powerful resistance against foreign hostile invaders."

In the second place, the population of Upper Canada, where the chief source of danger from a hostile colli-

sion between the two countries would arise, is devotedly loyal, and anti-republican in its instincts and institutions. Intimate as is the connection, and great as has been the dependence of Upper Canada upon the United States ports, as affording markets, and means of transportation for their produce to Europe, its population is fully aware of the importance of maintaining their connection with Great Britain, of securing the aid of its abundant capital, and of preserving their existing friendly commercial relations. They possess a large mercantile marine, the natural employment for which is to British ports. Above all, an additionally strong bond of allegiance will be cemented between British America and the mother country when the former has created a route of her own through her own territory, and from her own ports, to England and Europe. Moreover, there is the difficulty caused by the institution of slavery in the United States to be got over before any amalgamation with the British provinces can be seriously mooted. Wild and thoughtless politicians overlook this important obstacle, yet it is glaringly observable by all who do not close their eyes to passing events and the tendency of public opinion. The United States legislature has, for the last twelve months, been a scene of almost hostile personal conflict among its members, caused by a proposal to organise the territory of Nebraska, adjoining Mexico

and Texas, by which it was feared that the existing balance of power between the northern, or free, and the southern, or slave States, might be disturbed. Any proposal to annex British America, not one of whose provinces would tolerate slavery, could only be the signal of disruption between the northern and the southern States.

There is, however, in addition to other hindrances to the alienation of British America, by force or otherwise, from its present connection with the mother country, the strong ties of consanguinity, of a common religion and laws, and a yearly decreasing absence of any strong motive for separation. Our North American brethren see their present position, and their future career of greatness, and appreciate the power of their mother country to aid them in that career. That it will be a successful one we cannot doubt; and those amongst us who may live for twenty years to come, may be privileged to see British America, not merely, as she is called at present, "the brightest gem in the diadem" of her Sovereign, but the most prosperous portion of an empire which, though lying in different zones, composed of different races, and divided by oceans, improved science, and truly paternal legislation, will have cemented together into one harmonious and compact confederacy, the greatest and the most powerful which the world has ever beheld.

LETTER TO EUSEBIUS.

RIDDLES.

You remember, my dear Eusebius, that as I was leaving you the other day, now happily a hale man again, and with no trace of weakness left by the accident of last year, I told you that I had received one or two letters from my old friend, Oliver Meanwell, consulting me upon some rather delicate family matters.

There were family differences amongst his nearest relatives, which, as an old man, loving peace, and wishing well to them all, he was very desirous to compose. With some of these his relations I am not unacquainted; others he described to me, but with such softenings of some outlines of character, as left me to guess that they were in reality very angular.

He proposed a gathering, and meant, if I approved, to have open house on the occasion; he wished me to be present, as he complimented me on having some tact, that I might be able to prevent things going wrong. I hesitated—thought it over and over again—had on my lips Dryden's line—

"'Tis dangerous to disturb a hornet's nest."

At length, concluding that our old friend would be as much disturbed by not doing this act of benevolence as he could be by any untoward end it might come to, I assented, only stipulating, as a matter of prudence, that the reconciliatory visit should be limited to three days. Why three days? Why not two or four? Surely tempers and human tongues, like neats' tongues, might be steeped in a precautionary pickle, which might keep them sweet and pleasant perhaps for a week. Three, however, is the magic number; and it would be well if, after the third, the house might say of itself, or the owner say for it—

"Numero domus impare gaudet,"

and boast, with the importance of a nation's revolution, of its "three glorious days."

I should have ill deserved the praise of tact, which Meanwell bestowed upon me, had I gone direct, and in all haste, to his house. "A hasty birth," as the proverb saith, "bringeth forth blind whelps." It was evidently my business to gather a pack, not only gifted with eyes, but with music to encourage pursuers; for I thought it possible that we might have to hunt the fox-hearts of a few wily ones to earth. Indeed, I suspected that the differences which we had to adjust owed their origin to jealousy; and that these relatives wished to stand each better than the other in the regard of Meanwell, from whom they have expectations—the terrible word or thing, "expectations!"—the encourager of selfishness, and suppresser of honest heartiness. Perhaps this suspicion did an injury to worthier folk than I took them for; and I could learn nothing from Meanwell himself. His life had been a beautiful unbelief in the wickedness of any individuals whatever. He would step aside from suspicion as from a viper. He used to say that it was the trade of newspaper-makers, and the sad duty of magistrates, to search out and publish all the evil in the world, and that nobody else, if they were wise, would entertain evil thoughts; and he was thankful that his condition was above the want of the trade of the one, and that the smallness of his ambition exempted him from the duty of the other. His maiden sister and housekeeper, Deborah, was of one mind with him, and they had both grown somewhat aged in habits of this amiable incredulity. Having, then, more than a week at my disposal before the day appointed for the reconciliatory visit, I thought I could not do better than spend a few days with our old friend, Dr. Allright, the rector of Dowell.

I determined to consult him, and especially his sensible wife, as I knew them to be well acquainted with all

the parties. The humour of Allright is to conceal his sympathies, or rather any expression of them; for if his words are few, quaint, or affectedly harsh upon occasions, there is no lack of human sympathies in his actions. Perhaps he began long ago—for he has been some five-and-twenty years wedded—by thinking it needful to subdue a little the too romantic tendencies of his goodwife, but has ill succeeded; for she knows him too well to put any faith in this his putting on, and has, in fact, seen through his purpose the whole time. So that, without in any degree tempering the warmth or activity of her pathetic movements, their little amiable combats have become but a pleasant domestic sport, which has somewhat sharpened both their wits, and has made her one of the liveliest, semi-satiric, most cheerful, open-hearted, unrestrained companions in the world.

I could talk over this matter with none better; so I made my way to the rectory, and reached it just as night had driven out the last gleam of day, and the moon was high enough above the horizon to cast her subdued light across the shrubby avenue as I entered, and to touch the shining laurel-leaves here and there with spangle, that made the depths around them intense, and the repose deeper, at which time silence is a sentiment. The noise of wheels was not heard in the drawing-room, so that I had entered it before the doctor and his wife were aware of my arrival.

They were sitting by the fire—the doctor in his easy-chair, with a handkerchief over his face, as if for an evening doze—the lady had been evidently reading, for a book was on a little table by the fireside. As I entered they both rose to greet me, for the doctor was not actually asleep; but what surprised me was, to see the goodwife smiling a welcome through her tears. I could not refrain from showing my surprise, for I was afraid some ill news had reached that peaceful home.

I was soon relieved by the doctor, who said, with a pleasant laugh, "Ah, you are welcome indeed; you are arrived just in time to lend a sympathy, which you know my hard nature cannot supply; and, indeed, Clara has

quite enough for us both; she has been reading Dickens's last, and as I heard sounds of an emotion which she was endeavouring to suppress, I pretended to be asleep, that she might have the full enjoyment of the pathos. You know, Clara, it was all out of kindness, and how you delighted thereby in your imaginary sorrows." The process of welcoming me, and the usual questions over, we fell naturally into our quiet talk, and as naturally into a discussion of the book which had so touched the doctor's sensitive wife.

"Dickens," said the doctor, with a sly smile of pleasant domestic banter, "is a very expensive author." "Indeed!" said I; "I thought his serial works were considered remarkably cheap." "Very costly in their consequences," he replied; "as Clara said of Mrs. Spendall's gown, the trimmings far exceeded the original material"—"And the additional jewellery that was thought absolutely necessary," said the good-natured Clara. "I reckon," said the doctor, "that every work Dickens publishes, costs fifty pounds at least extra expenditure before it is finished. She sent off a five-pound note yesterday, miles away from this parish, in answer to some appeal to her humanity; and I know it was owing to reading a number of one of these serials. Dear me! It is time he should leave off writing, or we shall be ruined with his humanities. I wish he would publish the whole tale at once, then there would be but one call; now it is monthly—worse than railroad-calls. He must have a wonderful power—a fairy-charm given at his birth. You will hardly believe what I am going to tell you: Clara, who, in a way of her own, bewitches people, positively got possession of the ear of the old, miserly, retired banker, A., and read to him one of Dickens's little Christmas tales, and so worked upon the old man's fears, shall I say, or feelings, that he wrote off a cheque for a hundred pounds to the Town Infirmary, and gave Clara twenty pounds to distribute in charity." "Not very much to your credit, doctor," replied Clara, "for you have been preaching to him for many a year, and what did you ever get from him?" "A palpable

hit," said I. The doctor laughed, and suggested that Clara should make a collection of magical passages from our modern novelists, and insert them into his sermons, for he believed a battery of half-a-dozen of them would knock a ten-pound note out of a flint-stone. "But will they dovetail?" replied Clara. "If you join them, my darling, they will," quoth he. "I give you warning," she replied, "that in the household phrase, they will be the plums in the pudding—and if they be picked out, as you may be sure they will pick them out, don't you think the suet will be the less palatable? and, to be serious now, surely the novelists of our day are doing some good. They are working a field which you divines perhaps can't work—I suppose you can't, for I see you don't—and therefore it is well that they should; and yet it is not clear to me that you might not illustrate doctrines by a little narrative, now and then—and so excite more real love, more tenderness and charity, and move, if you please, through fears, but through better, less selfish feelings, first. I would not say it of you, good doctor, but I have both read and heard sermons, the tendency of which was unbounded selfishness. It has been well said that large classes of religionists have religion enough to make them hate, and not to make them love. Now, my favourite writers do aid you, and work upon the human heart, and soften it, and make it ashamed of its selfishness. They humanise, sow the seeds of gentleness, which may peradventure come up in even unpromising soils; but there is in this wide world many a soil fit for the seed, which only waits the sowing. I wish they would more conspicuously make Christian principles the motives of action; but I will not deny that they are making some preparation for their reception." "I do not know," said the doctor; "I doubt if such intermeddling would not be dangerous. I fear fiction on that ground, and some religious novels (for the attempt has been made) I look upon as warnings not to trespass on that ground; nor am I quite sure of that tampering with the human heart, by sending it to bed every night half intoxicated

with the sentimental dram. What you call making it soft may be making it weak—may be forcing out from it in tears what it ought to spend in action. Let us keep up the true wholesome vigour of the heart and understanding. Sir Walter Scott was the true man for that work. There is bone and sinew in his human creatures, and pretty handsome flesh and blood too. I don't like your too much anatomising of human character, and stripping it bare, as some of our tale-tellers do, to the lower ribs; for that is not nature which is but its possible detail. Nature beautifully covers every anatomy. Let the novelist be the historian, but the pleasant historian, of mankind as they are. What mankind should be, is out of the world of their art; because out of, so far as it is above, unassisted nature. No, my dear Clara, the divine must not be the novelist, nor advertise new nostrums to cure the heart. He must apply the old medicinal virtues intrusted to his keeping, and direct to the One Physician." Our evening was passed in discourse of this kind, interchanging playfulness and seriousness, and both doing their office; and I did not that night enter upon the consultation I intended. The following day, at our breakfast-table, I told my story,—my proposed visit to Meanwell, and its object. The doctor was much tickled with the idea of my becoming a member of the Peace Society, and declared my mission, in his opinion, would be very like theirs, and do a world of mischief, quoted the "*malé-sarta amicitia*," and wondered at my yielding to my friend Meanwell's amiable nonsense. He loved a paradox now and then, especially when he could hit by it what he termed the conceit of amiability; and so, at the instant, he volubly broke forth on the benefits of quarrelling. He thought society could scarcely be kept whole, sweet, and pleasant without it. "Without positive quarrel," said he, "there must be hypocrisy. The very word society meant a collection of agreements, a separation from disagreements. To be continually rubbing against those whom you dislike, and who dislike you, is to live under the veriest tyranny of false philanthropy. O the

'happy family' system, where each one longs to fly at his neighbour, and, not daring to follow his instincts, sulks in sleepy sadness! The natural belligerents are better apart; don't try to mix oil and vinegar." "Orthodoxy and heterodoxy," said I, "then, in your professional view, must go to the Union Register Office if they would be wedded; you will not join their hands." "No, indeed," he replied; "and if I did, who in the world could join their hearts? Now, I will tell you what an old college friend of mine did, and I often thought how wise he was. He was the most peace-loving man I ever knew; he was one literally, as he protested to 'love peace and ensue it.' He came into the unexpected inheritance of a small estate, with a comfortable house upon it, in Devonshire. He quitted college to take possession, but before doing so made inquiry into the characters of his neighbours that were to be. He learnt that there was one domineering, disagreeable gentleman, who bullied the farmers, and made himself important in the parish. In his way to his property he spent a day or two with me, and said, as I was parting with him, that he had made up his mind to take the very first opportunity of quarrelling with that man; in fact, so to quarrel, as to cut him most decidedly; 'then you know,' he added, 'we shall have no intercourse, and I shall live comfortably. The alternative presents such a series of petty disputes, affronts, and hypocrisies, as would make my country life not endurable.' Well, he did it, and so did it as to give his would-have-been antagonistic acquaintance the opinion that he was a most ferocious man, with whom it was best not to meddle. They lived peaceably, because they were not on speaking terms. He was in reality as wise as he was amiable. My good friend, don't go; if you do, the best you can hope to achieve is, to make your poor simple friend happily deluded, and all the others ten times worse enemies than they were before. A neighbour of mine was boasting the other day that he had lived much in the world, and was thankful that he had never known a man with whom he would not be willing to be on speaking, and

even friendly terms. Then, said I, you must have a great number of very disagreeable acquaintances!" The doctor would have gone on in this strain at great length, as was his wont, nor would his loving spouse have interrupted him on any account, for she greatly enjoyed these refreshing, revivifying splenetics; but the thread that he was drawing out of his temporary philosophy was suddenly snapt by a new arrival. Who should this be but his clever son Alfred, who had just taken his degree of B. A. at Oxford, and returned home, and brought his friend Ralph Rhymer with him.

In the evening my subject was renewed, and the question discussed, how we should proceed to insure success? How occupy the thoughts of all to prevent any possible reference to disputes, and to give them no time to be visibly offensive with each other? Alfred asked if the old gentleman had a billiard-table in the house? "A billiard-table!" replied the mother; "I believe he has; but by all means get the key of the billiard-room, or cover the table with funereal black. Don't you know the atrabilious Major Grimlaw and his frightened little wife belong to some sect who call themselves 'Professors of Piety?' The major would, at the sight, first groan, and then mount a chair and denounce vengeance on all game-players." "Then, of course," said Alfred's Oxonian friend, "cards won't do." "Cards, indeed! you know whose playthings they are thought to be; and as to the knave of spades, he is—they look upon his presence as awful. The yellow on his coat is in their eyes veritable brimstone." "Well, then," said I, "what of table-turning?—that must keep them either quiet, or twirling about in wonderment all the evening." "Worse and worse," said Mrs. Allright; "that is forbidden us under the ban of the Church." "Of the Church?" vociferated the doctor—"the Church—I wish the Church would turn the tables on the crazy ones who talk and publish such nonsense. The silly fellows believe the table's legs are spirits, and charitably ask them which of their neighbours, lately deceased, are undergoing eternal punishments? I do wish the fools were suppressed. I verily believe

they would be disappointed, if the spirits in the legs told them any good news of those inquired after." Oh the inconsistency of the foolish ones! They are rampant against the idols of the East and the West as "wood and stone," and yet believe that a drunken carpenter can make a god, or something like one, in knowledge.

"Well," said I, "who come next of this awkward squad of reconcilables or irreconcilables?" "Why," replied Mrs. Allright, "you will have the widow, a withered, wizened, simpering creature, whose body has been daily shrinking these twenty years, as if frightened from the shadow of a slender mind, of which it could discern nor shape nor colour. She never had an opinion in her life, but has lived upon inanities made up of patches of other people's opinions; for she is a great questioner. From sheer insignificance, she rather embroils the differences of the general cousinship. For as none think her important enough for caution, she picks up defamatory scraps of conversation, and, without the least intention of doing harm, lets them escape very malapropos. She has a great booby son about nineteen, who unites his father's ungainly bulk with the mother's smallness; so that he is a contrast of contradictory parts in his misshapen person—a great goose, and has somehow contracted a distorted, ludicrous liveliness. He never meets you with How-do-ye-do, but there must be a pun attached to it; and he looks as if he would thrust his rat eyes into your face with it." "He seems to have a collection of these puns (and where or how he gets even them is a puzzle), stowed away in his joulter jaws, which he instantly shoots out upon you," added the doctor, "as I have seen a baboon do, pelting the company with his cheek preserved quids, after he had learnt the tobacco accomplishment." "What mother," continued the doctor's wife, "is not fond of her son? The poor woman will tell you twenty times in a week that she has had seven, but that this is the only one that came to perfection. She will be sure to bring this goose of a son—and he may do you service; for if you find any one touching dangerous ground,

you have only to interpose him, and he will grin the offender out of his or her senses." "Go on, go on, my dear Clara, show your talents for portraiture; painting;" (then turning to me), "won't you have a rare collection? Now, Clara, fill the stage; let us have all the *dramatis persone*." "To enact my farce of Conciliation," said I. "Well, then," continued Mrs. Allright, "we have but one or two more. There will be the still good-looking, rather bold-faced cousin, who married the man who never goes out;—they say, by the by, he is a sensible man and a shrewd lawyer. Over-wised, perhaps, he doesn't like being trotted out before company. Mrs. Bramble will be sure to come alone. You will see her enter the room with semi-bounce; she will give the door a push if it isn't wide open. As soon as seated, she will stare with her extraordinary eyes, round as bullets, and as prepared for doing damage; and as they circumnavigate the company, upon discovery, she will mete out with practised nicety and variety her supercilious recognitions. She is really a kind-hearted woman, but has a positive genius for mischief—she cannot resist its instincts, and her other natural gifts favour it. I shouldn't call her proud—no, hers is not pride, but a kind of indignant conceit, defiant, and very self-intruding. She will go a great way to do a kindness, but ten to one she will pack up a little insult with it. Her tact for mischief always sets her upon putting leading questions, which, though very impertinent, and put with a peculiar audacity, are hard to swerve from without attracting a worse observation as to a shying horse. They are like sharpshooters in a wood—take aim, and hit unawares. She lives upon excitement; she inhales it, and exhales it; her voice is toned by it, if the high pitch be a tone. She plays off her argumentative from the falsetto hollow whisper to the high-wind of the organ sesquialtero: she is most imaginative in her quarrels, and has always one or two great epics of the kind on hand, which she builds up very ingeniously with plot and counter-plot; and if any of her acquaintance cannot be brought into the principal piece, she will contrive to embroil them in episodes; and when she

has brought all within the magic circle of uncomfortableness, she will sit the only happy one, like Madame Tussaud in the middle of her chamber of horrors, glorying in the completeness of her work. With her, mischief is a business, a profession, never lacking materials, for she can make anything, out of nothing. Perfect mistress of all the elements of discord, she will gather them everywhere, and throw them into her cauldron of confusion, stir them well, and pertinaciously offer the broth to all bystanders—and those who won't taste it have a chance of being bespattered with it. Now, you will easily believe that she has had more than a little to do with these family entanglements, and see that your great difficulty will be to manage her. Your next chance will be in paying her decided and deferential attention, use as much flattery as your conscience will allow, and engage her in some pretended plot, which, if you are not scrupulous, you must manufacture out of nothing but your own wits, and persuade her that circumspection, caution, and her silence, above all things, are necessary to bring it to a successful end." "Capital, my dear Clara. You must positively write a new play with an old title, '*Plot and no Plot*.'" "Or a new, '*Not so bad as we seem*,'" replied the wife, "and make one Doctor Allright the principal character. There is now but one more," she continued, addressing me: "I always like to end with the best—Sophy Single, a great favourite here—" "And wherever she is known," cried the doctor. "She is always agreeable, ready to give and receive pleasure; sensible—very; ever ready, with a good-natured sharpness, to defend herself, other people, or opinions, and has an easy way of turning off a subject, and avoiding offence. She won't let any one quarrel with anybody if she can help it. She appears ever just what she is, and loves truth above all things. She is rather straitened in circumstances, and, they say, has declined receiving any addition to her income from her nearest relative, Meanwell; but I am sure she doesn't scruple to make demands upon his purse for other people, for she is untiring in doing kindnesses, but always with judgment. She is the only

daughter of a lieutenant, who died when she was quite young. She belongs to the contemned class of Old Maids, a class I love and respect generally, and in which I have known some of the best creatures in the world. She will be a great acquisition; I know she will be there, for she intimated to me that some such scheme was on foot. You could not have a better ally. She will keep her cousin Bramble in order, if any one can; for that lady has a little fear of her plain truth-speaking ways, as I will show you. I was one in a party in the spring of last year, where Mrs. Bramble and Sophy were present. The cousins had not often met before. Mrs. Bramble was in one of her fine airs—comparing other people's ways with her own, and swaggering a little before the old maid, and taking great importance to herself 'as a wife and a mother;' all which was quite lost upon Sophy Single. But genius was paramount, and the nettle of mischief must be offered to the touch: to effect which, she adroitly turned the talk upon attachments, courtships, fortunate and unfortunate, till she came to offers of marriage; and, looking hard at Sophy, said, she never knew a woman, unless she was *uncommonly* ugly, or *uncommonly* disagreeable, who had not had offers of marriage. Good-natured Sophy saw the mortification intended for her, but only in a ridiculous light. She then took it up, looking very pleasantly full in her cousin Bramble's face. 'I know, cousin, very well what you mean; but, in point of fact, you are decidedly wrong: for example, although I am plain enough, and may be *commonly* ugly, I am not so *uncommonly*—and if disagreeable now and then, never *uncommonly* disagreeable; and yet I declare as a truth, I never had an offer in my life; and here, after a momentary pause, she changed her voice into the pitiable slow pathetic, that not a word should be lost, and added, 'Besides, now think, my judicious coz., how it may all be for the best; for how do I know but that I might have followed the many evil examples of wives, and sworn to "*love, cherish, and obey*," and, far from doing any one of them, have not even made my husband my companion?

And how shocking to have heard all about "*the meek and quiet spirit*," and how we should all behave ourselves, "*even as Sarah obeyed Abraham*," and then, after all, not to have a notion of meekness or obedience.' Then, with a changed tone of marked gaiety, turning to us who had gathered near her, she said, 'But if my cousin Bramble is writing any pretty little novel, and wishes to establish a maxim or a theory against fact, she is heartily welcome to my name as example, and to fasten any fiction upon it that will best suit her purpose.' It was quite beautiful to see the pleasant way in which she caused the subject to glide away, and another to succeed it, leaving no room for offence to be taken. Mrs. Bramble will be quieter if placed near Sophy; so you look to that. And now you know your company. How will you contrive amusements to please all, or at least to keep all safe within your magic circle—Reconciliation?"

"Amusements! Let them amuse themselves according to their instincts, like the 'Happy Family' let loose to do their pleasure. At any rate, they will amuse the company," said the doctor, "or treat them as children, as they are, and put 'em to play 'Blind man's buff,' or 'Hunt the slipper,' or at guessing, or 'I love my love with an A,' and go through the alphabet, or cross questions and crooked answers, or"—"Hold, hold!" said the wife, "you make me laugh at the ridiculousness of your jesting suggestions. Consider what your cross questions and crooked answers would lead to, where clever Mrs. Bramble would have the making or putting them together. And your 'love my love with an A or B, and so on,'—there would be the stupid frightened major's wife, dreadfully at a loss; and Mrs. B. would be sure to suggest, in a loud whisper—take now the letter M—"I love my love with an M because he is mine; I hate him because he is morose; I took him to the sign of the Mumps, and treated him to miseries." Now, dear doctor, do be serious; think of something practicable—what say you to acting charades?" "The stupidest of things," replied the doctor; "I never could abide them. Don't let us encourage such mockery of the stage,

as to let the legitimate farce dwindle down to putting dressed-up two-legged riddles, and to have these inane innocencies banish the good wholesome real stage-play. No, no! let the legitimate player strut his hour, and get his pay and live." The Oxonian friend begged to say that he thought Dr. Allright had made a very good suggestion unawares. He had called acting charades "dressed-up two-legged riddles;" now he thought that real riddles would be the very thing. "Not bad," muttered the doctor. "Capital idea," said Alfred Allright, "and Rhymer is the very man to make them." Mrs. Allright smiled at the suggestion, thought awhile, and decided in favour of riddles. "There must be a moderator," said I; "he must allow no one to speak above a minute. That all may be set a-thinking, nothing can be better. Meanwell shall offer prizes. He has closets full of plate which he never uses or sees—a few cups, tea-pots, and coffee-pots will be no loss to him—yes, he will be glad to get rid of them; they who find out the greater number shall have first choice, and so on. It will be a kind of lottery, in which wits will stand for money; every one will have an object. Silver and china, and some little jewellery, may be the lottery capital, and it is hard if we cannot contrive that every one may have something. True, most in the end will be disappointed; but no matter, the meeting will then be over, and our friend Meanwell at least pleased. Sophy, we know well, though the blanks fall to her, and let us charitably hope one or two more, will be in good humour. It is fixed Ralph Rhymer shall draw up a prospectus, to be read at the opening; and let us be a committee of riddlers, and let us see what we can do—we have no bad time before us, if we are industrious."

Rhymer assented—and we separated, each one to spin the brain-threads of his wits into a to-be admired perplexity and complexity, leaving one master-thread to be the sure guide through all the labyrinths of ingenious thought.

The next morning the Oxonian appeared with his Exordium, which was read in conclave immediately after

breakfast. It was thoroughly Oxonian, and would have done credit to a prize essayist of Alma Mater. He gave a summary of an imaginary history of riddles, gravely descanted upon their historical importance, the part they played in oracular responses, and their influence in private families; was eloquent upon Œdipus, his fate, and of the Sphynx.

"The Theban monster that proposed
Her riddle, and him who solved it not,
devoured;
That once found out and solved, for grief and
spite
Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian
steep."

I will not trouble you with his learned disquisition, nor take you in his travel from Egypt to Greece, and I know not where. He exhibited the whole heathen mythology as a phantasmagoria of riddles, questioned the muses of Herodotus, and authors that you and I, Eusebius, never knew, or have forgotten. In short, he proved that the world would never have been the world it is, but for the ancient riddle. He was critical also upon some very poor ones of antiquity—upon their trifling nature, how under the Romans they were deteriorated from their ancient dignity; was severe upon Virgil's "*Dic quibus in terris*," passed on to their moral effect, and proved that we owe to the riddle our very virtues, and finally our liberties; strenuously insisting that we should not lose sight of the fact that all the world is still a riddle, as is everything in it. The great riddle is life. He would have us again, as we would value the blessings we enjoy, restore the honour it has lost from the decadence of time, or the base and malicious plain-speaking of the present very vulgar age, to the riddle, and not to leave it as we have done to the practice of our wretched politicians, both in and out of Parliament, and to those ministers who are practically but trifling enigmas, incapable of solving anything themselves, or of doing anything which can be rationally solved by any one else. At this part of the essay the Doctor put his handkerchief to his mouth, but it would not do; he broke out into a hearty laugh, and cried "Bravo!—fit for any stage and platform, institutions and athen-

æums—really it is a capital burlesque." "Burlesque," said the Oxonian, with affected gravity and wounded dignity, holding himself up—and he had purposely dressed in black, all but a white waistcoat, and had not forgotten his white kid gloves—"burlesque, indeed! I appeal to the present judicious assembly, or assemblage rather, of honest hearts and smiling and beauteous faces, if the gentleman who has, as I think, and I perceive you think, improperly interrupted me, has solved my riddle. Treating, then, this unseemly interruption as it deserves, I come to my Peroration." He shortly recapitulated, and thus addressed us, with his hand upon his heart:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I have scarcely touched upon the delicate subject, the object of this meeting. I am confident you will understand me, when I compare this happy, this truly philanthropic scheme of our friend to a bell—to the bell which, I trust, with its parochial voice, will proclaim in its cheeriest notes a general Reconciliation. It is indeed like a bell, for it has the same requirements, without which bells must be mute. It equally requires good metal. Ladies and gentlemen, it shall be of silver! yes, silver, bountifully supplied by the generous owner of this honourable mansion. It is like a bell, too, for it, as a bell, requires a clapper; and I see before me many ready to supply that want. It must also have a rope, which we shall endeavour to make, to weave, and to twist. It will also require a good hand to pull it; and where shall we find one more fit for the work than this (and here the sly fellow took my hand and exhibited it), which, let me tell you, ladies and gentlemen, receives its pulsation from the best of hearts."

Ralph Rhymer sat down amidst "unbounded applause," which was speedily followed by such unextinguishable laughter as arose among the gods when Vulcan handed about the ambrosia of celestial Reconciliation. When seriousness was restored, a few specimens of our intended collection were read, and we each went to prepare more.

Some days have passed, Eusebius, since the reading of our Oxonian's essay. We have been very busy, and

having called in the aid of the doctor's curate, I am enabled to send you some portion of our collection, and I hope you will dignify it with the title of a "Florilegium," although I should not wonder if you thought it fitter for a "Hortus siccus."

You will observe that a few things were agreed upon before we commenced our labours. We were to ignore charades, enigmas, rebuses, and *id genus omne*, and know nothing but the word riddle; that, in writing them, we were to consider sound, as it is proposed that they should be at least first read aloud; consequently that *you* and *I* may be com-

monly put for the letters U and I; and if there be any other words used, the sound of which would express what the spelling would fail to do; all this was required before we commenced our task. And now, Eusebius, take your easy-chair, read, and give your wise brains a little rest from the whirl of your philosophies, and recreate them in these flowery labyrinths; and you may puzzle your neighbours by handing over to them the task of solution, and you will probably give them quite as good an occupation as they had before, and at least equally innocent. *Vive Valeque.*

A. Q. S.

POSTSCRIPT.

You ought to have received this letter, my dear Eusebius, long ago: by mistake it was put aside with other papers and not sent. I have, therefore, now an opportunity of adding the solutions, made by the Riddling Committee, to be read after the business of the meeting. Rhymer, I suspect, was the chief composer. I also have to tell you that the Family Junction Party went off satisfactorily: "*coit amicitia*," and I hope not "*male sarta*." I took Rhymer with me to our old friend Meanwell's ever hospitable mansion. He was busiest among the guests, and contrived, by his sly whispered helps, that every one should

win a prize. But he is so little proud of his manufacture, that he says he shall henceforth consider Davus a wiser man than Edipus. The distribution of prizes pleased every one—at least all professed to be pleased. The worst guesser was Sophy Single, but she contrived to drop her winnings into others' baskets. The delay has at least spared your brain an irritation quite useless to such a philosopher as you are; but, as you have many neighbours, and families who are none, you may withhold as long as you please the solutions, to give wholesome exercise to their wits. Yours ever, A. Q. S.

PREFATORY AND APOLOGETICAL.

Speaker—RALPH RHYMER.

When Portia stood before the fate-ful urns,
Two foolish suitors chose, with worldly eyes,
One gold, one silver; one true heart discerns
That outward lead may hold the nobler prize.
Ye gentles all who listen to our rhymes,
Learn—wisdom may be found where none appears;
If you interpret well, the merriest chimes
Are only mirthful to consenting ears.
Although not any muse hath deigned to spin,
For outward grace, or gold or silver thread,
A verse uncouth may hide some sense within,
Precious as Portia in the urn of lead.

1.

Most given by nature to be low,
By art I'm well conducted,
And raised to station eminent,
And strangely I'm constructed.

For though five letters make my name,
There stands a five betwixt 'em;
And turn them round I'm just the same,
My being so hath fixed 'em.

But more—I stand for one (if you
My head and tail disserve)
That lived more years than many live,
And very near for ever.

2.

All locks I break, yet strange am found,
The more I break the firmer bound;
Though teeth I have, I never eat,—
I hunt the hare, yet have no feet.

I'm found in yellow, white, and red,—
 (Nor more be said upon that head :)
 I'm often in the papers found,
 Then make more noise than all around.
 Though sprung from sire most slow, I ape
 All travellers,—oft have touched the Cape ;
 Born where hot suns hold fierce control,
 I'm always warmest near the pole.

3.

I'm in the highest circles known,
 And in the lowest noted,
 And trusted,—for my truth is shown
 Whenever I am quoted.
 I sailed around the world with Cook,
 Who wholly did engross me ;
 And though advised, what pains he took
 In every point to cross me.
 Though much at sea, no fight I've seen,
 Kept mostly under hatches ;
 By land in battles I have been,
 And still can show my scratches.
 And strange it is, though old I grow,
 And age leaves lines and traces
 In every feature—even so,
 More perfect still my face is.
 Nine lives have cats, yet may be drown'd,
 I live though daily martyr'd ;
 I'm bound, I'm hang'd, and I'm cut down,
 And even drawn and quarter'd.
 I very often make a match,
 Although I never marry ;
 And love as often lifts the latch,
 And will no longer tarry.
 Reverse me now—a shuffling knave !
 An implement of evil !
 Sly trickster—hold—you well behave ;
 I know how to be civil.
 I've brethren three—one in light sport
 To others' hearts is cruel ;
 One (for we all are of the Court)
 There sports the brightest jewel.
 One wears, indeed, a sombre hue,
 Yet is no less a knave, sir ;
 Tho' ever holding up to view
 What minds you of your grave, sir.
 I'm armed like Hercules, and mean
 To be no vain pretender ;
 And tho' a captive to no queen,
 I make all hearts surrender.
 "Off with his head"—of Buckingham
 'Twas said ; so mine disserve,
 And straight you'll find out that I am,
 And hope to be—yours ever.

4.

Have you my first in perfect state ?
 You've no bad speculation ;
 'Tis silent, yet is thought to speak—
 Is keen in observation.
 My second's a commanding air,
 My first it keepeth under ;
 What Homer made a *Jovial* thing,
 That oft denot'd thunder.
 My whole is suited to a hair
 Both to my first and second ;
 Without it would the gentlest she
 A barefaced jade be reckon'd.

5.

My two first letters show the man,
 So do my five—to whose last three
 Are owing many a plot and plan
 Of wisdom, wit, and knavery.
 My four first would exhort in vain
 If their three last should be dead letters ;
 My five last all the world contain,
 And even bind the sea in fetters.
 I'm quite at home in letters six,—
 To friendship warm, to coldness hateful ;
 And still th' inconstant heart I fix,
 That without me would be ungrateful.

6.

My first is of most ancient date,
 My second of to-day ;
 My first my second rules, and bids
 It come, and pass away.
 Yet so that where my first is not,
 My second cannot be
 My second is both long and short,
 And in my first's degree.
 My first, although it never stirs,
 Seems ever in a race ;
 Rises, perhaps, but never sits—
 My second runs apace.
 My first had never feet ; but once,
 'Tis said, was known to stand ;
 And by that act, my second won,
 Brought blessings on the land.
 My whole is a most precious thing,
 Yet often vilely spent,—
 And e'en though thrown away, returns
 To give your heart content.

7.

The greatest contrasts mark my first—
 'Tis praised, abused, the best, the worst ;
 Preferred before the good and great,
 Yet with the beggar at your gate.
 At Court admitted—oft with fear
 Lest it should reach a monarch's ear ;
 Yet courts of law it much frequents
 In search of laws and precedents,
 Good, vicious, false, and true—in brief,
 Favours the plunder'd and the thief.
 Is truth itself—a very lie,—
 Loud tongued, and silent in the eye,
 Or gently whispers in a sigh
 The lover's charm. O lady fair,
 Of the known faithlessness beware ;
 Yet should my first your lover make,
 My second be, or second take
 Precedence first, then drop behind,
 And the two things be one combined—
 Accept the promise of his tender,
 And to his heart your heart surrender.

8.

My first isauteous, and to pride gives birth ;
 My second is the meanest thing on earth ;
 Though one most vile, the other precious
 reckon'd,
 My first owes all its being to my second :

My whole the theme of Grub Street bards—
no bride,
Yet few the weddings she does not provide:
A mantua-maker, yet doth ne'er a pin stir,
And will forever be a noted spinster.

9.

My first, by help of needle fine, you cross all
o'er and o'er,—
'Tis blue, green, yellow, red, and white, and
black, I think, no more;
My second is what all men are, and one alone
was not;
What most would have—the fool, the wise,
the sober, and the sot;
Yourself, if you're a gentleman, king, beggar,
orphan, heir:
My whole is changeful as the wind, it is both
here and there,
And ranges all the world, and takes new man-
ners everywhere;
'Tis hot, 'tis cold, 'tis wet, 'tis dry; fish, flesh,
fowl, love and treason
Are in it, and are not in it, and so is rhyme
and reason.

10.

In me three cities on Italian ground
Their origin and first beginning found;
While mighty heroes raise their trophied fame,
Two characters alone exalt my name,—
No conquerors they for life's eventful age,
But gentlemen adorning every stage.

11.

The sun is my father, the moon is my mother,
Yet strange I resemble nor one nor the other;
For though nearest a blaze, yet I never en-
lighten,
Nor cheer,—nay, my mother has taught me to
frighten;
But I'm nearest of kin to what birthless con-
sisted
Long ages before both my parents existed;
Full grown at my birth, in mid age I de-
crease,
And am biggest again just before my decease.
I run to all lengths, and scarce ever stand
still;
Though a point in the mountains, the valleys
I fill;
I utter no sound, though where cannons roar
loud
I follow the smoke, and mix with the crowd.
Though I'm given to change, yet I'll ever
adore you,
Be sometimes behind you and sometimes be-
fore you;
I'm true, and I'm false, I'm in nature and
art—
Show all turns of the head, but not one of the
heart;
I'm poor to a proverb, such charms often grace
me,
Men lose all they have in the world to em-
brace me.
But I fly from them all quite as fast as they
chase me.
So small, in a nutshell I love to remain,—
And again I'm too large for the world to con-
tain.

12.

Cut off my head—look in your glass,
Oh! what complexion, red and white;
I make your sparkling eyes surpass
The precious ray of diamond bright—
Your lips to redden with delight.
Cut off my tail—my head repair,
Now take it, Chloe, to thy breast;
Though it will double all thy care,
And thou but give it half that nest,
Thy fondest love it will attest.
Cut off at once both head and tale,
Behold a word which shows the will,
What many wish to do, and fail,
Of those who spare, and those who kill,
In war, peace, arms, in arts, and skill.
Restore, dear maid, the several parts,
The change declares what I would do
Around your very heart of hearts
If Hymen would but let me woo:—
And you and I were one, not two.

13.

There are two words that you and I
Make bold and loud, or soft and sly—
Both mischievous—and oft we go—
Together set 'gainst friend or foe—
Yet different courses we pursue;
For when there's any danger, you
Go off—and I in secret lurk,
And keep my legs for surer work:!

14.

I am certainly very handsome, and ought
to be married, for the birds on St. Valentine's
Day are not more given to pair than I am.
And many a lady offers me her hand—be-
sides, I have received several love-letters;
but, alas! one too many, and that has de-
stroyed all my affection. Since then I have
been on and off with many—have even gone
to the altar—and have there been cast off at
a moment's warning; the very priest has re-
fused to unite me. Yet, still, all seek a
match for me, hold out their arms to receive
me, and yet I am single.

15.

Beyond the earth, above the skies,
Seen and unseen by mortal eyes
Am I—yet come within the span
E'en of the little hand of man.
Cut off my head—my flight so fleet,
Is measured only now by feet.
Remove two letters of my name,
I fly at kings with deadly aim,
Yet take no democratic side,
To courtly persons close allied—
To be above them all, my pride.
Fair dame, my honour high thou knowest,
As when I touch thy hand thou showest;
When cut by thee, oh then I'm lowest.
No lands have I, in breadth or length,
Yet in the game-laws is my strength;
With every pack, when'er they meet,
You find me, and I'm seldom beat.
Without me, much is lost—to win me
They strive in vain, who are within me.

Though one, not always one, in name,
As noticed by the trump of Fame;
One name assumed—I'm jewelled bright,
One marks me stoutest in the fight;
Though proud as Tory, Peer, or Whig,
One name, I own, is *infra dig*.
Again I change my reputation,
And win all hearts by the mutation;
Thus in three parts to find me out,
The first may give much room for doubt;
But step by step, and sure and slow,
Follow that second, and you'll know.
The third's a guide—but will escape,
By changing colours, face, and shape;
But oft uncall'd, will come to hand,
And then is mostly at command.
And with his blind eye in the middle,
A cyclop may with ease be led;
And show that spot will serve good stead
To teach you how to solve the riddle.

16.

My dawn of life was fair to view,
Joy came with each succeeding morrow,
Until, alas! I met with you;
You turn'd my every joy to sorrow.

Enchanter fell, behold thy deeds;
My lily-roseate face is clouded,
The flowers I wore are now but weeds,
In blackness all my beauty shrouded.

Depart, depart—for losing you,
A brighter day will chase my sadness;
Say thy farewell—and soon adieu (*a deu*)
Will change my tears to drops of gladness.

17.

What days were they, when I was not,
For such there were, 'tis said, I wot;
And yet before that time, good Madam,
I stood in very front of Adam.
And when all creatures to him came,
Stepped forth, and was the first to name.
Yet I confess the truth which says,
'Tis plain, I was not in those days.
Yet I bethink me well, nor doubt me,
There never could be days without me.
And ever I, as in the past,
As long as there's a world, shall last;
And wheresoe'er is man and speech
Shall I be heard, my voice shall reach.
Then, pray, what wretched days were those,
When I was not, as men suppose?

18.

My first is the last of a long race of kings;
My second, oh, that is the strangest of things!
For 'tis up in the air, and 'tis down in the
sea,
It crawls on the ground, and 'tis over the
tree.
My whole is ubiquitous, all the world over,
From New York to Liverpool—Paris to
Dover—
Is at Petersburg, Berlin, at Rome, and
Vienna;
Perhaps was with Ceres's daughter at Enna.
For as still in remembrance of Enna's soft
bowers,
It has the same love and attraction to
flowers;

A Proteus, in changing position and shape,
It reaches the Pole, and it doubles the Cape.
'Tis proud, and 'tis humble, as peacock and
daw,
Is clothed in purple, or lying in straw.
Capricious and sly, it all colours can show—
Nor Cupid himself has more strings to his
bow.
You love it so well, my dear Chloe, this
minute
Your tongue, head, and heart, are set on it,
or in it.

19.

My first and second are so fond a pair,
That where one is, you'll find the other there.
Indeed, so much united, that each one
Without the other's lost, or quite undone.
Both given to dress, and going thus together,
My first is better dressed for foulest weather,
And yet my second is a perfect beau;
Nor lags behind, how fast soe'er they go!
Yet, should my first sole arbitress review
And change her state, inclin'd to buckle to,
My second on that instant will deny,
Refuse the knot, and shun the marriage tie.
Nay, though he seemed to love the very
ground
That my first treads on, is not to be found.

20.

My first annihilates my second—
My second is everything;
My whole I can scarcely call anything,
And yet it is the property of nobody.

21.

My first is negative,
My second too often positive;
If you have them in their double capacity,
You are more than man;
If you are seriously my whole,
You will certainly be none.

22.

Altho' I'm short, yet none stood higher;
Reversed, I'm but a poor black Friar.

23.

I was in our First Parents' guilt,
But not with Noah in the flood—
With Cain, when on the earth he spilt
His brother Abel's righteous blood.

In sin I was, when sin began:
In love I live not, but in strife;
Yet strange to say, I am not in man,
Nor angel—but in every wife.

I'm not in man, nor in man's breath,
Yet in his every ill, and evil;
In life pursue him, and in death,
Torment with widow, wife, or devil.

24.

I'm great, I'm small, I'm high, I'm low—
All secrets learn, yet nothing know.
Tho' full of wit, most bright and burnish'd,
In th' upper story badly furnish'd—

For there's no emptier thing than I,
 But *then* you shun my company.
 Sometimes with noise I roar and rave,
 Am sometimes silent as the grave.
 I'm kept by rich, I keep the poor,
 And ne'er was turned from any door—
 My goods oft pawn'd, and money spent,
 'Tis hard, indeed, to pay my rent.
 I'm sometimes sick, with scarce a shred;
 But better if I keep my bed.
 Oft where I am, the wretched pine.
 I sm where gold and jewels shine;
 Tho' I have eyes oft lovers gaze at,
 Yet the bright sun so shoots his rays at,
 I'm blinded, and see nought that passes,
 Tho' not without the use of glasses.
 Sometimes so mean, I've scarce a rag—
 Now so superb, I'm fashion's brag.
 I shine by day, but more by night,
 And shut my eyes to let in light—
 Now turn me round, I'm darken'd quite. }
 —A man, and not a man—my birth,
 Primeval, and, like his, of earth;
 My wide domain small profit yields,
 My best revenues are my fields.
 I strut the stage with jealous scowl; }
 I brave the tempests as they howl;
 Am much less given to fair than *fool*. }
 And when in moody fits I use me,
 How few there are who love to cross me!

25.

My first, it is of either sex,
 My second's quite the ton—
 My whole's a man,
 Whose shortest span
 An infant's is—ding, dong.

26.

We are three cousins strangely born
 And form'd as if in Nature's scorn,
 And in fantastical caprice,
 For we have but one leg a-piece.
 Tho' one of us has scarce a leg,
 One nothing better than a peg,
 The third's is less a leg than toe,
 And not to stand on—but to go;
 Just like a founder'd horse a-skiping
 A most unslackened pace by whipping.
 One only has a voice—a sound
 Like hollow muttering underground,
 Between a whistling and a drumming,
 And thus her tune is always humming,
 Better her dancing time to keep,
 Than drones and whirls herself to sleep,
 Till lost her breath, with staggering pace,
 She swerves and falls upon her face.
 All equally alike in figure—
 One tapering, one in body bigger;
 One, before action, tightly laced,
 Even with a cord about the waist,

Which off is thrown, when in the ring
 She enters with a wondrous fling;
 And what you'll think most strange to be,
 We have no joint, we bend no knee,
 Tho' few can move so fast as we.

Now, turn me round—put tail before
 The head—I may have legs, even four,
 Or three; two seldom, often none.
 But never, as I reckon, one;
 I sometimes have an arm, a long one,
 Which for defence needs be a strong one;
 For I'm much given to heats and broils;
 And then the blood within me boils;
 I spare no bones, and well can batter,
 And woe to those whom I bespatter;
 Yet oft I'm cool provokingly,
 And show some tact for irony.
 So, friend, beware lest you be diddled,
 I am not fond of being riddled;
 And one of my sure diagnostics
 Is looking black upon acrostics.

27.

Nor thing, nor person,
 You kill me to converse on,
 In secretest places,
 I live with the sages
 For ages, and ages,
 Their dust my subsistence—
 Yet such my strange case is,
 My life, the strange spell of,
 That even but to tell of,
 It costs my existence.

28.

To my first it is owing, that excellent thing,
 "The Roast Beef of Old England," we con-
 stantly sing;
 My second oft dangers presents, which to
 pass
 Would puzzle the wisest much more than
 the ass;
 But my whole shows a goal, better reach'd
 by the slow,
 For, if you are fast, you will find it *no* go.

29.

Two words I am, which don't unite
 Except to make this riddle right;
 My first is what the lawyers write
 To head a case, a suit, a plea;
 My second's loud, prepares for fight,
 A broken head too oft his fee.

Thus both are given to lead to action;
 This killed by verdict soon as spoken;
 That with as little satisfaction
 Is silenced when his head is broken.
 Read backward, and you will not doubt,
 Riddles, and murder, too, "will out."

SOLUTIONS OF THE RIDDLES.

1.

Who finds his *level* falls below
 His own good estimation,
 But engineers their level make
 Oft on the highest station.

In *level* see the letter *e*,
 (Numerical the riddle);
 For though five letters make the name,
 You find *five* in the middle.

Turned round, still *level* level is,
But head and tail disaveer,
That little less will stand for *ever*,
And little more for *ever*.

2.

Love laughs at locksmiths, it is said,
But wedlock, man's strong bond and wo-
man's,
There's nothing less than Death can break,
Or House of Lords and Doctors' Commons.
Your *comb* of shell, of tortoise made,
That breaks Aurelia's locks apart,
Is envied, when it breaks, to weave
A snare to catch the gazer's heart.

3.

Good sir, your riddle means a *map*,
Projected by Mercator,
With geographic circles drawn,
Gradating from the equator.
When Captain Cook sailed round the world,
To save him from mishap, sir,
No doubt he took, crossed o'er and o'er,
In thought and act, a *map*, sir.
To get a look from Captain Cook,
Was that a *map* might boast of,
On which, when he discovered land,
He noted down the coast of.
You lay a *siege*—and by your *map*
Know every strong redoubt, sir;
You spring a mine, and might blow up
Yourself and men without, sir.
A face is not improved by lines
Engraved by Age's meter,
But Age and Age's lines improve.
And make a *map* completer.
A *map* survives a cat's nine lives,
However clearly martyred,
Is bound, and hanged, and then cut down,
And ever drawn and quartered.
A *map* of lands, to have and hold,
Has made full many a match, sir,
Where Love has seen the couple in,
Then lifted up the latch, sir.
Reverse the word, play well your cards,
You have a potent knave, sir;
Yet when you bid him civil be,
He knows how to behave, sir.
You tell, by names, his brother knaves,
The P from *Pam* you sever,
Which makes subscription mine; *I am*,
Believe me, sir, yours ever.

4.

It were a folly to deny
A speculation in the *eye*,
And 'tis as clear as eye can speak
In language sure as Sappho's Greek;
Yet, though it speaks, is mostly under
A brow that looks, if speaks not thunder;
Such brow as Homer gave to Zeus
When he was pleas'd, as was his use,
'Mong gods and men to play the deuce,
Thus *eye* and *brow*, tho' seeming two,
United execution do.

Like thunder, first announced by flashes,
One kills by frowns, one kills thro' lashes;
And yet they do so surely pair,
They suit each other to a hair.
The *eye-brow*—what would beauty be
Without one?—like—why let us see!
Its eyes like jewels badly set,
A house without a parapet,
A window without architrave,
The sea without a curling wave—
The finest features, lacking *eyebrow*,
Would not be worth a single flyblow;
Beauty herself, without its aid
To lend the modesty of shade,
No better than a barefaced jade.

5.

Two letters, *H* and *E*, denote
The man as plainly as his coat:
Five letters show him by his *Heart*,
And their three last his wit in *Art*.
Your five last letters *Earth* we find,
Which doth the sea in fetters bind,
Then add the letter *H* to *Earth*,
And you are quite at home in *Heart*.
And *Heart* implies a grate above,
To warm your friendship and your love,
And keep both from that "coldness hateful,"
Giving a grate to make you grateful;
And thus your riddle I unfold,
In all six letters, truly told.

6.

What is much older than the *Sun*
Would puzzle man to say—
He makes the present moment new
Because he rules the *Day*.
'Tis he makes day—by his degrees
To be both short and long;
And tho' he moves not, seems to run
His course as giant strong.
'Tis thus we say, the sun shall rise,
And never sit, but set;
That day flies very fast indeed,
Is every day's regret.
The sun was ne'er described with feet,
Yet once was seen to stand;
And then the glorious day was won
By Joshua's chosen band.
The first and second—*Sun* and *Day*—
Together joined, present
Sunday, your comfort or your sin,
According as 'tis spent.

7.

Your first is *Plea*, a beggar knave
In city and at court.
True—false—'tis at the Chancery bar
The lawyer's special sport.
But it is not in courts of law
A plea is ever *sure*,
Which *sure* your riddle's second is—
Or can the whole secure.
But when a plea is softest heard
In whisper or a sigh,
Or in a look—oh! then 'tis *sure*,
And *Pleasure* must be nigh,

There's many a plea made out of time,
And thus we often see
The silly lover makes too sure
Before he makes his plea.
But these two words, when well combined
Both as to time and measure,
Will seldom fail to gain their end,
And solve your riddle, *Pleasure*.

8.

Oh happiest theme for Grub Street bards;
O little worm, to thee 'tis owing
That beauty walks in silk array,
But 'tis thy skill and splendour showing.
When Thomas takes fair Ann to church,
And vows he never will forsake her,
Silk-worm, for thee is all the gaze,
For thou hast been the mantua-maker.
But if the bridal's shine, no bride
Wilt thou be follow'd to the minster,
For 'tis thy fate to furnish brides,
And be thyself a noted spinster.

9.

The *Sea* is crossed all o'er and o'er by help of
needle fine,
The yellow, red, and black and white—and
ere you cross the line
You see its waters blue and green.—The
second is a *Son*,
Which all men are of woman born—yet so
unborn was one,
For Adam was ere woman was; thus every
man on earth,
Beggar and king, a mother had to whom he
owed his birth.
Join *Sea* and *Son*—you *Season* make, which
varies everywhere,
As climate or as weather makes, and is or
foul or fair;
'Tis hot, 'tis cold, 'tis wet, 'tis dry, fish, flesh,
fowl, love, and treason,
Even prose and rhyme are sometimes in and
sometimes out of *Season*.

10.

See Petrarch's sonnet ere you solve this
riddle.
Two letters from beginning, end, and middle,
Ta'en from Verona—Ve-*Ro*-Na—denote
Three famous cities; but I rather quote
To pass Verona's fame from age to age
Those her "Two Gentlemen" for every
stage,
Above all heroes as Verona's stay,
Who make the title of our Shakespeare's play.

11.

Both sun and moon a *shadow* make,
Which does of neither nature take
For darkest 'tis the nearer light
And moon-made shadows oft affright
But *shadow* might be thought begun
When yet was neither moon nor sun.
Akin to chaos—newly-born
'Tis *biggest at mid-day 'tis shorn*;
Longest at evening, as in the morn

All length it reaches—seldom still;
And though a point on mountain tops
Into the deepest valleys drops,
And spreads the curtain of the hills,
The silent shadow 'midst the roar
Of cannon flies from shore to shore,
Follows the smoke its pall to spread
Over the dying and the dead;
Before, behind, it takes its part,
Shows every head, but not one heart,
No substance having, falsely view'd
With loss of substance oft pursued,
Yet never grasped—so small, the shell
Of hazel-nut might hold it well;
So large, by mightiest hand 'tis hurl'd
Beyond the confines of the world.

12.

Your first alone would give no guide
The world's veiled meaning to divine;
For what fair lady could decide
That such would be the effect of *wine*?
The next affords a better clue,
To female hearts is more akin,
Maternal love, both strong and true,
Will ever fondly bless a *twain*.
To arts and arms, to toil and skill,
Too true, it is not always in
The power of those who have the skill
Success in their pursuit to *win*:
But now its parts restore, behold,
The word's full sense will clearly shine,
Although the want is somewhat bold,
Round maiden's heart so sure to *twine*.

13.

What bolder, louder than a *gun*?
Change *u* to *i*—beware—oh, shun
That sly soft path—and see therein
The metamorphosis to *gin*.
Spring, gun, and gin, are sometimes one;
You're caught by *gin*, and shot by *gun*;
Yet *gun* and *gin*, in general view,
Two ways of doing work pursue.
For gun goes off, if there be danger—
But gin is not so wide a ranger,
But close and secret lorks, for such is
His art to catch you in his clutches.
This riddle may a trap imply,
Which may not at first reading strike.
That as the letters—You and I—
Whate'er we seem, are not alike;
Small difference in our moral sight
Makes right seem wrong, and wrong seem
right.

14.

Is not a *glove* handsome, and ought it not
to be matched? for it is one, and should be a
pair. It has the offer of every lady's hand;
and has it not received all the love-letters,
L. O. V. E.? and yet one letter too many,
G., overpowers the proper emphasis of love.
So that as *glove*, it is doubtless off and on with
many. Is no bride itself, but cast off at the
altar at the moment of to have and to hold.
No priest will put on a ring over a glove.
As a glove, all desire to see it matched; yet

as long as it is a glove, it must be single, though so many hold out their arms to receive it.

15.

Remove the letter *s* from *space*,
You find the measure of a *pace*;
Then banish *p*, you have the *ace*.
Within a palm is space confined,
And is unlimited as mind.
Of all the suits within the pack,
Whether they be the red or black,
By far most potent is the *Ace*.
The sovereign stamp is on his face.
Whatever honours others claim,
He is the very trump of fame;
Highest or lowest, all he braves,
Kings, queens, and baffles e'en the knaves.
As lowest cut new strength reveals,
And takes precedence in the deals;
In life, as cards, the game is won,
By taking care of number one.
But your Etæmeteras to answer,
Although most easily I can, sir,
And notice all their nice conditions,
Would be but idle repetitions.
Suffice, though I shall not recite 'em,
That *space* is found in every item.

16.

Fairest is the *morning* dawn,
Fair will be its morrow;
Interfere not fatal U,
Making mourning sorrow.
U enchantress—roseate tints—
Can you never spare them?
Bidding bridal flowers be weeds,
Weeping widows wear them.
U depart—how sweet a dew
Paints the dawn's adorning;
Saddening weeds are bridal flowers,
Mourning is bright *morning*.

17.

All peoples, languages, and nations,
Of whatsoe'er pronunciations,
Far as north, south, east, west, can reach,
Sound *a*, the letter in their speech.
Alike the savage and polite,
In this at least agreeing quite,
A surely stood in front of Adam
As second, and as fourth in madam.
Adam prefixed it to the name
Of creatures all that to him came;
All who confounded were at Babel,
To utter this one sound were able.
Utter'd by rudest Hottentot,
As 'twas by Zeno in his stoa;
And if days were when it was not,
It must have been in the days of *Noah*.

18.

Of *Bourdon* the last syllable,
To *net* united, rightly spell,
A *bonnet* is the thing new made,
And without millinery aid—
It little boots—say, how, or where
A net is cast in sea, or air?
It catches game, preserves your peaches;
A bonnet is, as fashion teaches—

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And Fashions' pertenance is French,
A ground on which none dare to trench.
The real judgment 'tis of Paris,
For which to fight, as if *pro aris*—
For should an English dame profess
To be of taste the arbitress—
The fatal issue's beyond telling—
They'd put a bonnet on some Helen,
A *canus belli* shout with joy,
And act another siege of Troy.
Would Pluto ere have been consenting
To quit the pleasure of tormenting,
And keeping satisfactory eye on
Th' eternal treadmill of Ixion,
For Ceres' daughter up in Enna,
With a complexion brown as *senna*?
Which surely must have been the case
Without protection to her face;
Tho' very certain without this
She had not caught the heart of Dis.
She gather'd flowers, and why?—with art
To make her bonnet look more smart.
For nicest ladies in those days
Were not o'erburthen'd much with stays,
Nor kerchiefs whereunto to pin,
Or vests to keep a floweret in.
But not to mar with low conclusion
The grand historical allusion,
Nor hurt in bonnet's own behoof
This dignity of classic proof,
Worthy a fourteen power of sonnet,
All meaner thoughts must stand aloof
—Good sir—your riddle means a *Bonnet*.
Let nothing more be said upon it,
But this—let French or English pin it,
We bless all heads that are within it.

19.

A *shoe* and *string* denote the thing
You wish me to discover,
For either are as given to pair,
As mistress and a lover.

For use and show the string's a *beau*,
And both so tied together,
For wear and tear, for foul and fair,
As up and under leather.

Both are undone, since both make one,
If once the tie be broken—
Shoe sued in fright, of such a plight
To Buckle the fair-spoken.

String saw their plans, forbid the banns,
Then tied his knot so clever
'Twixt him and shoe—henceforth the two
United are for ever.

Long may they reign, a happy train,
Each to the other tied—
And by the foot, the rival boot
Like Buckle be outwitted.

20.

A *thing* must be something;
It may be a hum thing—
A sham or a dumb thing,
Such as are many things.

Put *no* before it,
It bids you ignore it;
To nothing restore it,
And nothing can't make anything.

But nothing must be
Nobody's property
In possession and fee.
Here behold a great mystery.

For nothing and something
Are hum-thing and dumb-thing,
And a never to come thing,
Either in this our age, or any after history.

21.

A negative is *no*,
Too positive is *vice*;
No *vice* to know,
Blessing beyond price,
Is heavenward to scan,
Making thee more than man.
Less than man art thou.
Art thou the whole?
Thou hast a vow
Unmans thee, heart and soul;
For, pardon'd be the pun,
A *novice* will be *none* (none.)

22.

Nap little was, yet none stood higher;
He met reverse—then you reverse him;
And tho' they took such pains to hearse him,
He's turned to pan, and that's a fryer;
The difference if to learn your wish is,
The one is dish'd, the other dishes.

23.

The letter *I* if you pursue,
You'll thank your stars it is not *U*;
'Twas not in Eve, but in her guilt,
In Cain—not him whose blood he spilt;
'Tis not in heaven or in earth,
In sin coeval with its birth;
'Tis not in man nor angel found,
Alas! elsewhere it should abound!—
In man's long life, perplexed with evil,
In maid, wife, widow, and in devil.
I understand your riddle, sir,
But to its sense I must demur;
Maid, wife, and widow, are terms all
Coin'd for man's use conventional.
If man and angel you exempt,
Put not on woman your contempt;
For that same letter you bring in
To be the magic sign of sin,
And which you say is found in no man,
Is absent equally in woman.
But, sir, suppose your charge was true,
The evil rather rests with you;
Your argument is but a fib,
Although in language very glib;
For woman was but Adam's rib,
And you admit it, by your leave,
No sign of it was found in Eve;
The evil was in man unwedded,
Transferred to her but when she wedded.

24.

You'd be a wondrous Architect,
Could you an edifice erect,
As cheaply as your *Room* you make
By riddling lines for *Fanny's* sake,
And outdo Milton with your chime,
And "build" a "*lofty*" *room*, not "*rhyme*."

Ill-furnish'd garrets often fit,
The upper story of a wit,
Both empty, noticed oft to quit.
Rooms silent are from wall to floor,
Or set the tables in a roar.
In modern phrase you may have learn'd,
A House is out of windows turn'd,
Whether a rich man's or a poor's,
Ne'er was a *room* turn'd out of doors.
A sick room, left with scarce a shred,
Is better, if it keeps its bed.
How sad the *Room* where misery lies,
How gorgeous where the rich man dies—
Where jewels shine in nightly blaze,
Where lovers up to windows gaze;
Where in despite some day-blind covers
The scrutinies of sun and lovers,
Giving their good look-out chagrin,
By not allowing looking in;
And tho' it furnished be with glasses,
No spectacles can see what passes,
For windows are but eyes disposed
To let in the most light when closed.

25.

I wonder much you waste your wit
A parish *sexton's* head to hit,
Who with his pick, or soon or late,
Will be revenged upon your pate.
For grave things, with your riddles, must
By him be riddled into dust.
Then, tho' he may not understand
Your riddles, with his spade in hand,
Ding-dong will have the upper hand.
Now turn your *room* about—both sound
And letters. How enlarged the board,
For room, as Coleman says, read back,
"Like every other *moor* is black."
If Earth, it little profit yields
Except the rental of Moorfields.
The *Moor* Othello's jealous rage
Is often acted on the stage.
Bright sunshine and blue skies attest
Fair weather on the moorland's breast,
Yet sportsmen rather love moorfowl,
But when the wintry tempests howl
Along the moor and snow-drifts toss it,
There may be danger if you cross it.

26.

Three epithets belong to top,
Which for generic term we drop,
The peg, the whipping, and the humming,
With each its proper place to come in.
The humming top in nurseries reigns,
The whipping in by-courts and lanes;
The manly peg all these disdains,
And with his challenges is found
Within the schoolboy's proper ground.
Thus far in unpoetic diction
The topographical description.—
The schoolboy given up to play,
Finds whipping-tops in learning's way,
Not thinking that, to serve good stead,
The better *top* should be the head;
Tasks idly learnt, from memory slipt,
Are top's revenge by bottom whipt.
Reverse the top—you go to *pot*—
Its irony—cool fits and hot;
It boils and broils, and stews and fries,
Its uses, ends, and properties.

It were but silliness to tell,
To make a Dultman's chrouicle,
For which consult Cook's oracle.
And scarcely needs it to be told,
A riddled pot will nothing hold,
Tho' this your riddle to the top
Holds water, and not spills a drop;
And to make clear the diagnostics,
Of in by-ways, on patches green,
A gang of gypseys may be seen
Boiling their pot upon a cross-sticks.

27.

Silence is neither thing nor person—
Silence you kill if you converse on;
Silence, with ancient ages, dwells
In musty libraries and cells;
And sleeps enveloped in their pages,
Subsisting on the dust of ages,
Breathe not a whisper where she lies,
And name her not, or silence dies.

28.

Your first is an *oz*,
Which the butcher down knocks,
And, clever as harlequin, turns into beef;
And it goes to the East
To furnish a feast—
To the soldier as well as commander-in-chief.

A bridge unrestored,
Your second's a *ford*—
A difficult thing for the wisest to pass,
Though the learnedest dons;
Asinorum the pons
May puzzle, but never a ford, any ass.

At *Oxford* your whole,
Have an eye to the goal;
And if you make sure, never mind being slow,
For if you're too fast,
Ten to one but you're last;
And, lacking certificate, find you're no go.

29.

If lawyer parchment made indictment
'Gainst Drum for riotous excitement,
"*Re Drum*" would be its form and title;
After would follow the recital
Of all the mischiefs drum had done,
Both old and new, beneath the sun.
"*Auld Sootie*," if "*Re Drum*" he saw,
On that alone would put his claw;
And as he always backwards reads,
For fear of stumbling upon creeds—
To clench the nail 'gainst Drum still farther,
He'd cry, delighted, Murder! murder!

EVELYN AND PEPYS.

THE "long results of time" bring about strange combinations. Meeting and crossing each other here and there on their living way, there yet could be no less likely union in the thoughts of posterity, or in the history of their time, than that of the two names which head this page. The most frank and unreserved of autobiographers, knowing many compunctions, but no shame; and the most courtly and polished of antique gentlemen, perpetually holding himself erect on the poise of natural self-respect and formal dignity, Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn, of all men most unlike each other, come down to us, side by side. The one unfolds his brisk panorama, the other solemnly exhibits his stately picture. Wicked human nature, always least alive to propriety, looks respectfully, but with a yawn, upon the one, and chuckles aloud, shaking its head for decorum's sake, with infinite amusement and unrestrained laughter, over the other. How the two chroniclers might esteem their different degrees of popularity, or if the disclosure of all his wicked ways would shame Mr. Secretary Pepys at last, the curiosity which he

satisfies so frankly has no means of ascertaining now; but it requires no great penetration to perceive with what stately disgust his patrician companion, who leaves behind him nothing to be ashamed of, would turn from this wicked little impersonation of bustle, vanity, and spirit, who smuggles along the solemn highway of history by the Lord of Wotton's side.

In spite of all the vices of the time, the very climax and culmination as it was of public riot and license, of universal depravity and fashionable vileness, it keeps its hold strangely upon the imagination, perhaps, as the close of the picturesque in English history. It was hard to believe in domestic peace after so long an interval of broil and battle; and the unmitigated disaster of the civil war, and the rugged heroical sway of the Commonwealth, if they braced the kingdom and its people for all imaginable hardships, left them shiftless and undefended against the enervating influences of luxury. No sooner had the iron gripe of Cromwell faltered from the reins of state which he alone could hold—no sooner had the sunny

light of holiday burst forth again over a land so long held fast by the stern claims of duty and necessity—than all England yielded itself up, flushed and languid, to the unaccustomed pleasure. With song and story in his train—with misfortune and exile past to endear him to the human heart of the nation—with fluttering imps, gay in the stolen robes of Loves and Graces, scattering flowers upon his way, the banished Charles, a youthful gallant, burst gay upon the fascinated sight which for many a day had forgotten pageants. The traditional splendours of Elizabeth, the meaner merrymakings of James, the austere magnificence of that melancholy Charles whom many honoured as a martyr, and all knew in the majesty of fate and sorrow, had links of association with this new period which the Commonwealth altogether lacked. The hereditary monarchy resumed its place with triumph, and the king who could speak of his royal ancestors through many a previous generation, grasped to the instincts of the people, in a way which the kingliest man on earth, being the son of his own deeds alone, must always fail to do. The kingdom flashed into a sudden uproar of unreasoning enjoyment. No one asked if it was, after all, so mighty a felicity for England that the king should enjoy his own again. The country blindfolded itself with hearty purpose and goodwill, and, breaking forth of all its late restraints, gave itself up heart and soul to the frolic, glad to forget what went before, and unthinking of all that should follow when its pranks were done.

Youth and high spirits masked with a natural and graceful illusion the license of the Court; and so long as the crowned head was new in its dominion, no intrusive familiarity stepped in to draw aside the veil. The country, which enjoyed so thoroughly its own riotous festival, was perfectly pleased to look on with indulgent complacency on the more prolonged rejoicings of the king; a brisk activity of pleasure stirred the universal pulses. Long ago one must be idle if one would be gay; but now *there was none of all your sober craftsmen so constantly occupied as*

your man of pleasure. Where great affairs of state were deliberated—where vast projects were put forth by one imperial will, and executed by many stout and valorous hands in comparative silence—every corner was alive now with some device of entertainment—something to beguile and cheat the time which Cromwell found so short and fleeting for all *he* had to do; and when sober men began to resume their common life once more, they turned still a smiling glance upon those gardens of Armida, those fabulous bowers of youth and luxury and royal pleasure, which enclosed the king.

But, after all, there is no such wearisome thing in the world as a prolonged unnatural holiday. Capricious England grew tired of its play—the dusty heated afternoon eclipsed the fresh glories of the morning. The revels that looked so bright at first, began to pall. It was no longer the exuberance of youth, but the coarse mirth of custom that rang in shouts as loud as ever from the high places; and the astonished nation, stopping short in its own dance, looked with disenchanted eyes upon the whirl of careless gaiety, which hid from royal sight and observation the life of the country and the wellbeing of the world. No virtuous man, were he ever so great a votary of the royal Martyr, could contrast the clear daylight of the great usurper's rule, and this hectic illumination, without an involuntary sigh for the sovereign power which was no longer an honour and a defence to England. The sober sense of the nation sickened at this heedless tumult of gaiety; all that was pure and honourable shrank back in horror from the undisguised debauchery of these polluted palaces; the national pride was at once offended and humiliated by defenceless coasts, and a presuming and unpunished enemy, while rumours of French influence meanly submitted to—of French bribes still more meanly accepted—sank the once worshipped king into the depths of popular contempt. But there is seldom so great an evil in present existence as to shut out fear of a greater, and the Duke of York, the unwise and unprosperous James, was his brother's

guardian angel. "No one will kill me to make you king," said the Merry Monarch to his successor; it was the greatest defence which remained to this idol of the popular fancy—this waster of the most royal gifts of Providence—and the strongest tie which bound the undeceived and discontented country to its failure of a king.

Religious persecution and intolerance, far from chary of their alliance at any time, took kindly to the profane sovereign, and made no scruple in using his power. Good, passive, law-obeying Puritanism, forgetting its old usage of resistance, suffered itself to be slain with edifying resignation. And the time-bred monsters too—the Popish plot fabulous or real—the pseudo-Protestant plot, which hunted this spectre into mad chaos and unbelief—agitated the public mind with fright and indignation; and heavy and real disaster added its crushing and repeated blow. One such event as the Great Plague or Fire of London seems enough, in ordinary course, for a generation of men; and we can scarcely understand the strain of nerve and courage which resisted, or the passive unreflective endurance which lived through, such overwhelming calamities. Nor only lived through—but dancing on the graves of pestilence, and over the ashes of destruction, spread its unwholesome gaiety around without a pause.

Yet sparkling with profane wit, rich in wanton beauty, profusely endowed with the lesser talents which sparkle in their generation more than the great lights of genius, there is no period more picturesque in costume, more animated in grouping, or more pictorial in general light and shadow. Dawning Science, that has not yet quite forgotten its old tricks of legerdemain, but mixes up the half-discovered grandeur of its vast new truth with pranks of old astrology and nimble sleight of hand—Art that comes a full-grown giant from over the sea, holding up a mirror by the courtly hands of Lely and Kneller to the voluptuous Graces of the court, and overflowing with perukes and laced coats the ancestral picture galleries of all England—the two great faculties of curiosity and wonder, primitive capacities almost exhausted

in our day, peering everywhere with a hundred eyes; and, on the other hand, Learning marching solemnly on to its sum of knowledge, yet making itself a very prodigy of industry and research by the way. Through this and in it, and through a hundred little intricacies of official jobbery, of political intrigue, of private broils and match-makings, flows such an overflowing and abundant soul of energy as puts life and breath into the whole. A corrupt and self-degrading state, with every element of ruin in its bosom; yet in such rude might of vitality—every pulse throbbing with strength, every vein full-blooded, every muscle sound—that the current of its perpetual activity sweeps our languid footsteps into it with an irresistible attraction—the stream hurries on its course with such a visible impetus of life.

And what even the brilliant record of Macaulay cannot do for Dutch William and his austere and virtuous heroism, a crowd of self-biographers have done for the times of lawless Charles. When the broad and general story fails, it is rare that a bit of sun-bright daguerreotype—a homely clear succession of everydays threaded upon some individual life—is unsuccessful in catching the eye and rousing the interest; nor is there any period so fertile in such as is this and the preceding generation. The records of Mary Hutchinson, the wife-like story of Lady Fanshaw, and those breathings of ascetic piety and meek devotion, which staitle us so much, from the pen of a maid of honour in the disolute court of Charles—the diaries of Mrs. Godolphin—add touches of feminine nicety to Evelyn's gentleman-like chronicle and the unparalleled revelations of Mr. Secretary Pepys; not to speak of narratives less known—the journals of pious Non-conformists, and sketches of personal experience, which, by some necessity laid upon them, hosts of those good people have felt it their duty to leave behind. We had almost added to the list that person of real flesh and blood, the citizen of London who indites the true history of the Great Plague; and but that scoffers say he is no more to be relied upon than the redoubtable Crusoe, his brother and kinsman, no bit of individual story throws more

light upon the time than does his. We can spare it, however, in the profusion of autobiographical riches, concerning the authenticity of which there can be no dispute; and passing Master Defoe on the one side, and my Lord Clarendon, authentic, but ponderous, on the other, there are still abundant materials from which to glean the history, both public and domestic, of this lively and animated time.

Shut your eyes, gentle reader! forget that there are steam-engines and iron ways, reformed Houses of Parliament, public meetings, variable funds, and invariable income-taxes, in this working-day world. Let the old sunshine of romance break upon you through the old rich foliage of that old old England, which was in story and in rhyme, if it never was in the sober light of every day. Never stop to inquire if the road is safe at night; rather admire the antique pistols in this knave's holsters, and that stout steed of his, which was never intended to run away, you may be certain, if all the highwaymen between Thames and Humber cried "Stand!" Stout rascals are those riders, too, as good for a blow as any of their inches who ride upon the other side of the law; and with such an escort the gilded coach goes at a leisurely pace along the warm and sandy track, threading the mazes of shadow and sunshine that chequer all this quiet way. Perhaps the worthy gentleman within is doing a bit of his *Sylva*, or taking notes upon his tablets, or making mental memorandums for his diary, which he will fill in when he gets home; and looking back upon his composed and guiltless memory, such vistas of trim gardens rise to his vision, such a sheen of dazzling fountains glitter in the sun, such fair and goodly terraces, such winding alleys of green shade, such artful delusions and tricks of perspective expand before him, that these fair bright homely fields map themselves out to his fancy in labyrinths and mazes of intricate art, and nature smirks out of her quaintly fashioned livery, but keeps her bloom and her luxuriance still, and flings her flowers and green leaves in handfuls at the feet of Evelyn, in mockery of all he would do

to restrain her freedom—yet in loving mockery withal. Not to inspect another newly-completed and princely garden, but to see some "incomparable pieces" of Titian or of Raphael, and to tell the noble amateur of Grindling Gibbons and his wonderful feats of carving, with benevolent purpose of enriching this humble genius, the Master of Sayes Court drives to town; thence to kiss hands at Court, perhaps, and with pious horror and courtly curiosity to become aware of the unbecoming pomp and extravagance of my Lady Castlemaine; thence to the Royal Society, where are many curious tricks of science strangely mingled and mixed up with great discoveries, to be seen and heard of, and where learned and lordly dilettantism does not disdain a gossip now and then to lighten graver discussions; and thence, with encounter of many notable names and historical personages by the way, to coach again, and home at a quieter pace along the dewy road, where the labourer hastens to be housed before nightfall, and the outriding knaves look to their pistols,—for though the country is quiet, the road has no great name by night.

Or if, most worshipful spectator of these elder ages, your taste directs you to a gayer scene—lo, only a street apart, "mighty fine" in the new camlet suit, whose bravery he enjoys with genuine delight and a professional appreciation, in his new-curled black peruke, his eyes twinkling with curiosity, with fun and wickedness, see Mr. Secretary at his desk in his office, perhaps discussing with natural acuteness some matter of business, or warily receiving a letter which feels heavy, but which the official's unsuspecting faculties will take no cognisance of at present. If you have real business to transact, and can but catch this twinkling eye, you will forthwith entertain a higher opinion of Mr. Secretary Pepys; for a clear understanding and some sharp bits of insight are in the pleasure-loving officer of the Admiralty, and he does not fail to despatch your affairs out of hand with the true economy of promptitude, having various more pleasurable engagements in his faithful memory. And now it is

noon : perhaps Mr. Pepys has a venison pasty at home, where his wife, "poor wretch," grumbles to know of the gay programme of her husband's afternoon, yet is not without projects of her own, and is little less fine in her tabby gown, turned and newly laced, than Samuel himself : and now, having locked up our office like a good subject and honest official, having dined with our wife at home like a loyal and loving husband, and generally satisfied all the requirements of duty and propriety—now for our own private and particular delights. It is odd if these twinkling eyes do not make observations at the playhouse, piquant and relishing, of the regnant Mrs. Nelly, or the presumptuous my lady, who fills with scandalised but most lively curiosity a hundred lookers-on more scrupulous than Mr. Pepys ; and perhaps a little episode behind the scenes gives a still more piquant conclusion to the beloved divertimento. Then, it may be, we have a stroll in the Exchange, to cheapen gloves of a famous beauty, who does not disdain to vend her delicate wares, embroidered in gold, to the Court gallants, among whom we swagger with the best ; and close by here is some singular rarity, which may be a fine picture, or an old awful emblazoned manuscript, an artful automaton, or a conjuror, to whom many-bladed knives and burning coals are wholesome daily fare, but which, whatever it is, we do not fail, with most observant curiosity, to see and take diligent note of. From this we hasten, with still more pleasurable anticipations, to present to our Valentine the embroidered gloves we have just purchased from the humbler beauty, but passing near our own house encounter, much discomfited, the French servant of a Mr. Somebody whom our wife has had acquaintance with in France, and are straightway overwhelmed with a host of suchlike small jealousies as we ourselves complacently compassionate in our wife ; after which, though on returning home we have a very nice supper and much music, playing on the viol ourselves with great relish, and listening to the songs of our companions, we find the day somewhat beclouded looking back upon it, especially as

our wife, "poor wretch" no longer, is discovered in high spirits ; and so, having posted our diary, "to bed," with more virtuous resolutions for the morrow.

So, according to the representation of each, is the daily life of John Evelyn and of Samuel Pepys. A large amount of business somehow or other manages to get transacted by the bustling hands of the pleasure-loving secretary ; and it is wonderful how much grave and decorous festivity, sight-seeing, and merry-making, accumulate in the busy days of the lofty gentleman, his neighbour and contemporary. Both have their hands full of perpetual negotiations ; not a manœuvring mamma in a fashionable novel makes more matches than the learned and courtly Evelyn ; and as for Samuel, his gloryings over one successful enterprise of the kind, his delight at my lady's acknowledgment of his cousinship, and his tribulations on account of the bashful bridegroom, are as amusing as they are characteristic. No modern glossings over of the bargain, no sentimentality of attachment or congenial feelings, are necessary in these honest records ; it is enough, as well for the high principled Evelyn as for the less particular Pepys, that the estates and possessions of their *protégés* are congenial, and afford mutual satisfaction, whereupon they proceed with downright sincerity to the less important matter of personal introduction, nor leave the passive pair, whom we can scarcely suspect of being the principal performers, till their little drama of a day is fairly concluded, with settlements signed and responses given, and another wedding added to the records of fate. Other negotiations besides these occupy the active minds of the contemporaries. Mr. Secretary has much in his power, and can procure contracts, victuallings, ship-buildings, for such honest craftsmen as recommend themselves in a due and satisfactory manner to his human or official preference ; and Mr. Evelyn stands, a sort of self-constituted plenipotentiary and ambassador, between the arts and their noble patrons—between the great nobleman who does not know the value of his antiquities, and the eager representatives of learning who

would fain possess them; and, nobler and better office still, a voluntary almoner between the rich and the poor. Both are men of singular energy, brave, active, and full of vigour, long livers, keen observers, each with an insight of his own; and whether we admire the courage which keeps Mr. Pepys in London at his post through all the horrors of the plague—a courage which he cannot help admiring himself, with a mixture of wonder at his own intrepidity—or the promptitude which brings Evelyn to Court through the hot and perilous streets of the still burning city, with his “plot” for a new London—it is impossible to mistake the readiness for emergencies, the strength of exertion, and quick perception of necessity which distinguish these most dissimilar men.

With a stately bow of respect, owed fully more to his own importance than to his audience, John Evelyn presents himself to the courteous hearing of posterity. Third son of Richard Evelyn of Wotton, descendant of sundry families and persons of repute, whose names figure in county lists and on white marble tombstones, it would not beseem the well-born and well-mannered patrician to burst upon us without an introduction. He who at six years old sits for his picture, and at a still earlier period lays foundation-stones of local churches, is marked already by the public seal a small representative of all constitutional dignities, church and state; and it is by no means difficult to realise the miniature man, or rather miniature gentleman and courtier, in his little velvet coat and dainty ruffles, his cravat of point lace and inch of sword. Yet there is a satisfaction in knowing that little Evelyn has heart to be idle, after all, and is able to indulge, though solemnly and with self-reproof, in the whims and erratic studies of youth. Farther on we have even dancing and trifling added to the catalogue, though not without a suspicion that all the lofty stripling's trifling and dancing are only additional modes of perfecting the education which is not complete without these lighter appendages. *Talk of modern education, with all its strain and all its facts and figures! but*

what is this to the positive coat-armour of accomplishment and perfection in which the youthful gentleman of King Charles I. was expected to endue himself?—not an easy working-day costume, flexible to ordinary human modes of operation, nor a fancy suit of æsthetics and philanthropies, such as does credit to the youth of leisure and wealth in these days, but such a pomp of buckram and embroidery, such wonderful Admiral Crichtonism, such virtuosity, that modern accomplishments must fall back dismayed before the ponderous splendour, and modern schoolmasters—let them be abroad as much as they will—shrink in conscious inferiority from the task of competing with this ancient manufacture of the polished gentleman—a curious production of antique fashion and slow pace, it may be, yet we cannot deny with rare and noble qualities, and a solemn grace the glory whereof has departed from this realm of England many a day and long.

To complete this weighty and elaborate process of self-manufacture, and not without a prudent motive, by the way, of removing himself from the disastrous scene of civil war, wherein, as Mr. Evelyn wisely says, he and his brothers, from the locality of their estates, would have but exposed themselves to certain ruin, without doing corresponding service to the cause of King Charles, our youthful Paladin sets forth upon his travels, father and mother being dead by this time, and the family home at Wotton become his brother's inheritance. After a most stately and edifying fashion these travels are conducted, and when he has visited Rome and the greater cities of Italy, Evelyn returns to Paris to marry a very young and very fair wife, daughter of the English ambassador there, whom he has to leave very shortly, making his will with all solemnity, to look after his affairs in England. After an absence of a year and a-half, he returns to Paris, King Charles of blessed memory being by this time the saint and martyr instead of the struggling monarch of his scattered party. By and by, a formal return of the family is made to England, where they manage to live

very comfortably, as it seems, and not without much interchange of pleasant visitings and occasions of rejoicing, multiplying and growing rich during the time of that "unnatural usurpation" which kept the virtuous Charles II. from his father's throne. There is nothing more remarkable in all contemporary histories of a troubled era than the quiet tenor of everyday, which, after all, public events agitate so little. To see, instead of the intense engrossing excitement which we look for, the busy plotting and perpetual ferment of so singular a period of national transition, and so high a tide of faction and party feeling, long lapses of quiet days, wherein common people go about common business, when sales are made and peaceable marriages, babies born and gardens planned, when travelling gentlemen have leisure to get robbed, and virtuoso ladies to make collections of china, and all the world to go on by the hour, according to its wont, in the calm unconsciousness of human custom, has a singular effect upon the distant spectator-vision of posterity. Good posterity of two hundred years hence, perusing with curious interest these worn and yellow pages for sake of the insight they may throw upon the perplexing history of the great Russian war! Not a doubt you will find in the brown enclosure of *Maga* something on the subject to convince you that British soil trembles all over with eager interest—that at board and fireside there is no other matter worthy of discussion—that troops and supplies—far-away movements of fleets and armies—far-off echoes of artillery and din of battle, ring through every household. Believe it not. The howl of little Johnnie, newly tumbled down stairs, is a much more moving sound than the Cossack war-cry in the distant fight; and not a resounding gun of all these armaments shall thrill our domestic heart with such potential horror as those three sharp strokes at which, with an instinctive shudder, we acknowledge the presence of the tax-collector, the most dread officer of state. In like manner yonder ancient days pass over the heads of John Evelyn and Mary his wife. A *royal martyr* and a *royal*

exile, an "unnatural usurpation," even a sequestered church, entirely fail to overthrow the natural balance. Daily human life, which can make nothing of the seven-leagued boots of history, but must tread on its ordinary pace with its prosaic ordinary footing, walks through revolutions blindfolded, nor ever finds out what burning coals it has passed over, nor what pitfalls it has escaped, till long after looking back upon them, in the light of recollection, when many a time the pulse quickens and the heart beats to perceive dangers at the time unknown.

With no such solemn introduction as his more dignified contemporary, Mr. Secretary Pepys bustles into our presence on the eve of a new time. Left entirely in the dark, not only in respect to the colour of hair and stature of person belonging to the paternal Pepys, but to the very existence of such an individual, Samuel, spruce, full-grown, and curious, comes with a sudden leap out of chaos and the unknown, and reveals himself, no growth of years, no proper little boy, and much educated young man, but an achieved and complete personage, a *fait accompli* to our admiring eyes—with a wife and a servant Jane, a faithful adherence to "my Lord," a place in an office, a house in *Axe Yard*—where, nevertheless, he lives in the garret—a suit with great skirts (for Pepys is not Pepys without his costume), and a private condition "very handsome, esteemed rich, but indeed very poor." In such aspect is it that Samuel Pepys rises upon the horizon, a man even then of much business and many occupations—young, alert, and full of curiosity, "a rising man," as the phrase goes—missing no opportunity of either advancement or emolument, and quite ready to strike in with the tide, however it may turn; nor much caring, as it seems, whether Charles Rex or Richard Protector win the day, so that my lord, and of natural consequence my lord's dutiful and serviceable kinsman, have a sufficiently good chance of getting to the top of the wave.

By and by, the lesser stars and satellites of Samuel appear in the firmament. Not to speak of the poor wife who burns her hand making ready

the remains of a turkey for the Sunday's dinner, and who has rather a secluded life of it in the garret at this present writing, but who for the rest seems to have wonderfully little to grumble at—very much less than she comes to have by-and-by in Samuel's own person—and is my dear wife, and affectionately considered—there appears the father, whom Samuel finds in his "cutting-house" at his honest trade of tailor, and of whom, with his mother, he has a very unsatisfactory leave-taking on his going to sea, "without having them to drink or say anything of business one to another,"—a brother John, who becomes visible as a scholar at Paul's school, having his declamation overlooked and corrected for him by Samuel, who is a good brother—another, Tom, cursorily mentioned afterwards as carrying home a new coat with silver buttons to the rising Admiralty official,—and sundry "cozins," who cross the stage now and then, giving and receiving dinners, advices, and such matters of ordinary reciprocity. The ground is strangely shifted in this second family group, from the lofty kinsfolk of Wotton and Godstone, the ambassador father-in-law, and magnificent connections of Evelyn and his wife; yet by no means contemptible people are these merry citizens, pleasure-loving and feast-giving, with their own pretensions, quite as decided, though of a lesser order of greatness. The time is manifestly a crisis, and vexed with cross currents of intelligence from every hand, poor good Richard Cromwell having broken down under the weight of his father's truncheon, the woeful Rump not knowing what to make of its dreary burden of life, and General Monk advancing towards the city—a powerful but uncomprehended fate, touching whose intentions the public mind is in great doubt and wonder. This public mind, like Pepys' own, seems to be fully more eager to hear of change than active to bring it about, and waits with great curiosity and eagerness, as the exhausted public mind, not fertile in expedients, is apt to wait for the command and leading of some visible Influence great enough to give authority to the general wish.

At the coffee-house—at the House itself, where there is an undeniable

"muddle," and nothing half so grateful as coffee—in Westminster Hall, at church, and in every public place, all sorts of rumours are to be heard of, till rumour grows almost weary of perpetual self-contradiction. About this time occurs a pretty glimmer of picture, which shows that Samuel has an eye for the picturesque. General Monk has been appointed general-in-chief of all the forces in the three kingdoms, and there is a universal satisfaction, although no other positive changes seem to be known. In Westminster Hall Pepys meets with Locke and Purcell, famous masters in their melodious art, and the three go to a coffee-house, where they are placed at windows overlooking the water. Before them lies the Thames, "the silent highway"—not over silent, one may conclude, in this time of public excitement—and full of the swift shooting wherries and gay barges, more graceful to see than coach and omnibus, which make a constant communication between the City and learned and stately Westminster. Purcell and Locke, and Pepys himself, who is no contemptible musician, sing "brave songs" by the windows of the coffee-house. The air tingles with the joyful sound of bells; the February afternoon, sunny and red, shines on the animated river, and, looking down its gay and busy tide, the chronicler says, "Here out of the windows it was a most pleasant sight to see the city, from one end to the other, with a glory about it, so high was the light of the bonfires, and so thick round the city, and the bells rang everywhere."

Almost immediately my lord emerges from the darkness, goes to sea—which is to say, lies in the Channel, waiting the turn of events—taking with him this faithful historian; and finally has the honourable office of bringing home the king. The most noticeable thing in this part of the record, and the most amusing, is the unfailing industry and pains of Samuel in picking up all the small perquisites and fees pertaining to his office. His "half-piece," which he gets from a person who would be chaplain; his whole piece and twenty shillings in silver from the captain whose commission he draws; his various droppings in of little streams of revenue; his addings up and thanks-

givings for the same; together with his simple delight in being addressed as S. P., Esq., and his satisfaction in sitting at table with my lord, and having so much honour in the fleet. How these transactions might look at the present day, or if any one above seventeen dare acknowledge to his inmost heart a stray spark of pleasure in the Esquire on the back of a letter, is quite a different matter. Samuel Pepys makes no boggling at his official dishonesty, if dishonesty it was; his vanity is so simple, genuine, and warm, that one almost likes him for it; and we believe that never one of the public whom he has admitted so largely into his confidence, grudged him a farthing of that £30 which Samuel devoutly thanks heaven he is "worth" on the conclusion of his voyage.

Up to the same period of time his contemporary has progressed in stately prosperity—has become the purchaser of Say's Court, the ancestral property of his father-in-law, Sir Richard Browne; the father of several children, and the sorrowful survivor of one infant prodigy, whom he calls the light of his life; has owned to a human thankfulness in paying every farthing of debt he owes;—that the immaculate Evelyn should ever have permitted himself to be in debt seems the wonder! And now, having taken an active part in plotting for the Restoration, so soon as this was practicable, is in high favour at the restored Court, a friend of both Charles and James, and a most joyful and triumphant sympathiser in their changed fortunes. Shrewd Samuel, who is no enthusiast, looks on with a cooler eye of observation; Evelyn rejoices, with stately propriety, but with all his heart.

The beginning of the new reign confers upon each a public appointment, and hereafter they gradually approach each other. Pepys, at the close of another year, has made a leap from his £80 to near £300, advancing steadily to the higher elevation—and Evelyn, suave and courtly, and full of devices for the spread of the arts and the enlightenment of the age, having a ready eye for all ingenious, learned, and curious spirits, among whom there can be little doubt Samuel has an admirable right to be placed.

The canvass widens and enlarges; busy London throbbing with gay life and energy; a world of new affairs in hand, a new reign and a youthful ruler—a throng of foreign guests and congratulations, and a very flood of home-returning exiles open to our view. Foremost on the scene is the King—of whom no one as yet has begun to speak evil, and who, amid gorgeous processions, and in the splendour of his ancestral palace, is still the ideal type of monarchy to his rejoicing people—and the Duke, who gives signs of vigour, honesty, and spirit, and is still an orthodox Protestant, so far as appearances go;—no time yet for poor Cavaliers to feel the bitter pangs of disappointment—no time for balked and ruined creditors of the Crown to bewail the unrewarded misery of their loyal sacrifice; a host of new delights and new enterprises sprang into sudden being, and a long retinue of placemen, after Pepys' fashion, or perhaps after a fashion still less honest, nursing their £80 into £300, and much contented with the process. Rising men everywhere making themselves visible—rising statesmen, wits, philosophers, and favourites—and abundance of interest to fill the public mind on every topic, and keep the busy throng perpetually astir.

Evelyn has already propounded to Mr. Robert Boyle his plan for a philosophic assembly of mutual edification, and already there is word of a youth of incomparable genius, Mr. Christopher Wren, who is calling new buildings into being in the classic regions of *Alma Mater*; so here we have already the unformed Royal Society, and the unbuilt St. Paul's, glimmering to the daylight. But, alas! less advanced in civilisation than might have been expected from his silver buttons, Mr. Secretary Pepys is visible, correcting his cookmaid Luce, in the passage of his house, for leaving the door ajar, and much troubled to be seen in the act of administering the chastisement by Sir W. Penn's boy, who will tell it to the family—which fright, however, does not prevent this vigilant master from beating the same or another girl with a stick some time after, for domestic misbehaviour. Mr. Pepys has not only a cookmaid now, but gives dinners, and has my ladies calling

upon his wife to his intense satisfaction; his dining-parlour is hung with green serge and gilded leather, and he grows a person of importance—yet we fear, by this token, is still only externally refined.

Meanwhile Prince Rupert, emblem of fiery Cavaliers, subdued into the arts of peace, shows Evelyn, with his own hand, how to grave in mezzotinto—strange to hear of this, with Edgehill and Marston Moor, and the red-hot reputation of the impetuous soldier in one's memory! And there gleams across the scene a vision of Henrietta Maria—old Henrietta Maria, no longer the beautiful inspiration of royal councils, the hopeless perverter of royal faith, the idol of that melancholy, constant, doomed king of hers—but a dowager and superannuated old lady, at the head of a little subsidiary court, telling Evelyn tales of sagacious dogs, yet sometimes growing garrulous over her escapes and troubles in the time of the rebellion: strange change of time once more. And now we hear of the execution of Harrison and others of the judges of King Charles, and of the meaner and less excusable revenge taken upon the remains of the great Usurper, the imperial rebel Cromwell. "Oh, the stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!" writes Evelyn, speaking of this deplorable piece of vengeance. "Look back at October 22d, 1658, (Oliver's funeral), and be astonished! and fear God, and honour the King! but meddle not with them that are given to change!" Of the same event, when ordered by Parliament, Pepys records a somewhat different opinion: the thing troubles him, "that a man of so great courage as he (Oliver) was should have that dishonour, though otherwise he might deserve it enough." Far beyond the reach of his insulters was the dead; but after such dishonour as it was in their power to inflict, the restorers of Charles II. buried the bones of Oliver at Tyburn under the gallows, on the first-observed fast for the "Martyrdom" of Charles I.,—a vulgar and impotent conclusion to the solemn tragedy which already connected these two names.

There is, however, something of a *lull in politics, and pleasure is the*

business of the day. Mr. Pepys, for his part, contrives to weave his occupations and enjoyments together with singular industry, and never undertakes an official journey, or goes about a piece of public duty, without abundant provision for "being merry," and making use of every opportunity that falls in his way. Even Evelyn sees innumerable plays; and the clerk of the Admiralty, more given to dissipation than Evelyn, has to make solemn resolution against these fascinating vanities. We read with a little amusement the graver historian's record—"I saw *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, played; but now the old plays begin to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty's being so much abroad," which Pepys confirms by a similar observation of "*Saw Romeo and Juliet* the first time it was ever acted; but it is a play of itself the worst that ever I heard, and the worst acted that ever I saw these people do." Like every other present time, "this refined age," we presume, gave itself credit for fastidious taste and nice discrimination; and neither Evelyn's scholarly mind and graceful likings, nor the natural judgment of Pepys, has been able to judge by a higher standard than the opinion of their time.

The matter-of-fact and even-handed fashion in which religious observances are conjoined with these amusements, is one of the most remarkable features in the volumes before us. The scruples which vex many a righteous soul touching ordinary matters of conformity to "the world" were scarcely to be expected here; but the church-going and sermon-hearing takes place so quietly, and so entirely lacks any disturbing effect upon the profane levities that surround them, that we stand aside in silent admiration. The most famous orators of the Church—Jeremy Taylor, Dr. South, Ken, and Hall, and Tillotson, and many a lesser light—illuminated the high places of orthodoxy; and a host of industrious and learned Nonconformists, led by a few notable divines, as great in their way as the daintier Episcopates, edified the pulpits of the city. Steadier church-goer than Mr. Secretary Pepys it would be impossible to find; and after a year of the new reign, his enlightened appetite even labours hard

to reconcile itself to Lenten fare—while his penitence for sleeping during a sermon, and that laudatory certificate of church attendance and membership—a certificate which, with a little alteration of form and diction, might satisfy the strictest kirk-session in Scotland—show a certain honesty in his profession. There is, indeed, so perfect an honesty in this entire journal of his, that Samuel's religiousness claims full credit at our hands, such as it is—yet, nevertheless, it is true that Samuel might be a very heathen for any restraint his religion puts upon him. Compunctions afterwards it may produce; but prudence, and not piety, checks Mr. Secretary before the act, however piety may come in behind to prick the offending conscience. Yet whatever he does, Samuel never misses going to church; and if it be to see a pretty Mistress Somebody, or if he chances to fall asleep before the sand in the hour-glass has measured out the heads of the sermon, Samuel fails not to pray a "God forgive me," as he records his sin. Nor is he by any means alone in this union of vice and devotion. The royal reprobate himself hears many a sermon, and there are solemn preachings, very frequent and very eloquent, to the household—with what effect upon the household manners and mode of life it is difficult to perceive. Nor is this all. We are accustomed to think of this period as the most entirely reprobate and abandoned in all our national history, yet nevertheless true it is, and of perfect verity, and piety also flourished in those days; piety—genuine meek devotion—and a divine and undefiled faith. Within the unwholesome atmosphere of that court of Charles, doing dutiful homage to the poor, swart, uncomplaining Portuguese Katherine, brushing against the very skirts of Portsmouth and Castlemaine, living under the polluting eyes of Rochester and Sedley, and, still worse, of their master, piety was even here. The last place in the world to look for such a strange and alien visitant, yet there the angel found it possible to exist; and perhaps nothing less than the ascetic routine of perpetual devotion, the sad, self-absorbed, and self-inspecting pietism of Mrs. Godolphin,

could have preserved the heavenly principle alive in such a place. Duty, too, after its kind, and the superstitious loyalty in which the ancient Cavalier families were sedulously bred, must have come in to close those meek, uncriticising eyes to the vileness of the illustrious vice before them; yet, withal, it shocks our modern notions, to realise this mingling of the pure and the impure, and to excuse this toleration of high-seated iniquity. How chary is the good religious Evelyn in his comments, how slow to condemn "his Majesty," how much inclined in loyal reverence to do what domestic love does so often—and be bitter on the evil influences—the temptations and the tempters who "lead away." How the king would have been a great monarch, "had not his easy nature resigned him to be manag'd by crafty men, and some abandoned and depraved wretches, who corrupted his otherwise sufficient parts:" how "he was a prince of many virtues, debonair, easy of access, not bloody nor cruel;" and how "he would doubtless have been an excellent prince had he been" something exactly the reverse of what he was. After this fashion only, and with manifest pain and reluctance, Evelyn permits himself to condemn; and it is easy to perceive with what a pang of humiliation and disappointment the old high-minded, honourable Royalist must have owned to himself this pitiable failure of the royal blood to produce anything worthy of the throne, which that "arch rebel" and "unnatural usurper" had filled after so kingly a fashion. The testimony of two ambassadors, who had served the Commonwealth first and then the king, and who complained of the lessened respect paid to them, when sent by Charles; the evident diminution of English influence everywhere; the unwise and unprosperous wars, rashly undertaken and ill conducted—though always saved, by little outbursts of vigour and courage on the part of the generals, from entire discomfiture and shame; the wanton extravagance of the court, and corresponding dishonesty, penuriousness, and bankruptcy in public affairs, were all so many sore assaults upon the old enthusiastic party of Cavaliers, whose sufferings and



plottings, in which neither land nor life were spared, and whose insane rejoicing and triumph over the accomplished restoration were so utterly put to shame by the result. They had buried Oliver at Tyburn—but all the gold in England could not purchase Oliver's imperial mantle to fall upon the shoulders of this important and careless king.

Very much more distinct, for Pepys was not restrained either by personal attachment or exaggerated loyalty, is the deliverance which he gives upon Charles and his reign. Unmitigated is the public discontent, according to Mr. Secretary, and the people look wistfully upon the times of stout old Oliver, when England was great among the nations, and pure, if something rigid and straitened at home; when the public money supplied the public necessities, and there was no vicious and disreputable court to sap the national finances and credit, and make the national establishment a Castle Rack-rent on a larger scale. "Why will not people lend their money?" cries an afflicted my Lord Treasurer, when the Commissioners of the Navy carry their accounts and complaints to him. "Why will they not trust the king as well as Oliver? Why do our prizes come to nothing, that yielded so much heretofore?" In the Council Chamber, and such an honourable presence, Mr. Secretary makes no response, but does not fail to record a very clear opinion on the subject, in the privacy of his own closet at home. The boldness of Samuel's secret chronicle even discloses more courageously than he himself does the opinions of Evelyn, "who," says Pepys, "is grieved for, and speaks openly to me his thoughts of the times, and our ruin approaching—and all by the folly of the king."

With an incalculable amount of pleasure-making, and that strange cross-fire of report and incident, which make the daily narrative, so minute and clear in all its details, something perplexing as a whole, we make our circumstantial progress with Mr. Secretary through several slow-paced years, and are able to decide with absolute certainty where our hero has *dined on almost every day of the whole*

period—what was his company, and what his fare; whether he made merry upon venison and pullets, or had fish, because it was Good Friday; or felicitated himself that he had come to sufficient estate to have a hash of fowls for the little private supper of himself and his wife at home. Nor are we less enlightened as to the extent and increase of Samuel's wardrobe, and the finery of his wife, which last he rather grudges, yet is complacent in. Steadily growing in wealth, he grows in splendour withal, abounds in new-fashioned luxuries; sets up a magnificent coach, with gilt standards and green reins, and everything handsome about it; wears silk on working days, and procures for himself a suit ornamented with gold lace, so overpoweringly grand that he keeps it by him long in fear and trembling, afraid lest it be too fine for public exhibition, as indeed it afterwards proves to be. Private domestic incidents there are not many to animate the record, though Samuel's misdemeanours bring him at last into a state of much uneasiness at home, where his poor wife's suspicions and jealousies give him a troubled life of it, and even put the guilty Secretary in bodily fear and dolour: it is, however, some satisfaction to perceive that Samuel at last heartily sets himself to overcome this, and succeeds very tolerably, as it seems; his wife being a persuasible woman, who will hear reason after all. And an important man in his office grows Samuel, the very soul of its business and diplomacies, its triumphant defender before Parliament, when, as the spokesman of the arraigned Naval Commissioners, he covers himself with modest glory. Nor does Mr. Pepys make less progress in the general world, where he is adopted into learned and courtly circles; becomes a member of the Royal Society, an intimate of Evelyn's, known at court, and familiarly recognised by duke and king. Neither the Plague nor the Fire sends him from his post, and his account of both of these events is very distinct and graphic, with that indubitable air of eyewitness and sufferer which gives reality to the tale. The irrestrainable curiosity which makes him follow funerals against his will during the

reign of the one, and his manifold tribulations under the other — his shoulder of mutton without a napkin, his dirty and undressed plight, his borrowed shirt and precarious rest, the little personal inconveniences, which mark the period quite as clearly as the public calamity, are all very plainly set down; yet his own measures are those of an active and careful public servant,—there is quite as little doubt of that. And Samuel escapes uninjured in home and person, in goods and family connections, from both the great national disasters of his time.

But the naïve and plain-spoken autobiographer has a period put to his disclosures. Samuel must relapse into the veiled propriety of ordinary story. Samuel must be content in future with only such a record as all the world may see—for these twinkling curious eyes of his may not avail him longer for his secret ciphering, and it is with a great pang that he yields to the necessity, which is “almost as much as to see myself go into the grave,” he says disconsolately, and so concludes a chronicle which has no equal—the clearest picture ever displayed to the world of a mind and conscience in perfect undress, with not a thought concealed.

And had darkness rested still upon the mysterious characters of Pepys' Diary, not Evelyn himself had shown a better example of respectability to aftercoming beholders. The Pepys who writes letters to those contemporary people with whom it is necessary to stand well, is a very different Pepys from him of the journal; and we are half inclined to take for irony the serious compliments and much respect with which he is saluted by the notable compeers, who know him so much less than we do. It is a curious fact this, among the many curious facts which this self-exposure reveals to us; no doubt Mr. Pepys knew Mr. Evelyn a great deal better than we know that well-mannered and worthy gentleman—but not a hundredth part so well informed was Mr. Evelyn, not so learned was Mrs. Pepys herself in the character of Samuel, as are we.

In a corresponding space of time, over which he walks with strides of a

greater measure, we find that Evelyn has a much larger share of the troubles of common life. He loses several children, among them one of those learned and pious youthful ladies, of whom he numbers several among his friends; none is fairer, sweeter, more pious, or accomplished, than his own Mary, and his grief has satisfaction in recording her perfections. Of this daughter, who died at nineteen, and of the wonderful little Richard long ago dead, at six years old, the father speaks with a full heart. It is “grit,” like a river, overflowed and running wide, this grief of his, in respect to these children; and it is singular to note how differently the death of his son John, in the prime of manhood, when Evelyn himself is old, affects his calmer faculties, and how he can couple with the brief obituary notice of my Lord of Devonshire's misfortunes on the turf. But even sorrow does not turn aside his life from its full current. John Evelyn is as busy a man, after his grave fashion, as Samuel Pepys, and a very much more disinterested one, since neither fee nor compliment seems to come in his way, and his charge of the sick and wounded in these harassing naval wars, his embarrassment how to provide for hosts of prisoners, having neither houses to receive nor money to support them, give him little satisfaction in his public labours. Providing surgeons and medicaments, and himself overseeing these poor maimed victims of warfare, everywhere finding accommodation inadequate, and means insufficient, Evelyn travels from town to town of his district with most conscientious zeal; nor, though the employment is very far from being an agreeable one, does he fail to devote himself to it with good will and his best endeavours. A long margin of time is left over, however, for his own personal pursuits; and all the wonders of the time are welcome to Evelyn, who dabbles in all the arts and sciences, and has a smattering of every branch of learning under the sun. It is now that, by his skilful negotiations, Harry Howard of Norfolk bestows the Arundel Marbles upon Oxford, and a library upon the Royal Society, for which first good office Evelyn has the solemn thanks of the University,

and is with much pomp and circumstance created Doctor of Laws ; and now it is that he reads his paper upon forest trees—the *Sylva* by which he is principally known as an author—before the Royal Society, of which he may very justly be called the founder and parent, and to which he introduces various magnates, foreign and native ; among them the Duchess of Newcastle and Queen Christina of Sweden, with both of whom our stately cicerone is considerably amused in his courteous way. And now it seems that among the palace-builders of this extravagant era no one is contented without the approval of Evelyn, and we hear of him carried by this noble lord and that illustrious earl to inspect improvements and new erections, the growth of new and sudden fortunes, or the increase and reparation of old. Terraces and lofty elevations, parks and labyrinths and curious gardens, exotic plants and rare flowers, with every practicable device of landscape-gardening, pass in brilliant review before his eyes, and Evelyn maintains his place of critic loftily, and praises with discrimination, always retaining some small matter of disapproval. In one of the earliest pages of his Diary, he tells us of the place where, as an infant, he was sent to nurse, “a most sweet place towards the hills, flanked with woods and refreshed with streams, the affection to which kind of solitude I sucked in with my very milk ;” and the taste remains with him all his life, since we find him permitted by his brother to make an artificial lake and hermitage at Wotton in his youth, and subsequently perceive him curious in landscape-gardening during his travels and early life abroad. In gardening, as in all other arts, this age is emphatically “curious,” and as full of quips and conceits in its plantations as in its literature. Here is one strange instance seen abroad ; it is at the palace of the Count de Liancourt in Paris :—

“Towards his study and bed-chamber is a little garden, which, though very narrow, by the addition of a well-painted perspective, is to appearance greatly enlarged ; to this there is another part, supported by arches, in which runs a stream of water, rising in the aviary out

of a statue, and seeming to flow for some miles, by being artificially continued in the painting, where it sinks down at the wall. It is a very agreeable deceit. At the end of this garden is a little theatre made to change with divers pretty scenes, and the stage so ordered with figures of men and women painted on light boards and cut out, and by a person who stands underneath made to act as if they were speaking, by guiding them, and reciting words in different tones, as the parts require.”

Have we not seen in the modern Royal Academy, within the range of these very few years, sundry acres of verdant canvass, which might add marvellously to a suburban garden “by the addition of a well-painted perspective” ? At this present moment there rises upon our memory a gigantic oak, overwhelming in its multitudinous foliage. What “an agreeable deceit” might this prove, if it were but hung to advantage upon some bit of intrusive wall, in the narrow grounds of a London mansion ! and how delightful the delusion, looking through scrubby lilacs and acacias, to find the forest king in all his pride, where nothing but a smoky line of brick and mortar was wont to be !

But however the fashion of the art was, there can be no dispute of Evelyn’s high authority in all matters of landscape-gardening, nor of the perpetual reference made to him. Of the great nobles of England many had returned from exile to find their patrimonial homes desolated by the civil war, or impaired by Roundhead occupation ; there had been sieges, assaults, defences, among these houses of the great, and the age had a taste for magnificence, for costly rarities, and “curious” decorations, so that all who could, and many who in real ability could not, set about the costly work of building and improving. Mr. Evelyn’s journeys from one lordly seat to another are almost as frequent and as laborious as are his official pilgrimages ; and Mr. Evelyn is equally great on internal decoration, and on the embellishments and accessories without. The fair chambers, “pargetted with yew and divers woods,” the rare tapestries of dining-hall and withdrawing-room, the Indian cabinets of my lady’s elegant retirement, and the accumulation of rare and fantastic

curiosities in my lord's closet, are all matters of interested comment to our virtuoso. A cabinet of coins or a painted ceiling, an "incomparable" picture or a magnificent toilet—everything comes under his inspection; but of all other matters the thing in which it seems most difficult to satisfy the taste of Evelyn is, the fundamental matter of the site. Wotton is always in his eye—Wotton, where, after his illness, he goes to be recovered by his "sweet native air," and which is clearly next to his heart at all times. He finds a great many imperfections in the position of his friends' houses; one is too far from the water—one from the wood—another lies in a hollow—another has no windows towards the prospect—the disadvantages are manifold; and it is rare to find the critic entirely satisfied, let him go where he will.

Specially consulted and authoritative in this, there are few arts or ingenuities known which come amiss to Evelyn; a learned and wonderful infant prodigy—a philosophical cooking apparatus (would that Monsieur Papin had bequeathed his wonderful machine to the present generation, to the gladdening of many a housewifely heart, which mourns over bones and sinews unresolvable into the savoury jelly of the philosopher's supper!)—a wonderful conjuror—alternate in Evelyn's notice with Grindling Gibbons, his special *protégé*, whose "incomparable" carving he is the first to bring into repute—with that other "incomparable" genius, Dr. Christopher Wren—with famous travellers and great inventors, with foreign *sarants* and notables, each and all of whom contribute something to the constant accumulation of knowledge which Mr. Evelyn notes so carefully. And he who plans benevolent infirmaries and makes "plots" for a new city, who plants a great society of philosophy, and does distinguished service to an illustrious college, has time withal to be interested even in the fashions of the time, and to present to the king a pamphlet called "Tyrannus, or the Mode," recommending a Persian costume, which is afterwards temporarily adopted, though Evelyn modestly declares that "he thinks" it cannot be in consequence

of this advice of his. Added to all these, he has matrimonial negotiations, executorships, dispensings of alms from sundry quarters, and all manner of family duties and offices of friendship upon his hands. Every day, and all day long, John Evelyn *lives*; there is no time for vegetation in this full and energetic existence.

And now there comes an abrupt conclusion to the reign of Charles. Death comes fiercely in a paroxysm and agony upon the hapless king, and in a few hurried days all is over, and James is regnant in his brother's place. His brother's eminence in vice throws James into the shade, and makes, on the whole, rather a decent creditable private man of this narrow-sighted despot. There is great hope of his beginning, for, after all, a certain honesty of intention is in the new king, and he has served the public with honour in his day. We have no longer Pepys to refer to for the unvarnished truth of public opinion, but Evelyn records his own expectations of a respectable and prosperous reign. A brief trial, however, brings sore doubt upon this subject; Popish officers begin to swarm in public employments—even that dreaded animal the Jesuit makes its appearance in open daylight at Whitehall; the Parliament is assaulted by bribes and flatteries and threatenings on every side. Toleration, a new word in the Papistical mouth, begins to be demanded with a voice gradually increasing in haughtiness, and at last and suddenly the Prince of Orange appears on the troubled scene. Hurryings to and fro, hopeless bewilderment, desertion, panic, as in a house assaulted by unseen midnight enemies, darken the air for another brief space of time; and then the scene is changed after a confused and disordered fashion, and we perceive William, very silent, very reserved, very Dutch, and not very gracious, perhaps even a little scornful of those time-serving deserters of his predecessor, setting himself down deliberately and solemnly in the royal place.

But Mr. Evelyn says not a word of William; only one mention of "the morose temper of the Prince of Orange, who showed little countenance to the noblemen and others, who expected a more gracious and cheerful reception

when they made their court," falls from his guarded lips. Farther, the new king is despatched with the briefest notice—his acts, his travels, his ordinances, and his death, receive only such a record as the merest official might give them; perhaps because the old English courtier is too proud to acknowledge offence on his own part with one who has at least redeemed the Church and commonwealth—perhaps because he has in reality little opportunity of knowing this self-absorbed and secret royalty, who is not given to communication. The personal friendship of Charles and James, though Evelyn's upright soul could not much approve of either, must still have left a grudge against this foreign supplanter of their race, and the current of the historian's life begins of itself to run dry and thin, a narrowed stream. His children die, and are married; Sayes Court, where he has so long been hospitable, is let to one tenant and another, and gets devastated by rude Czar Peter and his train; and the old man, getting nearly eighty, goes to Wotton, to which he succeeds as male representative of his family when he reaches his full fourscore years. Gay and more graphic in his letters than in his solemn and authoritative Diary, it is thus the patriarch writes of his own household estate and comforts shortly before his brother's death:—

"My grandson is so delighted in books that he professes a library is to him the greatest recreation, so I give him free scope here, where I have near upon 22,000 [*query* 2000!] (with my brother's), and whither I would bring the rest had I any room, which I have not, to my great regret, having here so little conversation with the learned—unless it be when Mr. Wotton (the learned gentleman before-mentioned, the friend of Dr. Bentley) comes now and then to visit me, he being tutor to Mr. Finch's son at Albury, but which he is now leaving to go to his living—that without books, and the best wife and brother in the world, I were to be pitted; but with these subsidiaries, and the revising some of my old impertinences, to which I am adding a discourse I made on Medals (lying by me long before Obadiah Walker's Treatise appeared). I pass some of my Attic nights, if I may be so vain as to name them with the author of those criticisms. For the rest, I

I am planting an evergreen grove here to an old house ready to drop, the economy and hospitality of which my good old brother will not depart from, but *more veterum* kept a Christmas, in which we had not fewer than three hundred bumpkins every holy-day.

"We have here a very convenient apartment of five rooms together, besides a pretty closet, which we have furnished with the spoils of Sayes Court, and is the rare-show of the whole neighborhood, and in truth we live easy as to all domestic cares. Wednesday and Saturday nights we call lecture nights, when my wife and myself take our turns to read the packets of all the news sent constantly from London, which serves us for discourse till fresh news comes; and so you have the history of a very old man and his not young companion, whose society I have enjoyed more to my satisfaction these three years here, than in almost fifty before, and am now every day trussing up to be gone, I hope to a better place."

Pepys, by this time retired to Clapham, and living with his former clerk, William Hewer, is childless, wifeless, and solitary in his old age, but it is comfortable to know that the ancient house of Evelyn survives in his grandson. And the Admiralty clerk has retired from all his offices—from public life entirely, indeed—while Evelyn is still alert and busy, laying the foundations of Greenwich Hospital, and labouring in his vocation still, though the more virtuous chronicler is the elder man. We can only judge of Samuel by his letters now, and these letters are epistles of edifying propriety, grave, temperate, and modest, with less hyperbole, and even less lightness of tone, than Evelyn's own. The contemporaries seem to change character in their correspondence; it is the patrician who now condescends to playful self-disclosure, whereas the Samuel of the Diary, with all his wicked vanities, his levity, and self-indulgence, is lost in the decorous Mr. Pepys, so conscientious as to give up his appointments on the abdication of his royal patron, so learned in all the arts and sciences as to qualify him for the President's place among the philosophers of the Royal Society, altogether a notable and famous man. His old peering curiosity, dignified into philosophical research, sets about inquiries touching the second-sight, on which

subject there are various letters from Lord Reay, and one from no less a name than Clarendon, son of the chancellor, and uncle to the queen, and curious mathematical questions, wherein he has a correspondent no less illustrious than Sir Isaac Newton. With Evelyn, Pepys boasts a frequent and most complimentary correspondence; nor does he want the respectful salutations of learned university doctors, and other magnates of the times; and in his learned leisure at Clapham, a patron of the arts, a benefactor of Alma Mater, a notable virtuoso in his own person, we look with much bewilderment for our ancient friend Samuel, with his twinkling merry eyes, and wicked wishes, his simple honest vanity, and all his unveiled devices, for good and for evil. Perhaps he is only another specimen of the moderating effects of old age—perhaps only a shining exemplar of the facility with which a man can disguise himself from the observation of his fellows. Whatever the cause is, Pepys dies at last, full of honours—honours which he might have kept for ever, to the edification of posterity, but for these guilty volumes in the Pepysian library, which betray the respectable Samuel. If Samuel could but have foreseen that John Smith, illustrious name! hidden afar in the profound depths of time and nature, who was destined to bring the hidden record of all his evil ways to light!

With his own decorous and dignified hand Evelyn brings his record to a close. A sad record it comes to be in these last years. Autumn and coming winter are darkening over the wood; the leaves and the fruit fall heavily graveward; one and another passes before him into the other country, and solemnly come these birthdays, silent remembrancers of his own approaching end. So the old man sets his house in order, commits himself to God, and begins to be "exceeding ill, his indisposition increasing;" and, thus devout and well appointed, the master of Wooton goes forth upon his last journey, takes farewell of his fair gardens, his incomparable rarities of art, his books, and his labours, and all his delights—goes forth, and is no more.

Charles, who looks as if he might

have been a heroic king, had he but had the fate to be a true one; Oliver, born in the purple, a man to whom empire and rule were a natural heritage; Charles II., poor vicious soul, whose name it is best to speak softly, and forget; James, unwise and limited, a natural-born servant, not a king; William, who is an institution, and no person; and lastly, good round-about Queen Anne—all except the last come to the culmination and conclusion of their reign and fate during the two contemporary lives whose course we have followed. A great rebellion—an unnatural usurpation—a happy restoration—a glorious revolution—follow each other in these eventful years, and liberties and crowns lost, gained, and bartered, crowd upon the pages of history with almost unexampled speed. History, following Sir Walter's famous prescription, can but make a "great stour" of it all, with here the sworded arm of Cromwell, and there the austere and self-contained figure of William, subduing the vexed and fiery elements; and we are fain to turn aside to the lower range of atmosphere, the homely domestic firmament, which may indeed catch a frequent stain and cloud from those flying thundery vapours, but is still the unchangeable human sky, with its sunrise and its nightfall, constant as our own. How the common life goes on through all the paroxysms of national existence, how the mightiest crisis of an empire fails to overset the natural balance of a working-day, how tables are spread and houses erected in spite of wars and rumours of wars, how hearts are deeper touched with the old primitive emotions of nature than with all the politics of kingdoms—is a lesson of singular interest; and nothing can show it more plainly than do the books and personages before us. Public personages, good posterity, but human men—living their own immediate days one by one, without much thought of your opinion of them, and being no more influenced than they could help by the convulsions of their time. To us who can sit by, and look on, well-bred spectators of a distant battle—growing mightily impatient, in the mean time, that no battle is made for our

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entertainment—it is rather difficult to realise the small discomposure which a battle close at hand gives to the accustomed nerves of the seventeenth century; but it is well to know how soon the grass grew again over the devastated field, how quickly the mounds of the slain were mantled over with the reverent veil of nature, and how little the daily routine and household use and wont could be disturbed. Nothing among us threatens the return of such a time as that which produced John Evelyn and Samuel Pepys: the day is over, and may not

come back again; but this stout old British land, a sturdy liver, which managed to breathe throughout all that tempest, is hale and strong for many a tempest more; and it would not be easy to over-calculate the national strength and equipoise which come from this fact, that we do not as a nation rush into the vortex of a great event in public tumult and frenzy, but that every British citizen and member of the commonweal has his private life as well, and lives it thoroughly, let public commotions fare as they may.

THE SECRET OF STOKES MANOR: A FAMILY HISTORY.

PART II.

CHAPTER II.—SUB ROSA; OR, THE POLISHED MANNERS.

"*Uti gramen est omnis caro: ejusque omne decus instar floris agrorum!*"—VULGATE.

SUCH the origin of the Willoughbys in the obscure dawn of British history. Settling in the south-western counties, the rich soil sobering down their early fierceness, they became gradually separated into two distinct branches of very opposite character: for those in Devonshire, being the elder, richer, and more powerful, grew in every generation more firmly attached to hereditary rights and accustomed habits; whereas, in Somerset, having gained less, the younger cherished a constant jealousy of their relatives. They showed an eager tendency, when occasion rose, to favour any novel claim or usurpation, especially if that seemed likely to prevail. Turbulence was their element; and no small sagacity, doubtless, with a corresponding boldness of view, must have distinguished the Somerset Willoughbys in their adaptation to events; for they seldom emerged from a civil strife, joined in a plot, mingled with a revolution, or concurred with a political party, up to the times of William of Orange, without having in some way availed themselves of it to enhance their own position or resources. A numerous race, with equal diversity of plan, it was strange if one or other of them were not so situated as to reap the benefit of any crisis whatso-

ever. Under the house of Hanover one of their very obscurest members rose conspicuous, and finally gained a title; power, place, and emolument accruing to many of his connections.

The Earl of Oakleigh belonged to the great popular party, or combination of the friends of privilege. He had been bred a lawyer, and had succeeded through forensic ability of no common kind, elicited by the events of the Jacobite risings; while marrying the only daughter of a Bristol sugar-baker, and becoming sole possessor of his father-in-law's wealth, commerce had also contributed to his ultimate elevation. He had been faithful through all circumstances to his political allies, and was understood to revere the memory of Chatham as that of a dear friend, whose most winning qualities were not generally appreciated, nor easy to declare. He had ties of blood with the Treasury offices, at well as former servants in posts of easy duty, yet sufficient profit, suited to their years or their past efforts; his cousins were in the army, his nephews-in-law in the navy; it was thought that he could command a future seat in the Cabinet itself, could already influence several votes among the Peers, and absolutely dispose of more in the

Commons; having full sway over at least three small boroughs, with predominant importance in two shires. The whole family looked up to him as its head and representative, although formerly supposed to have almost forgotten the existence of that particular line to which he belonged. Indeed, for some time, when any of them died childless, or quarrelled with their nearer relatives, or cut off their heirs, or made much money abroad, various members of it had shown a tendency of the purest kind, which altogether excluded the idea of interested motives, to remember him in their wills, along with the public charities. There were even persons quite unconnected with it or him, of names totally different—persons of character so eccentric or of lives so secluded, as unexpectedly to bequeath him their entire fortunes. His reputation was unspotted: there was a warmth and intensity about the public estimation of him, which might have satisfied the vanity of a poet. Nor could the mere sneers of political opponents lessen it; they rather enhanced its force. He looked severe, doubtless; but the weight of so much anxiety for the country, the knowledge of such solemn State secrets, so much corruption, and so much factious hostility, rendered it impossible to look otherwise; another aspect would have been heartless. It was to those who fancied they had claims on him, probably, that he appeared very cold, distant, and elaborate; he was perhaps the very haughtiest and most aristocratic of living noblemen, since the death of Chatham, to all among whom he moved; and the state, the show, the loftiness of his establishments were conspicuous: but it was the countess, the daughters, the porter, the footmen, the horses, the carriage-dogs, that were alone supercilious, unconscious of the very air and ground, too elevated for the common eye. The earl bowed, he smiled, he saw the looking people; those who had ever reached him, heard his words, or known his bounty, were reported to have found him the most graciously condescending of all peers.

And it was down in Somersetshire only, or over in Essex, that he was not more popular than his household

and dependants. There they had a profound awe of him, scarcely justified enough, at least by any precise acts, for personal fear; since, if a pheasant had been shot before his eyes, a hare been carried along the road, or a trespasser come tumbling over the fence out of the woods, his eyes would not have seen it. When all at once the earl's large hard face was seen dimly rolling by, behind the carriage-glass, it leant back with much dignity. There was in it an utter absence of ordinary curiosity or common interest, supreme indifference to all opinion, and marks of a self-command that had long ceased to cost any pains. Exceedingly appropriate to all notions of an earl, too, was the inattention to passing objects, the want of wonder at anything above or below; the heedlessness of turnpikes and waggons, the ignorance of rain, or wind, or hot sunshine. They stared after him for minutes; but hardly rose to astonishment how it could be kept up, to questions whether it would last all along the road for miles, or to doubt if it would ever relax in private to the countess that sat by his side.

Different, indeed, had been the fortunes or the fates of the other Willoughbys, the elder and less active branch. They had been unhesitating Lancastrians; they had been stubborn Catholics; they had been devoted Cavaliers, luckless Jacobites; for anything further, that scattered and secluded state in which they survived the long course of their mishaps, seldom raised them even to the confused ranks of the country party, or to the opprobrious prominence of Toryism. They had in all manner of ways lost knowledge of each other, got out of sight, and grown obscure—to be extinguished in exile, or, it might be, earn distinction in Russia, and among the Austrians; to go abroad and disappear wherever there was war in India, or at sea, or across the Atlantic. Unless as quiet squires or peaceful vicars, taking to antique studies of the fathers and monumental brasses, or to the keeping up of ancient rights, so that if the first old English gentleman were sought, one of the olden time, or the original of the reverend Primrose, he would probably have been found a Willoughby in no parti-

ular shire. There was really a lamentable want of the corporate spirit of organisation about them all; a *vis inertia* seemed their best attribute at home, while it cannot be denied that an apparent deficiency of intellect characterised too many of them among their best friends. In fact, not a few had that unfortunate popularity which attends misfortune like an omen, fulfilling its own foresight: many acquaintances, innumerable kinsmen, a tenantry by whom they were beloved, whom they could ill find in their hearts to urge, or to be strict with; noisy cordiality before the face, and confidential anxiety behind the back, and no unwelcome advisers at all. They had a cheerful homely life, familiar with field sports, with country customs, and the neighbours: wide hearths, and oaken boards, and large beat-chambers in the gables, sometimes haunted; much company, great sympathy, and gradual decay. Their family meetings were indeed occasions at which fortunate events would transpire; a return or a birth would seem all at once to scatter a host of besieging cares; the whole country was astir, all the bells rung out their weddings; happy recollections and merry stories drove out the dreary ones. But in meet proportion were their partings bitter; the sound of the funeral-bell would sometimes smite half a day upon their hearts; the phantoms and the gloom returned like avengers. And so ran obscurer every generation the lot of these families, as if to blot them out.

The ancient castle of Meritor had long been crumbling; but it had survived its lords—nay, their very representatives had disappeared; while with ivied battlement and blank window, its remnant still stood on the verge of Somersetshire, on an estate that had for ages descended in another family altogether, having escheated from one of the austere Puritans to the crown, and been conferred at the Revolution on a soldier of Dutch origin, whose heirs now suffered the ruin to overlook their park. Deanstoke Priory had become a private mansion, in the woods near a little market-town; it was at Stoke, hard by in Devonshire, that the *oldest known branch* of the Willoughbys had their property. Their position

became the more curious, after the elevation of the Earl of Oakleigh; seeing that they not only were understood to represent most nearly the forgotten barons of old, but were then found to be somewhat accidentally the presumptive head of this modern peerage. Of all the various families of the name, they two were alone distinguished by the same legendary motto beneath the armorial crest; a fact the more peculiar, since it displayed an emphatic change on the old baronial device, so cherished by all the rest, of an armed hand grasping a battle-axe, with the Teutonic words, "By dint of might." For in one of the unhappy conflicts during the old wars of the two Roses, a Yorkite Willoughby had been wounded and taken prisoner by Lord de Meritor, who kept him captive in his castle; where, however, the young esquire grew enamoured of the baron's daughter, and after no small anger on her father's part, with peremptory denial, yet obtained her hand at the cost of estrangement from his own family; ere the happy example had been yet set, when the White and Red Roses mingled in the union of York and Lancaster.

It was, perhaps, to signalise this junction, or to mark a freedom from the enmities of either house, inspired by the fair Rosamond's love, that, quartering their arms together, the young man assumed these new bearings on the marriage-day. The baron gave them his lands of Stoke, held from the Priory, where gentle Lady Gwen of old had raised her rustic chapel; there their heirs, about Elizabeth's time, rebuilt Stoke Manor House which had been burnt down, and made the old chapel but a part of a parish church, with a tall tower and bells. A scion of this house was the progenitor of James Henry Willoughby Atkinson, Earl of Oakleigh, who had assumed his wife's name by testament from her father. But a Jacobite country baronet, the earl's uncle, a man very different in most respects from him, had eloped from Stoke with young Mary Willoughby, a distant cousin of his own, who had a fortune in her own right, and died early. Their sons succeeded to the baronetcy, and to Stoke itself, so that after the earl's son, then abroad, and after his

cousin, gone out to India, it became a popular belief that the baronet at Stoke, failing their issue, was next heir to the new peerage, at all events to the bulk of its estates. And utter ignorance of them on the earl's part, great indifference on theirs, corroborated the report.

The truth was, that if this prospect could have done anything to sustain the fortunes of Stoke Manor, as a great hope will do much, it came rather late. Of all their kindred, they had clung most to past influences: the long family descent, with those generous traditions of their house, had served to cherish a pride, near which dishonour had not come, nor even apparent diminution; many as were the members of it that had gone abroad equipped from its acres, or had been dowered from its woodland. And ever from the time, in short, when they ceased to have a share in events, or to care how affairs passed on above them, the Willoughbys of Stoke had seemed possessed by a careless spirit, an easy humour, or a reckless enjoyment of the present hour: the same shrunken and vacant consciousness, it might be, as in noble hounds or horses, which, having lost their masters, may then be easily subdued, but scarce ever used by others. To the common eye it was highly acceptable; the squire always lived on his estate, encouraged his tenantry, and was charitable to his poor; he shot his own game with his friends, hunted with the county pack, supported county balls and county institutions, the county member for church and state, all county things and parish things; always saving, as justice of the peace, the thefts of their gypsies, or their disturbances at fairs. In great contrast even with their neighbours at Deanstoke, on the Priory estate, or under the colonel at Merltor, there were few changes on farms about Stoke, no poachers, and no politicians; but the best understanding, and the surest terms of acquaintance, whether the squire was in his crustiest mood or his sunniest temper. If he chanced to die, it was at Stoke Manor: and though it struck a perceptible impression through the village adjacent, it was generally in a good ripe age, with the most natural circumstances, in a

quiet regular way; his family had been by, and the stout young squire, already like his father, would soon mix among them with the heartier welcome, anxious only that everything should be managed as near as possible to the paternal system. It caused nights of discourse in the Royal Oak at Stoke, penetrating even to Deanstoke, some mile or so away, in much discussion of all the family character and history; for there the Stoke arms retained traces of their ampler possession, like marks of an old sea-margin, at the entrance of the little red market-town, beside the coach-road to Exeter. The guntlet holding a double rose was yet in mouldy relief on the lintel-stone of its porch, where the motto in black-letter character had grown less decipherable; so that a landlord of some reflection, being wholly independent of Stoke Manor, had caused his own interpretation to be painted at large upon a sign-board, pendent towards the road from the tree at his gable-corner. It afforded well-nigh as lively a topic for dispute as the matters of the family; for it was a fanciful portrait of the oak itself by which it was suspended, bearing bright roses like acorns, to the topmost branches; above, it was entitled the Stoke Arms, and below was the familiar legend in plain English, strangely white—"Thomas Hibbert—Cheap entertainment for Man and Beast—Vintner."

The auspicious succession of the first baronet, on the death of his uncle, the last squire, who had no surviving heirs-direct, created a singular effect at Stoke. It happened some time before the elevation of his legal cousin by the father's side to a more illustrious title; and whatever fortune his mother had carried away from Stoke on her flight, had been spent long ere he was old enough to have estimated it. Poor himself, he had just married a portionless beauty, and had begun to court briefs from necessity, as a revived barrister, till the unexpected change brought out a will, by which he became master of Stoke. Repairs and improvements had begun to make a stir there, to the no small satisfaction of the village; nor, though abruptly checked, after what was absolutely necessary to a new household

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had been done, did it much reduce the sanguine expectations of advantages from the possession of an actual baronet amidst them. It was the rumour of intended changes, in other respects, that made an unpleasant feeling precede his arrival; alterations in leases, attention to farming, to the wood, the game, the rights of way, and the understood customs, the very cottages, the common, and the poor; with talk of encumbrances to be cleared off, an intended entail, and a change in the family lawyer; activity that was to be encouraged, idleness that was to be cleared away, and things never thought of before, that were to be inquired into. Mr. Hesketh, the lawyer, himself in his yellow-wheeled single-horse chaise, drove to Stoke from Exeter and back again, during that period, at a somewhat quicker rate than usual; he seemed to look graver and keener, and his old clerk had a mysteriously foreboding gloom, a melancholy nod to give his village acquaintance.

The quiet arrival of Sir Henry was therefore greeted by no display of welcome, or cheering groups; the church bells had been discouraged from pealing by Mr. Hesketh, and there were no garlands except over the tavern-door; the rest was but doubtful curiosity, out of the village easements, out of village doors, when the post-chaise drove past. The very beauty of his lady, and his own air of breeding, joined to a bright eye and a quiet air of intelligence, wrought little in their favour, save with the thoughtless part of the congregation, or the foolish girls: he looked too sharp, and she too delicately brought up; and at the sight of how he minded all her steps through the church-yard, lest she trod her satin foot in nettles, or might trip over a half-sunk stone, the old folks silently shook their heads. It was thought to mean that all was owing to her high notions; to which, truly, however beautiful, she had no right, having brought no fortune.

And every new week came something, slightly as these, to verify the impression. It was of no account that he was said to be well thought of in the country, as showing great promise, and having an active turn for politics. *In time of Parliament, in fact, he was*

called up to town on a sudden, with some sort of important business or great expectations; so that for that winter there was nothing changed, to speak of, about Stoke; and his lady, though considered about her time of giving the estate an heir, followed after him: no doubt, for the sake of fashion and balls, or not thinking a country Christmas gay enough, nor Stoke Manor fit for her child's birth.

Dreadful rumours spread suddenly one spring morning through the village, and the shocking news was to be found all day at the hall. It was like the fulfilment of a doom. His new plans, it seemed, his superior abilities, and his active spirit, had been the occasion of his death. He had been shot in a duel about politics. His spirit must have been very high and hot, for all the thoughtful look of his face.

Really there was a degree of relief in the village excitement that day, which was far from making the evening talk less eager, the tap-room dialogue duller, or the tankards foam seldomer with their fresh ale. It was by the tidings which ere long succeeded that all the lamentable nature of the event came home to Stoke. None stopped the bells from tolling. It could be heard all day through the woods to Deanstoke: and when the hearse came at last, nodding on to the churchyard gate, with blackness through the green of April, through its showery sunshine, there was a great crowd, still as death, to see. Lady Willoughby was there with her husband. She had guessed her loss, and found it out through every disguise, and in the sudden anguish had met her other agony before its time. An heir to Stoke, that had never opened his eyes to the light, was buried with them; and it was an awful day there. The new escutcheon that was hung visibly in the aisle, bearing the guantleted hand with its double rose, and that golden motto beneath, which none could ever exactly understand, was all that remained of Sir Henry's promise, or his threatenings.

When the sermon was preached, his brother, Sir John, sat alone in the raised and curtained pew; his countenance was pale in the deep black

mourning-dress, and he listened with a fixed firmness to the preacher, although the sermon was no striking one; it was only dull as death itself, full of dust and dryness, and an ever-falling tone. The escutcheon was behind him; the great chancel-window of the church, with its painted panes, and the stained rose-shape in its head; he never lifted his eye up to it. He seemed absorbed in the thoughts presented to his mind; at the end he walked out, noticing no one; he hurried away from Stoke soon after—it was said to the Continent, where he had lived before. The report was, however, that he returned there to follow the man by whose hand his brother had fallen. The next year, it was known that Sir John intended settling at the Hall.

His Oxford days were rumoured to have been wild, and his whole youth a restless, gay, wandering one, in foreign parts. There was nothing of this perceptible, nevertheless, when he finally took up his abode at Stoke. He only returned with a gloom far deeper than before, with the mourning-dress still on; doubtful rumours had preceded him, never fully cleared up among the common country-folks, of when he had been left a widower, and how he had lost his little boy; it was an affliction of that delicate kind which only time could explain or soothe. Yet for a considerable time his quietness and seclusion were singular to think of, in one so hale, stout, and manly; nor less strange was it in church, how motionlessly attentive he seemed to the dull rector, or the formal curate, and was never known to cast an eye across to the small squire's seat opposite, with its blooming faces, or the captain's fair daughter from Deanstoke, the brewer's buxom niece in the gallery, who was an heiress, or the miller's sister, who was a country beauty. Yet he was a handsome man to look at, handsomer by far than his elder brother, and in his prime; the colour came by degrees in his face again, too, the healthy light to his eyes, the stout fulness, the firm gait, and the bluff manner, back to his whole aspect, which were seen at last to have been natural to him. For as Sir John saw more of the rector, who was only dull in the pulpit, and got

acquainted, through him, with his neighbours in the county, he took more and more to a social life; he went into coursing, sporting, and fox-hunting, like a man perfectly familiar with them, and gave a yearly cup of his own to Exeter races. When his elderly maiden sister came to live with him, he gave also dinners at the Hall, and grew yet the more jovial after she died, in the way of easy bachelor suppers there. All through Stoke, and among the tenants, and round about, to the very humblest old woman, his popularity at last excelled all that had ever attached to the old squires of the Manor; the more odd and unaccountable things he did, they liked him but the better; nay, his fits of moodiness, his awful passion, were ten times made up for by an open-handed generosity that might otherwise have been reckoned foolish. And the first suspicions of madness, which some turned-off maidservant had once spread, gave way to the kindlier discovery that he had been early crossed in love—a fact which explained many perplexities about him, when fully brought to light by time. According to this version, it had been his brother's lady that they had both courted when he was neither a baronet nor an owner; she had preferred the title, though leaning personally to him; hence his reported wildness, and hasty marriage with some one beneath him, his former gloom, and his constant eccentricity—and so it ceased to trouble any one. Lady Willoughby was but faintly recollected; people's interest had grown milder with years, and with families of their own; Sir John himself was young no longer, nor in the prime, nor yet handsome. Little expectation of an heir from him remained; but it was known that his younger brother, the colonel, had plenty of children.

A portly bachelor, in buckskin breeches, with top-boots, a coat sometimes of blue, sometimes of hunting-green, he sat punctual as the bells in the old pew; whatever the doings of the week had been, or even the last night's sight of the rector, now old and fat—Sir John listened to him with a face as solemn as the orthodoxy he heard and upheld; even as, although supporting institutions, he toasted the

memory of the Pretender. His face was broad and rosy, so that, glowing out over white cravat and breast-frill, it looked all openness; it revealed nothing but a hearty temper, with a whimsical humour, that prompted him every Sunday in the year to wear a rose in his button-hole; how or why it was hard to say, but to wear that rose he would spend guineas upon guineas, or turn off a careless gardener. The fixed look stole gradually into perfect satisfaction, till it was suddenly seen, that, with an air of utter vacancy, his mouth opening, Sir John had fallen asleep; whereupon, if prayers ended, the clerk would cough very loudly through the silence, to awake him ere the psalm was given out. And awkwardness would creep over half the congregation, as if, ere rising to their feet, they ought to wait his pleasure; or the organ he had liberally presented to the church-choir would burst forth with immense force upon the tune, as it were to cover his confusion, when he started up and found the place held over to him by some one, and sang with all his hunting vigour. Pious ancient Willoughbies had built the church; Willoughbies, too, in their halcyon days had caused crown the high east-window with a triple rose-head, wrought in the arch's point, and stained variously, while round it in the border was their peculiar motto, veiled, as it were, modestly in difficult Gothic cipher. So that oftentimes, of a hot forenoon, when the new curate preached with more intense uninterestingness than usual, or with more abstract moralities, it was pleasant to see even how the Ten Commandments gleamed dimly on both sides of the altar-space—How farther up rose the dull old Apostles from compartment to compartment, before the net of wire outside, with their faded heads, their sad-coloured roses, their odd painful postures of feet and hands, gazing down or up unimpassioned—and how up above the shadow would kindle the leaves of the rose-light, shedding a silent illumination far through half the edifice, or in beneath the Willoughbies' family aisle. It gave curious distinctness then to sundry people's faces, perhaps *people who had done something that was almost forgot; it threw sometimes*

a singular tint on certain features of others, not seldom appropriate; while wakening up old thoughts in older folks, or making the younger blush doubly deep at glances from aside. Nor failed it to give some quiet occupation to children in counting the hues and petals, or spelling out that legend which perplexed the boys: "Sub Rosa Robur." It was thought the curate never had seen it, that the parson did not know the meaning of it; for their discourses had no more the same interest, or the slightest sign of its intelligence, than the spiders that wove cobwebs over the pulpit-top, or the flies that walked on the wall. Whether Sir John himself understood it, and kept it a solemn secret, was unknown.

And when the Earl of Oakleigh's arms were reported to bear the same, when the important facts were traced through all change of name, with the earl's origin, his old age, his few intervening heirs, it excited all Stoke. Stoke had risen already to one title, and it was the more sanguine of a higher. It claimed purer blood than the earl's son could boast; nor was Sir John too old, even then, to marry. The whispered encumbrances on the estate became less disagreeable to speak of. But he showed no corresponding interest; he dozed not a whit the less on Sundays, followed the pointers or the hounds with as much thorough zest, enjoying the society of his friends afterwards with the same loud jollity, the same old crusted port and punch, the same jovial old hunting-choruses. The county belles had no additional charms for his eye, nor received the less easy bluntness of courtesy from his manner. If his brother, the colonel, or the colonel's children, were to succeed to Stoke ere the earldom or its riches fell to them,—then, with the burdens that were said to hang over the estate, there was no doubt rents would have to rise ere they drew much income from it. There did indeed come a time,—one summer after his nephew from Oxford had been staying to fish with him, and had departed—when, in his own eccentric unexpected way, Sir John showed signs of uneasiness, almost alarm; the family lawyer came and had a long interview

with him,—that same Mr. Hesketh from Exeter, in the same single-horsed yellow chaise, and the same driver, whose office had seemed precarious sixteen years before under Sir Henry. He was now past middle age himself, however; a pair of large gold spectacles helped to soften the keenness of his features, while spotless cambric and glossy brown, prim almost as a quaker's, took away from his spare appearance; and he had altogether a less anxious, a more self-satisfied and easy look, as if he did a favour in coming. When he spoke to a farmer about the crops, or came to Deanstoke to draw the rents, he was indeed wonderfully mild; and it was oftener his grave head-clerk that he sent in his own place, upon a roadster. His young man on the dickey beside the driver, holding the blue bag, was now new, and had a townish air between the supercilious and the silly humorous, as they rattled past the village, blazing yellow to the sun, and turned to the Hall gate. After the long interview, the baronet was like a man woke up; there was no one, friend or neighbour, or the very servants, to whom he did not talk openly about a system of economy; whilst through all the hay-time, and harvest-time, when there was nothing else for him to do, he could be seen to ride about the whole estate with his land-bailiff, from farm to farm—to walk from wood to wood with his forester, observing timber, or with the keeper along copses and preserves, considering game and damage from it. And all Stoke, East Stoke, and Nether Wycombe, were afraid again; some farmers even thought of offering advances at their next leases, of their own accord, to Mr. Hesketh. In his soiled velvetens, Welsh Will, the huntsman, was seen to loiter about, very melancholy, for the harriers and otter-dogs were to be sold.

But it turned out a good harvest and an early autumn; sharp and soon came the September coolness, the October rime and rain. The shooting-season had opened briskly; and, ere Hallowtide, was expected the first "meet," hard by in Somersetshire, for a renowned old fox that had been marked from his last goose. Sir John saw his lawyer again, at as deliberate

length as before, and they parted in a friendly manner at the gate; the very lodge-house people could hear that he had put off his plans till spring—that his brother the colonel, his wife and daughter, and the boys, were coming down from London to spend Christmas with him, when there would be a merry party, and he hoped Hesketh would drive over for a night himself, and talk of business in the morning. And at the gate Sir John stood rubbing his hand; as he turned back, he chucked little Nelly Brown, the porter's daughter, under the chin, asked after her schooling, and gave her a silver sixpence for a luck-penny.

It was a great run into Somersetshire and back to Devon, beyond easternmost Stoke, with none the less glee that the heavy rector was thrown out early, and came riding homeward in a sorry plight, more ashamed than ever he was of a drowsy audience. Cheerily came back the rout through the deep lanes, with their crimson-soiled scarlet, and spattered white, after the piebald dogs, making a merry flourish of the horn past Stoke avenue; for Welsh Will bore the brush, and Sir John had been one of those in at the death in the midst of one of his own farmer's yards. There were many of the hunt who yielded to Sir John's hospitable pressure, seeing where Stoke Manor had already begun to rise rich-red and yellow again to sight from the village, with its clustered chimneys smoking beyond their wont, through thinned tracery of November woods; so cheerful-like a place toward winter, when its high old roofs were thus backed by the sober brown boughs of oaks, a broad window or two shining below with firelight, ere the upper casements of one double-gabled end had ceased to glitter to the west; while the tall church-tower behind the village, hidden all summer by luxuriant elms, lifted its bright clock-dial against their outspread fibres, or out-topped the cottage smoke with its stair-slits, its bell-holes, till all its decorated lightness darkened up, offering both ways a fringed angle from the distant sky. The Hall was ever convenient, since it had failed to have a mistress, for hunting-dinners; yet as the frosty crimson died coldly off beyond Stoke,

said so, sitting up erect in his chair, from the old library-table covered with the proofs of undeniable embarrassment, Sir Godfrey's marked features displayed their mild tendency. Looking straight at Mr. Hesketh, his air grew firmer again; he repeated his satisfaction more emphatically, and his reliance on the same skilful management for the future, in a tone of soldier-like brevity, as if assured of assent, yet ready to put it as a question.

The lawyer bowed formally. He had been verging more and more to some important point, through suggestions whether the legal care had not better be now transferred to some other; with allusions to failing strength and the cares of business, from which he had some thoughts of retiring, since they were already grown somewhat onerous for his time of life, and ought, perhaps, to be left chiefly to his experienced partner, along with his own son, bred under his own eye. There was, in truth, nothing to excite personal warmth in the dry, unfeeling air of Mr. Hesketh, or about his square visago, all bare, colourless, and netted over with small wrinkles and cracks, like parchment itself; with his brown unpowdered wig, the chill clearness of his small eyes, and that manner of rugged probity. No cordial intercourse could be produced; he had not seemed conscious of the delicacy of some points, from which, during the course of their investigations, the colonel had winced—nor offended by a haughty tone, or an occasionally recoiling superiority. Yet he had been just as cautious of giving advice, as he seemed careful to hear the colonel's opinion, or to hear his purposes. He again lowered the large gold spectacles he had pushed up on his forehead, and gazed with protruded chin, projecting lower lip, upon the principal documents spread before him, musing deeply.

"This could not have gone on much longer, Colonel Willoughby—Sir Godfrey, I should have said. Certainly not!" And Mr. Hesketh shook his head, still glancing downward from paper to paper. In that attitude, with lean neck thrust forth from his cravat, with the sharp, hooked nose, and the wig somewhat off his forehead, it was difficult not to think

of his sagacity as bird-like: he seemed to have double eyes—those of pebble that looked up from his brow, or gazed down—those of more human substance, which coincided but partially with their shining shells.

"I agree with you, sir," said Sir Godfrey, whose anxious looks had reverted to him, "thoroughly. But it is now ended. I await your advice Mr. Hesketh. The naked sum is—a heavily encumbered estate—timber neglected, or cut down—a house greatly out of repair—old plate, old furniture, and a few family portraits or worthless pictures—with long-standing bills and their interest."

"Just so," said the lawyer, drily, as he gathered the respective statements together. "Some of these bills appear to have been purposely delayed—a rascally thing; but I fear they had better be paid at once. With interest on the mortgages, it will almost cover the next year's rents, Sir Godfrey."

"So I see," was the reply. "But there has been no increase of rental, as I think, for a considerable time: is there no room for change in this respect? Can you not effect—fairly, of course—a little improvement over the estate?"

"Scarcely at present, Sir Godfrey, I am afraid," answered the solicitor, thoughtfully. "In one or two cases, perhaps—but since the peace on the Continent, and the independence of the colonists, markets have continued low. A bad harvest might do something—still better, a war—which seems improbable. As it is, farmers even grumble at the game."

"I understand, however," said Sir Godfrey, "that rents are considerably higher on some of the neighbouring properties where the land is no better than here?"

"I am aware of it," continued Mr. Hesketh, calmly. "Mrs. Dilkes has the game carefully kept down at the Priory, and will not prosecute a poacher—on Merlton estate there are few leases given at all, or very short ones. As for Lord Wycombe, he does not reside, and leaves the entire control to his legal agent, of whom, from professional propriety, I shall say nothing more than that a tenant seldom continues long under him."

Sir Godfrey reflected. Mr. Hesketh added that it was a consideration, however, which need not be lost sight of in renewing leases. He took up a sheet of paper from the table, on which the awkward handwriting of the late Sir John was conspicuous, in ink of various hues and periods, or mere pencil scrawls, like a fragment of a journal; yet it bore the tenor of a rude will and testament, in the first place solemnly bequeathing all his property, real and personal, to his brother Godfrey and his heirs. It was signed and dated in due form, some years before, after a fall in hunting; while the rude mark of Welsh Will, the huntsman, and the subscription of the rector, in a somewhat shaky hand, were obvious in attestation below, confirmed by the well-known seal. It was the only document which the lawyer had been unaware of, and had occasioned him some surprise, evincing, as it did, either the baronet's utter ignorance of law, or a touch of fitful eccentricity such as in this instance appeared a craze; since, as the simplest cottager knew, the estate had been entailed on the eldest brother, Sir Henry, and now fell as naturally as the title itself to his remaining brother. What had given it any importance, however, in the colonel's eyes, was the fact that it was followed on the same sheet by rambling codicils, of various periods, as the recollection seemed to have occurred to the writer, charging him, in the easiest disregard of legal terms, with certain provisions for favourite servants, dependants or hangers-on, like the half-witted dog-keeper himself—small annuities to faithful domestics, or slight testimonies to friends and acquaintances, some of them far back in his history, or scarcely reputable. Last of all was a hurried mention of a French female name, in a particular number of a particular street in Paris, for whom the private notebook showed that a trifling pension had been at intervals sent to a French banker; wherefore, there was no indication, nor of what more was meant to be done. Above all, to the string of loose memoranda there was no vestige of a signature.

"This is not of the slightest force,

Sir Godfrey," said the solicitor, throwing it down after a second glance. "We may throw it forthwith into the fire."

The new baronet raised his eyes to him with some surprise. "Sir," he said, "I intend carrying out these desires to the letter."

"Then it will add considerably to the difficulty of coming to any arrangement at all, Sir Godfrey!" remonstrated Mr. Hesketh; but Sir Godfrey carefully folded the sheet, and placed it in a pocket-book.

"Indeed," added the former, slowly, while he again rustled among the papers, and hesitated, hemmed, and coughed at intervals—"I can scarcely perceive—in *this* case, Sir Godfrey—in fact, it is perhaps fortunate that Sir Henry's entail was not, nay at the time could scarcely be, carried out. Why, I say—I mean, I see no other practicable plan than to—to sell Stoke at once, Colonel Willoughby!"

Sir Godfrey sat up and stared at him, then pushed away his seat, and rose. "Sell it?" he emphatically repeated; "are you serious, sir?"

"Why, it might possibly be done," replied the solicitor, in an abstracted tone—"with all its burdens, to men of sufficient means, there would be—nay, I hear that the earl himself has thought of it. Still, I should scarcely be disposed at once to—to accede"—

"My good sir," interrupted the baronet, suddenly, though with self-control, "I do not intend to sell Stoke. The truth is, that with the sale of my commission, and some slight savings at my command, I see, that I shall be able gradually to clear off these incumbrances. A little economy will enable us to live in the mean time on the interest of my wife's fortune, small as that is." Mr. Hesketh drew down his glasses again, pored into the papers, and sat silent.

"You may, of course, let out the park, too, Mr. Hesketh," added the baronet, pacing the room deliberately; "and, indeed—should a favourable opportunity occur—for that matter, the house also!"

The lawyer involuntarily started, and stared over his spectacles. "Sell Stoke I shall *not*," continued Sir Godfrey, stopping still with folded arms. "No, Sir, not while a stone of it stands, or a tree of it spreads, to be a future

object to my children! Though I should not myself see it again, it shall be my last breath to them, to retain Stoke and make it prosperous. For my own part, I am accustomed to change of place. I have made up my mind, Mr. Hesketh, that we shall at once go *abroad*."

Mr. Hesketh merely drew a breath, cleared a huskiness from his throat, and abruptly bowed a nod. He briefly responded to the other points on which the baronet's wishes had to be made known; his best ability would be directed to the whole—his entire mind given to it; good hopes might be entertained. When he began to tie up his papers and put them into the green tin box, lettered white with Willoughby of Stoke, Sir Godfrey rang for refreshments, and conversed on indifferent topics. Mr. Hesketh only desired the presence of his clerk, who appeared to make a few memoranda, and take the box; whereupon he himself was followed to the library-door by Sir Godfrey, and, returning a hasty nod to his ceremonious farewell bow, was shown down the staircase. The long-backed clerk closed the chaise-door carefully behind his master, and mounted the dickey beside the sober-looking driver in drab; then the unpretending equipage rattled down the avenue, and rolled past Stoke into the road to Exeter.

As Colonel Willoughby paced the library by himself till dinner-time, waiting for his two sons, he felt cheerful in his purpose. The fine old oriel at one end, with its ruby-red emblazonry, its ciphered device and black-letter motto, bordered all about by a saffron stain, was proof how those long before him had confided in their house. The noblest apartment in it all, opening to latticed summer-parlour and private oratory, and out on the old back-terrace, that chamber still told of the great solid time of Elizabeth; little used for years, or much neglected, it had wainscot that could shine darkly to the ample hearth, oaken book-presses and carved cabinets that might yet take active knowledge of things extant, while a few old portraits, sternly or complacently, from the ruffed and bearded to the long-curl'd and lace-collared, from the

steel-breasted to the full-wigged, gazed down through mould and cobweb. They had no slight significance for him; their old love of form and colour, in that casement, made at the moment something gorgeous of the bare boughs, the distant park, and the very snow which had begun to fall; the twigs looked dipped in wine, the bare knolls suffused themselves in amber, while purple feathers came down, with crimson stars and gem-like crystals, thicker and faster through a rosy sky, or changing into gold. Though through deep unstained side casements, equally alive, on the other hand, to mere truth, was all the natural spectacle the more literally presented; the wintry nakedness stared in, growing spectral as it whitened in the muddy air, which drearier showed the leaden-hued fog through all its hovering spots. Only with a fondness for much light, tinged greenish by the glass itself, and for many paned division of its space to shape and vary it, diamond-wise or lozenged, oval-wrought or latticed—for the earliest dawn and latest evening, and the peep of church or village, for the near trees and clustered rookery with the high-hedged garden below the terrace, full of trellis, and clipped figures of live box, dark yew, and the crisp green gloss of holly; to the very orchard-skirt, the office-roofs and the house-pasture on the other side of the brook. It had a cheerful prospect even then; nay, the more, as winter threatened; and without any active fancy—in fact, with but little habit of imagination—Sir Godfrey felt drawn as by the natural picture into a lively intelligence of his forefathers. Their strong character and manly sense seemed to enter into him, even from the dusky portraits. His own mind was cast in a somewhat old-fashioned mould, which though his active profession had done much to conceal, it had rather confirmed; and far before the life of town, even within knowledge of its stirring events and objects, could he have liked to spend the rest of his days among rural scenes, amidst his family, quiet, comfortable, happy, giving personal heed to the estate, enjoying the society of neighbours who might offer it, or pleased at the

sight of happiness in others. He loved his wife, and was fond of his children, with the young circle they brought about them, and was thus rather apt to hospitality, and meetings of relations, or the presence of any old brother-officer whatever. He had also a notion of still compensating for early defects of education by reading; he had offered no obstacle to his eldest son Francis studying for the church; but he had meant that Charles, the younger, should not follow his own profession without such knowledge of military science, such familiarity with the history of campaigns, and such acquaintance with models of generalship, as should at once instruct himself, and better qualify his boy for the career he chose. So that many images of the most attractive kind had sparkled before him as he paced the room, only to be scattered; and if he yet remained tranquil—nay, sanguine—it was because aware that the work had begun, without in any way detracting from the future, or from obligations to the past.

It was as he sat down that his mind reverted to the singular paper found amongst his brother's confused documents. He took it from his pocket-book and read it again, chiefly to fix on memory the defined provisions for servants or acquaintances, which the lawyer had already taken note of, with charge for their fulfilment. The principal piece of manuscript only struck him with some painful emotion, as a strange symptom of warmth in that heart, now cold, which had so long lost the guidance of a clear brain. It did indeed revive his recollection of perhaps the chief folly in his brother's life, well enough known to the family, as necessarily to Mr. Hesketh; it had been the cause, probably, of every subsequent imprudence, and of all that gloomy disappointment which could afterwards but turn for its solace to field-sports and jovial riots. It was not of the once-rumoured kind, from any unsuccessful suit in rivalry with a brother, but a mad runaway marriage (when still plain Mr. John Willoughby, of sporting reputation) with a beautiful young actress, passionately admired by him, as by others like him; and the shocking event which had destroyed both his wife

and her child, when the house was burnt during his short absence from Paris, though never afterwards spoken of by himself, had been announced in the French newspapers of the day, from the *procès-verbal* of the police. A mystery had indeed hung over it, to Colonel Willoughby in particular; not that there could be a doubt of their death, to which the slightest allusion had absolutely convulsed Sir John, when they two first met, years afterwards, nor could there have been any object or reason for deception—nay, Sir John, in answer to a formal legal question, at his succession to the estate and title, had solemnly stated his distinct knowledge that he had no lawful heir of his body living. The claim fell, stripped of its baronetage, after the Colonel himself, to cousins, the children of their younger sister, with another name altogether. And it might have been but a bewildered mingling of times and persons, when feverish from excess, or perhaps the dread of some imposition, which could yet scarcely occur to the wildest brain, that had secretly prompted this odd expedient to the late baronet.

It was quite a different recollection, known only to himself, that troubled Sir Godfrey; nor had that any bearing on his mere interests as a proprietor or holder of a title. Amongst the persons involved in that fatal accident at Paris had been his brother's valet, a young German or Swiss, previously in his own service in the regiment, with so much fidelity and usefulness, that when the young man purchased his own discharge to avoid going abroad, Captain Willoughby had left him with the strongest recommendations to his brother. Yet years after the event, in the thick of the American Revolution, when thinking of no one less, had Colonel Willoughby for a moment imagined that by the flash of fire from the muskets of his men, against a crowd of colonial militia, he saw the very features of this servant, his heavy forehead, light-blue eyes, and broad chin, only changed by a yellow beard. It seemed a fancy of the most absurd kind; yet it clung to him, recurring with each thought of either event: he never breathed it, yet the more was it like

late, he began to think they relied upon relief from some unknown quarter. Doubly desirous, therefore, quickly to terminate the siege, he sent to Piali and Aali Pashas, requesting them to send him a hundred men from each one of their galleys, to reinforce his army and make a final assault. The pashas would willingly have complied at once with his demand, had they not first had to make sure that the combined squadrons of Venice, Rome, and Spain, were not on their way to succour Cyprus. But it was the last day of August before Doria and Colonna joined Zanne at Candia. Their combined force amounted to a hundred and eighty galleys, twelve of them very large, fourteen ships, and a great number of transports. In a council of war, composed of the three generals and of the chief officers, some were of opinion that it was too hazardous an enterprise to relieve Nicosia, and that it was better to effect a diversion, and draw off the enemy from Cyprus by an attack on some Turkish possession. General Zanne combated this opinion, insisting that the sole object of their junction was to go to the assistance of Cyprus, and that it were a stain upon their honour to leave it undone. Doria, a cautious and experienced officer, skilful and prompt in action, agreed with Zanne, but insisted first on an inspection of the fleet, to ascertain the condition of the vessels, and the numbers and quality of their crews. He was ready at any moment, he said, to show that his ships were well armed, supplied, and equipped, and had their full complement of courageous and well-trained soldiers. Zanne, whose crews had been sadly thinned by disease, yet could not object to the proposed inspection, but found pretexts for postponing it profiting by the delay to get in stores and recruits. At last it took place, on the 16th September, at Sitia, the easternmost part of Candia, and, according to the present Spanish historian, the Venetian fleet was "in so pitiable a state that Doria marvelled at their daring to attempt any enterprise with it. Nevertheless by disarming some of the galleys, the crews of the others were reinforced, all being deficient in *soldiers and rowers*; and this the Venetians thought sufficient to entitle

them to exact from their allies that they should carry their co-operation even to the extent of sacrifice." So the fleet proceeded on its voyage. But on the night of the 22d, when it was at anchor in a port near the Karamanian coast, within a short sail of Cyprus, Marco Quirini, who had been out to reconnoitre, returned, almost beside himself with grief, to announce the fall of Nicosia, whose walls had been razed, and its wretched inhabitants massacred.

Early in September, the two pashas, Piali and Aali, hearing nothing of the approach of the Christian fleet, took a hundred men from each one of their galleys, thus forming an army twenty thousand strong, which they sent to Mustafa, who greatly needed it, for the troops he had with him were discouraged by repeated failures, and by the obstinate defence of the besieged. On Sunday the 9th September, 1570, a day ever memorable in the annals of unfortunate Cyprus, a general assault was made on all four sides of the town. The attack was furious, the defence heroic. The Venetians and Cypriots, certain of death, fought with desperation. At last, and on a sudden, in consequence of some accident or neglect on the part of the besieged, the nature of which has been variously stated, but is not exactly known, the Turks gained one of the bastions, and thronged into the place. They gave no quarter, and the excesses that ensued were horrible. No sex nor age was exempted from their brutality. The rapine and slaughter lasted the whole day; there were more than twenty thousand victims, and the few nobles who were spared only escaped to bear a captive's fetters, and to endure, the derision and mocking of a Constantinople mob. Dandolo, the Bishop of Baffa, and some other nobles and chiefs, who defended themselves in the court of the palace, capitulated on condition of being allowed to quit the city uninjured, but were at once inhumanly slaughtered. Mustafa's joy at his triumph was, however, notably diminished by a singular incident. He had embarked on board the grand vizier's galley and two other vessels a number of beautiful youths of both sexes, and a great quantity of rich booty taken in Nicosia

intended as a present for the Sultan. But whilst the vessels were still within a few miles of the coast, they were suddenly destroyed by the explosion of their powder magazines, nothing remaining of them but a few planks floating on the water. Some historians attribute their destruction to accident; others, adopting a more romantic version, declare it to have been the work of one of the captives, a beautiful girl, who preferred death to dishonour. Of the catastrophe there can be no doubt, but its cause must ever remain uncertain.

The loss of Nicosia, quickly followed by that of the whole island, is attributed by Señor Rosell, with every appearance of reason, and upon the strength of Italian authorities, to the neglect of the Venetians. Had they, when they first perceived the hostile intentions of the Turk, employed a part of their resources to strengthen and garrison their colonies, and especially Cyprus, Selim's avowed object, instead of attending solely to the fitting out of a fleet which came too late to save the island, they might have retained their valuable colony. Such was the advice given them by the celebrated Duke of Alba, in a letter dated from Brussels, the 31st March 1570, to be found in the appendix to Señor Rosell's work, in which the duke strongly recommends to them to *cargar sus plazas*, to supply their fortresses well with the best soldiers they have, so that they may gain time—the greatest enemy, he says, of those who besiege strong places—until at last the numbers of the foe being diminished, relief may be taken to the besieged. But at the same time he recommends that the places should be so provided as if they never were to be relieved. It has been seen how little the republic profited by these wise counsels.

When the news of the fall of Nicosia reached the combined fleet, another council of war was held, at which contrary opinions were emitted, and some angry discussion took place. Colonna attempted to assume the supreme command, and to control Doria, who declared that he acknowledged no superior but Don John of Austria, captain-general of the Spanish navy.

Very high words passed between Colonna and Don Carlos Dávalos, who commanded a strong body of infantry on board the Spanish galleys. Doria interposed his authority, and ordered his subordinate to retire, or the quarrel might have come to blows. Doria then required that Colonna should show him his authority for acting as he did; and it soon became evident that the three powers had made no express arrangement on the important subject of command, but that each pretended to be independent, and even to a right of commanding the other two; whilst, in the instructions given to the generals, no provision had been made for settling the difficulties that could hardly fail to spring up from the want of one directing head. Finally, a few days after the stormy councils the fleets separated, but met again at Candia, whence Doria, the season no longer allowing of naval operations in those seas, departed, early in October, for Sicily, with the consent of Colonna and Zanne, which he had thought proper to ask out of courtesy. The conduct of the three admirals after the fall of Nicosia, their disputes and their separation, have given rise to much discussion amongst historical writers. Señor Rosell vindicates Doria and casts blame upon Colonna, taxing him with presumption, and with having, in concert with Zanne, abandoned the Spanish fleet. It is not unnatural that a Spanish writer should take this view of the question, but he also brings Italian authorities to his support. The controversy, however, is not now of sufficient interest to be worth dilating upon in this place.

Leaving a garrison in Nicosia, Mustafa laid siege to Famagusta. He pitched his camp at three miles from the town, and daily sent horsemen to ride up to its walls, and to exhibit to its inhabitants the heads of the principal persons killed at Nicosia stuck upon the heads of lances. Neither this bloody menace, nor the fair promises of which he afterwards was lavish, had the slightest effect upon the defenders of Famagusta, who were resolved, as they afterwards showed, to fight to the death, and who, in two sallies, drove the Turks from their trenches, destroying, with the guns of the fortress, three redoubts that they

had thrown up. The reduction of the place not appearing so easy as had been anticipated, Mustafa postponed it until the spring, and went with the fleet in quest of that of the Christians, which he knew from his spies to have separated into two portions. Deprived of the assistance of the Spaniards, the Venetian and Roman squadrons were not in condition to make head against the Turk, the news of whose approach was very unwelcome to them, especially as they had just lost eleven galleys, and had others damaged by a storm at sea. Fortunately, high and contrary winds frustrated Mustafa's design, and he at last changed his plan, and went to winter at Constantinople. Zanne took advantage of his absence to throw a reinforcement of sixteen hundred infantry into Famagusta, and thence went to Corfu to seek orders from the senate, by whom he was shortly afterwards, either by reason of his ill-health, which incapacitated him for the command, or because his conduct of the campaign was disapproved (Señor Rosell says the latter was the cause), removed from his command. It was bestowed upon the proveditore, Sebastian Veniero, who had for his lieutenant Agostino Barbarigo, a man, says Señor Rosell, of singular discretion, and very well beloved by his fellow-citizens. Meanwhile Colonna, passing through many perils, and suffering much damage—including the loss of his own galley, which was struck by lightning and reduced to ashes—at last reached Rome, where, although he arrived there with scarcely a shadow of his squadron, he was received with great demonstrations of joy.

Such was the unsatisfactory state of affairs at the close of the campaign of 1570. Meanwhile, Pius V. used every exertion to bring about the much-desired league, whose object was to be the humbling of the power of the Turk. Conferences were held at Rome, between the representatives of the Pope, the King of Spain, and the republic of Venice; and Maximilian of Austria was again urged to join in the projected alliance. He would gladly have reconquered the part of Hun-

gary that had fallen under the Moslem yoke, but his treasury was low; he was bound by a truce of eight years, signed with the Grand Seignior, and he could not seriously entertain the proposals of the Venetian ambassador. The conferences were prolonged, many difficulties intervened, and at one time Venice, doubting of a favourable result, and cherishing little hope of alone bringing the war to a successful issue, was near entering into negotiations with the Porte, when Muhammed, the Grand Vizier, jealous of Mustafa's triumph, had persuaded Selim to offer peace to the senate—a principal condition of which would have been the cession of Cyprus by the latter, or at least the payment of a tribute, if they were allowed to retain the island or the town of Famagusta. Before, however, these negotiations had commenced, the Pope, learning that Venice had sent a special envoy to Constantinople, nominally to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, feared some underhand dealings, and despatched Colonna to assure the Doge and senators of his desire to carry out the league, and of his willingness to yield certain points that had proved impediments to its completion. The conferences were resumed, and finally, on the 25th May, a perpetual treaty of alliance against the Turks, and also against the Moors of Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, was sworn to, and signed by the three ambassadors, on the part of Rome, Spain, and Venice. Don John o Austria was appointed captain-general of the league, and Colonna was to replace him in case of absence or accident. No one of the contracting powers was at liberty to conclude peace or truce with the Porte without the consent of the others. The league was not published in Venice until the 2nd of July, but before this the Pontiff, with great zeal and diligence, had sent a legate to Spain, to urge Philip II. to hasten his preparations, and also to Austria and Portugal to press them to join the alliance. The legate deputed to Spain was received with great pomp and magnificence, upon the details of which Señor Rosell complacently dwells. But before

tracing the results of the league, we must revert for a moment to the Turks and to Famagusta.

On the approach of spring, Selim ordered a numerous fleet to be got together, with the purpose of reinforcing the army in Cyprus, and of falling upon the Venetian squadrons wherever they were to be found. He made various changes. Piali, accused of having suffered the enemy's galleys to escape in the previous autumn, was disgraced, and replaced by Aali Pasha; whilst Perteu, an experienced officer, took command of the land forces. Utiech Aali, viceroy of Algiers, brought a good number of galleys, and Hassan Pasha, a son of the celebrated Barbarossa, also came with a squadron, so that the fleet altogether was of two hundred and fifty sail. When this strong force was united, Selim gave orders to his captains not to remain idle a single day, and they immediately attacked various Venetian possessions, landing at Canca in Candia, where, however, they were set upon by the inhabitants as they retired to their ships, and suffered great loss. At Retimo, in the same island, the ferocious Uluch Aali* was more successful, for although repulsed at first by the admirable artillery-practice of about a hundred men who composed the garrison, he soon discovered with how slender a force he had to deal, returned to the assault, and sacked and burned the town. Land-

ings were afterwards effected in the islands of Cerigo, Zante, and Cephalonia, where barbarous cruelties and devastations were committed; and in the month of July, Uluch Aali entered the Adriatic, took two galleys, seized upon Duleino and Antivary, passed by Curzola, where the women—there being very few men in the place—dressed themselves as soldiers, and showed themselves on the walls, making the Turks believe in the presence of a numerous garrison, and sacked the island of Liesena. Venice, beholding the enemy so near, whilst her own squadrons remained in shameful inaction, was in consternation; but Uluch knew his business too well to remain long in the Adriatic, whose entrance might suddenly be closed to him, so he rejoined Aali at the mouth of the Cattaro, and sailed with him to Corfu, to seek intelligence of the fleets of the league.

During the time occupied by this daring expedition, Mustafa was busy at Famagusta. When the middle of April arrived, and with it weather favourable to military operations, he established his camp on the spacious plain, three miles in extent, that intervenes between the city and the sea. This army was very numerous. Some writers have stated it at 200,000 men. Señor Rosell estimates it at 80,000, but adds that it is difficult to fix its numbers exactly, owing to the great number of adventurers who had

* This renegade was born of poor parents, in the Neapolitan province of Calabria, and was brought up as a fisherman and boatman. Captured by a Greek renegade corsair, he for many years pulled an oar in a galley. Having lost his hair from a skin disease, the other Christian slaves affronted him, and would neither eat with him nor row upon the same bench. It chanced one day that a soldier struck him; he concealed his anger, but vowed revenge, and, as the only means to secure it, he abjured his religion, and became a Mussulman, an act of desperation characteristic of the man, and which was the commencement of his fortune. As a Turk, he rose to be boatswain of a galley, then associated himself with others to arm a brigantine, and finally became one of the principal corsairs in Algiers. He entered the service of Dragut-arraez, lord of Barbary, who sent him to Constantinople in 1560, to solicit assistance from the grand seignior. He returned to Africa with Piali Pasha, and assisted at the battle of Gelves, where he highly distinguished himself. Piali took a great liking to him, made him governor of Tripoli, and in the year 1568 obtained for him the regency or sovereignty of Algiers. In the following year, Uluch Aali conquered the city of Tunis for the Turks; in 1570 he obeyed the summons of Selim to reinforce the Turkish armada with his galleys, and hereafter we shall see him figure as one of the Porte's principal generals. Further details of his life are to be found in the *Epitome de los Reyes de Argel*, by Fr. Diego de Haedo, from which we have extracted these particulars. (Note by Señor Rosell, *Historia del combate naval de Lepanto, &c.*, pp. 62-3.)

flocked to the spot in hopes of booty. The Turks, in their hyperbolic style, said that if every one of their fighting men threw one of his sandals into the moat they would fill it up, and might walk into the town. The camping-ground of this great army was most agreeable. True that the inhabitants had destroyed the gardens and the groves of orange and cedar that before embellished the vicinity, but they had been unable to stop the numerous rivulets that meandered through the plain, fertilising the soil, and offering delightful refreshment in that burning climate. To defend the town, Astor Baglione, the governor, and Marco Antonio Bragadino, a brave and indefatigable officer, had seven thousand fighting men, little inured to war, but courageous and disciplined.

The besiegers passed a month in fortifying their camp and making their approaches to the counterscarp. They opened trenches three miles in extent, and cut so deep, in some places through the living rock, that when a man-at-arms sat on horseback in them, the point of his lance was hardly to be discerned. Thence their arquebusiers incessantly harassed the town. They also constructed ten forts, of beams, fascines, and earth, with platforms for artillery. The besieged, on their part, made frequent sorties, skirmishing with the besiegers, interrupting their works, and habituating themselves to those hand-to-hand conflicts which they afterwards had to maintain on the breaches in their walls. On the morning of the 19th May, a great movement was observed amongst the Turks, who with fierce shouts waved their lances, pennons, and standards, and soon seventy-four pieces of heavy artillery, and four enormous basilisks, thundered against the devoted town. The besieged vigorously replied, causing heavy loss to the enemy, and rendering fifteen of their guns useless; but such was their haste to fire that they soon ran short of ammunition, and the artillerymen were ordered to fire no shot without the consent of their captains. The Turks got possession of the ditch and counterscarp, and opened several mines. Some of these were countermined, but this could not be done to all; and one especially, near the arsenal, was made

before the eyes of the besieged. On the 21st of June it was sprung with terrific effect; the whole city rocked, the wall fell in ruins, an assault was given and resisted with equal valour. The combat lasted five hours; five hundred Italians remained upon the ground, but remained as victors; the Turks, although five or six times reinforced, were fain to retreat. This triumph redoubled the courage of the besieged. Within their shattered wall they formed a new line of defence, composed of casks and bags full of wet sand. Two other assaults followed, at intervals of eight and fifteen days, in the second of which Astor Baglione, fighting at the head of his men, wrenched a Turkish standard from the hands of its bearer. Mustafa was furious. The wall had fallen, the ditch was filled, but still the victory was not yet his.

But the unfortunate besieged, who displayed such heroic courage, were now exposed to the horrors of famine. Their provisions expended, they resorted to the most disgusting aliments; these exhausted, their strength failed them, though their valour still survived. At last, towards the 20th of July, the principal citizens represented to the governor the impossibility of further defence, and urged him to capitulate upon honourable terms. Baglione called a council of his captains. Some of them were for sallying out of the town and dying with arms in their hands; and the result proved that theirs was the wisest opinion. But others, considering that they had no right thus to leave their fellow-citizens exposed to the fury of the Turks, voted for surrender. The majority coincided, and word was taken to Mustafa to send delegates into the town to arrange terms of surrender. This was done; two Turkish officers entered Famagusta, and two Venetians went into the enemy's camp. The terms demanded by the besieged were granted, and on the 4th August the keys were given up to Mustafa, who received them with signs of joy, lauding the valour of the defenders of the place, and marvelling especially at the heroic firmness of Bragadino, whom he expressed a wish to see and speak with that same day.

"Accordingly," says Señor Rosell,

"Bragadino, accompanied by Baglione and other captains, all on horseback, and attired in his dress of ceremony, with purple tunic and crimson parasol, betook him to the pasha's tent, with a calm countenance and a tranquil heart, neither fearing any risk nor puffed up by the high praise bestowed upon him. Various discourses passed between Turks and Venetians; but after some time it occurred to Mustafa, or thus he disguised his infernal will, to demand securities for the return of the vessels that were to convey the garrison from the island. Bragadino replied that he was not obliged to give them, because no such condition had been stipulated in the capitulation; and on that pretext, and others no less unjustifiable, the pasha, blind with rage, ordered Baglione, Martinengo, Quirini, and the others, to be taken from his tent, and perfidiously and inhumanly butchered. Bragadino was present at the slaughter of his companions: the blood of his friends spurted into his very eyes; from that torment he could not exempt himself. And who can relate the tortures reserved for him? Compelled to carry gabions full of earth, and to kiss the ground when he passed before his tyrant, he dragged out a painful existence until the 17th of August, when, by Mustafa's order, he was flayed alive, and his skin, stuffed with straw, and suspended from the yard-arm of a galley, was triumphantly paraded along all their coasts."

The conquest of Famagusta is said to have cost the Turks fifty thousand men, and some of their best officers fell in the course of the siege. Mustafa left twenty thousand infantry and two thousand horse to guard the island, and returned to Constantinople, which he entered in triumph, to the great contentment of Selim, and amidst the envy of the courtiers. Famagusta taken, Cyprus had become a Turkish possession. The republic's only hope was now in the fleets of the League.

On the 25th August, Don John of Austria reached Messina, the point of junction of the allied squadrons, where Colonna and Sebastian Veniero anxiously awaited his coming, and where he was received with infinite joy and great magnificence, the streets throng-

ed, the windows full of richly-attired ladies, the squares adorned with triumphal arches, columns, inscriptions, and hieroglyphics; the shore crowded with the banners, arms, and plumes of the captains and soldiers of half Europe; by day the thunder of salutes, the rattle of drums, the clang of trumpets, by night illuminations and fireworks. "Such great rejoicing," quaintly remarks Señor Rosell, "could not but be the presentiment of another greater, which Heaven reserved for those who, with lively faith, invoked its holy name." The valiant bastard of Charles V., whose arrival was the signal for a display of enthusiasm which he was soon to justify by his high deeds, was, says Van der Hammer, in his *History of Don John of Austria*, "of sanguine temperament and lordly presence, somewhat above the middle height, of joyous disposition, and inclined to what was just; quick of wit, and of a good memory. He was very vigorous and strong—so much so that he swam in armour as if he had nothing on him. He was agreeable and courteous, a great respecter of letters and arms, and an excellent horseman. He had a noble, clear, and spacious forehead; his blue eyes were large and lively, with a grave and amorous look; his countenance was handsome, he had little beard, and was of a light and elegant figure." The command reserved for this accomplished and martial prince, who had refused a cardinal's hat to follow the profession of war, was worthy of his high qualities; since the great days of ancient Rome no such fleet had been seen in the Italian waters as that now mustered under his orders. There were more than three hundred vessels, carrying upwards of eighty thousand men, assembled under the banner of the League, in the spacious harbour of Messina. The fighting men amounted to twenty-nine thousand, including eight thousand of the famous Spanish infantry. The Venetian galleys being thinly manned, Don John ordered Veniero to take on board four thousand Spaniards and Italians, which was done, although not without some opposition and murmuring on the part of the Venetians. Whilst these and other arrangements were making, the Turk-

ish fleet had reached Previsa, and Ali Pasha, having Selim's orders to seek and fight the Christians, resolved to pass into the neighbouring gulf of Corinth or Lepanto, a convenient position, whence he could undertake any expedition that seemed advisable.

When the allied fleet sailed out of Messina, the Pope's nuncio stood upon the quay, blessing each vessel as it quitted the port. Conspicuous amongst all was the royal galley, built three years previously at Barcelona, having its poop covered with delicate carvings and ingenious allegories. Don John of Austria was on board this vessel. All the galleys and ships were well supplied with arms, artillery, and ammunition. Besides the vast number of Spanish, Venetian, Italian, and Maltese knights and nobles who served in the fleet, there were upwards of eighteen hundred adventurers, and persons pertaining to the household of Don John himself. An order of battle was published, to be constantly preserved, when in motion as well as in front of the enemy. It consisted of a vanguard, a main body and wings, and a reserve. The right wing was commanded by Doria, the centre by Don John, the left by the proveditore Agostino Barbarigo, and the reserve by the Marquis of Santa Cruz. At first, circumstances appeared little favourable to the League's formidable armada. The season was already advanced, and the allies encountered severe gales, which retarded their progress, and even compelled them to put in to shore for shelter. At last the weather improved, and on the 17th of September they cast anchor before Corfu. Here a council of war was held, and although some of its members were for half measures, for attacking Turkish forts, and such like unimportant operations, others,—Colonna and Barbarigo, and the Marquis of Santa Cruz, and especially Don John himself—were for going instantly in search of the enemy's fleet, and assailing it, without a doubt of the victory being theirs. This generous ardour and enthusiasm communicated itself to all present, and it was resolved to follow up the Turk, though he were to take refuge in the very heart and citadel of his dominions.

On the 30th September the combined fleet was moored in the spacious Albanian harbour of Gomeniza, selected by Don John as convenient to pass a review of the whole of the armada, he himself inspecting some of the vessels, and his generals the others. It is related by some historians, (amongst others by Arroyo and Torres Aguilera, both of whom served in the fleet), that upon this occasion, it being the duty of Juan Andrea Doria to inspect the Venetian galleys, General Veniero refused to allow it, and the inspection was passed by another officer, against whom the Venetians were not prejudiced. Afterwards the republican general, either irritated by the contention he had provoked, or in consequence of his naturally irascible character, discharged his ill-humour on a captain named Mucio Tortona, who served in the Italian regiments. This officer having got into a dispute with the crew of a Candian galley, in which he and his soldiers were, the general ordered his arrest. Mucio resisted, and the affair ended by Veniero having him forcibly seized and hung to the yardarm of his flagship. Don John considered, as well he might, that this act was unjustifiable, and an insult to his authority, and so great was his anger that he was on the point of hanging Veniero; but the sight of his white hair and the entreaties of the other leaders appeased him, and he contented himself with forbidding the fine old soldier to appear thenceforward at his councils, where Barbarigo replaced him. The threat sufficed to awe the Venetians, and perhaps to prevent other breaches of discipline. But the time was close at hand when such jealousies and quarrels would be forgotten, and when the sole rivalry of Spaniard and Venetian would be, which should most distinguish himself against the common foe. On the 5th October the fleet received intelligence of the fall of Famagusta, and of the unhappy end of its brave defenders. The news of Mustafa's treachery and cruelty inspired all, and especially the Venetians, with an ardent desire of revenge. The wind was unfavorable to the progress of the armada, and for two days it advanced little; but at two hours before daybreak, on the morning of the 7th,

Don John, "conquering," says Señor Rosell, "the opposition of the elements, and his soul moved by an irresistible power, gave, to the general astonishment, the signal to weigh anchor." The sun had not long risen when the look-out man on board the royal galley announced a sail in sight, and soon afterwards that he saw the whole Turkish fleet. This news was confirmed by others who ascended the rigging, and by Doria, from his division of the armada; whereupon Don John ordered the standard of the League to be hoisted, and a gun to be fired, in announcement of battle. The whole fleet broke out into loud acclamations.

The Turks, who had left Lepanto the night before, were not less rejoiced than the Christians at the prospect of action. Their force, increased during their stay at Lepanto, was not less than one hundred and twenty thousand men, embarked on 245 galleys, many of them of twenty-eight and thirty benches of rowers, seventy galliots, and a host of inferior vessels. A famous corsair, named Caracush, who had been in the disguise of a fisherman, to reconnoitre the Christian fleet, reported its strength as much less than it really was—either because he had not seen all the vessels, or that he had made a mistake in counting them, or, as others assert, because he did not wish to discourage his friends. Thus misinformed, it is not surprising that Aali Pasha, at the head of his numerous and well-manned galleys, made sure of victory. The two leaders, therefore, sought each other with a like eagerness, although some of their lieutenants—Doria and Ascanio de la Cerna on the one hand, and Uluch Aali and Perten Pasha on the other—would have dissuaded their chiefs from risking so great a combat. Siroco, viceroy of Alexandria, an officer of much valour and wisdom, opposed the pasha's intention, because, he said, after the conquest of Cyprus, and the glorious Albanian expedition, he should remain contented with his laurels and advantages, and not risk all upon the hazard of a general action. But Aali turned a deaf ear to such counsels. As to Don John, when some of his generals, having come on board his galley to learn his final decision, would have urged the pro-

priety of retreat, "Señores," replied the heroic prince, "this is not the time for counsels, but combat;" and he continued giving his orders. As to Veniero, still crestfallen, and perhaps repentant, our historian says that he showed symptoms of apprehension, as if he feared disaster; but it is not surprising that the irritable soldier, who had incurred the disgrace of his chief, should, at such a moment, appear sad and gloomy. In the battle he set an example to the bravest, and won high praise and distinction. Before it began, however, Don John took an opportunity, when going round the fleet in a swift vessel, and encouraging the men by brief but appropriate speeches, to address to him a few kindly words. Then the prince reminded the Venetians of their injuries, and offered them revenge. His address to the Spaniards, as preserved to us by historians, was admirably appropriate to the time, circumstances, and martial and religious spirit of that age. "My children," he said, "we have come here to die—to conquer, if Heaven so disposes. Give not occasion for the enemy to ask us, with impious arrogance, '*Where is your God?*' Fight in his Holy name; dead or victorious, immortality will be yours." Joyously were the preparations for action made, under the eyes of the chief, and with the stimulus of his exhortations. But as the fleets approached and deployed, exposing their entire strength to each other's view, their respective commanders found a new cause of unbusiness. Aali, beholding the numerous galleys and admirable order of his foe, saw at once that Caracush had deceived him, and Don John at the same time perceived how false was the news he had received and credited that Uluch Aali and his squadron were detached from the Turkish armada. But it was too late for the Turk to retreat, even if such were his wish; and as to Don John, although he felt how great was the hazard of the enterprise, he thought of his father's exploits, says Señor Rosell, "and fixing his hope in God, and his eyes on a crucifix, which he always carried with him, he thanked Heaven beforehand for his triumph. And as if Heaven favoured him, the agitation then observable in the waters

suddenly ceased, and the wind, previously contrary to our armada, went about and blew against the enemy's prows—a change highly favourable to the Christians." The two fleets were nearing each other, when a shot was fired by the Turks, to which Don John, understanding it as a challenge, replied by another. Soon afterwards another shot was exchanged in like manner, and then the prince, placing himself, fully armed, upon the prow of his galley, ordered his trumpets and kettle-drums to sound the combat. Then he and all the fleet, kneeling down, prayed devoutly, and received general absolution from the priests scattered through the squadrons.

The Christian fleet was formed, as it had sailed, in three divisions, a centre and two wings; that of the Turks, which was more numerous, at first presented an unbroken line, in the form of a crescent; but on beholding his enemy's order of battle, Aali adopted one similar, altering his dispositions as he advanced. He himself commanded the centre, Mehemet Siroco the right, Uluch Aali the left, and a number of light vessels formed a reserve. Before the action commenced, Aali Pasha, who was an amiable and humane man, addressed himself to the Christian slaves who rowed his galley. "If the day is to be yours," he said, "God grant it you: but be certain that if I win it, I will set you all at liberty; and therefore do your duty in the work I have intrusted to you."

It was noon when the action began—beneath an azure sky, and with a brilliant sun gleaming on weapons and armour. As the fleets closed, the Turks, according to their practice, set up loud shouts and horrible vociferations, the Christians silently observing them. The Turkish flag-ship, with Aali on board, and some other galleys from the centre of his line, opened the action with a vigorous cannonade, but on approaching four large Venetian galleys, they received such a terrible broadside that they stopped short as though their prows had struck against a wall; and a second discharge sunk two of them, causing great confusion amongst the others. This was the first incident of the fight, and so far favourable to the League; but soon the whole line closed, and the contest

became general. Don John, recognising Aali's galley by its standard and three lanterns, made towards it. The pasha was equally eager to meet him, and they encountered each other with such fury, that the prow of Aali's galley, being the highest of the two, thrust its beak as far as the fourth bench of the Spanish vessel. The shock was terrible, but yet more so was the havoc committed by the artillery and arquebusiers, whilst swords rang loud on shields and armour, and the waters foamed with the agitation of the conflict. Meanwhile Siroco, having, by a rapid movement, turned the flank of the Christians' left wing, dashing in with a few galleys between it and the land, set fiercely upon Barbarigo. Here the Venetians were stationed, as was well to be known, says Señor Rosell, by the fury with which they fought with the murderers of their brethren in Cyprus. Thinking only of attack and not of defence, they fought with uncovered faeces, careless of the shower of darts poured upon them. This temerity cost Barbarigo his life; an arrow entered his left eye, he had to be taken to his cabin, and died three days afterwards. His nephew, Marino Contarini, hurrying to assist him when he saw him hard beset, was also slain, and his galley was near being taken, for scarcely any of its defenders remained alive. To Doria, who commanded the right wing, was opposed the fierce Uluch Aali, who, with the view of turning his adversary's flank and taking him in rear, stood out far to sea, compelling Doria to make a corresponding movement, until the Turks, it is said, began to think that he fled, and Don John sent him word not to extend his line so much, because by so doing he left the centre uncovered. At last the action began on this flank, also by a fierce onslaught made by Uluch upon the flag-ship of the Maltese, the corsair's old and inveterate enemies. The prior and the general, Pietro Justiniano, made a valiant defence, and took four Turkish galleys, but he was unable to cope with seven others that beset him: the Turks boarded his vessel, and with implacable fury slew all its crew, the only persons who escaped being the prior himself, with five arrow wounds, and two other knights, a Spaniard

and a Sicilian, who were so badly hurt as to be reckoned amongst the dead. Many were the valiant deeds that signalled that episode of the battle. A French knight, from Burgundy, sprang into a galley of the enemy, killed four of its defenders, and made head against the rest until succour came, and the vessel surrendered. The prior remained the prisoner of a janizary, to whom he offered a large sum as ransom, and Uluch Aali towed behind him in triumph the galley and standard of Malta.

It is not our intention here minutely to follow the manoeuvres and incidents of this great battle, which Señor Rosell, in fulfilment of his duty as an historian, traces in all its details. Soon, however, he finds it as impossible to preserve exact order in his narrative as it was to maintain the strict array of the contending fleets. The mêlée became complete; right, left, and centre were mingled together; Spaniards with Turks, Africans with Candiots, the galleys of Venice with the galiots of Barbary. The most bloody and desperate fight was between the two admirals' galleys. There some of the best knights in Christendom contended against Selim's chosen warriors, and the renowned infantry of Spain against the picked men of the janizaries. Don John and Aali had each three hundred arquebusiers, and the Turk, moreover, had one hundred skilful bowmen. The Spanish commander was supported by Colonna and Veniero, the Prince of Parma, Urbino, and other distinguished leaders; Aali and Perteu by Caracush and Salderbey with two galiots, and ten very strong galleys. Long did the contest last, with fluctuating fortune; Don John fighting, sword in hand, in the thickest of the peril, and Aali using his bow, and displaying great skill and intrepidity. Veniero fought with the impetuosity of a young soldier; Colonna worthily maintained the fame of his illustrious name. Perteu Pasha's galley was taken, and he himself disappeared or drowned, according to some accounts; a fugitive, according to several eyewitnesses of the battle. The Prince of Parma, with the Genoese flag-ship, performed prodigies of valour. Followed by a single Span-

ish soldier, Alozo Dávolos by name, he jumped upon an enemy's galley, and cleared it with his own arm. His friends, who came to his assistance, were shocked to behold him covered with blood; but it was that of the foe, and not a drop of his own had flowed. On the left, where Barbarigo's wounds and Contarini's death cast a momentary gloom over the prospects of the allies, Federigo Nani took command of the flag-ship, by Barbarigo's express direction, and soon restoring, by his valour and skill, the courage of his men, took one of the Turk's best galleys, and the corsair Caurali who commanded it. The Infidels returned furiously to the charge to revenge this reverse, and the Christians met them with equal desperation.

"In the *Marquesa*, belonging to Doria's division, there lay in the cabin, sick of fever, a young man of twenty-four, a Spaniard, born at Alcalá de Henares, of noble but poor parents, as brave as the bravest, and, as regarded understanding, judgment, and wit, superior to all those of his time, and unequalled, at least up to our day, by any that were to come after him. When he heard that the battle was about to begin, he got up and requested his captain, Francisco San Pedro, to station him at the most dangerous post; but the captain and other friends advised him to remain quiet. 'Señores,' he replied, what would men say of Miguel de Cervantes? Upon all the occasions that have hitherto offered to do battle for his majesty, I have served like a good soldier, and I will not do less to-day, although I be sick and fevered.' He was appointed to command twelve soldiers in the boat, where he found himself, as he desired, in the hottest of the battle, and, fighting valiantly, he received two wounds in the breast. When his comrades wished to withdraw him from the struggle, he vehemently replied: 'It is better for the soldier to remain dead in battle than safe in flight. . . . Wounds upon the face and breast are stars that guide others to the heaven of honour.' And he persisted to the last in his heroic obstinacy. His captain killed and the combat at an end, he withdrew to have his wounds dressed. He was long in recovering, and all

his life he bore an honourable mark of that famous victory, since he lost the 'use of the left hand, for the greater glory of the right.'"^{*}

The combat in the centre, between the two groups of galleys headed by Don John and Aali Pasha, had lasted fully two hours. The decks were heaped with dead, the sails, rigging, masts, and upper works, swept away or riddled with balls, it seemed impossible that the surviving combatants should bear up longer against the heat, thirst, and weariness they suffered from. Twice did the Christians reach the mast of Aali's galley, and twice were they driven back with heavy loss. The third time they reached the quarterdeck, the last of the janizaries fell, and Aali himself was wounded in the forehead by a shot from an arquebuss. Then rose a loud shout of victory, and the head of the pasha, cut off, some say by a Spanish soldier, others by a galley-slave, was testimony to the triumph. Historians relate that it was set upon a pike to exhibit it to the fleet, but some of the witnesses of the battle say nothing of this; and Torres of Aguilera expressly says that it fell from the galley-slave's hands into the sea, and was no more seen. The point is unimportant. After the death of the Moslem chief, who had so nobly done his duty, the issue of the battle could hardly be doubted. Still some of the galleys bravely defended themselves, especially those opposed to Doria, whom the Marquis of Santa Cruz had already gone to support, encountering Uluch Aali, who was towing the Maltese flag-ship, and proudly displaying its standard. The renegade did not wait for the Spaniard's attack, but cut loose his prize and precipitately fled, satisfied with the flag as a trophy. Three hundred dead Turks were found in the Maltese galley. The wounded prior, Justiniano, was also there, and by this change in the fortune of the fight he recovered the crowns he had given to the janizaries, and became the captor of those whose captive he had been.

The fight over in the centre where

the formidable squadrons of the Turks were annihilated, Don John went to succour his right wing, and on his approach the Turks fled. It was four in the afternoon, and there were signs of a storm. Uluch Aali, with what galleys he could collect, made for the coast of Santa Maura. The greater part of his division took the direction of Lepanto, pursued by the allies, who made little way, owing to the weariness and scanty numbers of their rowers, many of these having been taken from their benches to fight. Many of the Turks, however, panic-stricken, ran their vessels to the shore, and numbers were drowned owing to their too great haste in jumping overboard. so great was the terror of those who succeeded in landing, that the sight of a single enemy sufficed to make them fly by scores. No triumph could be more complete, no defeat more total.

Señor Rosell has collected various remarkable incidents of the fight, and feats of individual bravery. On the authority of Marco Antonia Arroyo, he mentions the valiant conduct of a woman, by name, Maria, surnamed the *Bailadora*, or Dancer, who assumed male attire and slew many Turks with an arquebuss, and one, in a hand to hand contest, with a knife, in reward for which exploits Don John allowed her to take her place as a soldier, in one of the Spanish *tercios*, or infantry regiments. Frederica Venusta, a captain of Spanish artillery, who served in Doria's galley, had his left hand sorely wounded by a granade, which burst just as he was about to throw it amongst the enemy. He went to a galley-slave and desired him to cut off his hand with the knife artillerymen were wont to carry. The slave lacking courage, Venusta cut it off himself, went to the ship's cook, had a fowl opened, and thrusting in the bloody stump, had it tied, and returned to the fight. A Spanish soldier, wounded in the eye by an arrow, tore out arrow and eye together, tied a bandage over it, sprang into an enemy's galley with a single comrade, killed three Turks with his own hand,

^{*} These two last quotations occur in the prologue to the second part of *Don Quixote*, and in the *Viaje del Parnaso*, chap. i.

and, other soldiers having come to his support, captured the vessel. Many other such deeds are related by Señor Rosell, deeds worthy, as he truly says, of the heroic days of ancient Greece. The sea was literally reddened with blood, and was covered for miles with human limbs and disfigured corpses, with clothes, fragments of galleys, planks, oars, arms, and masts. The storm broke forth in its fury, and the flames of Turkish galleys, set on fire because they were too much damaged to be of service, lit up the terrible scene—appropriate illuminations in honour of so signal a triumph. Night came on, and the allied fleet sought shelter in the adjacent port of Petala.

The trophies of this victory were, first, the two sons of Aali Pasha, one seventeen and the other thirteen years of age, whose father had brought them with him to accustom them to naval discipline and to the dangers of war. "It was a piteous spectacle," says Señor Rosell, "to see the tears they shed on finding themselves orphans and captives." After the battle, Don John had them brought before him, and, embracing them, he deplored their hard fate and their father's death. He lodged them in his secretary's cabin, one of the best in his ship, ordered Turkish clothes to be bought for them, gave them shirts of his own, and treated them as if they were his brothers. "He then sent for Sebastian Veniero, and to show him that he harboured no resentment for past offences, he advanced to meet him as far as the ladder of his galley, embraced him most affectionately, and, calling him *his father*, extolled, as was just, his great valour, and could not finish what he would have said for the sobs and tears that choked him. The poor old man, who did not expect such a reception, wept also, and so did all who witnessed that scene." The armada of the League had lost twelve galleys; but 130 of the enemy's were taken and divided amongst the allies. It was calculated that eighty Turkish vessels were sunk. Of men, the loss of the allies amounted to 7600; namely, 2000 Spaniards—800 belonging to the Pope's squadron, and the remainder Venetians. The loss of the enemy—perhaps somewhat exaggerated—was said to be 25,000 dead,

and 5000 prisoners. More than 12,000 slaves, who rowed in the Turkish galleys, were that day liberated.

Don John remained four days in the port of Petala repairing damages, making arrangements for the care of the wounded, and taking counsel as to the best means of turning his victory to good account. Thence he sent Don Lope de Figueroa to Spain, with letters and despatches for the king his brother, and with Selim's standard, which had been taken from the enemy. He also sent despatches to the Pope, and to Venice, as did the generals Veniero and Colonna. Philip II. received the news without any sign of joy or surprise—imitating, in that respect, the calmness of his father on receiving intelligence of the victory of Pavia. He was at vespers at the time, and when the service was over, he directed the prior to have a *Te Deum* sung. On the following day he went to Madrid to offer up solemn thanksgivings for so great a blessing. At Venice the joy was extreme. Doge, senate, nobles, and people, all issued forth upon the square of St. Mark, to rejoice and congratulate each other. The emotion of Pius V. was so great—although it is said that he had prophesied the victory—that he shed a flood of tears, and exclaimed, in the words of the evangelist, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John,"—a not very reverend application of the Gospel, but which, perhaps, was excusable in a pope, and on such an occasion. Few victories have been so variously celebrated, or acquired at the time so much fame for their winners, as that of Lepanto. Princes, prelates, and magnates vied with each other in their praises and congratulations; cities voted laurel crowns and rich presents to the illustrious conqueror; poets, sculptors, and painters, sung, carved, and painted memorials of the great fight, and of the valiant prince who gained it. The city of Messina, whose port Don John entered in triumph three weeks after the battle, presented him with thirty thousand crowns, which he distributed to the hospitals. Herrera, Rufo, Ercilla, and many other Spanish writers, composed poems in honour of the battle, and especially of the victorious chief. There were also poems written

in Latin, Portuguese, Catalan, and in the dialect of Majorca. In the royal *Museo* at Madrid are two valuable mosaic tables which were given by the Pope to Philip II. and to Don John of Austria. Upon that of the prince naval trophies are depicted. Messina raised a colossal bronze statue of Don John. In the Vatican are still to be seen paintings of the battle; others are to be found in churches in Andalusia; there is one in the naval museum at Madrid; and in the royal museum of the same capital is an allegorical picture representing the action, painted by Titian, at the age of ninety-four years. A long list might be made of the pictures, medals, and trophies which still exist to remind the world of the battle of Lepanto, and of its principal hero. At the end of his work, Señor Rosell gives, besides a small map of the action, engraved facsimiles of two medals in the numismatic museum of the Madrid National Library. The obverse of one of these displays the likeness of Pius V., that of the other the very handsome head of Don John of Austria. On the reverse of the latter medal is a full-length of the conqueror, standing on a pedestal, whilst Victory, a palm-branch in one hand, crowns him with laurel. In the area of the medal is a plan of the battle of Lepanto. Señor Rosell also gives a vignette engraving of Sebastian Verniero, after Tintoretto's portrait of him in the Madrid Gallery—a fine head, at once venerable and martial, but with a countenance expressing some of the irritability that characterised the valiant Venetian.

Selim II., when news reached him of his fleet's disaster, shut himself up in his room, and for three days would see nobody, and scarcely eat anything. On the fourth day his grand vizier was admitted to see him. It is said that Selim took the Koran, read two chapters, and shut the book; then, happening again to open it, he came upon the following verse: "In the name of the merciful and compassionate God, I suffer by reason of the victory of the Christians over the inhabitants of the earth; but they shall *not have occasion to glorify themselves in future on account of their victory.*" These words, which, under

the circumstances, appeared prophetic, consoled and encouraged Selim; he abandoned the vice of drunkenness, which had given him a shameful reputation, and applied all his energies to the creation of fresh forces wherewith to avenge his reverse. He appointed Uluch Aali his high admiral, in place of the slain Aali Pasha; and as a title of honour, made him change his name from Uluch to *Kilich*, which signifies sword. Thenceforward the renegade was the first man in the Turkish empire after the Sultan. Early in the following spring he was again at sea, with a hundred and seventy galleys, besides other vessels; but he seems to have entertained a lively recollection of his defeat at Lepanto, for although he had more than one opportunity of bringing the Christians to battle, he avoided doing so. On the 7th August 1572, the two fleets met, the Turkish vessels numerically much superior to those of the League, although the size of some of the latter made up the difference. But Uluch Aali shunned a conflict, and the same thing occurred on two subsequent occasions, the last being on the anniversary of Lepanto, when a battle appeared so imminent that the Hispano-Venetians, with Don John again at their head, made sure of renewing their triumph of the preceding year. But Uluch Aali, seeing his enemy bent upon attacking him, took refuge under the guns of the fortress of Modon. By the end of the year, the Turk was considered to have repaired all his losses, and to be even in a better state to take the field than he was before his terrible defeat. It was agreed to augment the forces of the confederates to three hundred galleys, and sixty thousand fighting men; but this was never done, for the Venetians, who for some time past had complained of the expense of the war, left the League, and made peace with the Porte upon disgraceful terms, Selim retaining all his conquests, and receiving back the castle of Sopoto, which had been taken from him during the war, receiving also one hundred thousand ducats a-year for three years. Don John would not credit this base desertion until it was confirmed to him by the Venetians themselves. Then he struck the

standard of the League, and hoisted that of Spain, itself, in those days, a terror to its enemies. Lepanto had been the League's first and last triumph. Although, owing to various circumstances it was not followed up, either immediately, as many think it might advantageously have been, or in the sterile year of 1572, its importance was immense. "What would have been the fate of Europe," asks Señor Rosell, in his interesting final chapter, "if upon that day the armada of the League had been destroyed by the scimitars of the janizaries? Master of Cyprus, Selim would quickly have conquered Candia, his squadrons would have infested the gulfs of the Mediterranean, and, aided by the corsairs of Barbary, he would have subjugated the whole of the Adriatic and Tyrrhenian shores. Soon extending his empire from the Sea of Azov to Corsica and the Balearic Isles, and with Africa submitted to his will, neither the Muscovite, as yet feeble, nor Austria, hardly powerful enough to retain Hungary, nor the Catholic King himself, discouraged and weakened by his defeat, would have sufficed to check that torrent, when it precipitated itself from the mountains of the North to unite with the impetuous inundation of the South. It was not the destiny of Europe again to groan in the bonds of barbarous nations; but the obstinate and bloody strife would long have paralysed industry and the arts, checking, and perhaps frustrating, the development of its genius, and the happy progress of its conquests and institutions."

Don John of Austria has been blamed for not promptly following up his victory by another severe blow dealt at the Turkish power. Some writers, amongst others General San Miguel in his *History of Philip II.*, have suggested the possibility that, if he had at once pushed on to Constantinople, that capital might have been conquered, the more so as its Christian inhabitants, and especially the numerous Genoese in the suburbs of Pera and Galata were ready to rise against the Turks. Señor Rosell, who discusses ingeniously, and at considerable length, a question which the lapse of centuries has not yet stripped of all interest, and who ad-

mits that the immediate and material consequences of the battle of Lepanto were insignificant, defends his hero against the attacks of those who have said of Don John, as it has been said of Hannibal, that he knew how to conquer, but not how to profit by his victory, and of others who, like Voltaire, have maintained that the scanty fruits of the battle made it almost appear as if the Turks had been the victors. He alleges the damaged condition of the armada of the League, and the heavy loss of fighting men it had suffered; he deems the plan of an advance on Constantinople rash, and hardly to be realized, since the forces of the Porte were by no means exhausted by the destruction of its fleet, nor was the Grand Seigneur so defenceless that he would have had at once to take to flight. At the same time, he evidently has a lurking suspicion that, in the first moment of the Turk's dismay, a dash might have been successfully made at his capital, to capture the galleys there in port, and perhaps to set fire to the rich arsenal of Constantinople. The best idea in exculpation of Don John from the charge of sluggishness after victory, is to be found in the fact that his powers were limited. His cautious, cold-blooded brother, who never stirred in any business without long previous reflection, feared that the ardour of youth and thirst for glory might lead him into imprudence, and it was his will and order that he should always act in conformity with the vote of the other generals of the armada, and experienced persons who were to form his council. Don John never knew the king's exact motive for this precautionary measure; but he yielded implicit obedience to the brother who stood to him instead of a father. After his victory, he declared his wish to follow it up by other exploits, but the divisions in the council were many, winter was near at hand, time was lost, and nothing was done. The real results of the battle of Lepanto are perhaps best defined by M. Poujoulat, in his *Histoire de Constantinople*, where he says that "from that triumph, glorious to the Christians, may be dated the commencement of the Turk's decline, because it cost them not only men and ships—

a loss easy to repair—but also that prestige which constitutes the chief power of conquering nations, a power but once acquired, and which when lost, is never regained." Other writers have expressed the same opinion. "Turkey," says M. de Donald, "never recovered the battle of Lepanto. She lost upon that day the moral ascendancy that had been her strength for three centuries and a-half." If these opinions be accepted, it can hardly be said that the battle of Lepanto was not an immense benefit to Europe, or that Don John of Austria did not fairly and fully earn the lofty pedestal upon which he still stands in the temple of military fame.

CLIVE'S DREAM BEFORE THE BATTLE OF PLASSEY.

["The majority (of the council) pronounced against fighting, and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. . . . But scarcely had the meeting broken up than he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of some trees, and passed near an hour there in thought. He came back determined to put everything to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow."—MACAULAY.]

BENEATH the thick old mango-trees the trunks are growing black ;
The night-hawk screams a bolder note, and wheels a wider track ;
Far to the right, all ghastly white, thick tents are dimly seen,
Barbaric music faintly wails, the river runs between ;
All blood-red on the western verge the skirts of twilight lie,
And two pale horns from the east go slowly up the sky.

Who walks at such an hour in the strange garb of the Frank,
And flings himself in gloomy guise on yonder grassy bank ;
And mutters oft—"Twere madness sure, with such a force as ours,
To bide the brunt while yet the Moor unbroken holds his powers,
In hope to gain Moorsheadabad or Patna's distant towers."
Sore labours has that leader proved, but toil has worn him less
Than cares which weighed, and nigh dismayed, his soul with their distress ;
For stronger is the chief to do, than steady to endure,
And till to-day the swift with him has ever been the sure.
But now is come a direr strait than e'er that little band
Have known since first their venturous feet have trod this foreign strand ;
The blood-stained rake, the tiger-prince, that laid their city low,
And slew their best and bravest by a cold-blood coward's blow,
He marches now with all his force, and boasts, in drunken glee,
To drive the pale-faced traders down before him to the sea ;
And well may those stout strangers rest content his speed to stay,
Or trust to wait till cools his hate, or his armies melt away.

Now sinks the din from either camp, and not a sound is heard
Except the roar of hungry beast, or scream of prowling bird ;

And CLIVE still lies extended ; but no more he mutters now,
 For sleep has sealed his weary eyes, and soothed his aching brow.
 'Tis strange and sad to see that MAN of action in repose,
 As sleeps the child, or mother mild, to outward sense he shows,
 To sense he shows ; but who can say if all be peace within,
 Or if the frame's mute trance allow full scope to wrath and sin ?
 Ha ! mark you not that clenching hand, that wild convulsive start ;
 And who but deems that angry dreams are surging at his heart ?
 The body sleeps, the spirit wakes ; and in the unknown land
 She visits then, she does what he could never understand.
 Her jailor dull, he chains her down ; but when his care grows slack,
 Her flight she takes till he awakes, and quickly calls her back ;
 But what would it avail to tell of where her feet have been ?
 He could not understand her speech, or see what she has seen.
 Sleep, warrior, sleep, the GOD of battles will have work for thee,
 And well though thou canst toil at need, yet rested must thou be ;
 For, violent and bad, thou art JEHOVAH's servant still,
 And e'en to thee a dream may be the angel of His will.

What changing cloud, what wreathing shapes float through that slumberer's
 breast !

What voices of vague augury, rejoicing or distress !
 While underneath and over all the tissue is of gore,
 The crimson coat, the meteor flag, the hue of England's war,
 The tiger-prince flies fast away, the far shout in his rear,
 The echo falls on Delhi's walls, and rocky Jessulmere ;
 The wild Mahratta hosts are broke, the proud Rohilla yields ;
 High kings are bending on their thrones, and peasants in their fields.

See WELLESLEY learn his deathless flight, see beams of glory take
 The comely head of COMBERMERE, the gallant crest of LAKE,
 The bayonet-push, the sabre-charge, through every realm of Ind,
 From far Nepal to Cabul's heights and parks of sunny Sindh ;
 The red flood creeps from east to west, as goes the mighty sun
 To where in disappointment turned the hosts of Macedon ;
 From Martaban, from Comorin, to where Hydaspes flows,
 Or holy Himalaya hoards her immemorial snows.
 Sunlike it creeps ; a flood of light, with blessings in its train ;
 The darkened land, the barren land, shall ne'er be so again.
 O Western light ! O light of blood ! O hue of England's war !
 He starts to life with a sudden bound, to speak of peace no more.
 " Ho ! call the chiefs ; ho ! bid the men to gather on the lawn,
 Prepare the boats—in silence all—we cross before the dawn."
 But those who heard the welcome word, still wondered that he said—
 " Perplexed, I ween, my rest has been, but God is for the Red."

THE LESSON.

Ex Oriente Lux.

[THE following lines are founded upon the well-known scruple of Jews and Mussulmans against trampling on paper, lest the name of God may be destined to be written on it, or be so already.]

THE things of Earth and Sea, and Sky
Are formed to move in harmony ;
The mighty waters of the Deep,
Moon-led, all night their measures keep,
Not more when in her smile they sleep,
And cradle-trusting ships,
Than when she looks on stormier waves,
Or hides in interlunar caves,*
Or slumbers in eclipse.

The clouds sink down in gentle showers,
The Earth smiles back with opening flowers,
And all below and all above,
Proclaim the general law of Love.

If Nature, neither dumb nor blind,
In ordered currents roll,
Shall God be alien from the mind,
The undying human soul ?

In various climes, with many a speech,
Each race a stranger unto each,
Each soul within itself contained
With secrets hid, and feelings feigned—
Though some reflect the image bright,
And some seem lost in lifelong night,—
Far-seeing sage, or earth-bound thrall,
The will of God is guiding all.
And if there be a godless heart,
A sea without a moon,
It lives but to stagnate apart,
A tideless, sad lagoon.

* "The sun to me is dark,
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant, interlunar caves."

Nor yet to peace, and wished-for end
 All moon-led currents run,
 And not all blest those souls that blend
 Their Heaven-led impulses, and tend
 Thus surely into one.
 Creation, not without a law,
 Yet groaning deep with inward flaw,
 Wears out her doom; the happy few
 In meek submission who pursue
 Through good and ill, the heavenly rule,
 And make their hearts a watchful school,
 These few are blest; the many, goaded on
 By Passion, till their sense of God is gone,
 Or at the best, exists but as a fear
 Of wrath to come, a longing not more clear—
 Seem lost to us; yet not to us is given
 To mark the ways, or read the signs, of Heaven.

Let none despise his brother, deeds are done
 Daily, between this poor Earth and the Sun,
 Which still assert unconquerable good—
 Though little seen, and rarely understood—
 And keep the truth unveiled from pole to pole,
 That God is fountain of the human soul.

Once, in the heat of youthful blood,
 Athirst for love and fame,
 Journeying afar, by field and flood
 To an eastern land I came.
 Along the low and sandy beach
 The sea with a murmur low and strange,
 Ran, white with surf, no eye could reach
 The end of the foamy range.
 Ran white with surf; and no soft turf
 Came, fringing that wild shore,
 But ruins vast their shadows cast,
 And told of generations past,
 Whose dying ears had heard the immemorial roar.
 A ruined city! but here and there
 A street, a mosque, a fort,
 A belt of palm-trees crossed the air—
 To render yet more grim and bare
 That old abandoned port.

I saw the forests, far inland
 Stretched sullenly on either hand ;
 Whose wild inhabitants again
 Had gained their old domain from men.
 The Elephants are browsing there
 Beneath some archway's ebon shade,
 And the fierce tigress has her lair
 In the royal colonnade.
 The few poor hinds, who sought to gain
 A niggard living from the soil,
 Oft leave the river-horse their grain
 And curse their useless toil :
 While gaunt hyænas nightly trooping down,
 With demon-laughter scare the sleeping town.

The sun was high as I sprang to land
 And stood upon the burning sand :
 "God knows," I cried, "his ways are still
 Concealed from human ken ;
 How this alternate good and ill
 Falls on the tribes of men.
 This place so populous and great,
 So blazed in ancient story,
 How sunken now and desolate !
 How fallen from her glory !"
 "Peace to the stranger !" —
 Calmly fell
 The ancient greeting on mine ear —
 "Needs not in words, my lord, to tell
 The man I seek is here,
 For on your youthful cheek there glows
 The vermil of the western rose."

I looked upon the seemly dress,
 The ample turban's fold,
 The beard of silver fleeciness,
 Upon his breast that rolled :
 The eagle features of the face
 The form of dignity and grace ;
 Alas ! how sunk the haughty race
The Merchant-Princes of the place !

We toiled amid the brooding beats,
The stifling silence of the streets,
The very dogs had sought the shade,
While strength remained to crawl,
No living creature movement made
Save where the salamanders played
About the blinding wall.
No human frame could live, and bear
The furnace of that fiery air.

But help was nigh, not far before
Appeared the friendly merchant's door,—
A portico whose depth of gloom
Lay 'neath a high protecting dome.—
We hurried on, but when one pace
Had brought us to the resting-place,
My guide stopped short; and turning round,
Lifted, bending low his head,
A scrap of paper from the ground;
And, "See my son," he said—
As in the porch at length we stood,
"Sinners are we, but *ONE* is good,
This fluttering shred, we know not whence it came,
How shall its future fate be clear,
Perhaps to-morrow, even here,
Some hand shall trace the great Elohim's name."
"Oh, if the meanest things appear"
(My words broke forth without control)
"For His sake precious thus and dear,
How shall the greatest, wisest here
Despise a human soul!
No hearts to our dim sight are shown,
But *THOU* art wise and great alone,
THOU knowest, blessed *LORD*, thine own."

H. G. K.

GOD IN NATURE.

"Thou turnest away thy face and they are troubled."

BEHOLD! an earthly Heaven, a realm of air, }
 Where, in their highest sweeps, the eagles show
 Their backs below us, glancing in the sun.
 Far off the plains lie, basking in the flood
 Of distance, till their outlines fade: their fields,
 Their streams, their trees, their wooded hills are lost
 Little by little, till at length they melt,
 And the horizon meets the sky, like Ocean's.

Whence are these tender hues, these lights and shades,
 Upon the nearer mountains; what this haze,
 This blue transparent film, in which I see
 The farther dells dim-floating, glen to peak
 Clad in the glory of the Centuries,
 Half-hidden, half-revealed, like God's own truth
 We cannot wholly see, and yet we feel?
 Is it in us, not them, the splendour dwells?
 Is it Imagination's self-wrought cheat
 That robes them with a radiance not their own?

Ah see! the clouds draw up, and veil the plain,
 The light forsakes the shadows of the woods,
 The lightnings stream, the thunders roar, the rain
 Bursts fiercely forth; the outer world departs;
 I stand alone amid the general gloom.
 Where now the splendour of the scene? where now
 The pride, the pleasure of the sensuous eye
 That called itself Creator? It is real
 The glory that we see on Nature's face,
 And by celestial influence comes and goes.

H. G. K.

THE WORDS OF SCHAMYL, THE PROPHET.

[WE presume there are few if any of our readers to whom the name of the Circassian prophet-warrior, SCHAMYL, is not known. His character presents that remarkable combination of sacred and secular functions, to which our modern habits in Western Europe have rendered us strange, but which was not at all uncommon in ancient times, especially in the East. In a little book on Circassia, edited by Mr. M^r Kenzie (London, 1854), and selected principally from a German work by Wagner, there occurs a proclamation by this remarkable man to his fellow-countrymen, which for vigour, fire, and noble daring, both of thought and expression, is unsurpassed among the records of popular eloquence. Compared with this address, the best of Napoleon's speeches to the French soldiers are mere theatrical displays; there is an air of sincerity here, and of high stern conviction, which claims brotherhood, not with the rhetoric of modern French military adventurers, but with the passionate utterances of ancient Hebrew prophets. Those of our readers who have already read the passage which we here present in a rhythmical form, will perhaps think that, like the Psalms of David, it reads better in prose than in metre; but fine poetic gems of this sort are very apt to be overlooked in a book of statistics and historical detail; so we hope that the exhibition of this rare outburst of religious poetry (for such is its proper category), in a separate poetical form, will not only gratify the taste of some readers, but secure to the composition a more distinct attention and a wider circulation.]

SCHAMYL, the prophet, hath spent the night
In fasting and in prayer;
The Lord hath eased his soul with might,
And taught his heart to dare.

And now he comes to public light,
And calls the congregation
To speak the words of truth and right
To all the Tcherkess nation.

Stern and serene he stands, as one
Whose life is rooted surely
In God; a man who feareth none;
But as a fort, securely

Rock-based, recks not the rushing tide,
Nor all the warring storm,
So, mailed in faith and lofty pride,
He rears his kingly form;*

And speaks—"Ye men of Kaf,† hear me
While I make proclamation;
Thus God to Schamyl spake; thus he
To all the Tcherkess nation.

"Deem not that God with numbers dwells—
God dwelleth with the good;

* This is no mere poetical figure. The modern Schamyl, like the ancient Saul who was also at one period of his life amongst the prophets, is a tall man. And so was Agamemnon also among the Greeks.

† The Turkish name for Elbrus, the highest peak in the Caucasus, 16,000 feet high.

Nor truth, nor strength, nor wisdom swells
With the swelling multitude.

"Deem not that God with numbers dwells—
Old truth I speak, and new;
The slave his trooping kindred tells,
But freedom's sons are few.

"The weeds are many in the field,
Both yellow weeds and blue;
But gardens only roses yield,
And garden flowers are few.

"Fishes are many in the sea;
But not in every bay,
Where white and glancing myriads be,
High-vaulting dolphins play.

"Treasures are many in the earth;
But not from every mould,
Where grass may grow, do men bring forth
The ore of precious gold.

"The shells are many on the shore;
But only one possess'd
The pearl that swells the merchant's store,
And hangs on beauty's breast.

"Roses, and pearls, and gold are good,
But ye are better far;
Arise! upstir the manly mood!
Ourselves do make or mar

"The centuries. Are the roses few?
Then plant, and make them more!
Uptear both yellow weeds and blue,
And with a crackling roar

"Consume them? Did Achulko* fall—
What then? If lightning wound
One many-summer'd tree, does all
The forest kiss the ground?

"O ye of little faith!—If blight
Possess one blacken'd ear,
Does all the harvest look like night
And putrefy with fear?

"Curse on man's coward heart!—Fear not.
Believe the things you see!
A thousand poisons grow and rot
Before one healthful tree

"Is reared to fruitage. Ye are all
The branches of one tree
Which God doth nurse—some great, some small—
Of sacred LIBERTY

* A Circassian fort taken by the Russians under General Grabbe in 1838.
On this occasion Schamyl made an extraordinary escape.

"The root am I. One branch removed
 Stirs not the stable bole,
 Whose strength a thousand tempests proved:
 The root sustains the whole.

"Be men!—or, by the God that rules
 The sure well-ordered skies,
 I'll waste no more on gross-eared fools
 The words that school the wise!

"But what Kasi Mohammed said
 He wished to do, I'll do;
 I will arise, in wrath arrayed,
 And, like a storm, pursue

"Your villages. The faithful men,
 To me and Allah true,
 With steps of blood, through every glen,
 Shall hound the craven crew;

"And where I come with eager wrath,
 Like a hot-burning wind,
 Terror shall march before my path,
 And Ruin stalk behind.

"Be wise; for thus to Schamyl spake
 Heaven's just and righteous Lord,
 Who from thy tongue no learning take
 Them teach thou with the sword!"

Thus spake the prophet, and withdrew
 Remote from public sight;
 The people felt his words were true,
 And worshipped Allah's might.

On wings of fire his message flew,
 His word consumes the Czar;
 From farthest Anapa to Bakoo*
 Far flames the holy war.

J. S. B.

* Two forts, the one on the Black Sea, on the extreme west, the other on the Caspian, on the extreme east of the Caucasian ranges. The former is one of the places that has recently been evacuated by the Russians.

THE EUROPEAN ALLIANCE AND RUSSIA.

THE last years of the reign of Charlemagne were spent in consolidating the conquests which had occupied a life of prodigious activity, and unparalleled fortune, and in securing the vast monarchy he had founded from the ruin which had overtaken the Roman Empire. He had terminated the war with the Saxons; conciliated, or crushed, the last and fiercest of his enemies; and with a line of forts raised along the Elbe, believed that he had opposed an insurmountable barrier to all future irruptions of the barbarians. The invasion was, it is true, arrested by land; but the pirates of Scandinavia braved the fury of the ocean in their boats of osier, covered with hides, and spread terror among the villagers of the coasts. They were at first checked; but they soon advanced in such numbers, that the fleets of boats stationed at the mouths of the rivers could no longer stop them; and their audacity increased at each irruption. The mighty emperor who had subjugated and given laws to Europe, was troubled at these fierce and frequent apparitions. Fear he had never before known; but, already near the grave, he saw, with sad foreboding, that the irruptions of the pirates were each time more numerous, and their devastations more audacious. The "anti-quated imbecilities" of the imperial court thought or spoke lightly of the matter. They not only apprehended no danger to Europe or to the monarchy, but they mocked at those who believed that the occasional presence of a handful of northern pirates merited a serious thought from the wonderful man who had all but realised a universal empire. In the conflagration of a few villages, and the massacre of some hundreds of peasants, they saw only those incidents so common in that barbarous period; and though history does not record the fact, it is not improbable that a few of the statesmen of the time had the most unbounded confidence in the honour or forbearance of some great Scandinavian chief. *The great emperor, bowed as he was by years, saw farther into the future*

than the sycophants or the conceited imbeciles of his court. With the foresight which belongs to genius, he saw and comprehended the magnitude of the danger to the empire whose foundations, he had believed, were so deeply and so securely laid. As he approached the term of his life, the waters of the north coast of France became covered with the fleets of the rovers; their invasions were still more frequent, their progress more rapid and destructive. If the barbarians of the north, he said with a sigh, dare to attack even the remote limits of my empire, while I yet live and reign, what will they not do, not dare, when I am dead! And in the bitterness of his humiliation he shed tears. Charlemagne was right. Even then the civilisation and the power of which he had laid the foundations, were seriously menaced in all directions. Sardinia and Corsica were at the same time ravaged by the Saracens; Louis of Aquitaine was repulsed by the Moors of Spain; and Pepin of Italy by the Greeks in Venetia. The catastrophe was fast approaching, and scarce seventy years had elapsed from the death of Charlemagne, when the northern invaders, so contemptible and so distant in the beginning, precipitated the fall of his race and monarchy. Those who dwelt on the banks of the Seine, the Somme, and the Loire, the whole of the France of that day, paid bitterly for the incredulity, the apathy, or the connivance of the courtiers of Charlemagne; and they soon felt that the invasion of the barbarians should have been arrested at the very outset.

A century and a half ago, those who saw danger in the extension of a still more barbarous people inhabiting the deserts of the north, and scarcely known to the rest of Europe, would have been deemed credulous and over-apprehensive. Yet, from the expulsion of the Tartars, Russia began to assume strength and consistency; and after the succession to the throne of the Romanoff family, it began to acquire gigantic proportions; and it has grown to such a height under the Holstein-

Gottorp dynasty, as to require the combined force of Western Europe to arrest its further progress. In the short space of thirty-one years, Alexis Michaelovitch annexed White and Little Russia, conquered from the Poles; the Cossacks of the Ukraine made their submission; and even before Peter the Great made his way, through treason and blood, to the throne, the power of Russia began to be felt and dreaded by her nearest neighbours. Under that monarch Russia obtained a decided preponderance in the north, and the victory which laid prostrate her most formidable enemy, roused the attention of the whole of Europe. Nevertheless, no great apprehension seems to have been excited by the creation of a Russian fleet, the conquest and annexation of large provinces in the Baltic, the foundation of the city which perpetuates the name of Peter, or the force of will, the stubborn and stern character which could overcome the obstacles he encountered in the organization of his unwieldy dominions. When that strange compound of crime and virtue fell a victim to the excesses in which he sought a recreation from the toil of government, Russia did not cease to feel the impulse he had imparted to it, and scarce a year elapsed without additions to her moral and material strength. Under Catherine II., the plunder of Poland, and the acquisitions in the Black Sea, gave her an ascendancy equal to that which she possessed in the Baltic. In the present century the invasion of Russia by the French, and the vanity of dictating terms of peace in the ancient capital of the Czars, led to the overthrow of Napoleon's colossal power, and made Russia believe that she was invincible and irresistible. That idea was, to a great extent, shared by the other powers; and in the councils of Europe, Russia acquired a vast accession of influence. But in an empire where there are but slaves and one master, all, or nearly all depends on the personal character of the Sovereign. Until lately, the Emperor Nicholas got credit for the possession of all the qualities necessary for the administration of his vast state. His good sense, moderation, courage, and decision, were remark-

able; and in vigilance and energy he surpassed all his predecessors, excepting one. The spell is now broken, and his conduct for the last twelve months appears to have reduced him, in some respects, to the level of the princes of the Lower Empire. His proclamations and his acts prove that his mind is unsettled, and his moral powers deteriorated. His once powerful frame shows symptoms of decay. When the period comes for the government to pass into other hands, less able than his were, Russia may become, in turn, the theatre of violent change, of revolution, and of civil war, from which she has, since she became a great empire, been exempt.

One thousand years after the great Charlemagne foresaw the decay of his empire from the irruptions of the barbarisms of the north, another mighty potentate, whose ambition was not less vast, and whose genius was not less lofty, predicted danger to civilized Europe from the hordes of Russia. He, too, was in the sunset of life, and had survived power. From the rock of St. Helena the Imperial captive beheld the cold shadow which preceded the march of the giant. When the fate of Europe was hanging in the balance during the conference of Tilsit, even at that moment Napoleon refused to accede to the prayer of Alexander, and he thought Constantinople far too precious a gift to be bestowed on the Czar. "I might have come to an understanding with Alexander," he afterwards said, "and shared all Europe with him, had I consented to give up Constantinople, but Constantinople I would not give up." It was in vain that the Czar repeated and increased his bribes—in vain he offered his co-operation in a war which had for its object the ruin of England; nothing could tempt him, no argument could persuade him to abandon to Russia a position which would make her the first power on earth. The idea of the aggrandizement of Russia, and the subjugation of the rest of Europe by the hordes of the North, haunted him to the last, and in the most cheerless days of his captivity he predicted much of what has since come to pass. Napoleon was right—the possession of Constantinople

tinople by a power so ambitious, so unscrupulous, so utterly regardless of good faith as Russia, would be followed by the subjugation of the Ottoman provinces in Asia, and would close up for ever the Black Sea. Russia would soon command the Archipelago, the Mediterranean, and the Adriatic, and cover with its deadly shadow the whole of Europe. We confess that we have been slow to arrive at these convictions; we have been long unwilling to believe that the man who, on various and important occasions, rendered good service to the cause of order in Europe, would so wantonly and so recklessly disturb it. But whatever the high claims to public admiration which the Emperor Nicolas was once supposed to possess, he has now entered on a career of spoliation which must be at once arrested, and at any cost. The culpable weakness of our ministers—and particularly of one man, on whose head, we conscientiously believe, much of the responsibility of our present situation rests—has already produced incalculable evil. Yet it is not too late. The Emperor Nicolas must be placed under the ban of Europe; he must be the excommunicated of nations. Those who have not entirely made up their minds to crouch before the Attila of modern days, must now stand forth, and manfully struggle for independence and existence. The fact should not be concealed;—the war we are now engaged in is a war of life or death, as between Russia and Western Europe, and our preparations for it must be commensurate with its magnitude. We have already paid for the credulity or connivance of our Government. The Emperor Napoleon never believed that Spain or Russia, when these countries were invaded, would offer serious resistance, and he paid dearly for his incredulity: Neither must we persuade ourselves that the Emperor Nicolas will submit. Submission after so much arrogance would be destruction. He is Czar and Autocrat, and to yield to the enemies he has so insolently provoked, would be to acknowledge himself as an erring mortal—his infallibility would be gone for ever. He has allowed many occasions to slip by when a not dishonourable arrangement was possible. It

was easy at Olmutz, but he, too, was incredulous; he did not believe that the English or French seriously thought of war. Deceived by his ambassadors, and the spies who infested every court in Europe, and intoxicated by adulation, he flung defiance in the face of Europe. Before submission take place, much remains to be done. The fleets of Russia must be burnt or sunk, her fortresses dismantled, her arsenals ruined; and even after this, we doubt whether she will sue for peace. But whatever be the sacrifices we are called on to make, whatever the burdens we are destined to bear, whatever the effusion of blood and the waste of treasure, we must submit to all in order to pull down that Colossus; we must face every difficulty; we must be deterred by no danger, discouraged or dismayed by no reverses, awayed from our purpose by no prayers or seduction, seduced by no treachery at home or abroad, until we shall have attained our object. All this we must make up our mind to do, for we have no choice. We must show the Emperor of Russia and the entire world that we have not degenerated, as he may have been led to believe by his old and respected friends; that we are ready to prove our title as the most powerful nation of the earth; that though England has arrived at full maturity, she is not yet rotten; that England is not as yet quite prepared to descend to the level of the Turkish Empire; and that it would be a grievous error on his part to form his notion of Englishmen from his "old friends" in the Cabinet. We must render our enemy powerless, or we must make up our minds to renew the contest again and again. Had we any other at the head of the Government than the man to whose hands are intrusted the destinies of our Empire, we might cherish the hope of an honourable peace—a peace that would run no risk of being disturbed for a long time to come, and which would be the reward as well as the termination of the sacrifices we are making, and the struggle we have entered upon. At all events, we trust that the spirit of our country will revolt against dishonour, and that no peace will be imposed on us until it

shall be put out of the power of Russia again to convulse Europe.

It is impossible that the termination of the war, if indeed the present generation is destined to behold its termination, can leave the Czar in the possession of the same territorial advantages by means of which he has defied and menaced Europe. The *status quo* which some eight or ten months since might have been conceded, would now be defeat, if peace were unfortunately made on such conditions. The mere maintenance of the integrity of the Turkish empire, and the evacuation of the Principalities, would then have been accepted, less as an acknowledgment of complete satisfaction, than out of regard for the general peace. More will now be demanded. Austria and Prussia may contend for these objects only, and profess themselves satisfied with their attainment; but the maritime powers contemplate, we hope, more general measures for the re-establishment of peace on a solid basis, and the prevention for the future of acts suggested by ambition as grasping and unscrupulous as the world has ever had the misfortune to suffer from. Russia not only must be driven from the Principalities, but she must disgorge a no small portion of the spoil of which she has hitherto been left in quiet possession. The Black Sea must not again be a *mare clausum* like the Lake of Azoff. Austria and the rest of the German states are interested that the mouths of the Danube, the great outlets of their eastern trade, shall not be blocked up at the caprice of an overreaching power. Some one, besides, must pay the expenses of the war. It is not Turkey, the party originally aggrieved, that will be called on to do so. It cannot be England and France, for the party that pays is the conquered, and not the conqueror; and we will not insult either of these great nations by supposing that they will retire from the field until the common foe lies powerless for evil before them. When we say that Russia must be deprived of the means of again convulsing Europe, we do not mean to recommend an advance into her territory, nor that our armies shall dictate terms of peace at Moscow. Were there no other reasons to deter us from such an un-

dertaking, we have the example of Charles XII. of Sweden, and the more recent one of Napoleon I. But if we will not traverse the desolate steppes of Russia, we may do what is still better; we may restore the balance of power in Europe, which has existed only in name for nearly the last forty years. If the preponderance of Russia, during that period, has not thrown every other Continental power into the shade, it has at all events done its best to exhaust their strength by compelling them to keep up ruinous armaments. She must, therefore, be reduced to proportions of a more modest kind, and give up a portion of the vast provinces which she has absorbed. Georgia and the Caucasus do not suffice for the object we ought to have in view, because they have in reality added nothing to her power, but have rather been a drain on her resources. The Crimea derives its principal, if not its only importance from Sebastopol, and the vicinity of Odessa. The loss of these ports would inflict a fatal blow on her as a maritime power; but the advantages she would thus lose she would soon recover by land. Deprived of her ports in the Black Sea, her undivided efforts would be directed to the augmentation of her armies, and she would still be formidable to the west of Europe, and above all, to Germany. Bessarabia is not of much importance; Finland counts only a million of population; and if that territory reverted to Sweden, it is doubtful whether she could retain it long in presence of so powerful a neighbour. The aggregate population of these territories scarcely amounts to five millions, and Russia would have still sixty millions at her command. To reduce her within a fair proportion, she must be forced to quit her hold of Poland, which, with the addition of Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia, might be formed into an independent state, and Russia, though still a first-rate power, would cease to be a permanent menace to Europe. The reconstitution of Poland is, in fact, a necessity of war, and the principle of those who resist a war of aggression, is to deprive the aggressor of the power to repeat his attacks. This, so far as we understand, is the chief point of difference between the

maritime and the German powers. The object of Austria and Prussia appears to be the evacuation of the Ottoman territory; and that evacuation they conceive to be sufficient. The aim of England and France is higher. We not only require that the Principalities shall be evacuated, and that the integrity of the Ottoman empire shall be respected, but we demand security that the aggression which we resist shall not be repeated; that the public peace shall not be wantonly disturbed; and, consequently, that the means by which Russia may be enabled to do so shall be curtailed. The contest between Russia and Turkey is unequal and perilous—dangerous to other states, and ruinous to the latter; and this state of things must end. We are no friends, in general, to those acts which transfer cities, districts, and states from one sovereign to another, whatever be the boundaries, natural or imaginary, that may be marked out for them. But such transfers have been made on other occasions where the cause was not so just, where the danger was not so great and where the object proposed by them has not been attained. They have been made by conquerors in despite of all law or right, public or private. They have been made to satisfy ambition or vengeance, and often by means of the foulest treachery, and the most flagrant disregard of every moral obligation. We do not see why that which has been effected for evil, should not now be done in the cause of justice, peace, and humanity. When the word *restitution* is mentioned, the name of Poland is one of the first that occurs. The desperate design has been attributed to Russia of restoring Polish independence by way of intimidation against Austria and Prussia, who participated in the successive spoliation of that once independent, but ill-governed kingdom, and from whom Russia would now tear Galicia and Posen. As both these powers are equally interested in guarding against the loss of those possessions, it is no doubt for that object that they have mutually bound themselves to the defence of each other's territory, and to that we may also trace their desire to maintain the *status quo ante bellum*. It is open to doubt, however, whether

the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland, as a protective measure against Russia, augmented by the territory which Russia appropriated at the first partition, and the Baltic provinces, would necessitate the cession by those powers of Galicia and Posen. For eighty years they have been in possession of those territories, which, during that space of time, have very probably become reconciled to the change. They retained them at the re-establishment of the Duchy of Warsaw and the Kingdom of Poland. But supposing that danger would result from the contiguity of Polish provinces to a separate and independent kingdom of Poland, it would be more than compensated by the relative weakness of Russia, against which the new kingdom would serve as a barrier, and the increased distance from their frontier of a power which, for the last forty years, has been dangerous both in its friendship and its hostility, and which lowers their dignity as first-rate powers, as it menaces their independence. It does not necessarily follow that a great nation loses its influence by a partial loss of territory. Compensation is always to be found. Compare England of the present day with England when it lost its American colonies. France also had made great conquests, and she also had counted on preserving for ever the Rhine and Savoy. The loss of these frontiers did not eventually weaken her influence among the states of Europe. She did not cease to be a first-rate power, and what she lost in mere territory she has gained in unity and compactness.

We have said that we do not generally approve of a system of indiscriminate transfer of territory from one state to another by a mere dash of the pen, by the establishment of "natural boundaries," or any other line of limitation, without regard to those moral boundaries, which, though effected in the beginning under the influence of accident, have been rendered indelible by time and the habits which time brings forth and strengthens. The removal of old land-marks is, on principle, deserving of condemnation, and to such iniquitous partitioning of territory as have been often witnessed, we may trace

many of the great convulsions of Europe. Yet many may not disapprove of the idea, said to be contemplated in certain quarters, of indemnifying Austria and Prussia in the event of a long war, where the condition of a lasting peace may require the constitution of the kingdom of Poland, of which Galicia and Posen should form integral parts. It is admitted that the scattered and disjointed state of the dominions of Prussia materially diminishes her strength, and weakens the influence to which she is justly entitled in Europe. It must be remembered also that the possession of Warsaw places Russia in such a position that the Prussian monarchy may be attacked in its very centre. Should Austria, for instance, make war on Prussia, she would, by gaining over Saxony, which is by no means difficult, be within a short march from Berlin; and the danger to the Rhenish provinces of that kingdom, in the event of a rupture with France, is so obvious as to require no argument beyond the merest knowledge of their geographical position. France, in fact, can at any time scarcely move a brigade towards her northern frontier, that alarm is not excited, and explanations demanded. The frontier of that part of the Prussian monarchy which lies on the southern shore of the Baltic, is, in the south and east, sufficiently continuous; but towards the west the territory is much broken up, and several small independent states are almost entirely enclosed in the Prussian dominions—they are known in France by the expressive term *enclaves*. The extensive Prussian territory on both banks of the mighty river which France is so often accused of coveting for her frontier, is divided into the provinces of Westphalia and the Rhine; and this portion is separated from the rest of the kingdom, or from its Eastern states, by Hesse-Cassel, Brunswick, part of Hanover, &c. In Saxony there are some detached portions of territory belonging to Prussia, and the Canton of Neuchâtel in Switzerland is under her sovereignty. The Prussian government is painfully conscious of so vicious a system, and for many years attempts have been made to give a

more regular, united, and compact form to those dominions. The obstacles, however, appear, in the actual territorial division of the west of Europe, insurmountable, and therefore Prussia is forced to maintain, on that account alone, an immense military establishment. It would not perhaps be difficult to induce the petty states, inserted here and there in the Prussian dominions, to consent to an annexation which would effectually protect them, and indemnify Prussia, and give her the compactness of which she stands so much in need. Changes of a more important nature have, within a short period, taken place in the constitution of the Germanic body; and there is no reason why, for so useful and so general an object, a new organization should not be effected. Several small states have already given up an independence, which was only productive of evil to them, and have become integral parts of her territory; and they do not appear to repent of what they have done. We believe that at no distant period the force of circumstances will produce some such modification as that we refer to, whatever be the future condition of the German Confederation—whether it be wholly dissolved, or divided into two great branches, the northern and the southern unions; but we think that the conduct of Russia renders it more necessary and more practicable now. The first *mediatisation* was effected to the general satisfaction; it should have been carried farther; for thirty-eight separate states are too many for Germany. The actual condition of the Confederation, with those petty independent sovereigns, with the people puzzled as to whom they really owe allegiance, whether to the Princes separately, or to the Diet, can be satisfactory or profitable to no one except to Russia. It is by means of those petty states that this Power has been able to keep up a constant antagonism between Austria and Prussia, and intervene in the squabbles of the German sovereigns among each other, as often, and with fear, as successfully, as she fostered the anarchy of Poland when Poland was independent. These states, moreover, are

is a question for after consideration ; it is one which may, at a future period, occupy the attention of a congress of the Powers that have signed the Vienna protocol, and in which France and England, both from their high position in Europe, and from the more prominent part they have taken in the war, must have an influential voice. The modifications we have alluded to may, or may not, be the best that can be realised, but we are of opinion that any arrangement will be incomplete—that, in fact, the war and all the sacrifices it entails will have been in vain, unless Russia be forced to surrender no inconsiderable portion of the territory she has absorbed, and which, if she be allowed to retain it in her grasp, will still serve as a vantage ground for future attacks against us. The destruction of Sebastopol and Cronstadt, which, it is to be presumed, forms part of the plan of operations, however important for us, and calamitous to Russia, will not suffice. These fortresses can be re-constructed, at a great sacrifice of money and time, no doubt ; but they can be restored, and, with all the appliances of modern art, be made more formidable than ever.

There is now, we presume, but one opinion as to the interest every state in Europe has in resisting the gigantic march of Russia. We have never seriously participated in the fears entertained of the German Powers turning against us. The length of time that elapsed before they assumed a decided attitude, is accounted for by their peculiar situation with reference to Russia, and the necessity of preparation, in order that they should not be left alone exposed to her vengeance ; but, however slow their movements, no one who remembers what they have as yet done in common with the maritime powers, can seriously suppose that they will declare for Russia. As for a permanent neutrality, it is impossible. We fully concur in the opinion expressed by General Benin, that it would be an act of suicide. We go further ; we do not believe that Austria and Prussia will finally declare against the penalty that must inevitably be inflicted on Russia for her wanton disturbance of *the tranquillity of Europe*. If Austria

and Prussia, after having exhausted all their means of persuasion, and opposed arguments of sound policy and humanity to those of ambition, and to the fatality which seems to urge Russia on to her destruction ; if they have at last determined to take up arms to defend all that appears to them just and necessary for the peace of Europe, it is impossible to deny that that resolution, adopted as it has been with the greatest repugnance, is the severest condemnation of the conduct of Russia. That conduct has rendered it impossible for the ancient allies of the Emperor Nicholas to follow him any longer in his mad career. They have entered the ranks of his enemies ; and having done so, is it probable, is it possible, that they should in some sort recompense him by stipulating that he may, whenever he thinks fit, convulse Europe merely to satisfy a selfish ambition ; and that, whatever he may do, he need be under no apprehension of chastisement, as all Germany will guarantee the complete integrity of his territory ? The idea is preposterous. Such Quixotic generosity and abnegation do not belong to our age. It is not in human nature to make such sacrifices. Mere sentiments of personal attachment do not thus influence sovereigns ; and no German cabinet would, or could, act upon so suicidal a policy. As well might it be said that Austria and Prussia should guarantee to Russia the expenses of a war provoked by herself, and which has already inflicted so much evil on Europe.

The history of the last century, and a glance at the map of Europe, are sufficient to show the extent of the danger of countenancing or tolerating Russia in her designs. If victory declared in her favour, one of her first acts, faithless as she has proved herself to her friends, as to her foes, would be to demand from Prussia the Duchy of Posen, and the better part of Silesia. Now, whatever may be thought of the original partition of Poland, that portion of its territory which was confirmed to Prussia by the Treaty of Vienna in 1815 has gained considerably since then. When first assigned to Prussia in 1792, the majority of its inhabitants were little better than predial slaves, and conse-

quently as ignorant and brutalised as Russian serfs now are. Prussia began by repressing the customary excesses of the nobles. She introduced an improved judicial system, established schools, and by other means improved the habits and condition of the people. These reforms, together with the abolition of servitude, have produced excellent results; though, owing to its original degradation, Posen is still the most backward of the Prussian provinces. Posen and Silesia, with the exception of those parts inhabited by the descendants of the German colonists, are, it must be remembered, of Slavonic origin, and, in the name of Panslavism, of which the Czar is the great apostle, would be demanded from Prussia. Prussia would soon find the Baltic admirably suited to her purposes; and as the Prussian territory forms but a strip of land between Poland and the sea, it would soon be in the condition of the Danubian principalities, and even less capable of resistance than Turkey. Unlike Turkey proper, Prussia is not protected by the conformation of her territory; and, from her geographical position, she presents a permanent temptation to the power that would attack her by land and sea at the same time.

In the event of the success of Russia, Austria is exposed to as great danger as Prussia. She is not ignorant that appeals have been already made to her subjects in the name of religion, and disaffection excited in the cause of the orthodox faith and of Panslavism. The elements for such a propagandism are to be found in that great empire, composed, as it is, of many states differing in extent and in population, as in creed. Most of them have been united under the imperial crown by inheritance, or by treaty, rather than by conquest; and their boundaries remain as they existed when independent, with the exception of the Italian possessions. Of the thirty-eight millions that form the population of the Austrian empire, about eighteen millions are Slavonians. The *Roumani* of Transylvania would desire to be united to their brethren; and the Hungarian war has shown that, if so favourable an occasion as the triumph of Hungary offered, the

Hungarians would readily place themselves under the rule of Russia, if it were from no other motive than hatred to the house of Hapsburg. It is true their condition, in that case, would be one of hopeless servitude; but passion does not calculate consequences. As for Italy, it is superfluous to say anything. In that country we have daily evidence that the elements of revolution, the *ignes suppositos cineri*, the never-extinguished volcano, are still in vigour. The fire is still beneath the surface, heaving incessantly, breaking forth from time to time, and menacing, when least expected, the eruption which would spread destruction and desolation around. The Italians have, it is true, nothing in common with Russia,—neither religion, habits, usages, manners; they are as opposito as civilisation and an innate love of the beautiful can well be to barbarism, hating despotism, and despising the barbarian of the north. Yet with all this, we have little doubt that they would co-operate with Russia to-morrow, if Russia, fresh from its triumph over France and England, called upon them to rise in arms against the detested *Tedeschi*. The principle of the Lombardo-Venetian patriot is to be the friend, and, if necessary, the active ally, of him who is the enemy of Austria. Where could Austria look for aid except from three or four millions of Germans? We believe that these things have been long and deliberately weighed at Vienna, and we should indeed be astonished if Austria contributed by her neutrality, not to say her direct partisanship, to the triumph of Russia.

It is admitted by persons who cannot be suspected of any great love for England and France, that these countries have a good and legitimate cause of war against Russia. The author of a pamphlet recently published, entitled *Neutralité de l'Autriche*, states that, even at St. Petersburg, few are to be found who contest that right. The immense resources so long and so carefully accumulated by Russia, the odious manner in which she carries on war, the disorders and insurrections she so treacherously excites and pays in other countries, utterly regardless of the ruin which falls on the innocent and helpless populations,

her systematic plan of attacking the integrity, destroying the independence, and finally appropriating to herself the territory of inoffensive neighbours and allies—and all this iniquity practised with the most earnest protestations of moderation, disinterestedness, and even amity—have left no other alternative to those who have not made up their minds to bow to the Muscovite yoke, than to draw the sword in the cause not only of civilisation, but of existence itself. We admit her exceptional situation as an excuse for Austria not having long since assumed a more vigorous action. We, too, were slow in action; and we, too, have statesmen who, if they did not connive at the nefarious proceedings of Russia, have at all events been miserably duped; and we cannot plead the excuse of Austria. That empire had scarcely settled down from the terrible convulsion which had shaken every member of her vast and unwieldy frame, and had not recovered from her cruel condition between the dangerous protectorate of a powerful and ambitious ally on one hand, and the revolution on the other. The ties which once bound Austria to Russia have, however, since been loosened; the injury inflicted on Austrian interests has been very great. At the moment when Russia believed that she could count on the goodwill and the services of her *protégée*, she had not as yet paralysed her commercial existence by blocking up the mouths of the Danube. Neither had Russia unmasked her intrigues in Greece. She had not as yet supplied funds for piratical ships which menace the trade of the Archipelago, and that of Austria in the Adriatic. She had not as yet roused the brigand and insurrection of Montenegro; and her emissaries in Servia, which touches Austria so nearly, were not yet avowed. Time has removed all doubt that even the grateful partiality of the Emperor Francis Joseph entertained as to the real designs of Russia; but unless Austria now carry her forbearance so far as to wait till the Cossacks invade her territory, she can cherish no further hope of the forbearance or loyalty of the Czar. Russia, her protector in 1849, has become her enemy, and menaces the integrity

and independence of Austria quite as much as she does that of Turkey. It is no cause of suspicion or censure that Austria desired, before any more decided action, to reassure herself with respect to Germany. An understanding with her old rival, Prussia, was absolutely necessary, as any antagonism with that power, in such circumstances as the present, would be of immense advantage to Russia. That her first idea was one of conservation, will not appear strange to those who have even a slight knowledge of the constitution of the Austrian empire, with its various and conflicting nationalities, and that that idea found its most effective realisation in the construction of a powerful German league. To it we owe the fact that the resistance to Russia has assumed a twofold character. For the last two years, these states have adopted, in common, certain moral obligations, which are comprised in the treaty, though it would, no doubt, be better to have maintained a unity of action, and constituted, at the last and most critical moment, one vast German camp, ready to act, side by side, with the West, and one army, that of the civilisation and balance of power in Europe, against barbarism and unbounded ambition. It would, no doubt, have been better if the great powers had long since taken their stand on one common ground, for many events have occurred which would have been avoided had a good understanding existed from the commencement of the Eastern question—or the same union in action as in protocols. If, however, there was at any time any hesitation about Austria—if there really existed a disposition to listen to the seductions, or to yield to the menaces of Russia—if the picture of future revolution, more terrible than that which convulsed her in 1848, was laid open before her, and if, conscious of many duties unperformed, many obligations unfulfilled, and many wrongs inflicted by her, she shrank at the thought of a complete and a final rupture with her former friend, that moment, we firmly believe, has passed away. Before the publication of the Seymour correspondence, we could have understood hesitation and doubts, but not since the proclamation to the

world of the scornful language of the Czar. We have shown that the interests of Austria have been the first to suffer; that her trade was arrested by the closing of the Danube, and by the Greek piracy paid by Russia; that the brigands of Montenegro were but obeying orders from St. Petersburg; and that the hostility of Russia is even now felt in Servia. The longer Austria delayed before declaring herself, the more enemies she would have to encounter. We believe, then, that her merely expectant attitude is now definitively abandoned. Her salvation is at stake, no less than the integrity of the Ottoman empire; and while reserving to themselves a liberty of action in the conferences presided over by M. Buol, the German powers have not, by that reservation, left themselves a door open for escape; and Austria, above all, has pledged herself to act. If gratitude to Russia for past services be alleged, it may be answered that, by accepting her aid in 1849, the Emperor Francis Joseph did not bind himself to sacrifice the independence of his crown, the integrity of his territory, and the interests of his people; and if any scruples still exist on that score in the imperial mind, England and France may reply, in the words of Corneille—

"Vous lui devez beaucoup;
Mais la reconnaissance et l'hospitalité
Sur les âmes des rois n'ont qu'un droit limité.
Quel que doive un monarque, et dût-il sa couronne,
Il doit à ses sujets encor plus qu'à personne.
S'il est juste, d'ailleurs, que tout se considère,
Que hasardait Pompée en servant votre père?
Il se voulait par là faire voir tout-puissant,
Et vit croître sa gloire en vous retablissant."

It is true that, with England and France united, there can be little apprehension as to their being equal to the task of bringing the Czar to reason; but with the co-operation of Austria and Prussia, the war has what may be called a more sovereign character. If we have so earnestly desired the co-operation of the two great German powers, it was with the object of seeing peace speedily established on a more solid and a more lasting basis than before, and that the Emperor of Russia, all powerful and terrible as he has long appeared to Europe, shall not enjoy the satisfaction

of having, for any length of time, disturbed the peace of Europe.

The conduct of Austria, since the treaty of the 20th of April, has been more straightforward and more energetic than what any one expected from her. The note presented to Russia, in accordance with the provisions of that instrument, was so firm and precise, that the Prussian Cabinet, or rather the King, became alarmed, and the first symptom of weakness was taken advantage of by the agents of Russia to promote a rupture between the two states, even at the risk of war between them. The fears of the King were acted upon. Austria was accused of having given an erroneous interpretation to the treaty, and of having exaggerated its importance; and matters were carried so far that, as our readers will probably remember, a ministerial crisis followed at Berlin. The anger of the Russian party was principally directed against the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Baron Manteuffel was at one moment threatened with the loss of office. It was alleged by the Russo-Prussians that, by signing the treaty, Prussia had for ever sacrificed her independence, and liberty of action; that no choice was now, or would in future be, left her, whether she desired to advance, or recede, or stop short; and that she had imposed on herself the obligation to follow in the wake of Austria. In the additional article of the treaty, which provides for the case of the Emperor of Russia's refusal to give the "complete security" required of him, it was observed, that the complete subordination of Prussia to Austria was formally stipulated. In such an emergency Austria was authorised to adopt whatever measures she may judge most efficacious for the speedy evacuation of the Principalities, and arresting the progress of the Russian armies; and should her territory be attacked in consequence of those measures, Prussia was bound to employ the whole of her military force to repel that attack. The Russian party at Berlin deduced from that article the probability, nay, the certainty, that war would arise out of the convention, but that the interest of Austria would alone be cared for, without any reciprocity in favour of Prussia. A

such a critical moment the vacillating character of Frederick-William strongly contrasted with the firmness of the young emperor Francis Joseph. When informed of what was passing at Berlin, his Majesty observed that the treaty was signed; that it was duly ratified by the two sovereigns; and that all that remained now was, to execute it: that if any demur arose on that head, and if Prussia meant by her objections the non-recognition of the engagements she had knowingly, and of her own accord, bound herself to, Austria could not but regard such refusal as a *casus belli*.—for most assuredly Austria would make no concession. This firmness of the youthful sovereign produced the desired effect. It put an end to the ministerial crisis; and the good understanding which the treaty, and which one of the contracting parties appeared desirous of interrupting, was once more, and, we trust, permanently established. One of the first consequences of that restored good-feeling was, the signing of the protocol by the representatives of the four Powers, which annexes the Austro-Prussian treaty to the Anglo-French convention. The object of the Berlin treaty was, the protection of the political, moral, and material interests of the Great German Confederation, which have been seriously injured, and would be seriously menaced in future by the continued and indefinite occupation of the Danubian Principalities, and the farther advance into the Ottoman territory of the Russian armies. That fact is expressly stated in the additional article of the treaty; and in the instrument itself, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia declare that “it appertains to Germany to fulfil a high mission at the close of the present war, in order to provide against a future which could not be otherwise than fatal to the general well-being of Europe.” The adhesion of the German Confederation to this treaty would complete the grand alliance, which the grasping ambition of Russia has raised up against her.

We have dwelt at some length on the line adopted by Austria in this matter, because we cannot help feeling that it redounds to her honour, as it

most assuredly coincides with her interests. Austria has once more taken the lead in the political affairs of Germany. It was at Vienna that the conference of the four Powers was established; it was at Vienna that these schemes were adopted which emanated from the desire, and the necessity, of maintaining the peace of Europe; and it was there also that the important treaty of Berlin and the additional articles were drawn up. We have little doubt that if Austria carries out with the same firmness the obligations she has contracted in her own interest and that of Europe, she will derive the greatest benefit from them, and that, even in a more selfish point of view, she will find that, on this as on all occasions, honesty is the best policy. It has been the fashion among a certain class of French politicians for the last forty or fifty years, to predict, at no very distant period, the fall of the British empire; and even the wretched Ledru Rollin has written two or three stupid volumes with the object of proving, no doubt to his own satisfaction, and to that of people of his calibre, that the hour of England's decline had long ago arrived, that her wonderful career of prosperity was arrested, and that the only thing she had to do was, to prepare herself as decently as possible for her final fall. It was, however, some security that M. Ledru Rollin continued to stay in our doomed country, as it showed that we were safe, at all events, for another year or so. Similar predictions have been made over and over again about the Austrian empire; and, in truth, there was a period within the last few years when its dismemberment was, even by the most incredulous, deemed inevitable. Many a time during the five-and-twenty years spent in the great struggle of the republican and imperial period of France, it was believed that the last hour of Austria had sounded, and that she had long lost her place among the great powers of Europe. She has nevertheless struggled through the tempest; and when she recovered her authority, she recovered it without serious loss, and without a rival over all Germany. The empire that, to all appearance, had been solidly established in 1814,

was again shaken to its foundation in 1848. Its capital and its provinces were ravaged at the same time by civil and by external war; the imperial family had to fly from Vienna, and seek refuge in the depths of the Tyrolese mountains. All Germany seemed to rise and make a last effort to shake off her domination, to form one compact body, to cast loose Austria, and to confer the supreme and united power on Prussia. Not much more than a year has gone by since Austria sustained against Prussia a lengthened struggle on the commercial constitution of Germany; and in that struggle Austria certainly had not the best part. Yet she again issued safe out of her trials; and on the occasion to which we have just referred, she succeeded in regaining all her preponderance. The revolution is no longer visible on the theatre where it was triumphant; the coolness which existed between her and England has disappeared, and she is once more united to her ancient and faithful ally by an obligation of the noblest kind—the maintenance of the independence of Western Europe against an overgrown and unscrupulous Power.

While the gratitude of Austria towards Russia for her powerful aid in 1849, is alleged as a powerful reason against a community of action with the maritime powers, the ties of relationship existing between King Frederick-William and the Emperor Nicholas—the Czarina being the sister of the former—are regarded as rendering impossible the co-operation of Prussia with England and France. We admit the full force of such a circumstance, particularly on a mind like that of the King of Prussia. But these influences are merely personal. The Prussian monarchy is not any longer a pure despotism, where the will of the Sovereign is the law of the nation. Prussia enjoys, in a more or less imperfect form, a representative regime; the press is, to a certain extent, free; and there are sufficient means to ascertain the direction, and estimate the force, of public opinion. On other and equally important occasions the king, whose weakness and infirmity of purpose are proverbial, ran counter to public opinion, and the king was

forced to succumb. Those family influences are, as we have said, purely personal, and do not affect the nation at large, who will not allow their country to be degraded into a satellite of Russia. Prussia, the most important member of the Germanic confederation after Austria, will not suffer that confederation to descend to the rôle of a commission charged with Russian interests, and established in the very heart of Germany. The Prussian nation will not tolerate it, merely because the sister of the king happens to be the Empress of Russia. It is true that other titles and other honours have been lavishly scattered by the Czar among the officers of the Prussian army, with the view of purchasing their goodwill, and seducing them from their duty as Germans. In many instances this has been successful; but we have heard that the success is principally confined to what may be termed the more aristocratic classes of the army, and that among the cavalry, for instance, a decidedly strong feeling exists at this moment in favour of Russia. The officers who have been decorated by the Emperor of Russia, take particular care to exhibit in public their stars and ribbons, as if in contempt of public opinion, and as an indication of their sympathy for the Russian cause. This is not, however, the only motive for their conduct. They see in the Emperor of Russia a protection against revolution; and this, considering the class to which the cavalry officers generally belong, is not very extraordinary. Nevertheless, we are persuaded that the disclosures in the correspondence of Sir Hamilton Seymour must have produced, even upon the persons of whom we speak, a great effect; their partialities must have received a rude shock on the perusal of these letters, and have singularly cooled down their zeal. The most ardent admirer of the Emperor Nicholas must have felt his face burn with shame and indignation at the contemptuous manner in which he affected to ignore the existence of Prussia as one of the states of Europe; and it is impossible to doubt that, in the event of the success of Russia, her acts, so far as Prussia is concerned, would be in conformity

with her words, or rather with her silence. But Prussia, as well as Austria, has approved and sanctioned, in as solemn a manner as such an act is capable of, the measures adopted by the maritime powers. She has, in common with her sister of the Germanic confederation, declared that England and France acted right in supporting Turkey against the pretensions of Russia. The *ultimatum*, presented in the name of the powers to Russia, was approved by her, as also the subsequent declaration of war by the English and French governments. In fact, every step successively adopted by these two powers in defence of the integrity of Turkey, and consequently against Russia, has been repeatedly sanctioned, including that which annexes the Anglo-French convention, and the Austro-Prussian treaty, to the engagements comprised in the protocol of the 9th April. We have already observed that we do not set much importance on the delay of Prussia and Austria in commencing hostilities in the field. In the present instance, the propriety of the declaration of war belongs properly to the powers that have already made it. With respect to France in particular, her geographical position enabled her to do so without loss of time. But had Prussia drawn the sword two months ago, as was so often demanded by the public, with her troops not yet organised nor concentrated, and Russia with her one hundred thousand men in Poland, the Prussian territory would have been at once invaded at a moment it was most unprepared. Those who believed that it was by negotiation, and by temporising, that the great German powers would be induced to assume the same active attitudes as France and England, were in error. It is rather our own determination of purpose, our vigour and energy of action, and our success, that will lead them into co-operation. When they find that they have not to deal with Russia single-handed, that they have not the undivided burden of the war to support, they will then join us in the field; and we have little doubt that the thunder of the cannon so near their frontier will be itself an appeal to *which the nation will not be deaf, and*

that it will inspire the army and the people with patriotic ardour.

In this alliance against barbarism—on the triumph of which the safety of Western Europe, as well as of Turkey depends—in this great league which does honour to our times, two of the most powerful nations of the earth, great in the arts of peace and war, have laid aside their rivalries and jealousies, have forgotten or forgiven past hatreds and wrongs, and with sincerity of purpose have sacrificed on the altar of the public good the animosities of centuries. Nothing can be more exciting, and at the same time more noble, than that glorious fraternisation of France and England by sea and land;—the Zouave and the British grenadier fighting side by side, and the union-jack and the tricolor, with all the stirring memories they call up, waving over the same sea, and meeting as they never yet have met. The cause is not exclusively French or English, it is that of Europe; and no state, however small, and with the slightest pretensions to civilisation, can hesitate to lend a hand to the good work. If there be any, however, which, owing to its circumscribed territory, or acting under the influence of a servile Prince, or from any other motive, shall draw back from the common cause, that state should be placed under the ban of Europe. Whatever be its form of government, whatever be its creed—Catholic, Protestant, or Greek, if it refuse to respond to the call, it should be excluded from the society of Europe; and the law of the Greek legislator, which pronounced degradation and death on the citizen who, when his country was in peril, did not fly to its aid, should be applied to it. In such circumstances, each state ought to be regarded as a citizen of the great European commonwealth; the useless or the renegade member has no claim to protection, and cannot expect to be maintained in the rights which it has forfeited by cowardice or treachery.

It will not be irrelevant if, after noticing the conditions of the larger States, and weighing the reasons which, in our judgment, render their co-operation with the Western governments a matter of peremptory obligation, even

one of regard to their own interest, we say a few words about the secondary States, and the peculiar position of each, both as respects Russia, and the Powers to whom it is expected that they will afford their co-operation. Among those States that enjoy a form of government more or less similar to that of France and England, and who for that reason are particularly obnoxious to Russia, Spain and Portugal, though the most distant from the theatre of war, and therefore less exposed to its effects, are among the first that ought to come forward. It may even be a question whether these countries are not bound by the spirit of the Quadruple Alliance, which has not yet terminated, to lend their co-operation. The Quadruple Alliance was formed with the object of creating and maintaining a system which had for its basis the negation of the principle of legitimacy. This alliance was intended to be in direct opposition to the coalition inspired and protected by the Russian Emperor in his character as champion of legitimacy and absolutism. That coalition was the instrument with which he meant to divide Europe, and intervene in the quarrels of other States in conformity with the traditional policy of Russia; to terminate at some future day what he considers to be a revolutionary system, and to effect the expulsion of their actual occupants from the thrones of Spain and Portugal, and the restoration of Dom Miguel and Don Carlos as the representatives of the legitimist principle, and, in his eyes, the only rightful sovereigns of their countries. The question of religion, too, occupies an important place in this consideration. His treatment of the Catholics of Poland shows that the Czar hates quite as strongly the Christian sects that differ from the Orthodox faith, as he does the Mussulman. Non-orthodox Christians are equally unbelievers in his eyes; and in his twofold character as restorer of absolutism on the thrones of Europe, and defender of Orthodoxy, Spain and Portugal have everything to fear from his success.

Among the secondary states of Europe which would find little mercy at the hands of Russia, in the event

of her triumph, Piedmont is, perhaps, the most exposed to danger. Her great crimes are, her form of government, and her invasion of the Austrian territory, unjustifiable we do not hesitate to admit, under Charles Albert. But the Constitution of Piedmont, which has survived the ruin of so many others, because it is moderate, and suited to the habits of the people, and which has been so faithfully respected by the king, and maintained by the people; its religious and secular reforms, and the probability of their progress; the loyalty to the house of Savoy, and the attachment to the order of things created by the Revolution of 1848, render Piedmont an abomination which must be extirpated from the south of Europe. If we are unable to arrest Russia in her career, not only would everything like liberal institutions be destroyed in Piedmont, but we believe that, to gain over Austria, it would be offered as a bribe to her. The integrity and political existence of Piedmont, in fact, depend on the successful resistance of the Western Powers; and when the proper moment comes, we have little doubt that she will be ready to take part in the sacrifices made in defence of Europe, and not maintain during such a crisis as the present, a dangerous neutrality. The manner in which the Sardinian government received the official communication of the Anglo-French Convention in the beginning of June, affords ground for belief that the Cabinet of Turin will not be backward in its co-operation should it become necessary. M. Cavour, in his reply to the English and French ministers, bestowed the greatest praise on what he termed "the disinterested devotedness" with which the two Powers pursued in common the triumph of the only policy which could re-establish peace on a solid basis; and he expressed his hope, in the name of the king and government, "that their noble efforts will be crowned with that success which every Power should desire who has really at heart the independence of the States, and the maintenance of the balance, of Europe."

Were Russia in possession of one of the shores of the Adriatic, neither the King of Naples nor the Grand

Duke of Tuscany would have reason to feel satisfied in such a neighbourhood; and the former would do well to lose no time in preparing himself for a perpetual vassalage, if he will not avail himself of the present opportunity of winning some credit for his troops by rendering service to the rest of Europe. The principle laid down by Switzerland, up to the moment we write, has been that of strict neutrality. This may be all very fine in words or on paper, but we much doubt the possibility of any State placed so near the theatre of war, or the power that will be engaged in it, to maintain its neutrality. The question, as the Swiss Confederation must well know, is not now one of mere secondary interest. The Swiss are better aware than any one, that the general interest of Europe is at stake, and that there is no country which is more exposed than Switzerland. Such neutrality as she would maintain has been always difficult, and, in the present instance, it is impossible. It is not now for the first time that Switzerland has to learn that her independence is essentially connected with the balance of power in Europe, and that if this balance were destroyed, or seriously disturbed, her independence would not be worth a month's purchase. Her co-operation with the other states of Europe, is a question of such vital importance to all, she is not merely bound in honour to afford, but her existence as an independent Confederation obliges her not to refuse it. We are therefore of opinion that Switzerland may fairly be comprised in the States that will assist, when the time comes, for general and armed resistance to Muscovite ambition.

Of Greece, or rather the Greek Government, so much has been said recently, that any particular allusion to it is scarcely necessary. Notwithstanding the analogy between the religious faith of Greece and Russia, the merest reflection and the simplest common sense ought to have ranked her in the number of our allies; for even supposing the disclosures of Sir Hamilton Seymour to have been kept secret from the world, there can be little doubt that one of the first acts of Russia, after the conquest of Con-

stantinople, would be to seize on that petty kingdom, which, even in times of peace, and under the most favourable circumstances, only subsists by means of the subsidy granted to her by the allies. But the conversations of the Emperor of Russia with our minister have shown pretty clearly the sort of benevolence which Russia feels towards King Otho, and his avowed determination not to tolerate any extension of his territory; but, with the full knowledge of all this, the clear-sighted and clever Otho commenced war against Turkey, and consequently against Turkey's allies, well knowing how that war, so far as he is concerned, must end. It has ended in the occupation of the Greek territory by a few thousands of the allied forces; in the blockade of its coasts, and the consequent interruption of all communication between the insurgent subjects of the Porte and the Hellenic bands; in the absolute submission of the king; his humiliating apology; his promises of amendment for the future, pronounced in presence of the English and French ministers, whose advice he had scornfully rejected; the dismissal of the ministry who were his accomplices in that mad attempt; and the nomination of new advisers long known for their determined resistance to Russian influence, and decidedly friendly to the Western powers. How King Otho, or his queen, who is the fanatical partisan of Russia, or his ministers, could for a moment suppose that Greece would be tolerated in her open partisanship, is what we cannot conceive, unless we presume upon a greater absence of intellect than even that which his Majesty has hitherto got credit for. To declare war against Greece would be absurd; and many motives would prevent us from overthrowing an independence which we have done so much to found. Perhaps, after the occupation of her territory, the severest penalty that we might impose on that ungrateful government would be to demand payment of the debt she owes us; and as it is probable that the answer would be anything but satisfactory to the creditor, to take the best security we might find. Greece has already keenly felt the effects of her conduct to the

protecting powers in the ruin of her commerce and finances. After much forbearance and much advice, abused and rejected, French and English troops now occupy the Piræus, and the neutrality Greece refused to observe she is now forced to maintain; and the brigandage she has encouraged by sea has been checked by our cruisers and those of France. In that part of Europe, then, Russia has no further chance of a useful diversion in her favour; and we may be pretty sure that, with agitation paralysed in Greece, and the Hellenic government bound to its good behaviour, the insurrection of their co-religionists in the states of the Sultan will not be of long continuance. The withdrawal of the aliment which fed it will have the effect of soon tranquillising the country; and the vigilance of our own agents, and those of France, will prevent the excesses of the Turkish authorities, which have too often occasioned and justified insurrection. What we have said with respect to Switzerland, applies with equal, and even with greater, force to Belgium. The King of the Belgians has given too many proofs of sound judgment, not to understand that the independence secured to his kingdom by France and England can only be maintained on the condition of accepting the responsibility, and frankly executing the duties, of his position. King Leopold had the good sense to abstain, at the critical moment, from entering into the coalition against France which, more than two years ago, the Emperor of Russia was forming, and into which, with the aid of his "excellent" and accommodating friend, England was expected to enter. This combination, which had a twofold object—first, the absolute predominance of Russia in Europe; and second, the restoration of the Bourbon family to the throne from which they have been driven—failed, as we have seen, notwithstanding the favourable circumstance of Lord Aberdeen's presence in the Cabinet. King Leopold must have fully comprehended the danger that would menace his dynasty by participation in such an intrigue. But his Belgian Majesty must now feel that one of his first duties is to co-

operate in his own defence. It is true that treaties exist which stipulate the neutrality of Belgium in case of war. These treaties, however, are well known to have been drawn up with a view to France, in order to detach from her an ally lying so temptingly in her way; but such as they are, no one believes that they would stand a week after the first cannon-shot was fired near her frontier. If Belgium desire to be really independent, she must prove that, when the occasion comes, she is worthy of it. "If Belgium conduct herself like a woman," observed a foreign diplomatist on a recent occasion, "she must be married to some one who shall be willing and able to protect her." That marriage, we hope and believe, will not be necessary; and we are sure that, should the necessity arise, Belgium will not be found wanting.

When we come to Sweden and Denmark, the question assumes greater importance. Sweden has wrongs to avenge, and rights to recover. She has not entirely abandoned, even after a lapse of forty-six years, the hope of again possessing Finland, which was torn from her by her gigantic neighbour. Such, however, is not the only motive which would induce the Swedish people to join the alliance against Russia; for the dangers to their existence as an independent nation in the success of that Power, afford us a better security than even the recollection of the past, and the desires and hopes which it may call forth. Sweden stands in a position similar to that of Turkey; and it is certain that, as Russia were once mistress of the Dardanelles, she would before long be supreme in the Sound. That strait also is a key to her empire, and the possession of Sweden and Denmark is quite as desirable for Northern, as that of Turkey for Southern Russia. We have no doubt that the absorption of these States forms part of the vast plan of Russia, who finds in them elements for the extension of her empire by means of her maritime power. The sort of armed neutrality at first adopted by Sweden was perfectly intelligible. Until the allied fleets were completely established in

the Baltic, it was difficult to make any movement indicative of hostility; whilst the presence of our fleet, and of a considerable force ready to act simultaneously on various points of the Russian coast, would remove all motive for hesitation, and enable Sweden to throw herself heartily into the contest against an enemy from whom she has quite as much to dread as the Sublime Porte has. But let her remember—and we have no doubt she well knows the fact—that perseverance in such neutrality would not be the means of conciliating Russia, while she would hardly meet with sympathy or respect from the rest of Europe. To us, the co-operation of Sweden and Denmark would be of the greatest advantage. Their ports are admirably adapted as a base for our naval operations. Their troops would be in the theatre of operations the moment hostilities were declared; in four-and-twenty hours they would be in Finland, or in the Gulf of Bothnia. Of the active co-operation of Sweden with us, we have little doubt. The peculiarity of her position, the deep injury she has already sustained at the hands of Russia, and the annihilation of Swedish independence that would follow from the triumphant progress of that Power, appear to us a fair guarantee for her complete and active adhesion.

Whatever be the faults that have been committed with respect to second and third rate States, this is not the moment to remember them. With an aggregate population of not less than fifty millions, they do not deserve the indifference with which they have in great part been treated, nor the oblivion in which they have been left. Their weight thrown into the scale at so momentous a period as the present, must be considerable, whether we regard their territorial extent, their numerical strength, or their geographical position. It has been remarked that Cardinal Richelieu and Napoleon, no mean authorities in such matters, sedulously cultivated the alliance of secondary States; they did not neglect or despise any alliance, or any contingent, however small. At the Congress of Vienna, *owing principally* to the peculiarity of

the situation, a partition was made, to which the belligerents gave their assent, but in which the first-rate Powers dictated the law. That law was unfortunate for Germany, as it created rivalries which were chiefly to the advantage of Russia. The Holy Alliance, too, in which Russia played the principal part, reduced the secondary governments to a condition of tutelage, and, in fact, excluded them altogether from the European combination. The evil was, it is true, somewhat mitigated by the Quadruple Treaty, which, as we have said, was conceived in opposition to the Holy Alliance—the constitutionalism of the south against the absolutism of the north. It now becomes the duty, as it is the interest, of the great Powers to make an appeal to the secondary States, to furnish their respective contingents for the defence of the cause—a cause not of private interest, of aggrandisement, or of conquest, but of general defence. There is not a powerful sovereign or a petty prince, who values his honour, or cares to preserve his dominions—there is not a people that loves its independence, but is bound to assist in repelling the invasion of the barbarians; for the present war against Russia is a crusade of civilisation and liberty, from which none can draw back without a stigma being affixed to them for ever. He who yields to the seductions of Russia, will have sealed his fate as surely as if he were conquered by her arms; and wherever the Russian cross is planted, there servitude must be. The term of the mighty struggle in which we are engaged, we do not venture to predict; nor, should our enemy be aided by any of the governments of Europe to carry it to a successful issue, can we say for what people is reserved the gracious indulgence granted by the Cyclops to Ulysses of being devoured the last; but we are certain that we are all marked as the prey, sooner or later. The conquest of the Ottoman Empire, and the annihilation of Islamism, is not the only object of the Czar. The creeds of Western Europe are as obnoxious to him as is the Koran; and in both cases religious zeal is but the pretext for territorial

aggrandisement. The orthodox ritual is the prelude to conquest, and the mission which the Emperor of Russia believes to have received from Heaven is its propagation, without respect to any other creed or sect. Lutheranism, Calvinism, Catholicism, are equally the objects of that mission; and, unless now arrested, he will follow on in his career, until the Russian cross is planted on the dome of every Cathedral in Europe, and the entire West acknowledge his temporal and spiritual supremacy. Panславism with its double device, the tiara and the sceptre, is the banner unfurled to the Slavonic nations and tribes of Europe, who are summoned to rally round it, and beneath its folds is a policy the most faithless, and an ambition the most unbounded and unscrupulous, that the world has ever known. The orthodox Church of Russia, of whose powers, rights, purity of doctrine, and infallibility, the Czar is the personification, claims to be considered as the sole depository of the religious and moral truth from which all other churches have strayed, and which must one day be absorbed by her. She alone is orthodox; all others are heretical. Rome she considers as preserving the Christian principle, among those who acknowledge her spiritual supremacy, merely for the ultimate triumph of orthodoxy; and she believes that the time is fast approaching when the last of the Pontiffs shall hand over his long-usurped authority to the Czar, shall avow his errors, and ask to be received into the faith from which the Latin Church has deviated. "The orthodox Church has never despaired of such a result," writes a Russian of high diplomatic rank, in a *Mémoire* which appeared in the *Revue de Deux Mondes* of January 1850. "That church waits and counts upon it, not merely with confidence, but with certainty. And why should not that which is one in principle, which is one in eternity, triumph over the disunion that has crept in by time? In spite of the separation of many ages, and in spite of human prejudices, she has not ceased to recognise that the Christian principle has not died in the Church of Rome, that it

has always been stronger in it than the errors and the passions of men; and she has the intimate conviction that it will be stronger than all its enemies. She knows, moreover, that at this moment, as for ages past, the Christian destinies of the West are still in the hands of Rome; and she confidently hopes that, in the day of the grand reconciliation, Rome will restore to her the sacred deposit intact."

Towards the close of the year 1845, the cities of Naples and Palermo were visited by the Empress of Russia, who sought in the soft and genial climate of the south the restoration of her health, which had been seriously affected at St. Petersburg. Such at least was the reason assigned for the presence of the Czarina. It afforded a favourable pretext to the Emperor himself to visit Italy, and soon Europe was surprised at learning that the Emperor Nicholas, the head of the Orthodox Church, had gone to salute the Prince who claimed to be Christ's vicar on earth, and the head of the Latin Church. The event occurred not long after the story of the tortured nuns of Poland had rung all over Europe. The cause at first assigned for the journey was not credited. Compensation for past misdeeds, pardon implored at the tombs of the saints, reconciliation and union between the Eastern and Western Churches, which had been separated for centuries, were the explanations that accorded better with the popular feeling, and were more readily believed. Great were the hopes, and high the exultation, in the Eternal City. Rome put on her festal robes. The Cupola of St. Peter's, encircled with its illuminated diadem, rose in light and glory to the heavens. The old castle of St. Angelo, that had witnessed many high festivities, spoke out its welcome in thunder, and the bells of every tower and church in that proud city hailed the imperial stranger. Such visits had not often occurred before. When, in 452, Attila, the "Scourge of God," appeared before the walls of Rome, the Pontiff Leo presented himself alone, unprotected, and bearing aloft, as his only weapon, the cross, and summoned

the savage cohorts to retire. Six centuries later, the Emperor of the West bowed before the anger of Gregory, and expiated, in the court of the Pontifical Palace, the oppression of his Saxon subjects. But it was for no expiation, it was to make no confession of past crimes, nor was it to demand forgiveness or reconciliation, that the Emperor Nicolas now knelt beneath the dome of St. Peter's. The head of the Orthodox Faith had no idea of asking pardon from any one on earth, for he deemed all on earth beneath him. He did not visit Rome to seek the spiritual or moral consecration of his power; his mission was rather to consecrate, and to receive the repentance of the Papacy. Charlemagne had been the servant and the protector of the Papacy; he bestowed much upon it, but he received more. But the orthodox Emperor of our day, who entered Rome in 1845, brought all to the Pope, without asking anything in return. He was ready to restore to him all the force which the Papacy had lost since its unhappy connection with the schis-

matic West;—the holiness of *Eastern* tradition, uncorrupted and unaltered. His mission was to close the schism of centuries, and to bestow, out of the plenitude of his bounty, pardon and protection to the West. When the Czar prostrated himself on the cold marble before the shrines of the Apostles, in presence of a silent and astonished multitude, he was not alone in that act of humiliation; all Russia bent with him. After centuries of absence, Russia, represented by the Czar, the future head of universal Christianity, took possession of the Papacy, as the prelude of what was to follow.

The total absorption in his own person of spiritual and temporal authority all over Europe, is the fixed idea of the Czar, and for that object the fanaticism of his people has been roused to frenzy. It is for those States who value religion and political independence, and who are not prepared to see civilisation and liberty recede before the barbarians of the North, to make a united and determined stand against the enemy of all.

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TRICOUPHI AND ALISON ON THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

WE certainly owe an apology to our Greek ambassador. The nine hundred and ninety-ninth edition of a declamatory old play of Euripides, cut and slashed into the most new-fangled propriety by some J. A. Hartung, or other critical German, with a tomahawk, is a phenomenon in the literary world that can excite no attention; but when a regularly built living Greek comes forward in the middle of this nineteenth century, exactly four hundred years after the last Byzantine chronicler had been blown into the air by our brave allies the Turks—and within the precincts of the Red Lion Court, London—*ἐν τῇ ἀρχῇ τοῦ ἱεροῦ λίαντος*—puts forth a regularly built history of the Greek Revolution of 1821, thereby claiming—not without impudence, as some think—a place on our classical shelves alongside of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, and a great way above Diodorus Siculus, and other such retailers of venerable hearsay: this truly is an event in the Greek world that claims notice from the general reviewer even more than from the professed classical scholar. At the present mo-

ment, particularly, one likes to see what a living Greek, with a pen in his hand, has to say for himself; his language and his power of utterance is an element in the great Turko-Russian question that cannot be lost sight of. Doubly welcome, therefore, is this first instalment of Mr. Tricoupi's long-expected history; and as it happens opportunely that the most interesting portion of Sir A. Alison's third volume is occupied with the same theme, we eagerly seize the present opportunity at once to acquit ourselves of an old debt to our Hellenic ambassador, and to thank Sir A. Alison for the spirited, graphic, and thoroughly sympathetic style in which he has presented to the general English reader the history of a bright period of Greek history, which recent events have somewhat tended to becloud. It is not our intention on the present occasion to attempt a sketch of the strategetical movements of the Greek war, 1821-6. A criticism of these will be more opportune when Mr. Tricoupi shall have finished his great work.* We shall rather confine ourselves to bringing out a few salient

(1.) *Συμπέδικτος Τρικουπὴ ἱστορία τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς ἐπαναστάσεως*. Τόμος Α. London, 1853. (History of the Greek Revolution. By Spiridion Tricoupi, Greek Minister, London. Vol. i.)

(2.) *History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852*. By Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart. Vol. iii.

* The work, when completed, will, we understand, consist of four volumes octavo; the second volume is expected to appear in a few weeks.

points of that great movement, which may serve, by way of contrast or similitude, to throw light on the very significant struggle in which we are now engaged. A single word, however, in the first place, with regard to the dialect in which Mr. Tricoupi's work is written; as that is a point on which all persons are not well-informed, and a point also by no means unimportant in the decision of the question,—*What are the hopes, prospects, and capabilities of the living race of Greeks?*

Now, with regard to this point, Mr. Tricoupi's book furnishes the most decided and convincing evidence that the language of Aristotle and Plato yet survives in a state of the most perfect purity, the materials of which it is composed being genuine Greek, and the main difference between the style of Tricoupi and that of Xenophon consisting in the loss of a few superfluous verbal flexions, and the adoption of one or two new syntactical forms to compensate for the loss—the merest points of grammar, indeed, which to a schoolmaster great in Attic forms may appear mighty, but to the general scholar, and the practical linguist, are of no moment. A few such words of Turkish extraction, as *ἡμέραν*, a mosque; *ἑμπόριον*, a firman; *βεζίρης*, a vizier; *γενίταρης*, a janizary; *παγάς*, a rajah, so far from being any blot on the purity of Mr. Tricoupi's Greek, do, in fact, only prove his good sense; for even the ancient Greeks, ultra-national as they were in all their habits, never scrupled to adopt a foreign word—such as *γάλα*, *παράδεισος*, *ἄγγρας*—when it came in their way, just as we have *κροβάτης*, *κρηός*, *συνάριον*, and a few other Latinisms in the New Testament. The fact is, that the modern Greeks are rather to be blamed for the affectation of extreme purity in their style, than for any undue admixture of foreign words, such as we find by scores in every German newspaper. But this is their affair. It is a vice that leans to virtue's side, and springs manifestly from that strong and obstinate vitality of race which has survived the political revolutions of nearly two thousand years; and a vice, moreover, that may prove of the utmost use to our young scholars, who may have the sense and the enterprise

to turn it to practical account. For, as the pure Greek of Mr. Tricoupi's book is no private invention of his own, but the very same dialect which is at present used as an organ of intellectual utterance by a large phalanx of talented professors in the University of Athens, and is in fact the language of polite intercourse over the whole of Greece, it follows that Greek, which is at present almost universally studied as a dead language, and that by a most laborious and tedious process of grammatical indoctrination, may be more readily picked up, like German or French, in the course of the living practice of a few months. It is worthy of serious consideration, indeed, how far the progress of our young men in an available knowledge of the finest language of the world, may have been impeded by the perverse methods of teachers who could not speak, and who gave themselves no concern to speak, the language which they were teaching; who invented, also, an arbitrary system of pronouncing the language, which completely separated them from the nation who speak it. But this is a philological matter, on which we have no vocation to enter here; we only drop a hint for the wise, who are able to inquire and to conclude for themselves.

We now proceed to business. There are five points connected with the late Greek Revolution which stand out with a prominent interest at the present moment.

First.—The character, conduct, and position of RUSSIA at the outbreak of the Revolution.

Second.—The character and conduct of the TURKS and the Turkish government, as displayed by the manner in which the revolt was met.

Third.—The character, conduct, and political significance of the GREEK PEOPLE, as exhibited during the five years' struggle.

Fourth.—The character, conduct, and position of RUSSIA, as more fully developed at the conclusion of the struggle.

Fifth.—The character, conduct, and political significance of the GREEK PEOPLE, as exhibited since the battle of Navarino and the establishment of the existing Bavarian dynasty.

On all these points we shall offer a

few remarks in the order in which they are set down.

First.—As to the conduct of Russia. It is a remarkable fact, and very significant of the nature of Russian influence in Turkey, that the Greek Revolution did not commence where one might have expected it to commence, in Greece proper—i.e., the mountainous strongholds of Arcania and the Peloponnesus—but in those very Principalities where we are now fighting, and where the Muscovites are always intriguing. How was this? Plainly because all those Greeks who had for years been brewing revolt in their *trapezi*, or secret conspiracies, took it for granted that on that nominally Turkish but really Russian ground, Russia would at once come forward and help them to kill—we use the Imperial simile—the sick old Infidel, who had been so long lying with his diseased lumpish body on the back of the Christian population; and accordingly the man whom they set up to raise the flag of Christian insurrection on the banks of the Pruth and the Sereth, was an officer in the Russian service, Alexander Ypsilanti by name; and the first thing he did when he came forward as military head of the revolt in the Principalities, was to put forth a proclamation, in which the Christian tribes of Turkey were told that “a great European power” might be depended on as “patronising the insurrection”—*ὅτι ἐπὶ μεγάλη δύναμις τοῦς προσφαινεῖ*. Now, here was a lie to begin with, to which perhaps the old *Gracia mendax* may seem not inapplicable; but in fact it was a most probable lie; and if lies were at all justifiable, either on principle or policy, at the opening scene of a great war, certainly this was the lie which at that time and place looked most like the truth. But it is a dangerous thing to raise warlike enthusiasm at any time, especially when an emperor is concerned, by sounding statements not founded on truth. Had the Czar been ever so willing to assist the movement of the Wallachian Greeks, and to lead his victorious Cossacks, scarcely returned from fair Paris, to magnificent Stamboul, he could not but feel offended at the uncereceremonious manner in which his decision had been taken out of his

own mouth, and the absolute spontaneity of an imperial ukase been forestalled by a vagabond Greek captain. But the Greeks were, from the beginning, out of their reckoning in supposing that the then Czar would, as a matter of course, patronise their insurrectionary movement against the Turks. Alexander, though not naturally a very bellicose person, had already done as much for the territorial aggrandisement of Russia as would have contented the most warlike of his predecessors. He had rounded off the north-west corner of his vast domain in the most neat and dexterous way by the appropriation of Finland in 1808; and he had profited alike in the upshot by the friendship of Napoleon at Tilsit in 1807, and by his enmity at Moscow in 1812. That he should enter upon a new, and in all probability a severe contest with another enemy, and put himself at the head of a great insurrectionary movement, disturbing all the peaceful relations so recently established, and in such friendly amity with the great conservative powers at Paris and Vienna, was a proceeding not to be looked for from a moderate and a prudent man. This the Greeks might have known, had they not been befooled by patriotic passion. A “*holy alliance*” no doubt it was which, in 1815, the pious soul of the good Czar had made with his brother kings; but this “holiness” was either a mere fraternisation of sentiment, too vague to be of any practical force, or at best, a religious stamp placed upon a document, the contents of which were essentially political, and did not at all warrant the expectation that the most Christian crowned Allies should be called upon to interfere in supporting every revolt which Christian subjects in any land might feel themselves called upon to make against their traditional lords. Then as to politics: Though Alexander was a most kind-hearted, truly popular, and very liberal sovereign, and had made speeches at Paris, Warsaw, and elsewhere, equal to anything ever spouted by the present Majesty of Prussia in his most liberal fits, yet he was very little of a constitutionalist, and not at all a democrat. From Laybach, therefore, where he was when the revolution broke out in March,

1821, he gave his decision in the matter of the Greek insurrection in the following very remarkable words:—

"The motives of the Emperor are now known, from the best of all sources, his own words, in confidential conversation with Mons. de Chateaubriand. 'The time is past,' said he, 'when there can be a French, Russian, Prussian, or Austrian policy. One only policy for the safety of all can be admitted in common by all people and all kings. It devolves on me to show myself the first to be convinced of the principles on which the Holy Alliance is founded. An opportunity presented itself on occasion of the insurrection of the Greeks. Nothing certainly could have been more for my interests, those of my people, and the opinion of my country, than a religious war against the Turks; but I discerned in the troubles of the Peloponnese the revolutionary mark. From that moment I kept aloof from them. Nothing has been spared to turn me aside from the Alliance; but in vain. My self-love has been assailed, my prejudices appealed to; but in vain. What need have I for an extension of my empire? Providence has not put under my orders 800,000 soldiers to satisfy my ambition, but to protect religion, morality, and justice, and to establish the principles of order on which human society reposes.' In pursuance of these principles, Count Nesselrode declared officially that 'his Imperial Majesty could not regard the enterprise of Ypsilanti as anything but the effect of the exaltation which characterises the present epoch, as well as of the inexperience and levity of that young man, whose name is ordered to be erased from the Russian service.' Orders were at the same time sent to the imperial forces on the Pruth and in the Black Sea to observe the strictest neutrality."

The publication of this resolution on the part of the Imperial government effectually quashed the movement in the Principalities; and poor Ypsilanti, after a few awkward and ill-managed plunges, was obliged to back out of his position, and, leaving "Olympian George," and other sturdy Greek mountaineers, in the lurch, seek for refuge, and find a prison in Austria. In this whole affair, however, though the Greeks had shown themselves

very vain and foolish, no man can deny that the Czar behaved with great moderation—like a gentleman, in fact, and a Christian, as he was—and moreover, we must add, like a wise politician. For we can scarcely agree with some strong indications of feeling, both in Tricoupi and in Sir Archibald Alison,* that any Christian power would have been justified in supporting a revolt of Christian subjects against their lawful sovereign, being an Infidel, till these Christians had first shown, by their own exertions, that they were worthy of the intervention which afterwards took place in their favour. We see, also, that Lord Aberdeen, in some late remarks in the House of Lords, was quite correct historically when he called attention to the comparative "moderation" of Russian counsels in some of her dealings with Turkey. Russia, in fact, never has displayed any very flagrant rapacity in her dealings with Turkey, for the best of all possible reasons,—because, having as much of the fox as of the bear in her nature, she does not wish to alarm the European powers on a point where she knows they are peculiarly sensitive. Her policy has been to poison the sick old man, not to kill him; and in this very moderation, as all the world now knows, lies the peculiar danger of her encroachments. Like a deep swirling river, she rolls beneath the fat mud-banks of your political status quo, and you suspect no harm, and can walk on the green bank with delectation; but when the flood comes, there will be a shaking and a precipitation; and then God help the sleepers!

So much for Russia. Our next question relates to the Turks. How did they behave at the outbreak of the insurrection? The answer is given in two words—like butchers, and like blunderers. Like butchers in the first place. Their way of crushing an insurrection was truly a brutal one—πολιτικά θηριώδες, as Mr. Tricoupi says; or shall we not rather say devilish. Certainly, Sylla, in his most

* Sir A. Alison, perhaps, as we shall see afterwards, confines his sympathy to the assertion that, after the infamous butchery of the Greeks at Chios, the intervention of the Christian States in behalf of the oppressed Christian people became a duty.

sanguinary humours, never enacted anything more inhuman and more diabolical than the wholesale massacre of the prosperous Greeks in Scios, April, 1822, which, next to certain scenes when the Furies were let loose in France, forms the most bloody page of modern history.* When a Turk suspects a Greek of treason, he makes short work of it; no forms of law, no investigation, no trial, no proof; but right on with the instinct of a tiger, in the very simple and effective old Oriental style,—“*Why should this dead dog curse my lord the king; let me go over, I pray thee, and take off his head.*” So an old Jew once said to King David; but Sultan Mahmoud did not require that a word of cursing should have been spoken. Sufficient that the individual marked for butchery stood in a prominent situation, and was of the same brotherhood as those who had spoken or acted treason: if he was not guilty in his own person, he was bound to be cognisant of the guilt of others; and for not revealing this guilt he must die. Such is the simple theory on which proceeded the wholesale murders which took place at Constantinople so soon as word was brought of the insurrectionary movement in the Principalities. As a specimen of these infamous proceedings, we shall select from Mr. Tricoupi's book the account of the death of the Patriarch Gregory, a murder committed with the most flagrant disregard of all the forms of justice (if there be such forms in Turkey), and under circumstances calculated to rouse to the utmost pitch the spirit of the people whom it was intended to crush; a murder, therefore, not merely cruel and barbarous, but stupid and impolitic. The account given by our author of this most characteristic event is somewhat circumstantial, as might be expected from the piety of a true Greek writing on such a subject. We curtail it, however, as little as possible—especially as the closing scene, in which Russia appears a chief actor, affords

a vivid glimpse of the very natural manner in which, unassisted by any evil arts of diplomacy, that power can continually earn for itself golden opinions among the Christian nations of the south.

“On the evening of Easter Saturday, or great Saturday—*ro mtya ssaron*, as the Greeks call it—being the 9th of March, there were seen dispersed in the neighbourhood of the Patriarch's palace, within and without the Fanar, about five thousand armed Janizaries, without any person knowing why. The Janizaries perambulated the streets of the Fanar the whole night, but did no harm to any one. At midnight, as is the use in our Church, the church-crier made proclamation, and the Christian people, though under great apprehensions, immediately obeyed the sacred summons, and assembled without hindrance or disturbance in the church of the Patriarchate. The Patriarch himself officiated as usual, with twelve other priests; and after the service was finished, the people were dismissed, and retired quietly to their own homes. The Patriarch went to his palace, when the first streaks of day were beginning to appear; but scarcely had he entered, when word was brought that Staurakis Aristarches, the great Interpreter, wished to speak with him. The Patriarch proposed to go with him to his private room, but the Interpreter replied that he preferred being taken immediately to the great Hall of the Synod. There he came with one of the Secretaries of State, and forthwith produced a firman, which he declared he had orders to read aloud without a moment's delay in the presence of the Patriarch, the chief priests, the heads of the Greek people, and the deacons of corporations. These parties were sent for, and the firman instantly read as follows: ‘Forasmuch as the Patriarch Gregory has shown himself unworthy of the patriarchal throne, ungrateful to the Porte, and a deviser of plots,—for these reasons he is de-

* That this “bloody and brutal” policy is still exercised by the Turks, when they have their free swing, is evident from the letter of Mr. Saunders, the British Consul at Prevesa, which appeared about two months ago in the *Times*, and of which a Greek translation now lies before us in the *Aθῆνα*—an Athenian newspaper—of the 9th June.

posed from his office.' The Patriarch, accompanied by his faithful archdeacon, was immediately led off to prison; and as soon as he had left the hall, a second firman was read out in the following terms: 'Forasmuch as the Sublime Porte does not desire to deprive his faithful subjects of their spiritual superintendence, he hereby commands them to elect a patriarch according to their ancient custom.' A consultation immediately took place among the clergy; and they agreed that they should call to the patriarchal throne Cyril, who had been formerly patriarch, and was now in Adrianople; but the secretary replied that this could not be allowed, as the proposed patriarch was absent, and under present circumstances the Porte could not allow the throne to be vacant for a single hour; wherefore he commanded them instantly to make election of a new patriarch from the number of the clergy then present. Another consultation immediately took place; and after considerable difficulty the vote fell upon Peisidas Eugenios, who, according to usage, was immediately sent to the Porte, the rest remaining till he should return. After three hours he appeared, environed with a pomp and circumstance more magnificent than usual.

"This ceremony of electing the new pontiff was still going on when Gregory was led out of prison, where he had been preparing himself by constant prayer for the death which he had too good reason for supposing was prepared for him.* After taking him from the prison, they put him into a boat, and disembarked him on the strand of the Fanar. There the venerable old man, looking up steadfastly to heaven,* made the sign of the cross, and knelt down and inclined his hoary head to the executioner's axe; but the headsman ordered him to rise, saying that here was not the place where he was to be executed. They

accordingly led him into his own palace, and there the executioner hung him as he was praying on the threshold of the principal entrance at the hour of noon on Easter Sunday—so that at the very moment when the wretched Christians above were singing the hymn of welcome to their new Patriarch, with the accustomed words *εὐ πολλὰ ἔτη ὀκνονοῦ*, his predecessor was hung on the ground-floor like a thief and a malefactor; the very holy person who only a few hours before had offered the bloodless sacrifice for the sins of the people, and had blessed his faithful flock, who, with devoutness and contrition of heart, had kissed the hand that had been hallowed by the handling of the holiest elements. The last moments of Gregory were moments of pure faith and resignation, springing from an unspotted conscience, a heart the fountain of good deeds, a calm contempt of this ephemeral life, and a bright expectation of futurity. The writing of condemnation, by virtue of which he died, called, in Turkish, *Yıfıās*, was fixed upon the dead body, and set forth the causes of his death, as follows."

Here Mr. Tricoupi gives the Turkish act of condemnation at full length; but the substance of it is contained in two points: first, "that the Patriarch did not use his spiritual weapons of excommunication, &c., against the revolters; and, second, that he was personally privy to the conspiracy." To which two charges the historian answers shortly that the first is directly contrary to the fact (for the revolters were excommunicated by the Greek hierarchy in the capital); and with regard to the second, he avers, that though it was quite impossible for the head of the Greek Church to be ignorant of the existence of a conspiracy of which thousands of the most notable Greeks in Europe were members, yet he was never a member of the secret socie-

* It may be interesting to observe here, as a proof of the permanency of the Greek language, that the phrase used by our modern Greek ambassador in this place, *αὐτίς ἐς τὸν οὐρανόν*, is exactly the same as that used by St. Luke in the account of the martyrdom of St. Stephen, Acts vii. 55. Indeed, the vocabulary of the living Greeks, as well as their syntax, is strongly tinged by the language of the Septuagint and the New Testament; a fact, of which our students of theology, if they have any sense, will take note.

ties, and had, on the contrary, like many other influential persons of his nation, considered the movement premature,* and warned his countrymen against it as likely to lead to the most pernicious consequences. But it is vain, as we already remarked, to look for reasons that would satisfy any European ideas of justice in proceedings between Turks in authority and rebellious Giaours. The calm and solemn gentleman, enveloped in smoke and coffee fumes, whose bland dignity we so much admired in time of peace, becomes suddenly seized with a preternatural fury when the scent of Greek blood is in the gale. It is a primary law of his religion, inherited from the oldest Oriental theocracies, that no infidel is entitled to live; and if the head seems more serviceable for the nonce than the capitation-tax, which is its substitute, the law of the Prophet is satisfied, and no man has a right to complain. Mr. Tricoupi now proceeds with his narrative.

"The execution being over, the great interpreter, the secretary, and their attendants, left the Palace of the Patriarch. In the evening of the same day, Beterli Ali Pasha, who had recently been appointed Grand Vizier, went through the Fanar with only one attendant, and, asking for a chair, sat down for five or six minutes on the street opposite the suspended body of the Patriarch, looking at him, and speaking to his attendant. After an hour the Sultan himself passed the same way, and cast his eye on the Patriarch. The body remained suspended three days; but on the fourth the hangman took it down to throw it into the sea, it being contrary to law in Turkey that persons hung or beheaded should receive burial. Then there came to the hangman certain Jews, and having received his permission (some say that they bribed

him), bound together the feet of the corpse, and dragged it away to the extreme end of the quay of the Fanar, with mockery and blasphemous words. Then they threw it into the sea, and gave the end of the rope with which they had bound the feet to the hangman, who, having gone before, was waiting them in a little boat. He immediately, seizing the rope and dragging the body after him, came to the middle of the bay,† and there attached to the body a stone which he had brought with him in order to sink it: but it proved not weighty enough for this purpose; so he left the corpse floating on the water, and, making for the strand, came back with two other stones, which he attached to the body; and then, giving it two or three stabs with his knife, to let out the water, he immediately sunk it. After some days, however, it came to the surface at Galata between two ships lying at the point where a great many boats are always stationed, for passing over to the city. One of these ships was a Slavonian, and the other a Greek, from Cephalonia. The captain of the Slavonian saw the body first, and threw some straw matting over it, with the view of concealing it till the night, when he meant to bury it, like a good Christian. But when the evening came, the Cephalonian captain anticipated him, and perceiving from the unshaven chin that it was the body of a priest, brought into his ship secretly some Christians, who assured him that it was the body of the Patriarch. The pious Cephalote immediately swathed the body in a winding-sheet, and, transporting it to Odessa, deposited it in the Lazaretto there.‡ There the body was examined by the order of the Governor, and was recognised by certain signs as that of the Patriarch.

"Information of this being sent to St. Petersburg, orders were given to bury the body with all appropriate honours. The sacred Russian synod came to assist in the funeral ceremony, and on the 17th of June there were assembled in the

* Δεν συστάλλεται τὸ βρολόγησεν ὅτι ἤρην ἐναντίως τοῦ τοιοῦτου κινήματος κατὰ τοῦ Σουλτάνου· ὅχι διότι οὐκ ἐπιβόρουν τὴν ἐλευθερίαν τοῦ ἔθνους μου ἀλλὰ διότι μ' ἐφαίνεται ἄνωγον τὸ κίνημα, μὲ τὸ τὸ ἴσον ἀπειροπλεῖται ἐν Ἑλλησίν καὶ ἐν πλείστοις ἄπολοι, ὅ ἐστι κινδύνους μέγας.—*PERKINARBUS, Military Memoirs.* Athens, 1836.

† τὸν Κερατὸν κίλινον—that is, we have no doubt, the large expansion of the Golden Horn west of Galata, and north of the Fanar.

‡ The modern Greek has lost not a whit of the fine rich flexibility which has made the ancient dialect such a convenient organ for our scientific terminology. The word for Lazaretto used here is *λαϊμεκαθατήριον*; and scores of such words are seen on the signboards of the streets of Athens at the present hour.

Lazaretto all the local authorities, political and military, the two metropolitan bishops, Cyril of Silistria, and Gregory of Hieropolis; also Demetrius, bishop of Bender and Akerman, all the clergy of the province, a great number of Greek refugees, who had fled from the butchery at Constantinople. Then the church bells were rung, the funeral psalms were sung, a salute of cannons was given, and, with the accompaniment of military music and the prayers of the congregated faithful, the remains of the venerated Patriarch were carried to the metropolitan church of Odessa. Here they remained three days, till the 19th, when the burial-service was again sung, and a funeral oration was pronounced by Constantino (Economos, preacher to the Oeumenic Patriarchate, who happened to be in Odessa; after which the body was removed with great pomp to the church of the Greeks, and deposited in a new sepulchre within the railing of the holy altar, at the north side of the holy table, as being the body of a martyr. And thus—to use the very words of the semi-official journal of St. Petersburg—by the command of the most pious Autocrat of all the Russians, Alexander I., were rendered due honours of faith and love to Gregory, the holy Patriarch of the Eastern Orthodox Church of the Greeks, who suffered a martyr's death.'

Next to the butchery—which, by the way, the Greeks, as opportunity offered, were not ashamed to retaliate—the most noticeable thing in the Turkish conduct of the war was their extraordinary slowness, fickleness, inefficiency, and bungling of every sort. The insurrection, though attempted in Thessaly and Macedonia, did, in fact, never extend with any permanent force beyond the narrow boundaries of the present kingdom of Greece, with the addition of Crete, and one or two of the *Ægean* islands, now in the possession of the Turks; but to suppress this petty revolt of an ill-peopled and divided district, occupying a small corner of a vast empire, all the strength of Turkey, both Asiatic and European, proved in vain; for it was not till Ibrahim Pasha, in 1825, was sent by his father, Mehemet Ali, with a large Egyptian armament, that the Morea was recovered to the Sultan, and the insurrection virtually quashed. Now, when we consider that the Greeks of the Morea were stamped with the ser-

vitute of nearly four hundred years—that they were, in fact, so awed by the hereditary authority of their haughty masters, that in the beginning of the war, as Gordon expressly testifies, three hundred of them could not be made to stand against thirty Turks; that their only effective leaders were a few brigand chiefs from the wild regions of Acarnania, *Ætolia*, and Epirus; that the land was of such a nature as to be kept in subjection by fortresses, all of which were in the possession of the lords of the soil; that the sea was open to the men of Stamboul as much as to those of Hydra and to Mehemet Ali's Egyptians, we shall see plainly that nothing but a wonderful combination of slowness, stupidity, and cowardice on the part of the Turks could have allowed the Greek revolt to protract its existence during the space of those first four years, when—not without large aids from English gold—it continued to present a prosperous front to the world. What strikes us most in the account of the war given by Gordon—who will always be a main authority—is the great want of capacity and enterprise in the Turkish commanders both by sea and land—the very same weakness, in fact, which is remarked at the present hour as afflicting the Turkish armies—a want of good officers. There is in Turkey a want of a high-minded, independent, and energetic middle class, without which an army never can be well officered. Only one efficient Turkish captain appeared in the whole course of the Greek war; and he took Missolonghi.

We have been anxious to bring forward this sad account of the conduct of the Turks in the insurrection distinctly, as there is a danger, at the present moment, of the Turkish military virtue being overrated. No man who knew that nation ever doubted that they could defend a fort well in the present war, as they have ever done where they happened to have a good commander, and acted under encouraging circumstances. This is the secret of the recent successful defence of Silistria, for which we feel all respect. With the English and French fleet to guard their flank, and all Europe as spectators of their

mettle, with the very existence of their empire perhaps at stake, and with the choice of their own battlefield—that is, the defence of forts—the Turks would have been dull truly, never to be roused, if the old heroism had not flamed out with more than wonted fierceness. But the successful defence of this fort affords no proof that the people who made it possess a spirit and an organisation able to cope in a continued campaign with some Paskiewitch or Diebitch of the next generation. Let us look to the history of the Greek Revolution, and not believe that the Turks are great masters in the art of war till they have successfully conducted a great campaign. Above all things, matters must be so arranged at the next pacification that the preservation of the peace of Europe may not be left to depend on them.

Our third question has reference to the Greeks. Their conduct in the great revolt by which their independence was ultimately achieved, deserves to be noted with the greater care at the present moment, because there are not a few persons in this country who are only too ready, in the unhappy blunder of 1854, to forget the glorious heroism of 1821-26. Sir A. Alison, we are happy to say, with that large spirit of appreciation for which he is remarkable, has shown no tendency to chime in with this vulgar cry. He is not surprised that the brigands of Thessaly and Epirus should not possess all the virtues of Pericles and Aristides; and therefore he is not offended. The Greeks, in fact, in 1821, were the authors of their own liberty, as much as the Turks now are the authors of the retreat of the Russians from Silistria. Most true it is, that without the intervention of the Allied Powers, notwithstanding their utmost efforts, their cause was lost; so also will the defence of Silistria have proved in vain, if England and France, in the proceedings that are yet waited for, show weakness or vacillation. But the Greeks, in 1821, had this decided moral vantage-ground over the Turks of the present day, that the intervention would never have taken place had it not been forced upon the great Powers by the popular sympathy

which the heroism of the Greeks had excited. We may say, upon a review of the whole five years' struggle, that the Greeks displayed on that occasion all the weakness, and indeed all the vices, that belong to a people just rising from under the weight of centuries of oppression—but virtues also of the highest order, which it is of the very nature of oppression to make a people forget. Oppression, in fact, had never done its perfect work with this noble-spirited people; it had made intriguers of those who remained in the Fanar, and mere money-changers and money-makers of those who peopled the cities; the base stamp of slavery also might be found on the plains: but freedom remained among the mountains; and in Maina and Souli every brigand chief was a hero. In fact, under such a military despotism as that of Turkey, brigandage, which is outlawed by a good government, becomes the very church militant of liberty. Whatsoever virtues, therefore, belong to the indomitable spirit of nationality when forced to create its own law, and redeem itself from destruction by the desperate efforts of individual self-assertion, belonged to the Greek people, and those Albanian tribes who were identified with them in the highest degree. But there was more than that. The Greeks, as the whole spirit and tendency of Corai's writings show, were intellectually an advancing people. They had scholars, and thinkers, and poets among them, who were fighting not merely for the rude privilege of freedom—which a brute can understand as well as a man—but for the vindication of an intellectual heritage of which they were proud. To these men the possession of the uncorrupted Greek tongue was not a mere pretty plaything, as it may be to many of our academical men; but it was the badge which publicly proclaimed their brotherhood with that great hierarchy of intellect which had conquered ancient Rome, and inspired modern Europe. These men did not fight with the mere impatient spirit of vulgar insurrection; they came, like banished kings, claiming a long-lost throne; and Europe felt that there was a dignity in their work not belonging to every exile. But

there was another element of strength in the Greek revolt, without which it never could have succeeded, and an element which, like their zeal for intellectual culture, proved that the modern Greeks are the true sons of Themistocles and Pericles. This element was their use of the sea. The Turks, though they had possessed the finest harbour in the world for four centuries, though they governed a country where arms of the sea serve the same purpose that railroads do elsewhere, had not only made no progress in the nautical art, but had allowed their enterprising slaves to create for themselves a navy by which they were to succeed in driving their masters out of the field. When Ibrahim Pasha, in his march across the Morea in 1825, had arrived at that high ground between Tripolizza and Argos where the island of Hydra becomes visible, pointing with his hand to that little nest of daring adventurers, he exclaimed, "*Thou little ENGLAND, when shall I hold thee!*" This little England it was which saved Greece. There is nothing in the records of modern history more interesting than the dashing exploits of the gallant Ipsariote Canaris with his fire-ships in the Greek war; and wherever Miaulis the Hydriote appeared with his squadron, there everything that could be done was done. But great as were the exploits of the islanders, Europe, perhaps, knew more, and was justly more astonished at the gallant conduct of the land army in the two sieges of Missolonghi—a fortress protected only by shallow lagoons and a mud rampart, and utterly unprovided with those long lines of fire-spouting barricades that make Cronstadt and Sevastopol so difficult of approach. Yet Missolonghi was maintained against the whole force of the Turks for two years; and when it did fall, the resolute garrison made no capitulation, but after having exhausted the last scraps of raw hides and sea-weeds which served them for food, cut their way with gallant desperation, men and women together, through the sabred ranks of their enemies. Nor were they without their reward. Let Mr. Alison speak:—

"*Thus fell Missolonghi; but its heroic*

resistance had not been made in vain. It laid the foundation of Greek independence; for it preserved that blessing during a period of despondence and doubt, when its very existence had come to be endangered. By drawing the whole forces of the Ottoman empire upon themselves, its heroic garrison allowed the nation to remain undisturbed in other quarters, and prevented the entire reduction of the Morea, which was threatened during the first moments of consternation consequent on Ibrahim's success. By holding out so long, and with such resolute perseverance, they not only inflicted a loss upon the enemy greater than they themselves experienced, but superior to the whole garrison of the place put together. The Western nations watched the struggle with breathless interest; and when at last it terminated in the daring sally and the cutting through of the enemy's lines by a body of intrepid men fighting for themselves, their wives, and children, the public enthusiasm knew no bounds. It will appear immediately that it was this warm sympathy which mainly contributed to the success of the Philhellenic societies which had sprung up in every country of Europe, and ultimately rendered public opinion so strong as to lead to the treaty of July, the battle of Navarino, and the establishment of Greek independence."

On the other hand, we must not shut our eyes to the faults of the Greek people—which were, in fact, just the faults of their ancestors made more large and more prominent by the long-continued action of circumstances favourable to their development. Will it be believed?—during the time that this heroic struggle was going on, by a people manifestly unable, even with their strongest combined exertions, to withstand their gigantic adversary—even in the mid-heat and the critical turning point of this grapple for free existence, the Greek captains were quarrelling among themselves! There were actually at one time, as Gordon assures us, seven civil wars among a people who could only collect hundreds to plant against the thousands of their masters! Such a self-divided people, one might almost say, was unworthy of liberty. Certainly if they could not agree to fight for themselves, it did not seem the business either of France or England to force them to be patriotic. But, after all, what was this but the natural result of the geo-

graphy of the country, and of the circumstances under which its latent liberty had been maintained? What was it else but the same thing, on a small scale, which the Peloponnesian war exhibited on a large scale? Division is the weak point of Greece, and always was; and as for other vices which stank so strongly in the nostrils of some of our sentimental Philhellenes—cunning, falsehood, selfishness, rapacity, and bluishless impudence of all kinds—such rank weeds grow from a neglected moral soil, not only in Greece, but in the streets of London and Edinburgh, and elsewhere; the only difference being that in our case a wicked or neglectful parent brings up corrupt individuals, while in the case of the modern Greeks, a wicked and neglectful government had brought up a corrupt people. There is, no doubt, some truth in the doctrine of races and hereditary propensities; and the Greek may probably be more subtle in speculation, and more cunning in practice, than the other families of the Indo-European stock. Nevertheless, we are inclined to believe that the proverbial falsehood of the Greeks, which is the worst vice now continually thrown in their teeth, is as much the result of circumstances as of blood, and that, under the same influences, any Teutonic race whose honesty is now most loudly bepraised, would exhibit a large development of the same vice. When a people is not allowed to play the lion, it must either learn to play the fox or perish.

We shall now make a few remarks on the fourth point stated—viz., the circumstances attending the conclusion of the war, as illustrative of the policy of Russia. Here a very interesting contrast immediately presents itself. Alexander, as we have seen, occupied with various benevolent projects and perambulations, fearing also not a little everything in the shape of rebellion and revolution, refused to have anything to do with the Greek insurrection. In this he behaved like a man, a gentleman, and a king, but not like a Russian. As a Russian he would have followed the footsteps of Catherine, who twice, in the latter half of the last century, raised a rebellion in the Morea, and assisted Greece not from any

classical enthusiasm, we may be sure, (such as helped not a little to fan the Greek fire of ourselves and the Germans), but that she might cripple Turkey by inflicting such a deep wound on her left leg as would render amputation necessary. All this became plain in a few years. Alexander died. In the year 1826 Nicholas succeeded; and matters were at that period, by the fall of Missolonghi, and Ibrahim Pasha's occupation of the Morea, brought to such a pass that the bloody five years' struggle, with all its heroism, must have gone for nothing, had not the tide of popular sympathy begun to move so strongly in favour of intervention among the great European nations, that the governments were forced to take the matter up. England, as the most classical, and, may we not say also, the most generous, country in matters of international feeling, was the first to make overtures for a European demonstration in favour of Greek independence; and of the consulted Powers none came forward with greater alacrity than the new Emperor of the North. On the invitation of the Duke of Wellington, Nicholas was invited to send ships into the Mediterranean to co-operate with the fleets of France and England in coacting the Porte. Here was an opportunity thrown in his way, by pure accident, to achieve in a few days results more favourable to the most cherished projects of Russian aggrandisement than might have been brought about by the tortuous diplomacy and bloody encounters of long years; and this not only without exciting suspicion of ambitious views, but amid acclamations, and cheers, and philanthropic hurrahs innumerable. By joining England and France in establishing the independence of Greece, the Czar felt that not only would Turkey be rest of one of her limbs, but a new field would be opened for diplomatic intrigue in regions hitherto preserved, by the blessings of barbarism, from such refinements. A little tinselled court at Athens, with some German princeling on the throne, was no doubt even then seen in near vista, as the best possible theatre for the display of those arts of political falsehood and finesse in

which the Russian Nesselrodes and Pozzo di Borgos excel. But more. Might not the Turk, who is by no means a milksop, and who can deal heavy blows, as we have just seen, even from his sick-bed—might not the Turk oppose the armed intervention of the Powers, and might not some untoward collision be the result, and might not the Turkish navy be annihilated; and then—O! then, might not the way to Constantinople be more open, and the Balkan more easily crossed? Such were the cogitations that might naturally begin to move in the brain of a thoroughly Russian energetic and enterprising young Czar, when the proposal was made to coerce the Sultan into the recognition of the total or partial independence of one of his revolted provinces. And the result, as we all know, was exactly such as the most brilliant imagination of a brisk young emperor could have conceived. In the course of a few months the Turkish fleet was destroyed at Navarino; in two years Kustendji and Varna, and the whole sea-road to Stamboul, were in the hands of the Russian fleet; and in three years General Diebitch had made himself immortal by surmounting the unsurmountable Balkan, and was resting with twenty thousand men (supposed, however, to be sixty thousand!) on the banks of the Hebrus at Adrianople. Never was game better played. The Turko-Russian campaign of 1828-9, which we can now study to such advantage, was, we may say, impossible, but for the battle of Navarino, which was only the natural result of the armed intervention of the three Powers in favour of Greece. Add to this the disorganisation of the Turkish army, caused by the massacre of the Janizaries in 1826, and the consequent disaffection among the old Turkish conservatives; and we shall see at once how the campaign of 1828-9 ended so gloriously for Russia, while that of 1854 has proved so shameful. The cause of the difference lies obviously in the command of the Black Sea, which Russia, by the disaster of Navarino, then had, and which, by the Anglo-French alliance, she now has not. This, and this only, has on the present occasion made the gallant defence of

a single fortress by the Turks equivalent to the loss of a whole campaign by the Russians.

The last of our five points only remains—How has the establishment of Greek independence, by the treaty of 1827, answered the expectations of its founders?—What is the actual state of Greece, material, moral, and intellectual?—Are the Greeks under German Otho substantially more prosperous than they were under the Turkish Mahmouds? We cannot, of course, hope to answer these questions satisfactorily within the limits at present prescribed to us; but one or two observations we are compelled to make, for the sake of taming down to somewhat of a more sober temper the glowing observations with which Sir Archibald Alison concludes his fourteenth chapter. There is a class of wise men in the world who show their wisdom only in the negative way of seeing difficulties and making objections. Sir Archibald Alison certainly does not belong to this class. Once possessed by a grand idea, he marches on fearlessly to its realisation, and lets difficulties shift for themselves. He gives you a project for a marble palace and a granite bridge; but seems to forget sometimes that there are only bricks to build with. We like this error, which leans to virtue's side, and has a savour of something positive and productive; nevertheless the truth must be spoken—for in politics the best intentions are often the mother of the greatest blunders. The remarks of Sir Archibald Alison, which we think require a little chastening, are as follows:—

“In truth, so far from the treaty of 6th July, 1827, having been an unjustifiable interference with the rights of the Ottoman Government as an independent power, it was just the reverse; and the only thing to be regretted is that the Christian powers did not interfere earlier in the contest, and with far more extensive views for the restoration of the Greek empire. After the massacre of Chios, the Turks had thrown themselves out of the pale of civilisation: they had proved themselves to be pirates, enemies of the human race, and no longer entitled to toleration from the European family. Expulsion from Europe was the natural and legitimate consequence of their flagrant violation of its usages in war. Had this

been done in 1822—had the Congress of Verona acceded to the prayers of the Greeks, and restored the Christian empire of the East under the guarantee of the Allied Powers—what an ocean of blood would have been dried up, what boundless misery prevented, what prospects of felicity to the human race opened! A Christian monarchy of ten millions of souls, with Constantinople for its capital, would, ere this, have added a half to its population, wealth, and all the elements of national strength. The rapid growth, since the Crescent was expelled from their territories, of Servia, Greece, the Isles of the Archipelago, Wallachia, and Moldavia, and of the Christian inhabitants in all parts of the country, proves what might have been expected had all Turkey in Europe been blessed by a similar liberation. The fairest portion of Europe would have been restored to the rule of religion, liberty, and civilisation, and a barrier erected by European freedom against Asiatic despotism in the regions where it was first successfully combated.

“What is the grand difficulty that now surrounds the Eastern question, which has rendered it all but insoluble even to the most far-seeing statesman, and has compelled the Western Powers, for their own sake, to ally themselves with a state which they would all gladly, were it practicable without general danger, see expelled from Europe? Is it not that the Ottoman empire is the only barrier which exists against the encroachments of Russia, and that if it is destroyed the independence of every European state is endangered by the extension of the Muscovite power from the Baltic to the Mediterranean? All see the necessity of this barrier, yet all are sensible of its weakness, and feel that it is one which is daily becoming more feeble, and must in the progress of time be swept away. This difficulty is entirely of our own creation; it might have been obviated, and a firm bulwark erected in the East, against which all the surges of Muscovite ambition would have beat in vain. Had the dictates of humanity, justice, and policy been listened to in 1822, and a *Christian* monarchy been erected in European Turkey, under the guarantee of Austria, France, and England, the whole difficulties of the Eastern Question would have been obviated, and European independence would have found an additional security in the very quarter where it is now most seriously menaced. Instead of the living being allied to the dead, they would have been linked to the living; and a barrier against Eastern conquest erected on the shores of the Hellespont, not with

the worn-out materials of Mahomedan despotism, but with the rising energy of Christian civilisation.

“But modern Turkey, it is said, is divided by race, religion, and situation; three-fourths of it are Christian, one-fourth Mahomedan: there are six millions of Slavonians, four millions of Bulgarians, two millions and a half of Turks, and only one million of Greeks;—how can a united and powerful empire be formed of such materials? Most true; and in what state was Greece anterior to the Persian invasion; Italy before the Punic wars; England during the Heptarchy; Spain in the time of the Moors; France during its civil wars? Has the existence of such apparently fatal elements of division prevented these countries from becoming the most renowned, the most powerful, the most prosperous communities upon earth? In truth, diversity of race, so far from being an element of weakness, is, when duly coerced, the most prolific source of strength; it is to the body politic what the intermixture of soils is to the richness of the earth. It is the meagreness of unmingled race which is the real source of weakness; for it leaves hereditary maladies unchanged, hereditary defects unsupplied. Witness the unchanging ferocity in every age of the Ishmaelite, the irremediable indolence of the Irish, the incurable arrogance of the Turk; while the mingled blood of the Briton, the Roman, the Saxon, the Dane, and the Norman, has produced the race to which is destined the sceptre of half the globe.

“Such was the resurrection of Greece; thus did old Hellas rise from the grave of nations. Scorched by fire, riddled by shot, baptised in blood, she emerged victorious from the contest; she achieved her independence because she proved herself worthy of it; she was trained to manhood in the only school of real improvement, the school of suffering. Twenty-five years have elapsed since her independence was sealed by the battle of Navarino, and already the warmest hopes of her friends have been realised. Her capital, Athens, now contains thirty thousand inhabitants, quadruple what it did when the contest terminated; its commerce has doubled, and all the signs of rapidly advancing prosperity are to be seen on the land. The inhabitants have increased fifty per cent.; they are now above seven hundred thousand, but the fatal chasms produced by the war, especially in the male population, are still in a great measure unsupplied, and vast tracts of fertile land, spread with the bones of its defenders

await in every part of the country the robust arm of industry for their cultivation. The Greeks, indeed, have not all the virtues of freemen; perhaps they are never destined to exhibit them. Like the Muscovites, and from the same cause, they are often cunning, fraudulent, deceitful; slaves always are such; and a nation is not crushed by a thousand years of Byzantine despotism, and four hundred of Mahommedan oppression, without having some of the features of the servile character impressed upon it. But they exhibit also the cheering symptoms of social improvement; they have proved they still possess the qualities to which their ancestors' greatness was owing. They are lively, ardent, and persevering, passionately desirous of knowledge, and indefatigable in the pursuit of it. The whole life which yet animates the Ottoman Empire is owing to their intelligence and activity. The stagnation of despotism is unknown among them; if the union of civilisation is unhappily equally unknown, that is a virtue of the manhood, and not to be looked for in the infancy of nations. The consciousness of deficiencies is the first step to their removal; the pride of barbarism, the self-sufficiency of ignorance, is the real bar to improvement; and a nation which is capable of making the efforts for improvement which the Greeks are doing, if not in possession of political greatness, is on the road to it."

Now, to the first proposition contained in the above remarks, that the Great Powers were perfectly justified in their intervention to save the Greeks from the lawless ferocity of the Turks, we have no objections to offer. It is a gladdening thing to believe and to see that the strong cry of human sympathy will sometimes be listened to even by politicians, and that heartless diplomacy in the public intercourse between people and people is not all in all. But the summary expulsion of the Turks from European Turkey, even supposing it were not too great a punishment for the offence, would, when achieved, leave the most difficult part of the Greek problem unsolved. Sir Archibald assumes that the discordant and crude elements of which European Turkey, less the Turks, is composed, would, in 1827, have readily coalesced, or is ready now, in 1854, to coalesce, into a great Greek empire, of which Constantinople shall be the capital. That the Greeks themselves should

believe this is natural; that Sir Archibald Alison should believe it, carried away by a noble sympathy with a heroic theme, is but the radiation of that fire with which the noblest minds burn most intensely: but we have never conversed with an individual practically conversant with the elements of which Christian Turkey is composed, who looked upon such a consummation, in the present age at least, as possible. A very intelligent and patriotic Greek gentleman once remarked in our hearing, that the Greek kingdom could never prosper in its present tiny dimensions; that the Greek Islands—except Corcyra, which the English must keep as a naval station,—with Thessaly and part of Thrace and Macedonia, must be added to it before it could be free from that spirit of petty intrigue which is the great vice of small governments. This is intelligible; because the population included under such an extended Greek kingdom would, by a great predominance both of numbers and moral forces, be essentially Greek. But when it is proposed seriously to revive a Byzantine empire, Greek merely in name, and comprising such large sections of a non-Hellenic population as Servia, for instance, and Bulgaria, then, we confess, we feel staggered; and all the historic analogies which Sir Archibald Alison so skilfully presses into his service will not give wings to our drooping faith. The best-instructed man with whom we ever conversed on the subject—Dr. George Finlay, who has lived among the Greeks all his life—declares that such a combination is impossible; the principle of cohesion is too weak, that of repulsion too strong: the splendid aggregate would fall to pieces in a few years; and out of the confused elements a new compulsory crystallisation take place under the influence—very likely—of Russian polarity. Sir Archibald Alison himself, in one of the phrases which he accidentally drops, seems to admit the truth of this view. "Diversity of race," he says, "so far from being an element of weakness, is, *when duly coerced*, the most prolific source of strength." Very true, when *duly coerced*; but it is this very principle of coercion that would not exist in the supposed Byzantine empire; and

could exist only, according to one of Sir A. Alison's own analogies, through the violent subjection of all the other races by the one that happened to be strongest; for so it was, as Livy shows in bloody detail, that the different races of Italy were coerced into a grand national unity by the Roman Latins. But even after all that bloody cementing, the aggregate of the Italian States, as no one knows better than Sir Archibald Alison, was kept together by the loosest possible cohesion; as the terrible outburst of the Marsic or Social war testifies, which well-nigh split Italy into two, at a time when Julius Cæsar, its future master, had not yet begun to trim his beard. He certainly, the lion, and his nephew, Augustus, the fox after him, did use the bloody cement successfully, and exercised a strong coercion, the effect of which is visible even now, among the again-divided possessors of the Italian soil; such a coercion as the present Czar of Russia might perhaps at the present moment be in the fair way of exercising for the sake of the Orthodox Church, had Sir Archibald Alison's Byzantine empire been patched together with a few purple rags in the year 1828. Or again, to take another of his analogies, has Sir Archibald Alison forgotten what was the state of Greece, not anterior to, but immediately after the Persian invasion?—did it not plunge at once into all the pettiness of provincial rivalry? and was not the great Peloponnesian war a speaking proof, that there were no elements of cohesion even among pure Greeks, and in the best days of Greece, strong enough to keep that unfortunate country from consuming its own vitals in civil war, and becoming, by voluntary self-betrayal, first the scoff of the Persian, and then the prey of the Macedonian?—With these examples before us, we cannot but consider ourselves more near the truth in following the practical statesmen who declared that the new Greek kingdom should be confined within the limits where the insurrection had chiefly raged, and where the battle had been fought. Sober politicians could not but look upon the whole affair as experimental; and whatever arguments may in the course of events be advanced for an expan-

sion of the limits of the existing monarchy, no person practically acquainted with the events of Greek government, or rather misgovernment, since the creation of Otho's kingdom in 1832, can imagine that the evils under which the country has groaned would have been less, had Thessaly and Macedonia been at that time included within the Hellenic border. We should still have had German bureaucracy, French constitutionalism, Fanariote intrigue, Ætolian brigandage, and modern diplomacy, thrown together to brew a devil's soup of jobbery, and falsehood, and feebleness, over which the wisest man can only hold up his hands, and with a hopeless wonderment exclaim—

“Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble!”

In conclusion, we need hardly say that we cannot agree with Sir A. Alison when he states, so strongly as he does in the last paragraph, that “*already the warmest hopes of the friends of Greece have been realised; and all the signs of advancing prosperity are to be seen in the land.*” It is a great mistake to imagine that the country is really in a prosperous state because Athens has trebled its population in thirty years. Athens has a well-furnished and rather a flourishing appearance, for the same reason that Nauplia looks out upon the beautiful Bay of Argos in such a state of woeful dismantlement and dilapidation; the court has left the Argive city, and travelled to the Attic; and all the gilded gingerbread, which you call prosperity, has gone with it. Let no man be hasty to draw sanguine promises of Greek prosperity from anything good or glittering that may delight his eyes in the streets of Athens. That splendid palace of the little German prince, now called King of Greece, with its fine well-watered gardens without, and its fine pictures within, and its large dancing-saloon, the wonder even of London beauties—this palace was a mere toy of the boy's poetical papa, and has no more to do with the progress of real prosperity in Greece than a wax doll has to do with life and organisation. Nay, it may be most certainly affirmed, that not a small part of that sudden growth of

the capital of Greece is, with reference to the country at large, a positive evil, a brilliant excrescence, which owes its existence altogether to the artificial attraction of the nutritive fluids of the body politic to one prominent point, while the largest and most useful limbs are left without their natural supply. If there are shining white palaces, and green Venetian blinds, in one Greek city, there is desolation and dreariness, stagnation and every sort of barbarism, in the fields. But "commerce flourishes;" it has doubled, says Sir A. Alison, since the battle of Navarino. Be it so. Patras is a goodly city, preferable, in some points, to Athens, we think; but were there not rich merchants at Hydra before the Revolution? and are the Greeks at Patras more prosperous than at Salonica, at Odessa, at Trieste, at Leghorn, at Manchester? There were always clever merchants among the Greeks, just as generally as there are sharp bankers and money-changers among Jews and Armenians. We

would by no means despair of Young Greece; there is much to admire in her, especially her schools, university, and the wonderful culture of her deathless language in its most recent shape; and only in a fit of foolish pettishness would any Englishman entertain the thought of blotting her again out of the map of nations, for any of the many sins she has committed, whether by her own fault, or—what we suspect to be the real truth—by the ignorant and officious agency of German bureaucrats, Anglo-French constitutionalists, and Muscovite diplomatists. Nevertheless, in so slippery a science as politics, and with creatures so difficult to manage as human beings, it is always better to avoid the temptation of drawing panoramic pictures in rose colour; and with regard to Greece, a country to which humanity owes so much, our first duty, in the present very critical state of Europe, is to look soberly at a reality full of perilous problems, and to possess our souls in patience.

STUDENT LIFE IN SCOTLAND.

If the latest lingering summer tourist in Scotland should perchance delay his departure until he is driven southward by the chill evenings of November, he may chance to see arising around him, in some considerable town, a race of young men, whose loose robes, varying from the brightest of fresh scarlet to the sombrest hue which years of bad usage can bestow on that gay colour, attract him as peculiar and funny, and as, on the whole, a phenomenon provocative of inquiry. He is told that the session has begun, and these are the students of the university. The information will perhaps be surprising to him, whoever he be: if he be an Oxonian or Cantab, a sneer of derision will perhaps curve his lips when he remembers the gentleman commoners, and tufted noblemen, who crowd the streets of his Alma Mater in haughty exclusiveness and unmeasured contempt of the citizen class, who evidently have no respect whatever for the scarlet gown men of poor Scotland. Indeed, the luxurious academic ease, the placid repose of dignified scholarship, are strangers to these wearers of the flowing toga. It is evident that many of them have felt the pinch of poverty. No pliant gyp attends the toilet, or lays forth the table for the jovial "night-cap." Hard work and hard fare are their portion, and their raiment shows that they have been rubbed roughly against the world, instead of being set apart from its toils and cares and vulgar turmoil in aristocratic isolation. Some of the gowns are bright and new, indeed, and the faces in which they culminate are ruddy, fresh, and warm. Yet the youths endowed in these blushing honours seem not to exult therein, but rather to give place to the hard-featured brethren, whose threadbare togas bear the grim marks of mud and soot, or hang in tatters like a beggar's cloak. The truth is, that the wear and tear of the gown is held indicative of advancement in the academic curriculum, and is rather encouraged than avoided. And of those who wear it, many, though they may

have been sufficiently tutored in the economy of their more serviceable clothing, have not made acquisitions in the school of finery, or acquired a weakness for decorative vanity. We remember an instance of a hard-featured mountaineer, who afterwards rose to distinction in an abstruse department of science, being charged by his fellow-students with having so far desecrated the gown as to have perambulated the streets with a barrow hawking potatoes, by the cry of "Taties—taties!" He admitted the commercial part of the charge, but denied the admixture of potato-render and student by the desecration of the robes. He was careful to put off his gown while he cried "taties."

With all these and other indications of poverty, there is something to our eyes extremely interesting in the Scottish universities, as relics preserved through all changes in dynasties, constitutions, and ecclesiastical politics, through poverty, neglect, and enmity, of the original characteristics of the university system, as it existed in all its grandeur of design in the middle ages.

A collection of remarkable papers, now before us, opens up and presents, in valuable and full light, the progress of a portion of our Scottish universities. They consist of two works of that class commonly called "Club Books." The one is a collection of records and other documents connected with the University of Glasgow, printed under the auspices of the Maitland Club; the other a "Fasti Aberdonenses," appropriately collected by that northern association which, in honour of the Cavalier annalist of "The Troubles," is called the "Spalding Club." Both works are edited with that peculiar archæological strictness which has been applied to this class of documents, through the special skill of Mr. Cosmo Innes. They are both edited by him, with some partial aid, in the case of the Glasgow documents, from his ablest coadjutor in Scottish archæology, Mr. Joseph Robertson. These volumes form a very apt supplement to that collection of

ecclesiastical records which, arranged and printed under the same able management, are an honour to our country. With the exception of their curious and agreeable prefaces, neither the chartularies nor the volumes before us profess to be readable books. They are collections of records, and must have all the substantial dryness of records. But then they contain in themselves the materials of the social and incidental history of the classes of persons to which they refer, and contain imbedded within them the materials of instruction, both valuable and curious. With some labour we have driven shafts through their strata, and we may have occasion to lay before our readers a few of the specimens we have excavated—confining ourselves, in the mean time, to the characteristics developed by the collection of documents.

The direction of these is chiefly to show how thoroughly these remote institutions partook in the great system of the European universities, and how many of its vestiges they still retain. The forms, the nomenclature, and the usages of the middle ages are still preserved, though some of them have naturally changed their character with the shifting of the times. Each university has still its chancellor, and sometimes a high State dignitary accepts of the office. It was of old a very peculiar one, for it was the link which allied the semi-republican institutions of the universities to the hierarchy of St. Peter. The bishop was almost invariably the chancellor, unless the university were subordinated to some great monastic institution, when its head was the chancellor—as in Paris the Prior of St. Genevieve exercised the high office. In the Scottish universities the usual Continental arrangement seems to have been adopted prior to the Reformation—as a matter of course, the bishop was the chancellor.

But while the institution was thus connected through a high dignitary with the Romish hierarchy, it possessed, as a great literary community with peculiar privileges, its own great officer electively chosen for the preservation of those privileges. It had its rector, who, like the chief magistrate of a municipal corporation, but

infinitely above him in the more illustrious character of the functions for which his constituents were incorporated, stood forth as the head of his republic, and its protector from the invasions either of the subtle churchmen or the grasping barons. The rector, indeed, was the concentration of that peculiar commonwealth which the constitution of the ancient university prescribed. Sir William Hamilton has shown pretty clearly that, in its original acceptance, the word *Universitas* was applied, not to the comprehensiveness of the studies, but to that of the local and personal expansion of the institution. The university despised the bounds of provinces, and even nations, and was a place where ardent minds from all parts of the world met to study together, and impart to each other the influence of collective intellect working in combination and competition. The constitution of the rectorship was calculated to provide for the protection of this universality, for the election was managed by the procurators or proctors of the nations or local bodies into which the students were divided, generally for the purpose of neutralising the naturally superior influence of the home students, and keeping up the cosmopolitan character imparted to the system by its enlightened founders. Hence in Paris the nations were France, Picardy, and England, afterwards changed to Germany, in which Scotland was included. Glasgow is still divided into four nations: the *Natio Glottiana*, or Clydesdale, taken from the name given to the river by Tacitus. In the *Natio Laudoniana* were originally included the rest of Scotland, but it was found expedient to place the English and the colonists within it; while *Albania*, intended to include Britain south of the Forth, has been made rather inaptly the nation of the foreigners. *Rothessay*, the fourth nation, includes the extreme west of Scotland and Ireland. In Aberdeen there is a like division into *Marenenses*, or inhabitants of Mar, *Angusiani* or men of Angus, which we believe includes the whole world south of the Grampians as the *Angusiani*, while the northern districts are partitioned into *Buchanenses* and *Moravienses*.

The procurators of the nations were, in the University of Paris, those high authorities to whom, as far separated from all sublunary influences, King Henry of England proposed, in the twelfth century, to refer his disputes with the Papal power. In England they are represented at the present day by the formidable proctor, who is a terror to evil-doers without being any praise or protection to them that do well. But it may safely be said that the chubby youths who in Glasgow and Aberdeen go through the annual ceremony, as *procuratores nationum*, of representing the votes of the nations in the election of a rector, more legitimately represent those procurators of the thirteenth and fourteenth century, who maintained the rights of their respective nations in the great intellectual republic called a University. The discovery, indeed, of this latent power, long hidden, like some palæontological fossil, under the pedagogical innovations of modern days—which tended to make the self-governing institution a school ruled by masters—created astonishment in all quarters, even in those who found themselves in possession of the privilege. In Aberdeen especially, when some mischievous antiquary maintained that by the charter the election of a lord rector lay with the students themselves, the announcement was received with derision by a discerning public, and with a severe frown, as a sort of seditious libel, enticing the youth to rebellion, by the indignant professors. But it turned out to be absolutely true, however astounding it might be to those who are unacquainted with the early history of universities, and think that everything ancient must have been tyrannical and hierarchical. The young ones made a sort of saturnalia of their fugitive power, while the professors looked on as one may see a solemn mastiff contemplate the gambols of a litter of privileged spaniel pups. The privilege was, however, used effectively, we may say nobly. There has been no fogysm, or adherence to any settled routine of humdrum respectability, in the selection of the rectors. From Burke to Bulwer Lytton and Macaulay, they have, with a few exceptions, been men of

the first intellectual rank. What is a still more remarkable result than that they should often have been men of genius, there is scarcely an instance of a lord rector having been a clamorous quack or a canting fanatic.

In Edinburgh there is no such relic of the ancient university commonwealth, and the students have instinctively supplied the want by affiliating their voluntary societies, and choosing a distinguished man to be the president of the aggregate group. The constitution of the College of Edinburgh, indeed, was not matured until after the old constitution of the universities had suffered a reaction, and, far from any new ones being constructed on the old model, the earlier universities with difficulty preserved their constitution. Some person called a College Bailie is the dignitary who presides over the interests of the University of Edinburgh as one of the appendages of the Town Council. By that body the greater part of the patronage of the institution is administered, and now it is decided that they have the sole and absolute right of making bye-laws for the regulation of this, the leading educational institution of Scotland. There is something transcendently ludicrous in a civic corporation—a conclave of demure tradesmen, intensely respectable—extending those functions of administration which are appropriately applicable to marketing and street-cleaning to the direction and adjustment of the highest ranges of human instruction. Yet somehow it has worked well, on account of the very anomaly involved in it. The town-councillors, in selecting a professor, like the students in choosing a rector, are afraid of their own powers, and never venture to use their own discretion. Absolutely ignorant of the branches of knowledge to which the rules they frame apply, they become a medium through which these rules are moulded by others, and a certain commercial sagacity enables them to divine who are the most sagacious advisers. So also in the exercise of their patronage, being utterly unable to test the capacity of a candidate, they dare not give way to any partiality founded at least on this ground, and they are generally acute

enough to find out who is most highly estimated by those who are competent to judge.

That principle of internal self-action and independence of the contemporary constituted powers, of which the rectorship and some other relics remain to us at this day, is one of the most remarkable, and in many respects admirable, features in the history of the middle ages. It is involved in mysteries and contradictions which one would be glad to see unravelled by skilful and full inquirers. Adapted to the service of pure knowledge, and investing her with absolute prerogatives, the system was yet one of the creatures of that Romish hierarchy, which at the same time thought by other efforts to circumscribe human inquiry, and make it the servant of her own ambitious efforts.

It may help us in some measure to the solution of the phenomenon to remember that, however dim the light of the Church may have shone, it was yet the representative of the intellectual system, and was in that capacity carrying on a war with brute force. Catholicism was the great rival and controller of the feudal strength and tyranny of the age—*informe ingens cui lumen ademptum*. As intellect and knowledge were the weapons with which they encountered the sightless colossus, it was believed that the intellectual arsenals could not be too extensive or complete—that intellect could not be too richly cultivated. Like many combatants, they perhaps forgot future results in the desire of immediate victory, and were for the moment blind to the effect so nervously apprehended by their successors, that the light thus brought in by them would illuminate the dark corners of their own ecclesiastical system, and lead the way to its fall. Perhaps such hardy intellects as Abelard and Aquinas may have anticipated such a result from the stimulus given by them to intellectual inquiry, and may not have deeply lamented the process.

But however it came about—whether in the blindness of all, or the far-sightedness of some—the Church, from the thirteenth to pretty far on in the fifteenth century, encouraged

learning with a noble reliance and a zealous energy which it would ill become the present age to despise or forget. And even if it should all have proceeded from a blind confidence that the Church placed on a rock was unassailable, and that mere human wisdom, even trained to the utmost of its powers, was, after all, to be nothing but her handmaiden, let us respect this unconscious simplicity which enabled the educational institutions to be placed in so high and trusted a position. The Church supplied something then, indeed, which we search after in vain in the present day, and which we shall only achieve by some great strides in academic organisation, capable of supplying from within what was then supplied from without; and the quality thus supplied was no less than that cosmopolitan nature, which made the university not merely parochial, or merely national, but universal, as its name denoted. The temporal prince might endow the academy with lands and riches, and might confer upon its members honourable and lucrative privileges, but it was to the head of the one indivisible Church that the power belonged of franking it all over Christendom, and establishing throughout the civilised world a free-masonry of intellect, which made all the universities, as it were, one great corporation of the learned men of the world.

It must be admitted that we have here one of those practical difficulties which form the necessary price of the freedom of Protestantism. When a great portion of Europe was no longer attached to Rome, the peculiar centralisation of the educational systems was broken up. The old universities, indeed, retained their ancient privileges in a traditional, if not a practically legal shape, through Lutheranism and Calvinism carrying the characteristics of the abjured Romanism, yet carrying them unscathed, since they were protected from injury and insult by the enlightened object for which they were established and endowed. When, however, in Protestant countries, the old universities became poor, or when a change of condition demanded the foundation of a new university, it was difficult to

restore anything so simple and grand as that old community of privileges which made the member of one university a citizen of all others, according to his rank, whether he were laureated in Paris or distant Upsala—in the gorgeous academies close to the fostering influence of the Pope, or in that humble edifice endowed after the model of the University of Bologna, in an obscure Scottish town named Glasgow.

The English universities, by their great wealth and political influence, were able to stand alone, neither giving nor taking. Their Scottish contemporaries, unable to fight a like battle, have had reason to complain of their ungenerous isolation; and as children of the same parentage, and differing only with their southern neighbours in not having so much worldly prosperity, it is natural that they should look back with a sigh, which even orthodox Presbyterianism cannot suppress, to the time when the universal mental sway of Rome, however offensive it might be in its own insolent supremacy, yet exercised that high privilege of supereminent greatness to level secondary inequalities, and place those whom it favoured beyond the reach of conventional humiliations.

To keep up that characteristic which the Popedom only offered, the monarchs of the largest Protestant states have endeavoured to apply the incorporation principle to universities. In small states and republics the difficulty of obtaining a general sanction to frank their honours to any distance from the place where they are given is still greater, yet it is in such places that, through fortunate coincidents, an academy sometimes acquires a widespread reputation and influence. To what eminence the universities in the United States are destined who shall predict? yet, in the estimate of many, they have no right to be called universities at all; and of the doctors' degrees which they freely distribute in this country, much doubt is entertained of the genuineness. Yet if it would be difficult to lay down how it is that these American institutions have acquired any power to grant degrees—that is to say, the power not only to confer

prizes and rewards among their own alumni, but to invest them with insignia of literary rank current for their value over the world—it would be equally difficult for any of the ancient universities in Protestant states to claim an exclusive right to such a power, since this could only be done through Papal authority. It will be said that there is just the same practical difficulty in this as in all other departments of human institutions, and especially those which, like rank, are transferable from country to country, so as to require and obtain an estimate of their value in each. It will be said that the exclusiveness which denies the Heidelberg Doctor of Philosophy a parallel with the LL.D. of Oxford is just the same as that which will by no means admit the count or baron who is deputy-assistant high-ways controller, as on a par with an earl or baron in the peerage of England. The Kammer Junker of Denmark is not looked on as a privy-councillor. The Sheriff of Mecca, the Sheriff of London, and the Sheriff of Edinburgh, are three totally different personages, and would feel very much puzzled how to act if they were to change places for a while. Some Eastern dignitaries—Baboo, Fudky, and the like, must occasionally puzzle even the adepts of Leadenhall. Nor are we without our instances near at hand. What is the Knight of Kerry, what the Captain of Clanranald, what The Chisholm—and how do the authorities at the Herald's Office deal with them? Has not an Archbishop of York been suspected of imposture in a Scottish bank when he signed with the surname of Eborac; and have not our Scottish judges, with their strange-sounding peerage-titles, made mighty confusion in respectable English hotels, when my Lord Kames is so intimate with Mrs. Home, and my Lord Auchinleck retires with Mrs. Boswell? But admitting the confusion to be irremediable in the department of political and decorative rank, the absence of a uniform intellectual hierarchy is not the less to be regretted, while the great effort made to secure it in an early and imperfect condition of society should be contemplated with a respectful awe. There is just one man who professes

to be able effectually to restore it—the sage of positivism, M. Comte ; and he is to do it when he has established absolute science in everything, and put down freedom of opinion by the application of sure scientific deduction in every department of the world's intellectual pursuits ; when it shall be as impossible to question the most abstruse propositions in chemistry, geology, or social organisation, as to question the multiplication table or the succession of the tides—then, indeed, may absolute laws be laid down to govern the world in its appreciation of intellectual rank. But it is long yet ere that day of certain knowledge—if it is ever destined to dawn on that poor, blundering, unfortunate fellow, man. We have got but a very, very little way yet, and we know not how much farther it is permitted us to penetrate. Terrible are the chaotic heaps that have to be cleared away or set in order by the pioneers of intellect, and it is still a question whether our race can provide those who are strong-headed enough for the task.

There is much truth, however, at the foundation of the French sage's audacious speculations, that intellect must achieve for herself her own conquests and take her own position. In the greatness of the acquirements of which they are the nursery, must we look hereafter to the greatness of our seminaries of learning. If the university is but a grammar-school or a collection of popular lecture-rooms, no royal decrees or republican ordinances will give it rank—if it be a great centre of literary and scientific illumination, the pride or enmity of its rivals will not tarnish its lustre. But apart from the question between catholicity and positivity, it is, we think, very interesting to notice in our universities—humble as we admit them to be—the relics of the nomenclature and customs which, in the fifteenth century, marked their rank in the great European cluster of universities. The most eminent of their characteristics is that high officer, the Rector, already spoken of. There is a Censor too—but for all the grandeur of his etymological ancestry in Roman history, he is but a small officer—in stature sometimes, as well as dignity. He calls over the catalogue or roll of

names, marking those absent—a duty quite in keeping with that enumerating function of the Roman officer which has left to us the word census as a numbering of the people.

So lately as the eighteenth century, when the monastic or collegiate system which has now so totally disappeared from the Scottish universities yet lingered about them, the censor was a more important, or at least more laborious officer, and, oddly enough, he corresponded in some measure with the character into which, in England, the Proctor had been so strangely diverted. In a regulation adopted in Glasgow, in 1725, it is provided “that all students be obliged, after the bells ring, immediately to repair to their classes, and to keep within them, and a censor be appointed to every class, to attend from the ringing of the bells till the several masters come to their classes, and observe any, either of his own class or of any other, who shall be found walking in the courts during the above time, or standing on the stairs, or looking out at the windows, or making noise.”—*Munimenta Univ. Glasguensis*, ii. 429. This has something of the mere schoolroom characteristic of our modern university discipline, but this other paragraph, from the same set of regulations, is indicative both of more mature vices among the precocious youth of Glasgow, and a more inquisitorial corrective organisation :—

“That for keeping order without the College, a censor be appointed to observe any who shall be in the streets before the bells ring, and to go now and then to the billiard-tables, and to the other gaming-places, to observe if any be playing at the times when they ought to be in their chambers ; and that this censor be taken from the poor scholars of the several classes alternately as they shall be thought most fit for that office, and that some reward be thought of for their pains.” (*Ibid.* 425). In the fierce street-conflicts, to which we may have occasion to refer, the poor censors had a more perilous service.

In the universities of Central Europe, and that of Paris, their parent, the censor was a very important person ; yet he was the sub-

ordinate of one far greater in power and influence. In the words of the writers of the *Trevaux*, so full of knowledge about such matters, "Un Régent est dans sa classe comme un Souverain ; il crée des charges de *Censeurs* comme il lui plait, il les donne à qui il veut, et il les abolit quand il le juge à propos." The regents still exist in more than their original potency ; for they are that essential invigorating element of the university of the present day, without which it would not exist. Of old, when every magister was entitled to teach in the university, the regents were persons selected from among them, with the powers of government as separate from the capacity and function of instructing ; at present, in so far as the university is a school, the regent is a schoolmaster—and therefore, as we have just said, he is an essential element of the establishment. The term regent, like most of the other university distinctions, was originally of Parisian nomenclature, and there might be adduced a good deal of learning bearing on its signification as distinct from that of the word professor—now so desecrated in its use that we are most familiar with it in connection with dancing-schools, jugglers' booths, and veterinary surgeries. The regency, as a university distinction conferred as a reward of capacities shown within the arena of the university, and judged of according to its republican principles, seems to have lingered in a rather confused shape in our Scottish universities, and to have gradually ingrafted itself on the patronage of the professorships. So in reference to Glasgow, immediately after the Revolution, when there was a vacancy or two from Episcopalians declining to take the obligation to acknowledge the new Church Establishment, there appears the following notice :—

"January 2, 1691.—There had never been so solemn and numerous an appearance of disputants for a regent's place as was for fourteen days before this, nine candidates disputing ; and in all their disputes and other exercises they all behaved themselves so well, as that the Faculty judged there was not one of them but gave such specimens of their learning as might deserve the place, which

occasioned so great difficulty in the choice that the Faculty, choosing a leet of some of them who seemed most to excel and be fittest, did determine the same by lot, which the Faculty did solemnly go about, and the lot fell upon Mr. John Law, who thereupon was this day established regent."—*Ibid.*, vol. iii. p. 596.

Sir William Hamilton explains the position of the regents with a lucid precision which makes his statement correspond precisely with the documentary stores before us. "In the original constitution of Oxford," he says, "as in that of all the older universities of the Parisian model the business of instruction was not confided to a special body of privileged professors. The University was governed, the University was taught by the graduates at large. Professor, master, doctor, were originally synonymous. Every graduate had an equal right of teaching publicly in the University the subjects competent to his faculty and to the rank of his degree ; nay, every graduate incurred the obligation of teaching publicly, for a certain period, the subjects of his faculty—for such was the condition involved in the grant of the degree itself. The bachelor, or imperfect graduate, partly as an exercise towards the higher honour, and useful to himself, partly as a performance due for the degree obtained and of advantage to others, was bound to read under a master or doctor in his faculty a course of lectures ; and the master, doctor, or perfect graduate, was in like manner after his promotion, obliged immediately to commence (*incipere*), and to continue for a certain period publicly to teach (*regere*), some at least of the subjects appertaining to his faculty. As, however, it was only necessary for the University to enforce this obligation of public teaching, compulsory on all graduates during the term of their necessary regency, if there did not come forward a competent number of voluntary regents to execute this function ; and as the schools belonging to the several faculties, and in which alone all public or ordinary instruction could be delivered, were frequently inadequate to accommodate the multitude of the inceptors, it was

to pass that in these universities the original period of necessary regency was once and again abbreviated, and even a dispensation from actual teaching during its continuance commonly allowed. At the same time, as the University only accomplished the end of its existence through its regents, they alone were allowed to enjoy full privileges in its legislature and government; they alone partook of its *beneficia* and *sportulæ*. In Paris the non-regent graduates were only assembled on rare and extraordinary occasions: in Oxford the regents constituted the house of congregation, which, among other exclusive prerogatives, was anciently the initiatory assembly through which it behoved that every measure should pass before it could be admitted to the house of convocation, composed indifferently of all regents and non-regents resident in the University."—*Dissertation*, p. 391-2.

But the term Regent became afterwards obsolete in the southern universities, while it continued by usage to be applied to a certain class of professors in our own. Along with other purely academic titles and functions, it fell in England before the rising ascendancy of the heads and other functionaries of the collegiate institutions—colleges, halls, inns, and entries. So, in the same way, evaporated the faculties and their deans, still conspicuous in Scottish academic nomenclature. In both quarters they were derived from the all-fruitful nursery of the Parisian University. But Scotland kept and cherished what she obtained from a friend and ally; England despised and forgot the example of an alien and hostile people. The Decanus seems to have been a captain or leader of ten—a sort of tything-man; and Ducange speaks of him as a superintendent of ten monks. He afterwards came into general employment as a sort of chairman and leader. The *Doyens* of all sorts, lay and ecclesiastical, were a marked feature of ancient France, as they still are of Scotland, where there is a large body of lay deans, from the eminent lawyer who presides over the Faculty of Advocates down to "my feyther the deacon," who gathers behind a half-door the gear that is to make his son a capitalist and a magistrate. Among

the Scottish universities the deans of faculty are still nearly as familiar a title as they were at Paris or Bologna.

The employment in the universities of a dead language as the means of communication was not only a natural arrangement for teaching the familiar use of that language, but it was also evidently courted as one of the tokens of learned isolation from the common illiterate world. In Scotland, as perhaps in some other small countries, such as Holland, the Latin remained as the language of literature after the great nations England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, were making a vernacular literature for themselves. In the seventeenth century the Scot had not been reconciled to the acceptance of the English tongue as his own; nor, indeed, could he employ it either gracefully or accurately. On the other hand, he felt the provincialism of the Lowland Scottish tongue, the ridicule attached to its use in books which happened to cross the Border, and the narrowness of the field it afforded to literary ambition.

Hence every man who looked to be a worker in literature or science, threw himself into the academic practice of cultivating the familiar use of the Latin language. To the Scottish scholars it was almost a revived language, and they possessed as great a command over it as can ever be obtained of a language confined to a class, and not universally used by the lowest as well as the highest of the people. Hence, when he had the pen in hand, the educated Scotsman felt the Latin come more naturally to his call than the vernacular; and people accustomed to rummage among old letters by Scotsmen will have sometimes noticed that the writer, beginning with his native tongue, slips gradually into the employment of Latin as a relief, just as we may find a foreigner abandon the arduous labour of breaking English, to repose himself in the easy fluency of his natural speech. We believe that no language, employed only by a class, is capable of the same copiousness and flexibility as that which is necessarily applicable to all purposes, from the meanest to the highest. But such as a class-language could become, the Latin was among the Scots; and it is to

their peculiar position and academic practices that, among a host of distinguished humanists, we possess in George Buchanan the most illustrious writer in the Roman tongue, both in poetry and prose, since the best days of Rome.

The records before us afford some amusing instances of the anxious zeal with which any lapse into the vernacular tongue was prevented, and conversation among the students was rendered as uneasy and unpleasant as possible. In the visitorial regulations of King's College, Aberdeen, in 1546, it is provided that the attendant boys—the gyps, if we may so call them—shall be expert in the use of Latin, lest they should give occasion to the masters or students to have recourse to the vernacular speech: “*Ne dent occasionem magistris et Studentibus lingua vernacula uti.*” If Aberdeen supplied a considerable number of waiting-boys thus accomplished, the stranger wandering to that far northern region, in the seventeenth century, might have been as much astonished as the man in *Ignoramus*, who tested the state of education in Paris by finding that even the dirty boys in the streets were taught French. It would, after all, have perhaps been more difficult to find waiting-boys who could speak English. The term by which they are described is a curious indication of the French habits and traditions of the northern universities: they are spoken of as *garçones*—a word of obvious origin to any one who has been in a French hotel.

In Glasgow, in a law passed in 1667, it is provided that “all who are delated by the public censor for speaking of English shall be fined in an halfpenny *toties quoties*.” The sum is not large, but the imposition of the penalty at that particular juncture looks rather unreasonable, since the Senate and the Faculty of Arts had just abandoned the use of Latin in their public documents, and had adopted what, if not strictly English, was the vernacular tongue—a change which was doubtless as much to their own ease as it is to the satisfaction of the reader, who becomes painfully alive to the continued and progressive barbarisation of the academic Latin.

In a great measure, however, it seems to have been less the object in view to inculcate Latin than to discountenance the vernacular language of the country. In some instances the language of France is admitted; and, from the number of Scotsmen who carved out their fortunes in that hospitable and affluent country, this acquisition must have been one of peculiar value. In a set of statutes and laws of the Grammar School of Aberdeen, adopted in 1553, there is a very singular liberty of choice—the pupils might speak in Greek, Hebrew, or even in Gaelic, rather than in Lowland Scots: “*Loquantur omnes Latinè, Græcè, Hebraicè, Gallicè Hybernicè—nuncquam vernaculè, saltem cum his qui Latinè noscunt.*” This is by no means to be held as an indication of the familiar acquaintance of the Aberdonian students with the language of the Gael; on the contrary, it shows how entirely this was placed within the category of foreign tongues. We know no other instances in which the tongue of the Highlander is spoken of in connection with the earlier educational institutions of the country; but we think it not improbable that any encouragement it received was for much the same reason that Hindostanee and the African dialects are now sometimes taught to young divines—that they may work as missionaries among the heathen. A few students from this wild region, to which Christianity had scarcely penetrated, were indeed a peculiar feature of the educational institutions of Aberdeen, and in a modified shape so remain to this day, since some wild men from the hills, spending a brief period at school or college to acquire a fragment of education, are yet known by the term *extranni*, of old applied to them. There is a prevailing, but utterly false impression, that Aberdeen is in the Highlands. It lingers chiefly, in the present century, with Cockneys beginning their first northern tour; but in the seventeenth century it may, perhaps, have been entertained even in the metropolis of Scotland. Hence the educational institutions there, though at the extremity of a long tract of agricultural lowland, inhabited by a Teutonic people, and farther

separated from the actual Celtic line than Edinburgh itself, are generally talked of in old documents as those which are peculiarly available for the civilisation of the Highlanders. Glasgow was nearer and more accessible to the great body of the western Celts; but in this town the prejudices against them were greater, and the alienation, especially in religion, was more emphatic. It was to Aberdeen then, generally, that the son of a predatory chief would be sent, to fit him in some measure for converse with the civilised world, such as it then was; and the fierce owner of a despotic power over his clansmen would appear among the sober burghesses of the northern metropolis much as an American chief may among the inhabitants of some distant city in the Union. Lovat studied at King's College, in Aberdeen, and there acquired a portion of those accomplishments which made him act the subtle courtier in Paris or London, and reserve his sanguinary ruffianism for Castle Dunie. Not unmindful of the benefits of the institution, some of the Celtic princes bestowed endowments on it. Thus, the Laird of Macintosh, who begins in the true regal style, "We, Lachlan Macintosh of that ilk," and who calls himself the Chief and *Principall* of the Clan Chattan—probably using the term which he thought would be the most likely to make his supremacy intelligible to university dignitaries—dispenses to the King's College two thousand merks, "for maintaining hopeful students thereat." He reserves, however, a dynastic control over the endowment, making it conducive to the clan discipline and the support of the hierarchy surrounding the chief. It was a condition that the beneficiary should be presented "by the lairds of Macintosh successively in all time coming; that a youth of the name of Macintosh or of Clan Chattan shall be preferred to those of any other name," &c.—*Fasti*, 206. This document is titled in the records, "Macintosh's Mortification," according to a peculiar technical application of that expression in Scotland, to the perpetuity of possession which in England is termed *mortmain*. Later in the eighteenth cen-

tury, M'Lean of Coll causes another mortification to be "applied towards the maintenance and education of such young man or boy of the name of M'Lean as shall be recommended by me, or my heirs or successors on the estate of Coll." This is probably the same Highland potentate who frowned so savagely on young Colman, when he, seeing an old gentleman familiarly called Coll by his contemporaries, addressed him as Mr. Coll. Such a solecism would never be permitted to pass as an accidental mistake, since it would be utterly impossible to convince the mighty chief of Coll that there existed in this world a person ignorant enough to be unacquainted with his style and title. At a still later date, a bequest is more gracefully made by Sir John M'Pherson: "In testimony of my gratitude to the University of Old Aberdeen, I bequeath to ditto, so as to afford an annual bursary to any Highland student who may be selected to receive the said bursary, two thousand five hundred pounds of my Carnatic stock."

Here there is a wider range of application, but still the endowment is to a Highland student. Nor, after all, when the social state of the Highlanders is considered, can we wonder that their gentry should seek to preserve the wealth which they are constrained to deposit in the hands of the stranger for their own people. Occasionally, at the present day, some wild wiry M'Lean or M'Dougal makes his appearance, by command of the chief, at the proper time and place, to claim investment in the clan bursary. Other of these endowments are of restricted application, being exclusively appropriated to students of a special name, such as Smith or Thomson, or born in a special parish, or descended from members of some corporation. In general, however, these endowments—some of them of very ancient date—are open to free universal competition, and are in this shape one of the most interesting and remarkable specimens of the ancient literary republics, in which each man fought with his brains, and held what his brains could achieve for him. Annually, at the competition for bursaries in Aberdeen, there assembles a varied group of in-

tellectual gladiators—long red-haired Highlanders, who feel trousers and shoes an infringement of the liberty of the subject—square-built Lowland farmers—flaxen-haired Orcadians, and pale citizens' sons, vibrating between scholarship and the tailor's board or the shoemaker's last. Grim and silent they sit for a day, rendering into Latin an English essay, and drop away one by one, depositing with the judges the evidence of success or failure as the case may be. The thing is very fairly and impartially managed, and honourable to all the parties concerned.

It is, indeed, as we have hinted, a relic of the old competitive spirit which distinguished the universities as literal republics of letters, where each man fought his own battle, and gained and wore his own laurels. Nor was his arena confined to his own college. The free-masonry we have already alluded to opened every honour and emolument to all, and the Scotsman might suddenly enter the lists at Paris, Bologna, or Upsala, or the Spaniard might compete in Glasgow or Aberdeen. The records before us contain many forms in which the ancient spirit has now ceased to breathe. Already has been mentioned the competition for the regentship. The old form of the Impugnment of Theses, so renowned in literary histories, has died away as a portion of the ordinary laureation. The comprehensive challenges and corresponding victories attributed to the Admirable Crichton give this practice a peculiar interest in the eyes of Scotsmen; and it has a great place in the annals of the Reformation, since one of its main stages was the posting the twenty-five theses on the door of the Church of Württemberg by Luther. But in reading these remarkable events people are apt to forget the commonness of the practice; and Crichton has the aspect of a preposterous intellectual bully going out of his proper way to attract notice, instead of doing what was in its time and circumstances as ordinary and common sense an act as running a tilt, joining a crusade, or burning a witch. Goldsmith, in that account of the intellectual vagabond which so evidently describes himself, has noticed some relics of the prac-

tice as he found it on the Continent. "In all the universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, then, I fought my way towards England." A collection of German pamphlets, amounting, it is said, to upwards of a hundred thousand, and called the Dietrich Collection, was some years ago purchased by the Faculty of Advocates, and was found to consist chiefly of the academic theses in which the scholars of Germany—illustrious and obscure—had been disputing for centuries. In the same place, by the way, where this vast collection reposes, may be found the most complete living illustration of the old form of impugnment. The anxious litigant or busy agent entering the main door of the Parliament House at 9 o'clock of a morning, may find, by an *affiche* to the door-post, that there is to be a *disputatio juridica* under the auspices of the *inclytus Diaconus facultatis*. Since the year 1693 it has been the practice of each intrant to undergo public impugnment, or, as the act of Faculty says, "the public tryall of candidates, by printing and publishing theses on the subject assigned with corollaries, as it is observed amongst other nations." A title of the Pandects is assigned on each occasion. Thus the Faculty possesses more than one running commentary upon that celebrated collection; and it has always been deemed remarkable that, considering the number and varied talent of the authors of these theses, they should be so uniform in their Latinity and structure. A great innovation has lately taken place in sparing the cost of printing these theses, and applying the amount so saved to the Faculty's magnificent library.

Many of the old university theses are very interesting as the youthful efforts of men who have subsequently become eminent. Those connected with Aberdeen are apparently the most numerous. It is very noticeable, indeed, that in the remote rival institutions there established, the spirit and practice of the Continental universities, in

almost every department, had their most tenacious existence. As in England, the Church of Rome was succeeded there, not by Presbyterianism but Episcopacy, and there were fewer changes in all old habits and institutions. The celebrated "Aberdeen doctors," who carried on a controversy with the Covenanters, met their zealous religionists with something like the old pedantic formality of the academic system of disputation. They resolved the Covenant into a thesis, and impugned it. Of this remarkable group of scholars we have the following notice in Professor Innes's Preface:—

"Their names are now little known, except to the local antiquary; but no one who has even slightly studied the history of that disturbed time is unacquainted with the collective designation of 'the Aberdeen Doctors' bestowed upon the learned 'querists' of the ultra-Presbyterian Assembly of 1638, and the most formidable opponents of the Solemn League and Covenant.

"Of these learned divines, Dr. Robert Barron had succeeded Bishop Forbes in his parish of Keith, and from thence was brought on the first opportunity to be made Minister of Aberdeen, and afterwards Professor of Divinity in Marischal College. He is best judged by the estimation of his own time, which placed him foremost in philosophy and theology. Bishop Sydsef characterises him as 'vir in omni scholastica theologia et omni literatura versatissimus.' 'A person of incomparable worth and learning,' says Middleton, 'he had a clear apprehension of things, and a rare facultie of making the hardest things to be easily understood.'* Gordon of Rothiemay says, 'He was one of those who maintained the unanswerable dispute (in 1638) against the Covenant, which drew upon him both their envy, hate, and calumnyes; yet so

innocently lived and dyed hee, that such as then hated him doo now reverence his memorye, and admire his works.' Principal Baillie, of the opposite party, speaks of him as 'a meek and learned person,' and always with great respect; and Bishop Jeremy Taylor, when writing in 1659 to a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, recommending the choice of books for 'the beginning of a theological library,' named two treatises of Barron's especially, and recommended generally 'everything of his.'† That a man so honoured for his learning and his life should receive the indignities inflicted on Barron after his death, is rather to be held as a mark of the general coarseness of the time, than attributed to the persecuting spirit of any one sect.‡

"Another of the Aberdeen doctors, William Leslie, was successively Subprincipal and Principal of King's College. The visitors of 1638 found him worthy of censure, as defective and negligent in his office, but recorded their knowledge that he was 'ane man of gude literature, lyff, and conversatioun'§ 'He was a man,' says James Gordon, 'grave and austere, and exemplar. The University was happy in having such a light as he, who was eminent in all the sciences above the most of his age.'||

"Dr. James Sibbald, Minister of St. Nicholas, and a Regent in the University, is recorded by the same contemporary: 'It will not be affirmed by his very enemies, but that Dr. James Sibbald was ane eloquent and painefull preacher, a man godly, and grave, and modest, not tainted with any vice unbeseeming a minister, to whom nothing could in reason be objected, if you call not his antecovenanting a cryme.'¶ Principal Baillie, while condemning his Arminian doctrines, says—'The man was, there, of great fame.'

"Dr. Alexander Scroggy, minister in the Cathedral Church, first known to the world as thought worthy to contribute to the 'Funerals' of his patron and friend,

* Appendix to Spottiswood, p. 29.

† Dr. J. H. Todd, who first published this letter (*English Churchman*, Jan. 11, 1849), supposed Bishop Taylor to be speaking of Dr. Peter Barron of Cambridge, but afterwards, on the evidence being communicated to him, was entirely satisfied, and corrected his mistake. "The author referred to (writes Dr. Todd) is certainly Dr. Robert Barron of Aberdeen, a divine of whom the Church of Scotland may be justly proud."—*Irish Ecclesiastical Journal*, March, 1849.

‡ Upon an allegation of unsoundness of doctrine in some of his works, the General Assembly of 1640 dragged his widow, in custody of a "rote of musketiers," from her retreat in Strathislay, to enable them to search his house for his manuscripts and letters, a year after his death. The proceedings add some circumstances of inhumanity to the old revolting cases not unknown in Scotland, where a dead man was dug out of his grave to be placed at the bar, tried and sentenced.

§ P. 296.

|| Vol. iii. p. 331.

¶ History of Scots Affairs, vol. iii. p. 231.

Bishop Forbes,* is described in 1640 by Gordon as 'a man sober, grave, and painefull in his calling :† and by Baillie as 'ane old man, not vorie corrupt, yet perverse in the Covenant and Service-book.' His obstinacy yielded under the weight of old age and the need of rest, but he is not the more respected for the questionable recantation of all his early opinions ‡

"Foremost, by common consent, among that body of divines and scholars, was John Forbes, the good bishop's son. He had studied at King's College, and, after completing his education in the approved manner by a round of foreign universities, returned to Scotland to take his doctor's degree, and to be the first professor in the chair of theology founded and endowed in our University by his father and the clergy of the diocese. Dr. John Forbes's theological works have been appreciated by all critics and students, and have gone some way to remove the reproach of want of learning from the divines of Scotland. His greatest undertaking, the *Instructiones historico-theologicae*, which he left unfinished, Bishop Burnett pronounces to be 'a work which, if he had finished it, and had been suffered to enjoy the privacies of his retirement and study to give us the second volume, had been the greatest treasure of theological learning that perhaps the world has yet received.'§

"These were the men whom the bishop drew into the centre and heart of the sphere which he had set himself to illuminate; and in a short space of time, by their united endeavours, there grew up around their Cathedral and University a society more learned and accomplished than Scotland had hitherto known, which spread a taste for literature and art beyond the academic circle, and gave a tone of refinement to the great commercial city and its neighbourhood.

"It must be confessed cultivation was not without bias. It would seem that, in proportion as the Presbyterian and

Puritan party receded from the learning of some of their first teachers, literature became here, as afterwards in England, the peculiar badge of Episcopacy. With Episcopacy went, hand in hand, the high assertion of royal authority; and influenced as it had been by Bishop Patrick Forbes and his followers, Aberdeen became, and continued for a century to be, not only a centre of northern academic learning, but a little stronghold of loyalty and Episcopacy—the marked seat of high Cavalier politics and anti-Puritan sentiments of religion and church government.

"That there was a dash of pedantry in the learning of that Augustan age of our University, was the misfortune of the age, rather than peculiar to Aberdeen. The literature of Britain and all Europe, except Italy, was still for the most part scholastic; and still to a great degree shrouded in the scholastic dress of a dead language; and we must not wonder that the Northern University exacted from her divines and philosophers, even from her historians and poets, that they should use the language of the learned. After all, we owe too much to classical learning to grudge that it should for a time have overshadowed and kept down its legitimate offspring of native literature. 'We never ought to forget,' writes one worthy to record the life and learning of Andrew Melville, 'that the refinement and the science, secular and sacred, with which modern Europe is enriched, must be traced to the revival of ancient literature, and that the hid treasures could not have been laid open and rendered available but for that enthusiasm with which the languages of Greece and Rome were cultivated in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.'||

"It is not to be questioned that in the literature of that age, and in all departments of it, Aberdeen stood pre-eminent. Clarendon commemorates the 'many excellent scholars and very learned men under whom the Scotch universities,

* Aberdeen, 1635. † Vol. iii. p. 227.

‡ In the Presbytery of Aberdeen, 26th May, 1642. He died in 1659, in the ninety-fifth year of his age.

§ *Life of Bishop Bedell*—Preface. Of most of these theological authors I am obliged to speak in the language of others. I have not even, in all cases, read the works which have formed their character.

|| *Dr. M'Crie's Life of Melville*, vol. ii. p. 445. It is with hesitation that any one who has benefited by this work will express a difference of opinion from its author. But it seems to me that Dr. M'Crie has been led by his admiration for Andrew Melville to rate too highly an exercise in which he excelled. The writing of modern Latin poetry, however valuable as a part of grammatical education, has, in truth, never been an effort of imagination or fancy; and its products, when most successful, have never produced the effect of genuine poetry on the mind of the reader.

and especially Aberdeen, flourished." 'Bishop Patrick Forbes,' says Burnet, 'took such care of the two colleges in his diocese, that they became quickly distinguished from all the rest of Scotland. . . . They were an honour to the Church, both by their lives and by their learning; and with that excellent temper they seasoned that whole diocese, both clergy and laity, that it continues to this very day very much distinguished from all the rest of Scotland, both for learning, loyalty, and peaceableness.'†

"That this was an unfounded boast, as regards one department of learning, has been already shown, in enumerating the learned divines who drew upon Aberdeen the general attention soon after the death of their bishop and master. In secular learning it was no less distinguished. No one excelled Robert Gordon of Straloch in all the accomplishments that honour the country gentleman. Without the common desire of fame or any more sordid motive, he devoted his life and talents to illustrate the history and literature of his country. He was the prime assistant to Scotstarvet in his two great undertakings, the Atlas and the collections of Scotch poetry.‡ The maps of Scotland in the Great Atlas (many of them drawn by himself, and the whole 'revised' by him at the earnest entreaty of Charles I.) with the topographical descriptions that accompany them, are among the most valuable contributions ever made by an individual to the physical history of his country. His son, James Gordon, parson of Rothiemay, followed out his father's great objects with admirable skill, and in two particulars he merits our gratitude even more. He was one of the earliest of our countrymen to study drawing, and to apply it to plans and views of places; and, while he could wield Latin easily, he condescended to write the history of his time in excellent Scotch.

"While these writers were illustrating the history of their country in prose, a crowd of scholars were writing poetry, or, at least, pouring forth innumerable copies of elegant Latin verses. While the two Johnstons were the most distinguished of those poets of Aberdeen, John Leech, once Rector of our University,§ David Wedderburn, rector of the Grammar School, and many others, wrote and published pleasing Latin verse, which stands the test of criticism. While it cannot be said that such compositions produce on the reader the higher effects of real poetry, they are not without value, if we view them as tests of the cultivation of the society among which they were produced. Arthur Johnston not only addresses elegiacs to the bishop and his doctors, throwing a charming classical air over their abstruse learning, but puts up a petition to the magistrates of the city, or celebrates the charms of Mistress Abernethy, or the embroideries of the Lady Lauderdale—all in choice Latin verse, quite as if the persons whom he addressed appreciated the language of the poet.||

"Intelligent and educated strangers, both foreigners and the gentry of the north, were attracted to Aberdeen; and its colleges became the place of education for a higher class of students than had hitherto been accustomed to draw their philosophy from a native source.¶

"If it was altogether chance, it was a very fortunate accident, which placed in the midst of a society so worthy of commemoration a painter like George Jamieson, the pupil of Rubens, the first, and, till Raeburn, the only great painter whom Scotland had produced. Though he was a native of Aberdeen, it is not likely that anything but the little court of the bishop could have induced such an artist to prosecute his art in a provincial town. An academic orator in 1630, while boasting of the crowd of distinguished men, natives

* *History of the Rebellion*. Oxford, 1826. Vol. i. p. 145.

† *Life of Bishop Beadell*—Preface.

‡ *Delitiae poetarum Scotorum hujus ævi illustrium*, and fifth volume of the Great Atlas—both published by John Bleau at Amsterdam, the former in 1637, the latter in 1654.

§ *Joannis Leochaei Scoti musæ*. Londini, 1620. Leech was Rector of the University in 1619.

|| "Ad Senatam Aberdonensem;" "Tumulus Joannis Colissonii;" "De Abrenethæa;" "De auleis acupictis D. Isabellæ Setonæ Comitissæ Laderdeliæ." *Epigrammata Arturi Jonatoni, Scoti, Medici Regii, Abredonia: excudebat Edvardus Rabanus*, 1632.

¶ STRACHAN'S *Panegyricus*. Among the strangers he distinguished Parkins, an Englishman who had, the year before (1630), obtained a degree of M.D. in our University. The earliest diploma of M.D. I have seen is that which I have noted (somewhat out of place) among the academic prints, and which was granted in 1607.

and strangers, either produced by the University, or brought to Aberdeen by the bishop, was able to point to their pictures ornamenting the hall where his audience were assembled. Knowing by whom these portraits were painted, we cannot but regret that so few are preserved."*

Keeping, however, to the matter of academic impugnement, we shall now turn to an instance of its incidental occurrence in that University, which, from its late origin, was least imbued with the spirit of the Continental system.

The visit of King James to his ancient kingdom in 1617, afforded the half-formed collegiate institution in Edinburgh an opportunity for a rhetorical display, which ended in substantial advantages. Tired with business at Holyrood, and in the enjoyment of full eating and drinking, and "driving our" at his quieter palace of Stirling, he bethought himself of a rhetorical pastime with the professors of the new University, wherein he could not fail to luxuriate in the scholastic quibbling with which his mind was so well crammed, and he was pretty certain of enjoying an ample banquet of success and applause. Hence, as Thomas Crawford the annalist of the institution informs us, "It pleased his majesty to appoint the maisters of the college to attend him at Sterling the 29th day of July, where, in the royal chapel, his majesty, with the flower of the nobility, and many of the most learned men of both nations were present, a little before five of the clock, and continued with much cheerfulness above three hours."

The display was calculated to be rather appalling to any man who had much diffidence or reserve in his dispo-

sition, and hence Charteris, the principal, "being naturally averse from public show, and professor of divinity," transferred the duty of leading the discussion to Professor Adamson. The form adopted was the good old method of the impugnement of theses, so many being appointed to defend, and so many to impugn; "but they insisted only upon such purposes as were conceived would be most acceptable to the king's majesty and the auditory."

The first thesis was better suited for the legislature than an academic body, and there must have been some peculiar reason for bringing it on. It was, "that sheriffs and other inferior magistrates should not be hereditary," which was oppugned by Professor Lands "with many pretty arguments." The king was so pleased with the oppugnation, that he turned to the Marquis of Hamilton, hereditary sheriff of Clydesdale, and said, "James, you see your cause lost—and all that can be said for it clearly satisfied and answered." *N.—B.* It is just worth noticing that the College and the Marquis were then at feud. There was a question about the possession of the old lodging of the Hamilton family, then constituting a considerable portion of the University edifices. The "gud old nobleman," his father, had been easily satisfied, but the young man was determined to stand upon his rights, and, though he could not recover possession, get something in the shape of rent or damages; nor would he take the judicious hint that "so honourable a personage would never admit into his thoughts to impoverish the patrimony of the young University, which had been so great an ornament, and so fruitful an

* "Patricius . . . suprema dignitates scholasticas in viros omni laude majores (*quorum vos hic vultis videtis*) qui vel ipsas dignitates honorarunt, conferri curavit. Quid memorem Sandilandios, Rhetos, Baronios, Scrogios, Sibbaldos, Lesleios, maxima illa nomina. . . . Deus mi! quanta dici celebritas, quo tot pileati, patres, theologie, juris et medicine doctores et baccalaurei de gymnasio nostro velu! agmine facto prodierunt!" He alludes to the strangers attracted by the fame of the society—to the divines, Forbes, Barron, &c.—to the physicians. "Quantus medicorum grex! quanta claritas! . . . Quantum uterque Jonstonus, ejusdem uteri, ejusdem artis fratres. . . . Mathesi profunda, quantum poesi et impangendis carminibus valeant, novistia. Arthurus medicus Regis et divinus poeta elegie et epigrammatis, quibus non solum sue etatis homines superat verum antiquissimos quosque aequat. Gulielmus rei herbarie et mathematicum, quorum professor meritisissimus est, gloria cluit. De Gulielmo certe idem u. urpare possumus. . . . 'Delicia est humani generis,' tanta est ejus comitas, tanta urbanitas."

instrument of so much good to the whole nation, but rather accept of some honourable acknowledgment of his munificence in bestowing upon the College an honest residence for the muses." But to return to the impugnement. The next thesis was on local motion, "pressing many things by clear testimonies of Aristotle's text;" and this passage of literary arms called out one of James's sallies of pawky persiflage. "These men," he said, "know Aristotle's mind as well as himself did while he lived." The next thesis was on the "Original of Fountains;" and the discussion, much to the purpose, no doubt, was so interesting that it was allowed to go on far beyond the prescribed period, "his majesty himself sometimes speaking for the impugner, and sometimes for the defender, in good Latin, and with much knowledge of the secrets of philosophy."

Talking is, however, at the best, dry work. His majesty went at last to supper, and no doubt would have what is termed "a wet night." When up to the proper mark, he sent for the professors, and delivered himself of the following brilliant address:—

"Methinks these gentlemen, by their very names, have been destined for the acts which they have had in hand to-day. Adam was father of all; and, very fitly, Adamson had the first part of this act. The defender is justly called Fairly—his thesis had some fair lies, and he defended them very fairly, and with many fair lies given to the oppugners. And why should not Mr. Lands be the first to enter the lands? but now I clearly see that all lands are not barren, for certainly he hath shown a fertile wit. Mr. Young is very old in Aristotle. Mr. Reed needs not be red with blushing for his acting to-day. Mr. King disputed very kingly, and of a kingly purpose, anent the royal supremacy of reason over anger and all passions." And here his majesty was going to close the encomiums, when some one nudged his elbow, and hinted that he had omitted to notice the modest Charteris; but the royal wit was not abashed, and his concluding im-

promptu was by no means the least successful of his puns. "Well, his name agreeth very well to his nature; for charters contain much matter, yet say nothing, but put great purposes in men's mouths."

Few natures would be churlish enough to resist a genial glow of satisfaction on receiving such pearls of rhetoric scattered among them by a royal hand, and we may believe that the professors were greatly gratified. But, pleased more probably by his own success, the king gave a more substantial mark of his satisfaction, and said, "I am so well satisfied with this day's exercise, that I will be godfather to the College of Edinburgh, and have it called the College of King James; for after the founding of it had been stopped for sundry years in my minority, so soon as I came to any knowledge, I zealously held hand to it, and caused it to be established; and although I see many look upon it with an evil eye, yet I will have them to know that, having given it this name, I have espoused its quarrel." And further on in the night, he promised, "that as he had given the College a name, he would also, in time convenient, give it a royal godbairn gift for enlarging the patrimony thereof."

In the course of the multifarious talk of the evening, a curious and delicate matter was opened up—the difference between the English pronunciation of Latin and the Scottish, which corresponds with that of Europe in general. An English doctor, who must have enjoyed exceptional opinions, or been a master of hypocrisy, praised the readiness and elegance of his majesty's Latinity; on which he said, "All the world knows that my maister, Mr. George Buchanan, was a great maister in that faculty. I follow his pronunciation both of Latin and Greek, and am sorry that my people of England do not the like, for certainly their pronunciation utterly spoils the grace of these two learned languages; but you see all the university and learned men of Scotland express the true and native pronunciation of both"*

* These notices are taken from the *History of the University of Edinburgh from 1580 to 1646*, by Thomas Crawford, printed in 1806 from a MS. of the seventeenth century.

THE INSURRECTION IN SPAIN.

Madrid, July, 1854.

DEAR EBONY.—Had I known that you would treacherously publish my private communications, and that Maga comes to Madrid, I certainly would have waited until I had quitted this capital, before imparting to you my impressions of it, its inhabitants, and its institutions. I admit that I have but myself to blame for my ignorance of the fact that Maga, whose fame extends to the uttermost parts of the earth, has her regular readers even in Madrid. But you, who must be aware of that fact, are not the less culpable for risking the valuable life of your old ally and contributor. You might have had a little more consideration for your outpost than to expose him to the thrust of an Albacete dagger or Catalan knife, whether dealt under the fifth rib, or treacherously in the back. You should have reflected that my olive-green uniform, with a golden thistle on the black-facings, would naturally betray my quality of Maga's vedette. Since the 10th of June, date of the Magazine's arrival in Madrid, my existence has not been worth an hour's purchase. I have been obliged to strike my tent, pitched in the Puerta del Sol, as the best place for observation, and to picket my charger in the recesses of the Retiro, whose cool shades, I confess, are not altogether to be despised now that the thermometer ranges from 90 to 100 in the shade, and that the streets of this capital resemble nothing so much as limekilns, thanks to dust from demolitions, and to the rays of a sun compared to which the Phœbus of the British Isles is a very feeble impostor. You are, of course, aware of the pleasant peculiarities of the Madrid climate—Siberia in winter and in the wind; the Sahara in summer and in the sun. We are just now in all the delights of the dogdays; a wet brick is sunburned red in half an hour; eggs, placed for ten minutes on the tiles, open for the exit of lively chickens; and Madrid, to avoid calcination, flies to the woods and waves. As I hope soon to follow its example, and shall consequently not be here

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when your August number arrives, I will venture to send you another epistle, notwithstanding that I have received sundry mysterious warnings that a repetition of my first offence would lead to prompt blood-letting. This time, however, I shall have less to say of the follies and failings of the natives, and more of what has occurred since last I troubled you with my prose. Then I did but glance at politics *en passant*; now, I propose devoting my whole letter to them. Just one fortnight ago there occurred at Madrid an event so important that I think it best to confine myself to an account of it, and to reserve lighter matters for a future communication. I need hardly say that the event in question is the military insurrection of the 28th of June.

Things had been in rather a queer state here for some time past. As you may possibly, amidst the excitement of the Eastern question, have neglected to follow up the minute intricacies of Spanish politics, I must step back a pace or two, in order to put you *au fait*. Autumn of last year witnessed the arrival at power of the present ministry, which speedily became far more unpopular than, for some time past, any administration had been. Headed by an unprincipled and unscrupulous adventurer, it recoiled from no illegality or tyranny that might conduce to its own advantage. Defeated in the senate by a large majority, on the memorable railway question, it suspended the session, and began to indulge its hatred of those who assisted in its rebuff. In January of the present year, about a month after the closing of the legislative chambers, some of the most formidable of its opponents, on that occasion and on most others, were ordered into exile. It is customary and legal in Spain for the minister to assign a residence to unemployed officers, whither they are bound to proceed. In those dispositions, the convenience of the officers is usually to a certain extent consulted, but sometimes, especially for

political reasons, the contrary is the case, and such assignment of quarters becomes little less than a sentence of banishment. A military man may be authorised to reside in Madrid (the Spaniard's paradise), or transported to the Philippines, which he would consider purgatory. As most military men of high rank in this country are more or less political characters, either having held office, or hoping some day to find a place in one of the ephemeral Spanish governments (whose existence rarely exceeds a year, and is sometimes limited to a day), and constantly manœuvring to obtain it, they hold it a cruel destiny that consigns them to a colonial abode, or to vegetation in a remote town, far from the capital, that centre of every kind of intrigue. It may be imagined, therefore, with what extreme disgust some of the military chiefs of the Moderado opposition suddenly found themselves ordered to places where they would be at full liberty to study strategy, or play the Cincinnatus in their cabbage gardens, but where they would be forgotten by the world, and powerless to annoy the ministers or to forward their own ambitious views. Generals Leopold O'Donnell, Manuel Concha, José Concha, and Infante (a deserter from the Progresista or liberal party), were the men whose influence and intrigues the Sartorius ministry thus attempted to annul. The two former were ordered to the Canary Islands, the two latter to the Balearics. Manuel Concha and Infante obeyed orders and departed for their destinations; José Concha, by far the cleverer of the brothers, went into France; O'Donnell disappeared, and it was not until some time afterwards that it became known where he was concealed. From the time of these banishments (the latter part of January) may be dated the commencement of the conspiracy which has just broken out in the shape of a military insurrection.

On the 20th of February, the regiment of Cordova, quartered at Saragossa, rose in revolt, headed by its colonel, Brigadier Hore, an officer of merit, who had served in the royal guards during the civil war. Nearly the whole of the garrison, and several officers of high rank, were pledged to

support the movement; but some of the latter played the traitor, others hesitated at the very moment when promptness and decision were most necessary; José Concha, who was then concealed in Spain, and expected to start up at Saragossa to head the revolt, did not appear, but soon afterwards presented himself to the authorities of Bordeaux. In short, the whole thing failed. The Cordova regiment was broken up; changes were made in one or two garrisons; a number of arrests, especially of military men and newspaper editors, were made in Madrid; promotions and decorations were lavished upon certain officers, amongst whom were some who had betrayed to death the friends and confederates they had promised to support; the last of the insurgents were driven across the frontier; the government emerged from the brief struggle with renewed strength, and became daily more unconstitutional, arbitrary, and tyrannical.

Within a short time after the incidents I have thus briefly sketched, it was generally reported that the place where the Moderado opposition (noway discouraged by the disaster in Arragon) intended to make their next attempt, was Madrid itself. The conduct of the government in the mean time had certainly been such as to irritate its enemies, and rouse public indignation. No one was safe from the despotic system introduced. Illegal arrests were of frequent occurrence, made without a shadow of a pretext, and whose victims, conscious of no crime, were left to languish in prison, transported to the colonies, or escorted out of Spain. The opposition journals were daily seized, not only for the articles they published, but for the mere news they gave, as there were many things which ministers did not choose to have communicated to the nation except in the falsified version given by their own journals. The *Clamor Público*, ably conducted by a staunch and well-known liberal, Don Fernando Corradi; the *Nacion*, also a Progresista paper, whose editor, Rua Figueroa, still contrived to write in it from the concealment to which an order for his arrest had compelled him; the *Diario Español* and the *Epoca*, representing the

Moderado opposition, were the chief objects of ministerial oppression and vindictiveness, and day after day their columns were headed with the announcement, that their first edition had been seized by order of the censor. In spite of this persecution, they steadily persevered, opposing the government as well as they might, but prevented from exposing, otherwise than by inference and in a most guarded manner, the scandalous corruption and jobbing of the ministers and the court. Discontent was general, and daily increased. It was asked when the Cortes were to assemble, for only in their discussions did there seem a chance of such expression of public opinion as might alarm and check the men in power. These, however, had no intention of calling together the legislative chambers. They continued to make laws by decree, and to sanction, for the benefit of their friends and adherents, railways and other national works, for which the approval of the Cortes was to be asked at some future day. But that day has not yet come, nor will it come, so long as the present ministry is in office and the Queen-mother supports them, for she dreads, as much as they do, the exposure of the countless iniquitous speculations at the country's expense, in which she and her husband have been concerned, with the connivance and aid of the government, who thus repaid her for the countenance that often stood them in good stead against the intrigues of the camarilla headed by the Queen's favourite. Then there were frequent rumours of an approaching *coup d'état*, on the plan of that of December, 1851, in France, or of that, nearly resembling it, which the bravo-Murillo ministry had actually published, but had been unable to carry out. All this time (ever since the outbreak at Saragossa) the whole country was under martial law; no *coup d'état* could confer upon the government more arbitrary powers than those it already exercised—it could but legalise illegality. The case was vastly different in France and in Spain. In France, after a period of anarchy, succeeded by a conflict of political factions which rendered all government impossible, a man long depreciated, but now generally admitted to

be of commanding talent, and, we are justified in believing, of far more patriotic mind than he ever had credit for, cut the knot of the difficulty, at the cost, certainly, of constitutional forms, but, as many now think, for the real benefit of the nation. In Spain, the situation of affairs was quite otherwise. Where was here the vigorous intellect whose judgment and firmness and foresight were to guide, without assistance and through many perils, the ship of the state? Was it that of the unfortunate, uneducated Queen, who detests business, and passes her life sunk in sloth and sensuality? Was it to be the upstart unscrupulous minister who, by sheer audacity (the most valuable quality for a Spanish politician who seeks but his own aggrandisement), had first crawled and afterwards pushed his way to the head of the royal council-board? Or would the arch-intriguer, Maria Christina, sketch the course her daughter should adopt when converted into an absolute sovereign? No, for her time was too much taken up in adding, at the expense of Spain, to her already incalculable wealth, and in planning marriages for her numerous daughters. In short, to carry into the higher sphere of politics the general and servile imitation of France now observable in Spain, was an idea repugnant to the Spanish nation, and which increased, if possible, the universal discontent that already prevailed—excited by the closing of the chambers, the violence used towards the independent press (which it was evidently intended to crush), the notorious corruption of the administration; the unsatisfactory state of the finances, tending inevitably to some extraordinary exactions from the already over-taxed people; and last, but not least, by the scandalous concessions daily made to the friends and adherents of the ministry, and to those influential persons, the Riazares, Señor Arana, Mr. Salamanca, and others, whose enmity the Sartorius cabinet dared not encounter, and whose support they were compelled to purchase.

It was understood that a military insurrection was contemplated, with O'Donnell at its head. The government affected to make light of the affair, but in reality they were v

without uneasiness, for they could not but feel—although they daily had it proclaimed by the hireling *Heraldo* that they were the saviours of the nation, and the most popular and prosperous of ministries—that they were execrated, and that all classes would rejoice in their downfall. It is difficult to convey to Englishmen—except to those who may be personally acquainted with this singular country and people—a clear idea of the state of political affairs in Madrid during the second quarter of the present year. I must content myself with supplying a few detached facts and details from which you may, perhaps, form a notion of the whole. For three months conspiracy may be said to have walked the streets of Madrid openly and in broad daylight. Almost every one knew that something was plotting, and a considerable number of persons could have told the names of the chief conspirators, and given some sort of general outline of their plans. O'Donnell, disobeying the orders of the Queen's government, remained hidden in Madrid, seeing numerous friends, but undiscoverable by the police. He had frequent meetings with his fellow-conspirators; his wife often saw him; for some time, during which he was seriously ill, he was daily visited by one of the first physicians in Madrid; still the government, although most anxious to apprehend him, failed in every attempt to discover his hiding-place, which was known to many. It is rare that the secrets of a conspiracy, when they have been confided to so large a number of persons, have been kept so well and for so long a time as in the present case; but this caution and discretion are easily explicable by the universal hatred felt for the present government and by the strong desire for its fall. The superior police authorities were bitterly blamed by the minister; large sums were placed at their disposal, numerous agents had assigned to them the sole duty of seeking O'Donnell. All was in vain. The government paid these agents well, but O'Donnell, as it afterwards appeared, paid them better. A portion, at least, of the *men employed to detect him, watched* ~~over~~ *his safety.* The government,

ashamed of its impotence to capture, spread reports that he they sought had left Madrid; and, afterwards, that they knew where he was, but preferred leaving him there and watching his movements to seizing him and sending him out of the country, to prepare, on a foreign soil, revolutionary movements in the provinces of Spain. These ridiculous pretences imposed upon very few. Could the government have apprehended O'Donnell, they might not have dared to shoot him, and might have hesitated permanently to imprison him; but they would not have scrupled to ship him to the Philippines, where he would have done little mischief. The truth was, that they employed every means to discover his hiding-place, and every means proved ineffectual. O'Donnell, I am informed, was concealed in a house that communicated with the one next to it, which had back and front entrances. His friends and the friendly police kept strict watch. Of a night, when he sometimes went out to walk, his safety was cared for by the very men whom the authorities had commissioned to look for him, and who went away with him when he left Madrid to assume the command of the insurgents. A gentleman, who, during a certain period, was in the habit of frequently seeing him, was one morning on his way to his place of concealment, and had entered the street in which it was situated, when a police agent, making him a sign, slipped a scrap of paper into his hand. On it were the words "Beware, you are watched." Taking the hint, the person warned passed the house to which he was going, and entered another, in the same street, where he had friends. From the window he observed a policeman, who had been loitering about as if in the ordinary discharge of his duty, hastily depart. When he had made sure that the coast was clear, he left the house, entered that in which O'Donnell was, saw him, passed into the next house, and departed by the back door. There was soon a cordon of police agents round the house into which he first had gone, but their vigilance was fruitless. I had this anecdote from one of the

most intimate friends of the person who visited O'Donnell, and who was named to me at the same time.

During the period of suspense that preceded the insurrection, attempts were made to bring about a union between the Liberal party and the Moderado opposition. The former, although divided into sections which differ on certain points, is unanimous in its desire to see Spain governed constitutionally. Overtures were made to some of its chiefs. It was proposed that it should co-operate in the overthrow of the set of men who had detached themselves from all parties, and were marching on the high road to absolutism. These men, known as the Polacos or Poles—a word which seems to have had its origin in an electioneering joke—were odious alike to Progresistas and Moderados. But there were great difficulties in the way of a sincere and cordial junction between the two principal parties into which Spaniards are divided. The Moderados would gladly have availed themselves of the aid of the Liberals to upset their common enemy; but they would give them no guarantees that they should be, in any way, gainers by the revolution. The Liberals, on the other hand, mistrusted the Moderados, and would not assist men whose aims they believed to be purely personal. When the Moderados asked what guarantees they required, they were quickly ready with an answer. "Arm the national guard of Madrid," they said; or, "March your troops, as soon as you have induced them to revolt, at once into Arragon, with one of our most influential and determined chiefs." The Moderados could not be induced to listen to such terms. They found themselves exactly in the position in which the Progresistas were in 1843. Divided amongst themselves, the probabilities were that the insurrection they proposed would turn to the advantage of the Liberals; and the risk of this was doubled if they accepted even the most favourable of the conditions offered to them. They knew that the feeling of a large majority of the nation was in favour of the Progresistas; that Espartero, although for seven years he had led the life of a country gentleman at Logroño, and had

steadily resisted all temptations to mingle again in political affairs, was in reality the most popular man in Spain, and that he was idolised by the people of Madrid. Some amongst them (O'Donnell himself, it has been said), whose views were more patriotic, and less selfish than those of the majority, were not unwilling to blend with the Progresistas, to whom a few, including Rios Rosas, a distinguished lawyer and senator, frankly proclaimed their adherence, declaring that the parties which for so many years had divided Spain were virtually defunct, and that there were but two parties in the country,—the national one, which desired the welfare of Spain, and to see it governed according to the constitution, and the retrograde or absolutist, which trampled on the rights of the people. But although a few men were found ready to waive personal considerations and to forget old animosities, the great majority of the Moderados were less disinterested, and the decision finally come to was to do without the aid of the Liberals, and to accomplish an insurrection which, although its success was likely to be of some advantage to the country, at least for a time, had for its object a change of men rather than of measures.

One of the most important persons concerned in the conspiracy was the Director of Cavalry, Major-General Domingo Dulce, reputed one of the best and bravest officers in the Spanish army, and who had won his high rank and many honours, not by political intrigue, as is so frequently the case in this country, but at the point of his good sword. He passed for a Progresista, and most of his friends were of that party; but in fact he had never mixed much in politics, and, as a military man, had served under governments of various principles. It is evident, however, that whilst confining himself to the duties of his profession—which is rarely the case with Spanish general officers—he cherished in his heart the love of liberty, and a strong detestation of the tyranny under which Spain has for some time groaned. An intimate friend of his, a well-known and distinguished Liberal, was the immediate means of his joining the conspiracy

It was an immense acquisition to the cause he agreed to assist. Chief of the whole of the Spanish cavalry, respected and beloved by the men and officers under his command, he could bring a large force to the insurgent banner, and his own presence beneath it was of itself of great value, for he is a daring and decided officer. He it was who, by his obstinate resistance in the palace, at the head of a handful of halberdiers, defeated the designs of the conspirators in the year 1841. Dulce is a slightly-made, active, wiry man, rather below the middle height, of bilious temperament, and taciturn mood, extremely reserved, even with his friends, not calculated to cut a great figure in the council, but a man of action, precious in the field. The other principal conspirators were General Messina, a man of education and talent, who had been under-secretary of the war department, and is an intimate friend of Narvaez; Ros de Olano, a general officer of some repute; and Brigadier Echague, colonel of the Principe regiment, a Basque officer who served with high distinction throughout the whole of the civil war.

Several false starts were made before the insurrection really broke out. On the 13th of June, especially, it had been fixed to take place. The garrison of Madrid had been ordered to parade before daybreak for a military promenade and review outside the town. Such parades had been unusually frequent for a short time past; and it was thought the government ordered them, owing to information it received, not sufficiently definite to compromise the conspirators personally, but which yet enabled it to defeat their designs. On that morning, however, all was ready. The Principe regiment, instead of marching directly to the parade ground, lingered, and finally halted at a place where it could easily join the cavalry. O'Donnell left the town, disguised, and stationed himself in a house whence he could observe all that passed. Persons were placed in the vicinity to watch over his safety. The proclamations that had been prepared were got ready for distribution. *Late on the eve of the intended outbreak, about four or five hours before*

it was to occur, its approach was known to several persons who, without being implicated in the plot, sincerely wished it success. There seemed no doubt of the event. But, at the very moment, a portion of the artillery of the garrison, which had pledged itself to take part in the movement, failed to make its appearance at the place of rendezvous. General Dulce considered their absence so important that he abandoned, for that day, his intention of marching off his cavalry, and declaring against the government. The combat of the 30th of June, in the fields of Vicálvaro, showed that he did not overrate the importance of including all arms in the composition of the insurrectionary force. At the time, however, a storm of censure burst over his head. He was taxed with treachery, with a deficiency in moral courage; his best friends looked mistrustfully and coldly upon him; more than one general officer, presuming on seniority of rank and age, took him severely to task. General O'Donnell was not backward in reproaching him. "Never was a white man" (these were the very words of the ex-governor of Cuba) "sold as you have sold me." Dulce, although deeply sensitive to all this blame, took it meekly, acknowledged that appearances were against him, but declared that he had acted for the best, and steadily affirmed that his future conduct would prove his fidelity to the cause he had espoused. Not all believed him.

Some days passed over and there was no word of an insurrection. The conspirators were discouraged. Rumour spoke of dissensions among them. It was thought that nothing would occur. It was known to many that Dulce was of the conspiracy, and that, by his fault or will, a good opportunity had been lost; and they said that if he were not playing a double game, the government would certainly have heard of his complicity with O'Donnell, and would at least have removed him from his command. It was fact that, for some time past, anonymous letters had been received by the ministers, warning them that he was plotting against them. But they disbelieved this information, and

some of the letters were even shown to Dulce. The Duke of Rianzares, calling one day on a minister, found Dulce there. "What is this that I hear, general," said Queen Christina's husband; "is it true that you intend to shoot us all?" The question was awkward, but easily parried. A few days before the insurrection occurred, Dulce went over to Alcala, five leagues from Madrid, under pretence of inspecting the recruits stationed there. Seven squadrons of cavalry were in that town. Doubtless his object was to see if he could still reckon upon their following him whithersoever he chose to lead. I met him in the street after his return; I think it was on the 26th of June. He looked anxious and careworn. His position was certainly critical, and it is not presuming too much to suppose that a severe struggle was going on within him between a long habit of military discipline and duty, and what we must in justice believe to have been, in his opinion, a paramount duty to his oppressed country. For he was at the top of the tree. His position was splendid; his emoluments were large; he had but to persevere in his adherence to the government of the day to attain to the very highest rank in his profession—although that did not afford a more desirable place than the one he already occupied. Under these circumstances, even his enemies must admit—however guilty they may deem him—that he was not actuated by the selfish desire of personal advantage or aggrandisement.

Madrid, incredulous of an insurrection, was taken completely by surprise by the news that greeted its uprising on the morning of the 28th June. Some hours previously, it was informed, the director-general of cavalry, after mustering for review, in a field just outside the walls, the eleven squadrons that formed part of the garrison of the capital, had been joined by a battalion of the regiment of Principe, by a few companies from other regiments, and by General O'Donnell himself, and had marched to Alcala to incorporate in his insurrectionary force the troops there stationed. Other generals, it was stated, were with him, but for many hours—indeed for the whole of that day—truth was hard to be got

at, and Rumour had it all her own way. The aspect of Madrid was curious. The Queen and Court had left two days previously for the Escorial; all but two of the ministers were absent; those two were paralysed by the sudden event, and seemingly helpless. No measures were taken, no troops brought out; for a time it might have been thought that, as was reported, all but some fifteen hundred of these had left with the insurgent generals; for several hours the town was at the mercy of the people, and had they then risen it would probably have been their own, for many of the troops remaining in Madrid were disaffected and would have joined them. There was great excitement; the general expression was one of joy at the prospect of getting rid of a ministry than which none could be more odious; the Puerta del Sol and the principal streets were full of groups eagerly discussing the events of the hour: friends met each other with joyous countenances, and shook hands as if in congratulation—Liberals and Moderados alike well pleased at the event that threatened to prove fatal to the common enemy. I need not repeat the countless reports current on that day. The most important fact that became known was that the cavalry at Alcala had joined the insurgents, and that two thousand horsemen, some of the best dragoons in the Spanish army, were in hostile attitude close to Madrid, accompanied by a small but most efficient body of infantry. Towards evening the authorities began to awake from their lethargy of alarm. Ignorant of the fact that a line of telegraphic wires had been concluded on the previous day between Madrid and the Escorial, the insurgents had neglected to cut off this means of rapid communication; news of the insurrection had been transmitted to the Queen, and her return to the capital was announced. The streets were quickly filled with troops, illuminations were ordered (there was no hope of their being volunteered), and at about ten o'clock her Majesty made her entrance, passing completely through the town, having previously been to perform her devotions in the church of Atocha, whose presiding virgin is the special patroness of the royal

family of Spain—the gracious protectress for whom princes embroider petticoats, and whose shrine queens enrich with jewels, whose cost would found an hospital or comfort many poor. A young Queen, entering her capital in haste and anxiety, a few hours after a revolt against her authority, ought, one might suppose, to command, by her mere presence, some demonstration of loyalty and affection from her subjects. But the present Queen of Spain has so completely weaned from her the affections of her people, has so well earned their contempt, and even their hatred, that neither on that night nor on any other occasion that I have witnessed was a voice uplifted or a *viva* heard. A body of gendarmes, drawn up opposite to the ministry of the interior, cheered as she passed, and possibly the same may have been the case on the part of civil and military functionaries at other points of the line of her progress, but the attitude of the people and soldiers was one of perfect indifference. The same was the case on the following day, when she reviewed the garrison in the Prado, and conferred decorations and promotion on sergeants and privates who had distinguished themselves by their fidelity in refusing to be led away by the insurgents. Surrounded by a numerous staff of officers, and having the troops formed in such wise that as many as possible of them might hear her, she addressed to them a short speech, was profuse of smiles, and held up to them her infant daughter, as if confiding it to their defence. Now was the time, if ever, for the old Castilian loyalty to burst forth in acclamation. But its spirit is dead, crushed by royal misconduct and misrule. Not a cheer was uttered, either by officer or soldier. The ominous silence was remarked by all present. It was equally profound as the Queen returned to her palace through the most populous streets of her capital, crowded on the warm summer night. It is said and believed here, that, on reaching the palace, she was so affected and disheartened by the chilling reception she had on all sides met, that she burst into a passion of tears. *Pity it is for the poor woman who is not without some natural good*

qualities, but whom evil influences and a neglected education have brought to sorrow and contempt.

I cannot pretend to relate all the incidents of the last fortnight, which has been crowded with them to an extent that baffles memory. The most important you will find in this letter—many of the minor ones have doubtless escaped me. I must devote a few more lines to the first day. An unsigned proclamation was circulated, of a tenor by no means unacceptable to the Liberals, whose chiefs consulted as to the propriety of rising in arms, or at least of making some demonstration of hostility to the government. Another proclamation, of greater length, signed by three generals, O'Donnell, Dulce, and Messina, disappointed them, for it contained not a word that guaranteed benefit to the nation, and spoke merely of the knavery of the ministers and of the necessity of getting rid of them. Moreover, a request was sent in by the insurgents that Madrid would remain quiet, and leave them to settle matters militarily. Between deliberation and delays the day passed away, and towards night the altered attitude of the authorities, who had received telegraphic orders from Mr. Sartorius to act with the utmost vigour, the large bodies of troops in the streets convincing those who had previously doubted that there was still a sufficient force in the town to repress any popular attempt, caused half-formed plans to fall to the ground, and even the most ardent and bellicose resolved to wait the events of the morrow before shouldering musket and throwing up barricades.

The morrow was the festival of St. Peter, a great holiday, kept quiet as a Sunday, with much mass and bull-fights. I presume the churches were attended, but the bull-fights did not take place. Some arrests were made, but not many, for some of the persons sought after had concealed themselves. Madrid was still excited, but quite tranquil. On that and the following day every sort of rumour was current. The insurgents were near the town, and there were frequent reports that they were coming to attack it. Circulation was prohibited in the lower part of the street of Alcalá, leading to

the gate near to which the enemy were supposed to be. The residence of the Captain-general and the officers of the staff is in the lower part of that street, and the constant passage to and fro of orderlies and aides-de-camp interested the people: so that on the line of demarcation, beyond which there was no passage, there was a throng from morning till night, watching—they knew not exactly for what. From time to time there was a rush and panic—when the mob encroached on the limit, and the military were ordered to make them recede. The Café Suizo, at the summit of the street—which rises and again sinks over a small eminence—was a great point of rendezvous, and was crowded with eager politicians. Towards evening, on the 30th, the garrison (almost the whole) being out of the town, it became known that a fight was imminent, or already begun. This was in the neighbourhood; but as none were allowed to pass, or even to approach the gates, news were scanty, and little to be relied upon. Cannon and musketry were heard, and wounded men were seen straggling in. The fever of expectation was at its height. Public opinion was decidedly in favour of the insurgents. They would beat the government troops, it was said, and enter the town pell-mell with them. All the male population of Madrid was in the streets, a few troops were stationed here and there; there was no disorder, but it was easy to see that a trifle would produce it. I was in the Café Suizo, which was crowded in every part, a short time after nightfall, when one of the alarms I have referred to was given. There was a violent rush in the street outside, cries and shouts; those without crowded into the café, most of those within made for the open doors. The effect was really startling; it was exactly that produced by a charge of troops upon a mob; and I saw more than one cheek blanch amongst the consumers of ices and lemonade (the evening was extremely hot) who filled the café. But it was a groundless alarm, produced, as before, merely by the troops compelling the crowd to recede. Armed police circulated in the throng, dispersing groups, and urging them to go home. Soon the

streets were comparatively clear, but the clubs and coffee-houses were filled until past midnight with persons discussing what had occurred, and giving fifty different versions. There had been a fight, it was certain, at about a league from Madrid, but who had won and who had lost was a matter of doubt until the next day.

The *Madrid Gazette*, the order of the day, published by General O'Donnell, and conversation with officers present in the short but sharp action, enable me to give you a sketch, which you may rely upon as correct, of its principal incidents. The garrison of Madrid, consisting of about eight battalions of infantry, four batteries of artillery, and some three hundred cavalry, took position on a ridge of ground at about a league from Madrid. The enemy, strong in cavalry, but weak in infantry, sought to draw them farther from the town, and into a more favourable position for horse to act against them. As the result proved, the wisest plan would have been to persevere in these tactics, and, if the garrison refused to advance further, to let the day pass without an action. But General O'Donnell had assurances that a large portion of the troops opposed to him only waited an opportunity to pass over to his banner. A part of the artillery, especially, was pledged to do so. After some preliminary skirmishing, he ordered a charge, which was made in gallant style by two squadrons of the Principe regiment. In spite of a severe fire of shot and shell, reserved until they were within a very short distance of the battery they attacked, they got amongst the guns, and sabred many of the artillerymen, but were prevented from carrying off the pieces, and compelled to retire by the heavy fire of the squares of infantry formed in rear of the artillery. Having thus ascertained, beyond a doubt, that there was no chance of the artillery coming over to them, or allowing themselves to be taken, the insurgents would have perhaps acted wisely in making no farther attempts upon the hostile line, or, if they were resolved upon a contrary course, in assailing the flanks, instead of again charging up to the mouths of the cannon. But it appears from O'Donnell's own bul-

letin that the troops were not well in hand, and that, enraged at finding themselves fired upon by those from whom they expected a very different reception, they made several charges under the direction of their regimental chiefs, but without the sanction of their generals. I can hardly give a better account of the latter part of the combat than is contained in two short paragraphs of the insurgent general's order of the day, which has been copied in the government papers, and admitted by these to be a fair and true statement of what occurred. The bulletin is before me, and I translate the passages in question :—

"The retreat of the two squadrons of the Principe cavalry (those which had charged the battery) was opportunely taken advantage of by the hostile squadrons of the Villaviciosa lancers, and of the *Guardia Civil*, who charged after them. This cavalry, however, was driven back, when in full career, by the 3d and 4th squadrons of the Principe, who routed them, cutting down a great part of them, and receiving into their ranks a large number of the soldiers of Villaviciosa, with their standard, and four officers, who reversed their lances, proclaiming themselves friends. In a second charge made by these same squadrons, the standard-bearer of Villaviciosa, and some soldiers of the same corps, who had joined us only because they considered themselves prisoners, went over again to the enemy.

"The bloody effect of the fire of the artillery, who, well assured that they would not be encountered by the same arm (of which we had none), had deliberately studied their range, and taken the breasts of our soldiers for their mark, caused the action to become hot, and the regiment of Farnesio again charged upon the guns, with great valour and determination. At the very mouth of the cannon its colonel was wounded and taken prisoner, and several officers and soldiers were struck down, our cries of *Viva la Reina y la Constitucion* being drowned in the roar of the enemy's pieces. Repeated charges of the same regiment, and of those of Bourbon, Santiago, and the School of Cavalry, must have convinced our opponents in the action of Vicálvaro, that the feelings which prompted those cries are to be extinguished in the hearts of our brave soldiers by death alone."

The upshot of the action was this: The insurgents accepted battle when there was little to be gained by them in so doing, unless, indeed, the con-

test had been conducted very differently, and a more judicious plan had been adopted than that of charging headlong up to the muzzles of artillery supported by squares of infantry. But this mistake had its origin, as I have already observed, in the expectation that the artillery would not fire. The insurgents were repulsed, not, however, without inflicting considerable loss upon their enemies. The garrison returned into Madrid in some haste and confusion, and near the gate a singular incident occurred. It was dark, and some lancers appeared on their flank—insurgents, according to some accounts—a part of their own cavalry, as it is reported by others. The exact truth will probably never be known. But a panic seized the infantry; some of the battalions were composed in great part of recruits; young soldiers, retiring hastily and in the dark after their first fight, are easily alarmed; the confusion that ensued was as great as that of a rout; the men fired at random, killing and wounding their own friends, and a great number, especially of the battalion of engineers, were thus injured. The government papers passed this unlucky mistake almost *sub silentio*; but the fact is certain, the troops returned into town in disorder, and it was not until the next day that all the wounded were brought in.

Some prisoners had been taken from the insurgents, including three or four wounded officers, the chief of whom, Colonel Garrigó, was captured amongst the guns, where his horse fell, killed by grape-shot. The gallant manner in which Garrigó had led his men again and again to the charge, encountering each time a storm of bullets, had excited a strong interest in his fate, and measures were taken to move the queen's clemency on his behalf. Before the result of these were known, and when it was thought probable that at any hour he might be judged, condemned, and shot, I went to the ward of the military hospital where he lay under arrest, to see another officer of cavalry who had been wounded when with the insurgents. This officer had gone out of Madrid to see some friends who were with O'Donnell; he was in plain clothes and without arms, but ven-

turing too far forward during the action, he got struck from his horse, and received, as he lay on the ground, a lance-thrust in the neck, of which, however, he complained less than of blows received from the lance-poles, when the men struck at him as they rode rapidly past. He had afterwards been taken prisoner by an officer, and brought into Madrid. In the next bed to him was Garrigó, a swarthy, soldierly-looking man of about fifty-five; he had been hit in the leg, but not severely, by a grape-shot, and was sitting up in bed, fanning away the flies which entered in unpleasant numbers through the open windows. He looked gloomy, but firm. There were some other wounded officers in the ward, one of whom subsequently died after undergoing amputation of a leg, and a number of soldiers in an adjoining one. Amongst the insurgents, I heard there were as many killed as wounded; and many horses dead, the artillery having pointed their guns low. Grape and round shot, at fifty paces, the distance to which the cavalry were allowed to come before the gunners got the word, were quite as likely, perhaps, to kill as only to wound. An officer received two grape-shot in his face—one at each angle of the nostrils; another, Captain Letamendi, the English son of a Spanish father, who served during the civil war in the British Legion, was met by a round shot, which carried away the greater part of his head. But you will find nothing attractive in such details.

The combat of Vicálvaro, insignificant in its material results, had little effect upon the *morale* of either party. The government troops were assured by the gazette that they had achieved a glorious victory, of which they themselves were not very sure, especially when they saw the numerous carts of wounded that came into the town, and remembered their own disorderly return from the field and final panic. The insurgents, conscious that they had fought gallantly, and lost no ground, although they had failed in their chief object, which was to capture the artillery, were well satisfied with themselves, and in no way disheartened by the event. It was clear that the insurgent generals must not

reckon on the support of the garrison of Madrid, and they consequently changed their plans, retiring to Aranjuez, a pleasant spot, eight leagues from Madrid, with abundant shade, water, and forage, where for two or three days they gave their men and horses rest, organised their staff and commissariat, and took other measures necessary for the welfare of the division. There they received several reinforcements, both of infantry and cavalry, and were joined by a number of civilians from Madrid, many of them belonging to the better classes. These received caps, muskets, and belts, and were formed into a battalion called the *Cazadores di Madrid*.

Meanwhile, the capital anxiously awaited news from the provinces, where insurrections were expected to occur. Madrid itself continued perfectly tranquil, although occasional rumours of an intended popular rising alarmed the government. The excitement of the first three days subsided into a strong interest. There was great eagerness for news from the insurgents, and much difficulty in learning anything authentic, especially when once they had left Aranjuez. Save the government and its hangers-on and personal adherents, all Madrid was for the insurrection, and heartily wished it well. The recent compulsory advance of half a year's taxes, extorted from the people by a notoriously corrupt and grasping government, had greatly incensed the *Madridenses*, who did not scruple openly to express their good wishes for Generals O'Donnell and Dulce, the most prominent personages of the day and of the movement. Although the insurrection deprived Madrid of two things which it can ill do without, bull-fights and strawberries, not a murmur was heard on this account. Aranjuez is the strawberry garden of Madrid, and from it daily comes an abundant supply of that fruit, particularly grateful in this hot climate. I suppose that the insurgents, who had been for three days roasting in the shadeless desert that surrounds this capital, needed refreshment, and eat up all the strawberries, or else that the want of a railway—that to Aranjuez being partly in the hands of the

government, and partly in those of O'Donnell, and cut in the middle—precluded their being sent. As for bull-fights, it was no time for them when man-fights were going on; and moreover, the gates of Madrid were for several days shut—besides which, some of the bull fighters are said to have joined the insurgents. The dramatic season being at an end, and all the theatres closed, Madrid has now for sole amusement the insurrection, which every day seems taking farther from its walls, but which not possibly may break out again within them. If a decided advantage were gained by O'Donnell's division, or if news came that Saragossa or some other large town had pronounced against the government, there would very likely be a rising in this capital. I am assured that attempts are now making to work upon the troops of the garrison, and if only a few companies could be won over and relied upon, the government might speedily be upset. There are in Madrid plenty of ex-national guards, and of men who have served in the army, who would quickly produce their hidden arms and rush out into the streets, with cries of "Down with the ministry." It is matter of considerable doubt whether these would be coupled with *vivas* for the Queen. As for the Queen-mother, I am convinced that her life would be in danger in the event of such an outbreak. She is deeply detested here; the more so as she is known to support the present government with all the influence she possesses over her daughter. A Madrid revolutionary mob is dangerous, vindictive, and bloody-minded. In proof of this many incidents recur to my memory, and doubtless will to yours—amongst others, the fate of Quesada, whose son is now military governor here, and who was almost torn to pieces at the country house in the environs, whither he had fled for shelter. His murderers returned to Madrid, singing the dreaded *Tragala!* and drank in the public cafés bowls of coffee stirred with his severed fingers. The revolutionary spirit is calmer now, but it may again revive upon occasion. No person in Spain, not even Sartorius himself, who certainly is sufficiently hated, is so much under

public ban as Maria Christina. She doubtless knows it: her conscience can hardly be easy, and her fears are probably roused; for her approaching departure for France is much spoken of, and likely to take place.

Since O'Donnell's division left the neighbourhood of Madrid, we have heard comparatively little concerning him. We know his route; also that his strength has somewhat increased, that his troops are well-disciplined and confident of success, and that he is at this date in Andalusia. Where he may be, and what may have occurred by the time you receive this letter, it is of course impossible to foretell; but, although ministerial bulletins daily scatter his men to the winds, representing them as deserting, weary, exterminated, and, if possible, even in worse plight, the truth is that they are in as good order, and as ready for service, as if they held themselves subject to the government of the Queen. Every possible means have been taken by the authorities to throw discredit upon the insurgents and upon their leaders, by representing them as robbers and oppressors, paying for nothing, ill-treating the people, and exacting forced contributions at the bayonet's point. "To lie like a bulletin," is an old saying, but it would be at least as apt to say—"like the *Madrid Gazette* or the *Heraldo* newspaper." I can well imagine how difficult it must be in other countries to get at the truth about Spanish affairs, when I see the systematic efforts made to suppress it here. Letters are seized by wholesale in their passage through the post-office, some newspapers are suppressed, and others are permitted to publish no news but those they copy from the government journals, which are for the most part ingeniously embellished to suit the purpose of the ministers; whilst sometimes they are pure fabrications. One of the great occupations of the official papers, for the first few days after the insurrection broke out, was to blacken the character of its leaders. Dulce, especially—who, in common with the other generals engaged in the outbreak, had been stripped by royal decree of all rank, titles and honours—was the object of abuse which bordered upon billingsgate.

The virtuous *Heraldo* daily came out with fierce philippics upon the "rebel and traitor," who had deserted his Queen because he deemed that she had deserted the country and broken her oath, and who, by so doing, had exchanged large emoluments, high rank, and one of the best positions his profession affords in Spain, for the uncertain fate of an insurgent leader—perhaps, in the end, for a short shrift and a firing party. The men of the *Heraldo* could not understand this; they felt that they were incapable of such conduct; in their heart of hearts they must have thought Dulce more remarkable as a fool than as a rebel, but in their paper they contented themselves with abusing him as the latter. Inexpert with the pen, Dulce nevertheless took it up to reply. On the 1st of July, the day after the drawn fight of Vicalvaro, and in a village close to the scene of action, he wrote a letter, whose faulty style and soldierly abruptness are the best evidence of its being his own unassisted production. As a characteristic production, and in justice to its writer, who will doubtless be blamed by many in foreign countries, where the facts of the case and the extent of the sacrifices he has made are imperfectly known and appreciated, I give you a translation of the letter. It is addressed to the editors of the *Heraldo*, and runs as follows.—

"Since you have allowed the publication in your periodical of an article referring to me personally, and to my conduct, and as I consider that an insult is not a reason, I trust you will be pleased to publish my protest against the whole of your accusation, by doing which you will fulfil your duty as public writers.

"I do not wish to prejudice the issue of our enterprise; whatever that may be it will not surprise me, or make me repent what I have done. That I may not be disappointed, the worst that I expect is to die in the field of battle or in the *Campo de Guardias* (the place of military executions at Madrid). Whatever occurs, I shall have acted according to my conscience.

"I seek neither places nor honours,

for I have them in abundance. No desire of revenge of any kind has moved me, for I cherish neither dislike nor resentment against the persons composing the present government, and much less against the Queen. The cause of my insurrection is entirely the memory that I have of the oath taken by the King of Castile when he ascends the throne. He swears upon the Holy Scriptures to observe and enforce the law of the State—'and if I should not do so, I desire not to be obeyed.'

"My conviction is, that the Queen has violated her oath, and, in this case, I prefer being guilty of *leze-majesty* to being guilty of *leze-nation*.

"I well know that the sentiments I have expressed will not convince you, because they must be felt and not explained. For my justification I appeal to the inexorable tribunal of posterity, and to the secret police of the consciences of yourselves in the first place of the Queen herself, and of this unhappy country.

"A copy of this document is already on the road, and will be published, as you will see, in foreign countries. I also send it to other Madrid newspapers, although I believe that a miserable fear will prevent their publishing it.

"That you may never be able to deny that I have sent you this letter, I have had formal registry made of it, and it perhaps will one day be published. I trust then that you will be sufficiently generous and gentlemanly* to insert it in your periodical, by doing which you will highly oblige me. (Signed) EL GENERAL DULCE.

"Vallecas, 1st July, 1854.

"The original is to be found duly stamped in the register of this corporation, where it has been inserted against the will of the individuals composing it, who are exempt from all blame."

I need hardly say that the *Heraldo* has not published this letter, of which numerous copies have been distributed in Madrid by friends of its writer, and by persons who believe that, as he himself says, he has "acted according to his conscience" (*dada una satis-*

* *Caballeros* is the word used. It is hardly to be translated in an English word.

faccion á mi conciencia), and who admire his disinterestedness—the rarest quality amongst public men in Spain.

It is not easy to foretell the result of this insurrection, which has now lasted for fifteen days without any decisive or even important event. The country, taken by surprise, and ignorant of the objects of the outbreak—which is suspected to have been made merely to bring about a change of men, but not of system—looked on at first with apathy. O'Donnell's greatest error was the first proclamation he issued, which, in many words, said nothing, and held out no prospect of advantage to the people. Another has just appeared, short, pithy, explicit, and calculated to satisfy the liberal party. It promises the Spanish nation the benefits of the representative system, for which it has shed so much of its blood and made so many sacrifices, as yet without result.

"It is time," it continues, "to say what we propose doing on the day of victory. We desire the preservation of the throne, but without the *camarilla* that dishonours it; the rigorous enforcement of the fundamental laws, improving them, especially those of elections and of the press; a diminution of taxation, founded on strict economy; respect to seniority and merit in the civil and military services. We desire to relieve the towns from the centralising system that consumes them, giving them the local independence necessary to preserve and increase their own interests; and, as a guarantee of all these things, we desire the NATIONAL MILITIA, and will plant it on a solid basis. Such are our intentions, which we frankly express, but without imposing them upon the nation. The juntas of government that are to be constituted in the free provinces, the general Cortes that are soon to be assembled, the nation itself, in short, shall fix the definitive bases of the liberal regeneration to which we aspire. We devote our swords to the national will, and sheath them only when it is fulfilled."

This proclamation is dated from Manzanarís, the 7th July, and is signed by O'Donnell. You will observe that no mention is made in it of the Queen. *It is monarchical, because it desires to "preserve the throne;" but it by no*

means pledges those who publish it to retain Isabella II. The promise to arm the national guard is the most important that it contains, since that is the only guarantee the Liberals can have for the fulfilment of the other pledges. It may possibly induce the *Progresistas*, who hitherto have scarcely stirred in the business, to take active measures. Meanwhile we hear of risings and armed bands in various parts of the country, and persons familiar with Spanish revolutions, and who have witnessed many of them, notice signs of fermentation, which prove the insurrectionary spirit to be spreading—a bubble here and there on water, indicating that it will presently boil. When O'Donnell's proclamation gets spread abroad, and its purport known, it is quite possible that large towns or districts may declare for the insurgents. In Spain, however, it is most difficult to speculate on coming events, for it is the land of the unforeseen—*le pays de l'imprévu*—and I shall not attempt to play the prophet, for, if I did, perhaps, before my letter reached you, the electric telegraph would have proved me a false one. Moreover, I have no time to add much more, for I well know that you, *Ebony*, will grumble, if this letter does not reach you somewhere about the twentieth of the month. Moreover, the horses of Maga's foreign-service messenger neigh with impatience, and the escort which is to accompany him on the first stage of his journey is already formed up. For the roads are far from safe just now, thanks to the concentration of the *gendarmes*, (who usually keep excellent order upon them), to do duty in the capital, or pursue the insurgents. We hear of various bands appearing—north, south, and east—some calling themselves *Carlists*, others *Republicans*, but in either case probably not pleasant to meet on the road; and besides those there are smaller parties who do not aspire to a political character, and are abroad simply for their own behoof and advantage, and, I need not say, for the disadvantage of the travellers they may chance to encounter. As for sending letters of the nature and importance of this one by the ordinary channel of Her Catho-

lic Majesty's mails, one would do better to abstain from writing them, as the chances would be fifty to one against their ever reaching their destination. One might almost as well throw them into the fire as into the marble lion's mouth that yawns at the *casa de correos*,—as if to warn people of the dangers their correspondence runs. Were I to consign this epistle to leo's jaws, I should not expect it ever to go farther than to the Graham-department of the Madrid post-office.

Although you will have gathered from the newspapers the principal events, and some of the minor particulars of the insurrection of 1854—as far as it has yet gone—this sketch of it, however imperfect, from an eyewitness, will, I trust, interest you. Spanish revolutions and insurrections

rarely resemble each other; every successive outbreak has a character of its own, distinct from that of its predecessors. And that of the 28th of last month has peculiar features, which I have endeavoured to portray. If my letter has no other merit, it will, I think, bring its readers, concisely, without much detail, but with perfect truth, up to the present point of Spanish politics. Should aught worth relating occur whilst I am within the boundaries of Queen Isabel's dominions, rely upon my keeping you duly informed. Meanwhile, may Providence preserve you in your happy Land of Cakes, alike from military revolts, and from popular *pronunciamientos*. So prays, from his exile in *partibus*, your faithful

VEDETTE.

THE ETHNOLOGY OF EUROPE.

"THERE were brave men before Agamemnon,"—heroes before there was a Homer to sing them, says that prince of sensible poets, Horace. It is not less true that there were nations before history—communities, races, of which the eye of civilisation never caught a glimpse. In some cases, before the light of history broke in upon their seclusion, these old types of mankind, losing their individuality, had become merged in a succeeding and mightier wave of population; in others they had wholly disappeared, they had lived and fought and died in perfect isolation from every focus of civilisation, and left not even a floating legend behind them in the world. Man's mortality—the destiny of the individual to pass away from earth like a vapour, making room for others, heirs of his wisdom and unimbuéd with his prejudices—is the most familiar of truths; but the mortality of nations, the death of races, is a conception which at first staggers us. That a family should grow into a nation,—that from the loins of one man should descend a seed like unto the sands on the sea-shore for multitude, appears to our everyday senses as a natural consequence; but that nations should dwindle down to fa-

milies, and families into solitary individuals, until death gets all, and earth has swallowed up a whole phase of humanity, is a thought the grandeur of which is felt to be solemn, if not appalling. The conception, however, need not be a strange one. Facts, which reconcile us to everything, are testifying to its truth even at the present day. It is not long since the Guanches in the Canary Islands, that last specimen of what may once have been a race, and the Guarraes in Brazil, dwindled out of existence in their last asylum,—expiring at the feet of the more lordly race which the fulness of time brought to their dwellings.

Not to mention the Miaou-tse in China, and other relics of Asiatic races, the same phenomenon is more impressively presented to us among the Red Men of America, where the old race is seen dying out beneath our very eyes. Year by year they are melting away. Of the millions which once peopled the vast regions on this side of the Mississippi River, all have vanished but a few scattered families; and it is as clear as the sun at noon-day, that in a few generations more, the last of the Red Men will be numbered with the dead. Why, is it asked, are they thus doomed? In

the suburbs of Mobile, or wandering through its streets, you will see the remnant of the Choctaw tribe, covered with nothing but blankets, and living in bark tents, scarcely a degree advanced above the beasts of the field. No philanthropy can civilise them,—no ingenuity can induce them to do an honest day's work. The life of the woods is struck from them,—the white man has taken their hunting-grounds, and they live on helpless as in a dream, quietly abiding their time. They are stationary, they will not advance; and, like everything stationary, the world is sweeping away. They sufficed for the first phase of humanity in the New World. As long as there was only need for man to be lord of the woods and of the animal creation, the Red Man did well; but no sooner did the call come for him to perfect himself, and change the primeval forest into gardens, than the Red Man knew, by mysterious instinct, that his mission was over,—and either allowed himself, in sheer apathy, to sink out of existence among the pitiless feet of the new-comers, or died fighting fiercely with the apostle of a civilisation which he hated but could not comprehend.

Far back in the history of Europe and of our own country—or, rather, we should say, in periods entirely prehistoric—it is now known that a similar disappearance of a human race has taken place. Celt and Teuton, we fancy, were the first occupiers of Europe,—but the case is not so. A wave or waves of population had preceded even them; and as we dig down into the soil beneath us, ever and anon we come upon strange and startling traces of those primeval occupants of the land. In those natural museums of the past, the caves and peat-bogs of Europe, the keen-witted archæologists of present times are finding abundant relics of a race dissimilar from all the human varieties of which written history takes cognisance. The researches of Wilson among the peat-bogs of the British Isles have brought to light traces of no less than two distinct pre-Celtic races inhabiting the land,—one of which had the skull of a singularly *broad and short, square and compact form, while the head of the other race was long and very narrow, or*

"boat-shaped." The exhumations of Retzius show that precisely similar races once inhabited Scandinavia. The caves and ossuaries of Franconia and Upper Saxony prove that in Central Europe, also, there were races before the advent of the Celts; and the researches of Boucher de Perthes, amid the alluvial stratifications of the river Somme, indicate a not less ancient epoch for the cinerary urns, bones, and instruments of a primordial people in France.

"Here," says M. de Perthes, "we naturally inquire, who were these mysterious primitive inhabitants of Gaul? We are told that this part of Europe is of modern origin, or at least of recent population. Its annals scarcely reach to twenty centuries, and even its traditions do not exceed two thousand five hundred years. The various people who are known to history as having occupied it—the Gauls, the Celts, the Veneti, Ligurians, Iberians, Cymbrians, and Scythians, have left no vestiges to which we can assign that date. The traces of those [originally] nomadic tribes who ravaged Gaul scarcely precede the Christian era by a few centuries. Was Gaul, then, a desert, a solitude, before this period? Was its sun less genial, or its soil less fertile? Were not its hills as pleasant, and its plains and valleys as ready for the harvest? Or, if men had not yet learned to plough and sow, were not its rivers filled with fish, and its forests with game? And, if the land abounded with everything calculated to attract and support a population, why should it not have been inhabited? The absence of great ruins, indeed, indicates that Gaul at this period, and even much later, had not attained a great degree of civilisation, nor been the seat of powerful kingdoms; but why should it not have had its towns and villages? or, rather, why should it not, like the steppes of Russia, the prairies and virgin forests of America, and the fertile plains of Africa, have been overrun from time immemorial by tribes of men—savages, perhaps, but nevertheless united in families if not in nations!"

We shall not dwell at present upon the relics of these races who have thus preceded all history, and vanished into their graves before a civilised age could behold them. We shall not accompany M. de Perthes in his various excavations, nor, after passing through the first stratum of soil, and coming to the relics of the middle ages, see

him meet subsequently, in regular order, with traces of the Roman and Celtic periods, until at last he comes upon weapons, utensils, figures, signs and symbols, which must have been the work of a surpassingly ancient people. We need not describe his discovery of successive beds of bones and ashes, separated from each other by strata of turf and tufa, with no less than five different stages of cinerary urns, belonging to distinct generations, of which the oldest were deposited below the woody or diluvian turf,—nor the coarse structure of these vases (made by hand and dried in the sun), nor the rude utensils of bone, or roughly-carved stone, by which they were surrounded.* Neither need we do more than allude to the remains of a fossil whale recently exhumed in Blair Drummond moss (twenty miles from the nearest point of the river Forth where, by any possibility, a whale could nowadays be stranded), having beside it a rude harpoon of deer's horn—speaking plainly of the coexistence, in these remote pre-Celtic times, of human inhabitants. Even above ground there are striking relics scattered over Europe which it would be hazardous to assign to any race known to history. Those circles of upright stones, of which Stonehenge is the most familiar example, date back to an unknown antiquity. They are found throughout Europe, from Norway to the Mediterranean; and manifestly they must have been erected by a numerous people, and faithful exponents of a general sentiment, since we find them in so many countries. They are commonly called Celtic or Druidic; not because they were raised originally by Druids, but because they had been used in the Druidical worship, though erected, it may be, for other uses, or dedicated to other divinities,—even as the temples of Paganism afterwards

served for the solemnities of Christianity. All that we know is, that, having neither date nor inscription, they must be older than written language,—for a people who can write never leave their own names or exploits unchronicled. The ancients were as ignorant on this matter as ourselves: even tradition is silent; and, at the period of the Roman invasion, the origin of those monuments was already shrouded in obscurity. A revolution, therefore, must have intervened between the time of their erection and the advent of the Legions; and what revolution could it be in those days save a revolution of race? “The Celtæ,” says Dr. Wilson, “are by no means to be regarded as the primal heirs of the land, but are, on the contrary, comparatively recent intruders. Ages before their migration into Europe, an unknown Allophylian race had wandered to this remote island of the sea, and in its turn gave place to later Allophylian nomades, also destined to occupy it only for a time. Of these ante-historical nations, archæology alone reveals any traces.”

Passing from this strange and solemn spectacle of the death and utter extinction of human races, once living and enjoying themselves amidst those very scenes where we ourselves now pant and revel in the drama of existence,—let us look upon the face of Europe as it appears when first the light of history broke upon it. Since then, there have been remarkable declines, but no extinction of races. As if war and rivalry were a permanent attribute of the species, when the curtain first rises upon Europe, it is a struggle of races that is discernible through the gloom. A dark-skinned race, long settled in the land, are fighting doggedly with a fair-skinned race of invaders from the East. The dark-skins were worsted, but still survive—definitely in detached

* As a single sample of these excavations, we may mention one made at Portelette, on the Somme. At a depth of nine feet, a large quantity of bones was met with; and one foot lower, a piece of deer's horn, bearing marks of human workmanship. At twenty feet from the surface, and five feet below the level of the present bed of the river, three axes, highly finished, and in perfect preservation, were turned up in a bed of turf. Some axe-cases of stag's horn were also discovered in the same bed. Near these was a coarse vase of black pottery, very much broken, and surrounded with a black mass of decomposed pottery; and also large quantities of wrought bones, both human and animal.

groups, and indefinitely as a leaven to entire populations. That dark-skinned race have been called Iberians,—the fair-skinned new-comers were the Indo-Germans, headed by the Gaels or Celts. When the two races first met in Europe—the *blond* from the south-east, meeting the *dark* in the west—they encountered each other as natural enemies, and a severe struggle ensued. The Celts finally forced their way into Spain, and established themselves there, became more or less amalgamated with the darker occupants, and were called *Celt-Iberians*. Ever since, these two opposite types have been commingling throughout Western Europe; but a complete fusion has not even yet taken place, and the types of each are still traceable in certain localities.

There was thus an Iberian world before there was a Celtic world. One of the pre-Celtic populations of the British Isles was probably Iberian; and their type, besides leavening indefinitely a portion of the present population, is still distinctly traceable in many of the dark-haired, dark-eyed, and dark-skinned Irish, as well as occasionally in Great Britain itself. The Basques, protected by their Pyrenean fastnesses, are a still existent group of nearly pure Iberians; and of their tongue, termed *Euskaldune* by its speakers, Duponceau long ago said:—"This language, preserved in a corner of Europe, by a few thousand mountaineers, is the sole remaining fragment of perhaps a hundred dialects, constructed on the same plan, which probably existed and were universally spoken, at a remote period, in that quarter of the world. Like the bones of the mammoth, and the relics of unknown races which have perished, it remains a monument of the destruction brought by a succession of ages. It stands single and alone of its kind, surrounded by idioms whose modern construction bears no analogy to it."

The Bretons form another isolated but less distinct group of still existent Iberians. To this day they present a striking contrast to the population around them, who are of tall stature, with blue eyes, white skins, and blond hair—communicative, impetuous, versatile—passing rapidly from courage

to timidity, and from audacity to despair;—in other words, presenting the distinctive character of the Celtic race, now, as in the ancient Gauls. The Bretons are entirely different. They are taciturn—hold strongly to their ideas and usages—are persevering and of melancholic temperament;—in a word, both in *morale* and *physique*, they present the type of a southern race. And this brings us to the question—whence came these Iberians? M. Bodichon, a surgeon distinguished for fifteen years in the French army of Algeria, observes that persons who have lived in Brittany, and then go to Algeria, are struck with the resemblance which they discover between the ancient Armoricans (the Bretons) and the Cabyles of northern Africa. "In fact, the moral and physical character of the two races is identical. The Breton of pure blood has a bony head, light-yellow complexion of bistre tinge, eyes black or brown, stature short, and the black hair of the Cabyle. Like him, he instinctively hates strangers. In both, the same perverseness and obstinacy, the same endurance of fatigue, same love of independence, same inflexion of voice, same expression of feelings. Listen to a Cabyle speaking his native tongue, and you will think you hear a Breton talking Celtic." Impressed with this resemblance, M. Bodichon was induced to reflect on the subject, and at last came to the conclusion that the Berbers who primarily peopled Northern Africa, and the dark-skinned Iberians of Western Europe, belonged to the same race. He thinks that, as Europe and Africa were once united at their western extremities, previous to the convulsion which produced the Straits of Gibraltar, this Iberian population passed into Spain by this primeval isthmus, and thence diffused themselves over Western Europe and its isles. Whether this were actually the case, it is hard to say; but it is important to note that Sallust, quoting "the Punic books which were ascribed to King Hiempsal," exactly reverses the course of migration, and states that the progenitors of the African Moors were Medians and Persians who had marched through Europe into Spain, and thence into Mauritania—though whether overland by

the isthmus, or by boats across the strait, is still left to conjecture. Prichard thinks the Libyans and Iberians were distinct races, but owns that they were found intermingling in the islands and along the western shores of the Mediterranean. Of course it may be taken for granted that among these Iberians thus spread over Africa, Spain, France, and the British Isles, local differences would exist—just as there is a perceptible difference between the Anglo-Saxons of the Old World and those of the New; but there is little doubt that the *Scoti* of Ireland, the Iberians of Spain, and the Berbers of Africa, belonged to a fundamentally identical race.

How any race first came into a country, is a matter of little moment, especially when the epoch of their arrival so far transcends the dawn of history as does that of the Iberians. Even the first wave of the Celtic migration had reached the West before any scrutiny of their progress was possible: for when tradition first dimly opens upon Gaul, about 1500 B. C., its territory was occupied by these two primitive and distinctly-marked Caucasian races—the Celts and Iberians; the one fair-skinned and light-haired, the other a dark race; and each speaking a language bearing no affinity to that of the other—precisely as the Euskaldune of the present Basques is unintelligible to Gaelic tribes of Lower Brittany. Some of the subsequent waves of Celtic or Scythic migration come within the ken of history; and it is remarkable that the line of march which these followed, after passing the shores of the Black Sea, seems to have been along the “Riphaean Valley,” which lay to the north of the Carpathian mountains, and stretched to the Baltic. Now, if we look at the contour map of Europe in *Johnston's Physical Atlas*, we see a narrow strip of the lowest elevation extending from the Black Sea to the Baltic—nowhere rising to the second line of elevation, i. e. more than 150 and less

than 300 feet above the level of the sea,—and turning to the geological map, we find that this same tract is overlaid with recent diluvial deposits. We know that the Scandinavian region is rising, and it is probable that all the plain of Sarmatia has partaken of the elevation,—and before the barriers of the Thracian Bosphorus burst, it is quite certain that the waters of the Caspian, the Euxine, and the Baltic were united by that “ocean-river” of which Homer, Hesiod, and all the old bards sing, and by sailing along which, both the Argonauts and Ulysses are reported to have passed northwards into the western ocean. The existence of this vast belt of water, stretching from the southmost point of the Baltic to the Caucasus, is probably one reason why the Slavonians were late of appearing in southern Europe, and why no sprinkling of them or of the Mongols is to be found among the early settlers of South-western Europe. All the early migrations into Europe proceeded from Caucasian or sub-Caucasian regions—a circumstance which, considering the known simultaneous existence of roving hordes and a great population on the Mongolian plains, can hardly be accounted for on the supposition that the face of Eastern Europe has since then undergone no change. But on the supposition we make, the chain of the Ural Mountains and this large mediterranean basin would for long act as restraints upon any tendency of the Mongolian population to move westward, or of the Slavonians to move southwards.*

The next wave of population which flowed westwards was the Cimbri or Cimmericians,—a people cognate to the Celts or Gaels, yet by no means closely related. About the seventh century B. C., as may be inferred from Herodotus, a clan of this race abandoned the Tauric Chersonese, and marched westwards,—this Cimbrian migration, however, like most others, not being conducted in one mass, but by succees-

* Some very curious speculations and researches on this subject will be found in a pamphlet entitled *A Vindication of the Bardic Accounts of the Early Invasions of Ireland; with a Verification of the River-Ocean of the Greeks*. M'Glashan, Dublin, 1861.

sive and sometimes widely-severed movements. Three centuries afterwards we find the Cimbri on the shores of the Northern Ocean in Jutland; and between the years 113 and 101 B.C., we find the race all on the move, and setting out on that southward career of devastation which eventually brought them into Gaul, Spain, and Italy. The Belgians seem to have been a Cimbrian tribe which had preceded the main body; for when, in this invasion, the Cimbri reached Northern Gaul, the Belgæ immediately joined them as allies against the Celts,—and it seems also proven that the Cimbri and Belgæ spoke dialects of the same language. The Celts, routed by the invaders, were impelled to the south and east, doubtless trespassing in turn upon the dark-skinned Iberians. It was immediately after this inroad that Cæsar and his Romans entered Gaul, and commenced his Commentaries with the well-known statement:—“All Gaul is divided into three parts, of which one is inhabited by the Belgians [or Cimbri, in the north],—another by the Aquitanians [or Iberians, in the south-west],—and the third [or eastern], by those who in their own language call themselves Celts, and who in our tongue are called Gael (*Galli*). These races differ among themselves by their language, their manners, and their laws.” Previous to this time the Teutons had settled in central Europe, and in alliance with Celtic tribes made incursions into Italy.

We have now reached a period at which the population of Europe becomes greatly mixed, in consequence of the constant roving and incursions of the various races and tribes of which it was composed. It is interesting to note the effect of such a state of things upon the physical characteristics of the people. And firstly it is to be observed, that, with extremely rare exceptions, conquest is not attended by extermination. When one people, even in semi-barbarous times, conquers another, it does not annihilate and rarely displaces, but for the most part only overlays it. The annihilating process, of which a sample may be seen in America, only takes place in the rare case of the meeting of two nations, in such widely differ-

ent states of civilisation as to render amalgamation impossible,—and even in this case only when the inferior race is so intractable as to resist all obedience to the superior. *Displacement*—which is obsolete now, since advancing civilisation has rendered conquest political only—was pretty common two thousand years ago, when Europe was thinly and nomadically peopled, and tribes migrated *en masse*. In this way, for example, the Cimbri wedged themselves in among the Celts in Northern Gaul, and took possession of a large tract in Northern Italy. But soon after the Christian era—chiefly in consequence of the increasing density and settled habits of the population—conquest ceased to produce either extermination or displacement, and consisted merely in the overlaying of one population by another much less numerous but more powerful. Thus the Normans in England and the Franks in Gaul were but a handful compared to the conquered population; and consequently, though they might give their laws and even their name to the country, they could not materially alter the physical character of the people.

The chief influence which, in the case of two races mingling, determines the preservation or extinction of types or national features, is simply the numerical proportion existing between the two races thus amalgamating. When races meet and mix on equal terms, and with no natural repugnance to each other (in other words, *ceteris paribus*), the relative number of the two races decides the question—the type of the smaller number, in this hypothetical case, inevitably disappearing in the long run. Take, for example, a thousand white families and fifty black ones—place them on an island, and let them regularly intermarry; and the result would be, that in the course of time the black type would disappear, although there is reason to believe that traces of it would “crop out” during a very long period. And if two fair-skinned races were brought into contact in a similar manner, and in similar proportions, the extermination of the less numerous one would be even sooner effected. The operation of this law is well illustrated in the lower animals. Cross two domestic animals of different

breeds—take the offspring and cross it with one of the parent stocks, and continue this process for a few generations, and the result is that the one becomes swallowed up in the other. This is the theory; but in the actual world races never intermarry with such theoretical regularity and indifference. Each community of mankind has, as its conservative element, a tendency to form unions within its own limits; and if a foreign element is once introduced into a population, the operation of this predilection tends to preserve the type of the lesser number for a much longer period than mere theory would assign to it. The stranger-hating and obstinate-tempered Bretons and Basques, for instance, by intermarrying among themselves, have thus preserved the type of the old Iberians through three thousand years, although surrounded on all sides by the fair-haired Celts. In the case of a conquering race like the Franks and Normans, there is generally less isolation than this; but then, the way in which the amalgamation between the conquerors and the conquered takes place, is such as to give a great advantage to the former. The sons of the conquerors may wed the daughters of the conquered, for the sake of their lands; but it is comparatively seldom that the daughters of the invaders will condescend to tarnish their scutcheon by becoming wedded to and merged in the class of the vanquished. The principle of caste is all-pervading, even when nominally repudiated; and thus, as the male ever influences most directly the type of the offspring, a small number of conquerors may for long perpetuate their line in comparative purity, even though surrounded by myriads of a different race.

From all this it results, that when a small body of foreigners is shot into the middle of a large population, as it were in virtue of a mere casual impetus, and not owing to higher qualities and organisation on the part of the aliens, the new-comers are quickly absorbed into the general mass of the population, and their type, in course of time, wholly disappears. The his-

tory of Italy throws important light upon this subject. Successive hordes of barbarians broke into and overran that country, powerful from their rude energy, but numerically weak, and inferior in mental condition to the conquered race. Again and again did human waves of Visigoths, Vandals, Huns, Herules, Ostrogoths, Lombards, and Normans, roll in succession over the Italian plains; and even the Saracens for a time held possession of some of its fairest provinces; yet what vestiges remain in Italy of these barbarian surges? The first three passed over like tornados; the two next, after contending with the Goths, were expelled from the land; and of the whole conglomerate mass but small fragments were left, too insignificant to materially influence the native Italian types. The Lombards, indeed, remained, and implanted their name on a portion of the peninsula; but, with this fragmentary exception, the aboriginal population of Italy has remained unaltered in blood and features since the early times when the Celts and Cimbri made settlements in its northern provinces. And thus the normal law is fulfilled, in the invaders being swallowed up in the mass of the native population—leavening it, of course, more or less, but ever tending towards ultimate extinction.

When a really conquering race, however—one superior alike in physical and mental power to the subjugated population—invasades a country, and, instead of being expelled, or passing onwards like a transient whirlwind, continues to hold the realm in virtue of superior power, such a race, as we have said, may long and almost indelibly perpetuate their features in the land. In such a case they in reality, if not in name, form a caste; each one of the invaders becomes a noble; and when they make exceptions to the practice of intermarrying among themselves, it is only that they may more widely diffuse their lineaments, by forming matrimonial or other unions with the female portion of the native race.* Thus the feudalism of the all-conquering Normans was a system of caste, by means

* It is not improbable that the old feudal law, which placed the person of a female vassal at the disposal of the seigneur on her wedding-night, originated in political motives as well as in a tyrannous sensuality.

In Greece the Helenes and Pelasgi are two races identified with the earliest traditions of the country; but when we appeal to history for their origin, or seek for the part that each has played in the majestic drama of antiquity, there is little more than conjecture to guide us. Greece did not come fairly within the scope of M. Edwards' researches, yet he has ventured a few note-worthy observations in connection with this point. He thinks the same principles that governed his examination of Gaul may be applied to Greece; and that the Helenes and Pelasgi might be followed ethnologically like the Celts and Cimbri. Perhaps the most important remark which he makes is that which refers to the differences between what he calls the *heroic* and *historic*—or what is generally termed the ideal and real types of the Greek countenance. The ancient monuments of art in Greece exhibit a wide diversity of types, and this at every period of their history. Of the two great classes into which these may be divided, M. Edwards says:

"Most of the divinities and personages of the *heroic* times are formed on that well-known model which constitutes what we term the beau-ideal. The forms and proportions of the head and countenance are so regular that we may describe them with mathematical precision. A perfectly oval contour, forehead and nose straight, without depression between them, would suffice to distinguish this type. The harmony is such that the presence of these traits implies the others. But such is not the character of the personages of truly *historic* times. The philosophers, orators, warriors, and poets almost all differ from it, and form a group apart. It cannot be confounded with the rest; it is sufficient to point it out, for one to recognise at once how far it is separated. It greatly resembles, on the contrary, the type which is seen in other countries of Europe, while the former is scarcely met with there."

This observation is just. The head of Alexander the Great is nearly allied to the pure classical or heroic type; but this case is an exception—and the lineaments of Lysurgus, Eratosthenes, and most other specimens of old Greek portrait-sculpture, are, with the exception of the beard (if in-

deed such an exception is now requisite), very much like those which one meets with daily in our streets. "Were we to judge solely by the monuments of Greece," continues M. Edwards, "on account of this contrast, we should be tempted to regard the type of the fabulous or heroic personages as ideal. But imagination more readily creates monsters than models of beauty; and this principle alone will suffice to convince us that such a type has existed in Greece, and the countries where its population has spread, if it does not still exist there."

In corroboration of this conjecture, it may be stated that the learned travellers, MM. de Stackelburg and de Bronsted, who have journeyed through the Morea and closely examined the population, assert that the *heroic* type is still extant in certain localities. M. Poqueville likewise assures us that the models which inspired Phidias and Apelles are still to be found among the inhabitants of the Morea. "They are generally tall and finely formed; their eyes are full of fire, and they have a beautiful mouth ornamented with the finest teeth. There are, however, degrees in their beauty, though all may be generally termed handsome. The Spartan woman is fair, of a slender make, but with a noble air. The women of Taygetus have the carriage of a Pallas when she wielded her formidable ægis in the midst of a battle. The Messenian woman is of low stature, and distinguished for her *embonpoint*" (this may be owing to a mixture with the primitive race of the Morea, who, as Helots, long existed as a distinct caste in Messenia); "she has regular features, large blue eyes, and long black hair. The Arcadian, in her coarse woollen garments, scarcely suffers the symmetry of her form to appear; but her countenance is expressive of innocence and purity of mind." In the time of Poqueville the Greek women were extremely ignorant and uneducated; but, he says, "music and dancing seem to have been taught them by nature." He speaks of the long flaxen hair of the women of Sparta, their majestic air and carriage, their elegant forms, the symmetry of their features, lighted up by large blue eyes, fringed and shaded with

long eye-lashes. "The men," he says, "among whom some are 'blonds,' or fair, have noble countenances; are of tall stature, with masculine and regular features." They have preserved something of the Dorians of ancient Sparta.

It would be erroneous, however, to conclude from this that Greek art owed everything to the actual. The type existed more or less imperfectly in the population, but Phidias and the Greek artists took and developed it, by the aid of the imagination, into that perfect phase of physical beauty which we justly term the *beau-ideal*. A nation's beau-ideal is always the perfectionment of its own type. It is easy to see how this happens. In nations, as in individuals, the soul moulds the body, so far as extrinsic circumstances permit, into a form in accordance with its own ideas and desire; and accordingly, whenever a marked difference exists in the physical aspect of two nations, there, also, we may expect to find a variance in their beau-ideals. Not, as is generally supposed, from the eye of each race becoming accustomed to the national features, but because these features are themselves an incarnation and embodiment of the national mind. It is the soul which shapes the national features, not the national features that mould the æsthetic judgment of the soul. It is not *association*, therefore, that is the cause of the different beau-ideals we behold in the world, but a psychical difference in the nations which produce them,—a circumstance no more remarkable than those moral and intellectual diversities in virtue of which we see one race excelling in the exact sciences, another in the fine arts, a third in military renown, and a fourth in pacific industry. We may adduce, in curious illustration of this point, the well-known fact that Raphael and many other eminent artists have repeatedly given their own likeness to the imaginary offspring of their art,—not real, but idealised likenesses. How was this? From vanity? No, certainly; but because the ideal most congenial to them, which they could most easily hold in their mind, and which it gave them most pleasure to linger over and beautify, was the ideal constituted by the perfectionment

of their own features. There is something more than mere vanity in the pleasure usually derived from looking into a mirror; for when the features are in exact or nearly exact accordance with the desires of the framing Spirit within, there must always be a pleasure in the soul looking upon its own 'likeness': even as it experiences a similar delight when meeting with a being of perfectly congenial nature—in other words, its spiritual (as the other is its physical) likeness. It is to be expected, *cæteris paribus*, that this pleasure will be most felt by those who are gifted with much personal beauty, and whose features are most perfect of their kind; for in their case there is more, than ordinary harmony between the soul and its fleshly envelope. Accordingly, no artist ever painted himself more than the beautiful Raphael. And we could name an eminent individual, now no more, as rarely gifted with physical beauty as with mental powers, to whom the contemplation of his portrait was almost a passion. Some of our readers may recognise the distinguished man of whom we speak. No one less vain or more noble-hearted than he, yet his painted likeness had always a fascination for him. "It is a curious thing," he used to say, "how I like to look at my own portrait." Was it not because, in that beautifully developed form and countenance, the spirit within had most successfully embodied its ideal, with little or no hindrance from extrinsic circumstances, and accordingly rejoiced, though it knew not why, in the presence of its own likeness?

But to return to ethnography, and trace out the successive changes which have taken place in the population of Europe. As we have already observed, the great ebb and flow of nations was over by the Christian era. The population had become comparatively dense, so that room could no more be made for tribes of new-comers—and settled in their habits and occupations, so as no longer to admit of their shifting or being driven to and fro like waves over the land, as was the case while they were in the nomadic state. And as the nations became consolidated, they began, however feebly at first, to live a national existence, and

to put forth national efforts of self-defence against those who assailed them. On these various accounts, the system of conquest by displacement, which marked the pre-historic and in a faint degree the early historic times, was brought to an end,—the conquests of the Northmen being the last examples of the kind; and these being hardly worthy of the name, as they were marked rather by the political predominance of the new-comers, and by an overlaying rather than by any displacement of the native population. For all useful purposes, therefore, we may conceive that at the Christian era the various nations of Europe were arranged on the map very much as they are now,—the only exceptions worth mentioning being the influx of the Magyars and Turks, and the southward progress of several of the Slavonian tribes through the old Byzantine provinces into Greece.

"Had a Roman geographer of the days of the Empire," it has been well observed, "advanced in a straight line from the Atlantic to the Pacific, he would have traversed the exact succession of races that is to be met in the same route now. First, he would have found the Celts occupying as far as the Rhine; thence, eastward to the Vistula and Carpathian mountains, he would have found Germans; beyond them, and stretching away into Central Asia, he would have found the so-called Scythians,—a race which, had he possessed our information, he would have divided into two great branches of the Slavonians or European Scythians, and the Tartars and Turks, or Asiatic Scythians; and finally, beyond these, he would have found Mongolian hordes overspreading Eastern Asia to the shores of the Pacific. These successive races or populations he would have found shading off into each other at their points of junction. He would have remarked, also, a general westward pressure of the whole mass, tending toward mutual rupture and invasion,—the Mongolian pressing against the Tartars, the Tartars against the Slavonians, the Slavonians against the Germans, and the Germans against the Celts."

Although the early history and migrations of the Slavonians are involved in greater obscurity than that of either of the other two great branches of the European population, it is erroneous to suppose that they are a recent ac-

cession out of the depths of Asia. It was evidently a branch of them that Herodotus describes as peaceful, pastoral, and agricultural tribes located near the shores of the Black Sea. Instead of entering Europe *via* Asia Minor and the southern borders of the Euxine, as many of the Celtic and Teutonic tribes did, they appear to have taken the route by the north of the Caspian and Black Seas, and probably advanced southwards into Europe on the gradual and ultimately sudden subsidence of the waters of the inland sea which primevally stretched from the Baltic eastwards to the Sea of Aral.

This race, which now constitutes the largest ethnographical unit of population in Europe, numbering nearly eighty millions, has never yet been examined in rigorous detail. The earliest and best developed of its tribes is the Polish, which, though it has in recent times been subjected by the Russo-Slavons aided by the German powers, has not yet lost its nationality; and it is probable that, in the course of the future, the mighty Slavonic race will yet give rise to several distinct states. Both in features and complexion there is much diversity to be found in the various tribes which it comprises; but, if we consider the immense numbers of the race, and the different climates and temperatures under which they are located, it must be allowed that they are more homogeneous in character than any other people in Europe. The general type of the Slavonians is thus described by M. Edwards.

"The contour of the head, viewed in front, approaches nearly to a square; the height surpasses a little the breadth; the summit is sensibly flattened; and the direction of the jaw is horizontal. The length of the nose is less than the distance from its base to the chin; it is almost straight from the depression at its root; that is to say, without any decided curvature, but, if appreciable, it is slightly concave, so that the end has a tendency to turn up; the lower part is rather large, and the extremity rounded. The eyes, which are rather deep-set, are [unlike those of the Tartars] perfectly on the same line; and when they have any particular character, they are smaller than the proportion of the head ought to indicate. The eyebrows are thin, very near the eyes, particularly at the internal angle; and from this point are often [like

those of the Tartars] directed obliquely wards. The mouth, which is not salient, has thin lips, and is much nearer to the nose than to the tip of the chin. Another singular characteristic may be added, and which is every general, viz., their small beard, except on the upper lip [a trait connecting them with the peoples of Upper Asia]. Such is the common type among the Poles, Alesians, Moravians, Bohemians, Slavonic Hungarians, and is very common among the Russians."

Having thus briefly and imperfectly glanced at the ethnographical features of Europe prior to the Christian era, we come now to note, equally briefly, the accession of foreign elements which the Continent has received subsequently to that period. The first of these is the memorable one of the Jews. Unlike the other incomers, they came not as conquerors, nor in a mass—but as isolated exiles, seeking new homes where they might be suffered to preserve their religion and again a livelihood. A military race when in the land of their fathers, in Europe they developed only that other feature of their nation, the passion for money-making. In pursuit of this object they have settled in every country of Europe; and, in spite of persecutions innumerable, continue to preserve to this day their religion and their national features. Despite the warm passions of the Hebrews, which, even when in their own land, repeatedly led both the people and their princes into the contraction of sexual alliances with other nations, the Jewish blood on the whole is still much purer than that of any other race—the foreign elements from time to time mingled with it being gradually thrown off by innumerable crossings and re-crossings with the native stock. At present there are about two millions of Jews in Europe, and in the rest of the world about a million and a half. The modern Jews, while preserving the national features, present every variety of complexion save black—for the *black* Jews of Malabar are not Jews at all, but the descendants of apostate Hindoos. In regard to the matter of complexion, which varies so much with the climate and condition of the people, we shall say something by-and-by; but we shall here give some remarks of Mr. Leeser, a learned Jew of Phila-

delphia, on the curious diversities of complexion so remarkably observable among the Hebrew race:—

"In respect to the true Jewish complexion, it is *fair*; which is proved by the variety of the people I have seen, from Persia, Russia, Palestine, and Africa, not to mention those of Europe and America, the latter of whom are identical with the Europeans, like all other white inhabitants of this continent. All Jews that ever I have beheld are *identical in features*; though the colour of their skin and eyes differs materially, inasmuch as the Southern are nearly all black-eyed, and somewhat sallow, while the Northern are blue-eyed, in a great measure, and of a fair and clear complexion. In this they assimilate to all Caucasians, when transported for a number of generations into various climates. Though I am free to admit that the dark and hazel eye and tawny skin are oftener met with among the Germanic Jews than among the German natives proper. There are also red-haired and white-haired Jews, as well as other people, and perhaps of as great a proportion. I speak now of the Jews north—I am myself a native of Germany, and among my own family I know of none without blue eyes, brown hair (though mine is black), and very fair skin—still I recollect, when a boy, seeing many who had not these characteristics, and had, on the contrary, eyes, hair, and skin of a more southern complexion. In America, you will see all varieties of complexion, from the very fair Canadian down to the almost yellow of the West Indian—the latter, however, is solely the effect of exposure to a *deleterious* climate for several generations, which changes, I should judge, the texture of the hair and skin, and thus leaves its mark on the constitution—otherwise the Caucasian type is strongly developed; but this is the case more emphatically among those sprung from a German than a Portuguese stock. The latter was an original inhabitant of the Iberian Peninsula, and whether it was preserved pure, or became mixed with Moorish blood in the process of centuries, or whether the Germans contracted an intimacy with Teutonic nations, and thus acquired a part of their national characteristics, it is impossible to be told now. But one thing is certain, that, both in Spain and Germany, conversions to Judaism during the early ages, say from the eighth to the thirteenth century, were by no means rare, or else the governments would not have so energetically prohibited Jews from making proselytes of their servants and others."

know not, indeed, whether there is any greater physical discrepancy between northern and southern Jews than between English families who continue in England or emigrate to Alabama—I rather judge there is not.”—*Types of Mankind*, p. 121.

The Huns and Magyars were the next tribes who made their way into Europe; and their advent, fierce, rapid, and exterminating, was conducted like a charge of cavalry. They hewed their way with the sword through the Slavonian and other tribes who impeded their march; and after being for a brief season the terror of Europe, they settled *en permanence* on the plains of Hungary, where for upwards of a thousand years they dominated, like a ruling caste, over the surrounding Slavonic tribes. The influx of this warlike race took place by two migrations,—firstly, of the Huns, under Attila, in the fifth century; and, secondly, of the Magyars, under Arpad, in the ninth. The type of the two races was identical; it is peculiarly exotic, and unlike any other in Europe. It belongs to the great Uralian-Tatar stem of Asia; but, strangely enough, though they differ in type from the Fins, the Magyars speak a dialect of the Finnish language,—which shows that the two races must have been associated in some way at a remote epoch, and before either of them emerged from the depths of Asia. M. Edwards thus describes the Magyar type:—“Head nearly round; forehead little developed, low, and bending; the eyes placed obliquely, so that the external angle is elevated; the nose short and flat; mouth prominent, and lips thick; neck very strong, so that the back of the head appears flat, forming almost a straight line with the nape; beard weak and scattering: stature short.” The Magyars did not belong to the Caucasian stock: and their long-continued supremacy over tribes decidedly Caucasian, is a nut to crack for those ethnographers who deduce everything from race, irrespective of the habits and state of development of particular nations.

The next alien race which entered Europe was the Gypseys, the history and peculiarities of which strange people present many curious analogies

with those of the Israelites. “Both have had an exodus; both are exiles, and dispersed among the Gentiles, by whom they are hated and despised, and whom they hate and despise under the names of Busnees and Goyim; both, though speaking the language of the Gentiles, possess a peculiar language which the latter do not understand; and both possess a peculiar cast of countenance by which they may without difficulty be distinguished from all other nations. But with these points the similarity terminates. The Israelites have a peculiar religion, to which they are fanatically attached; the Romas (gypseys) have none. The Israelites have an authentic history; the Gypseys have no history,—they do not even know the name of their original country.” Everything connected with the Gypsy race is involved in mystery; though, from their physical type, language, &c., it is conjectured that they came from some part of India. It has been supposed that they fled from the exterminating sword of the great Tartar conqueror, Tamerlane, who ravaged India in 1408-9 A.D.; but Borrow’s work furnishes good ground for believing that they may have migrated at a much earlier period northwards, amongst the Slavonians, before they entered Germany and the other countries where we first catch sight of them. All that we know with certainty is, that in the beginning of the fifteenth century they appeared in Germany, and were soon scattered over Europe, as far as Spain. The precise day upon which these strange beings first entered France has been recorded,—namely, the 17th of August 1427. The entire number of the race at present is estimated at about 700,000,—thus constituting them the smallest as well as the most singular and distinctly marked of races. But if their numbers be small, their range of habitat is one of the widest. They are scattered over most countries of the habitable globe—Europe, Asia, Africa, and both the Americas, containing specimens of these roving tribes. “Their tents,” says Borrow, “are pitched on the heaths of Brazil and the ridges of the Himalaya hills; and their language is heard in Moscow and Madrid, in London and Stamboul. Their power of resisting cold is truly wonderful, as

it is not uncommon to find them encamped in the midst of the snow, in slight canvass tents, where the temperature is 25° or 30° below the freezing-point according to Reaumur; while, on the other hand, they withstand without difficulty the sultry climes of Africa and India.

The last accession which the population of Europe received was accomplished by an irruption similar to that of the Huns, but on a grander scale. In the beginning of the fifteenth century the Osmanli Turks swept across the Hellespont and Bosphorus, and in 1453 established their empire in Europe by the capture of Byzantium. In proportion to its numbers, no race ever gave such a shock to the Western world as this; and, by its very antagonism, it helped to quicken into life the population and kingdoms of central and eastern Europe. It is semi-Caucasian by extraction, but, coming from the northern side of the Caucasus, and pretty far to the east, the original features of the race had a strong dash of the Tartar in them. The portrait of Mahomed II., the conqueror of Byzantium, may be taken as a fair sample of the primitive Turkish type,—indeed a more than average specimen, for among all nations the nobles and princes, as a class, are ever found to possess the most perfect forms and features. The Turkish tribes who still follow their ancient nomadic life, and wander in the cold and dry deserts of Turkistan, still exhibit the Tartar physiognomy—even the Nogays of the Crimea, and some of the roving tribes of Asia Minor, present much of this character. The European Turks, and the upper classes of the race generally, exhibit a greatly superior style of countenance, in consequence of the elevating influences of civilisation, and of their harems having been replenished for four centuries by fair ones from Georgia and Circassia,—a region which, as Chardin long ago remarked, “is assuredly the one where nature produces the most beautiful persons, and a people brave and valiant, as well as lively, *galant*, and loving.” There is hardly a man of quality in Turkey who is not born of a Georgian or Circassian mother,—counting downwards from the Sultan,

who is generally Georgian or Circassian by the female side. As this crossing of the two races has been carried on for several centuries, the modern Ottomans in Europe are in truth a *new nation*—and, on the whole, a very handsome one. The general proportion of the face is symmetrical, and the facial angle nearly vertical,—the features thus approaching to the Circassian mould; while the head is remarkable for its excellent globular form, with the forehead broad and the glabella prominent.

The natural destiny of the Turks in Europe, like that of ruling castes everywhere when holding in subjection a population greatly more numerous than themselves, is either to gradually relax their sway and share the government with the subject races, as the Normans in England did,—or, if obstinately maintaining their class-despotism, to be violently deposed from the supremacy. The increasing development of the Greek and other actions of the population of European Turkey has of late years made one or other of these alternatives imminent; but the extensive reforms and liberalisation of the government simultaneously undertaken by the Ottoman rulers, and the remarkable abeyance in which they have begun to place the *distinctive* tenets of the Mahomedan faith, promised, if unthwarted by foreign influences, to keep the various races in amity, and admit Christians to offices in the state. The history of the last fifteen years has shown this system of governmental relaxation growing gradually stronger—so that Lord Palmerston was justified in saying that no country in the world could show so many reforms accomplished in so short a time as Turkey. And after the recent exploits of the Ottomans in defeating simultaneously the attacks of Russia and of the Greek and Montenegrin insurgents, and the Turkish predilections even of those provinces which were entered by the Christian forces of the Czar, it cannot be doubted that the Turkish rule was on the whole giving satisfaction, and that, if unaided by foreign Powers, no insurrection against the supremacy of the bold-hearted Osmanlis had the slightest chance of success. It was this state of matters which alarmed the

ambitious Czar into his present aggression; for he felt that now or never was the time to interfere, if he did not wish to see a Turko-Greek state establish itself in such strength as to bid defiance to his power. We may add, that, whatever be the issue of the present contest, it must tend to a further and higher development of the Turkish character. The contagion of Western ideas, disseminated in the most imposing of ways by the presence of the armies of England and France, cannot fail to impress itself on the slumbrous but awakening Ottomans, and not only expand their stereotyped civilisation into a wider and freer form, but possibly to strike also from their religion the more faulty and obstructive of its tenets.

Such are the elements of the present population of Europe,—a population which, in its western and southern portions, no longer presents distinct masses of diverse tribes, and whose various sections every century is drawing into closer contact. The progress of commerce and civilisation produces not only an interchange of products of various climes, and of ideas between the various races of mankind, but also a commingling of blood; and as the most nobly developed races are always the great wanderers and conquerors, it will be seen that the progress of the world ever tends to improve the types of mankind by infusing the blood of the superior races into the veins of the inferior. The settlements of the Normans are an instance of this. And a still more remarkable, though exceptional, exemplification of the same thing may at present be witnessed in America—where the Negroes, transported from their native clime, have already become a mixed race, owing to the relation in which all female slaves stand to their masters, and the consequent frequent crossing of the European blood with the blood of Africa. In point of fact, there are slaves to be found in the southern States, who, like “George” in *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*, are as Caucasian in their features and intellect as their masters,—a circumstance fraught with considerable danger to the White caste in these States, because producing the *extremest irritation in these nearly*

full blood “white slaves,” and at the same time providing able and fiery leaders for the oppressed Negro race in the event of an insurrection and servile war.

But the great variety of countenance and temperament in Western and Southern Europe is not due merely to actual crossings of the commingling races. Civilisation itself is the parent of variety. The progress of humanity produces physical effects upon the race, which may be classed under two heads, one of these being a general physical improvement, and the other increasing variety. Take an undeveloped race like the Tartars or Negroes, and you will find the aspect and mental character of the nation nearly homogeneous,—the differences existing amongst its individual members being comparatively trivial. Pass to the Slavonians, and you will perceive this uniformly lessened; and when you reach the nations of Western Europe, you will find the transition accomplished, and homogeneity exchanged for variety. The explanation of this is obvious. Just as all plants of the same species, when in embryo, are nearly alike, undeveloped races of mankind present but few signs of spiritual life; and therefore their individual members greatly resemble one another,—because the fewer the characteristics, the less room is there for variety, and the more radical and therefore more universal must be the characteristics, themselves. Pebbles, as they lie rough upon the sea-shore, may present a great uniformity of appearance; but take and polish them, and a hundred diversities of colour and marking forthwith show themselves; even so does civilisation and growth develop the rich varieties of human nature. As these mental varieties spring up within, they ever seek to develop themselves by corresponding varieties in the outer life, placing men now in riches, now in poverty, now under the sway of the intellect, now of the passions, now of good principles, now of bad, and moreover leading to an infinite diversity of external occupation. The joint influence of the feelings within, and of the corresponding circumstances without, in course of time comes to affect the physical frame,

often in a very marked manner; and, indeed, it is well known that even so subtle a thing as the predominant thoughts and sentiments of an individual are almost always reflected in the aspect of his countenance. Nations, when in a primitive uncultured state, differ as widely from those at the apex of civilisation, as the monotonous countenance and one-phased mind of a peasant contrasts with the rich variety of expression in the face of genius, whose nature is quickly responsive to every influence, though often steadied into a masculine calm. Let any one inspect the various classes of our metropolitan population, and he will perceive an amount of physical, mental, and occupational variety such as he will meet with nowhere else in the world—presenting countenances deformed now by this form of brutal passion, now by that, ranging upwards to the noblest types of the human face, the joint product of easy circumstances and high mental and spiritual culture. It is all the result of civilisation, which ever tends to break up the uniformity of a population, and allows of its members rising to the highest heights or sinking to the lowest depths,—thus breaking the primitive monotony of life into its manifold prismatic hues.

Not the least remarkable of the physical changes thus produced by civilisation, is the diversity of complexion which it gradually affects. It appears certain, for example, that the races who peopled the northern and western parts of Europe, subsequent to the dark-skinned Iberians, were all of the fair or xanthous style of complexion; but this is by no means the case with the great mass of people who are supposed to have descended from them. "It seems unquestionable," says Prichard, "that the complexion prevalent through the British Isles has greatly varied from that of all [?] the original tribes who are known to have jointly constituted the population. We have seen that the ancient Celtic tribes were a xanthous race; such, likewise, were the Saxans, Danes, and Normans; the Caledonians also, and the Gael, were fair and yellow-haired. Not so the mixed descendants of all these blue-eyed tribes. The Britons had already de-

viated from the colour of the Celts in the time of Strabo, who declares that the Britons are taller than the Gauls, and less yellow-haired, and more infirm and relaxed in their bodies." The Germans have also varied in their complexion. The ancient Germans are said to have had universally yellow or red hair and blue eyes,—in short, a strongly marked xanthous constitution. This, says Niebuhr, "has now, in most parts of Germany, become uncommon. I can assert, from my own observation, that the Germans are now, in many parts of their country, far from a light-haired race. I have seen a considerable number of persons assembled in a large room at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and observed that, except one or two Englishmen, there was not an individual among them who had not dark hair. The Chevalier Bunsen has assured me that he has often looked in vain for the auburn or golden locks and the light cerulean eyes of the old Germans, and never verified the picture given by the ancients of his countrymen till he visited Scandinavia,—there he found himself surrounded by the Germans of Tacitus." In the towns of Germany, especially, the people are far from being a red-haired, or even a xanthous race; and, from the fact that this change has been developed chiefly in towns, we may infer that it depends in part on habits, and the way of living, and on food. Towns are much warmer and drier than the country; but even the open country is much warmer and drier than the forests and morasses with which Germany was formerly covered. The climate of Germany has, in fact, changed since the country was cleared of its vast forests; and we must attribute the altered physical character of the Germans to the altered condition under which the present inhabitants live.

It was the conquests of Rome that first scattered the seeds of civilisation in Western Europe. There it has grown up into a stately and nearly perfect fabric on the shores of the Atlantic, gradually losing its perfection as it proceeds eastwards, until it reaches the semi-barbarism of Russia, and the still deeper barbarism of Upper Asia. Our limits hardly allow of

our inquiring what influence this civilisation is calculated to exert in future upon the ethnological condition of the Continent, although it is a question of great importance, as foreshadowing the chief changes which may be expected to result from the state of chronic strife upon which Europe has now entered. We can only remark that the grand action of progress and civilisation is to develop *the mind*, and so convert the units of society from a mass of automatons into thinking and self-directing agents,—conscious of, and able to attain, alike their own rights and those of their nation. Hence follows the growth of liberty within; and, without, the gradual establishment of union between scattered sections of the same race. Supposing, then, that the progress of civilisation in Europe be unobstructed, we may calculate that wherever we now see internal despotism, there will be liberty,—wherever we see foreign domination, there will be national freedom,—and that, after a little more training in the stern school of suffering, the Continental nations, grown wiser, will make an end of the present arbitrary and unnatural territorial system of Europe, and arrange themselves in the more natural, grander, and permanent communities of race.

It was doubtless a perception of this truth that caused the French Emperor recently to declare that “the age of conquests is past.” We regret to think, however, that the statement is somewhat premature,—for Europe is still far from that happy climax of civilisation which in the preceding sentences we have indicated. Moreover, there are two very opposite periods in the life of nations when the race-principle reigns supreme, their first and their last;—

just as, in the case of individuals, men often adopt in old age, from the dictates of experience, principles which in youth they had acted upon from instinct. Now, Europe at this day presents both of these phases of national life existing simultaneously, at its eastern and western extremities; and it seems probable that the development of the race-principle in its early form among the Slavonians, will take precedence of its development in maturity among the civilised races of the Continent. There is every indication that the panslavism of Russia will precede the coalescing of the Teutonic tribes into a united Germany—or of the Romano-Gallie races of France, Spain, and Italy, into that trinity of confederate states which Lamartine so stoutly predicts. Nay, may not this Panslavism of Russia, by a short-lived political domination, be destined to prove the very means of exciting the ethnological affinities of the rest of Europe, and of thereby raising up an insuperable barrier to its own progress, as well as involuntarily launching the other nations on their true line of progress?

The sag-end of an article is little suitable for the discussion of such really momentous topics, and we especially regret that we cannot proceed to consider the effects which the progress of civilisation is likely to exert upon Russia itself. Any one, however, who is disposed to supply for himself the deductions from the above principles, will feel that his labour in so doing is not without its recompense, by establishing the consolatory truth that, so far as human eye can discern, “a good time coming” is yet in store for Europe,—though, alas, what turmoil must there be between this and then!

THE GANGETIC PROVINCES OF BRITISH INDIA.

Disguise it as we may, conquest to the conquered must ever be a bitter draught.

It is impossible for nations to be entirely disinterested. The rewards of the victors cannot be reaped without trenching upon the rights of the vanquished.

Three centuries have gone by since Machiavelli wrote, yet still does the Italian mutter his words, "Ad ognuno puzza questo barbaro dominio;" and all the material benefits which the peasantry of Lombardy often admit that they enjoy under their present masters, cannot abate the aversion of the people of that province to the Austrian rule.

There are more points of resemblance than we may like to confess between the position of Austria towards Italy, and that of England towards India. In both cases, the bulk of the conquered, especially the agricultural classes, have little to complain of, and are on the whole passively contented and reconciled to a yoke which, as far as they are concerned, presses, perhaps, but does not gall; in both cases, all of a higher order, all upon whom ambition can have any influence, must feel more or less discontented with a condition necessarily attended with a diminished chance of advancement, and a mortifying stagnation of hope. Both of the dominant powers ought to regard this frame of mind not as a fault, but

as a moral malady, and to direct their best efforts to the cure of an affection naturally resulting from the depressed position of those brought by conquest under their sway.

What the sanative measures of Austria may have been, and into the causes of their failure, we need not stop to inquire, but may proceed at once to consider in how far we have, in this respect, acquitted ourselves of our obligations to those over whom we also rule mainly by the right of conquest and superior strength.

Not being gifted, like many of our contemporaries, with power to take in the totality of the gorgeous East at one comprehensive glance, we must examine our Indian empire in detail, and for the present confine our remarks to the Presidency of Bengal, which its appendage the Lieutenant-Governorship of Agra.

The guides whom we propose to follow in the prosecution of our inquiries into the state of these Gangetic provinces, their past and present condition, and their future prospects, are the authors enumerated at the foot of the page, each of whom may be regarded as a representative of one or other of the schools into which those interested in the work of Indian administration may now be said to be divided.

The history of our civil administration of the Gangetic portion of our Eastern territory divides itself into

What Good may come of the India Bill; or Notes of what has been, is, and may be, the Government of India. By FRANCIS HORSLEY ROBINSON.

Modern India. A Sketch of the System of Civil Government; to which is prefixed some Account of the Natives and Native Institutions. By GEORGE CAMPBELL, Esq., Bengal Civil Service.

The Administration of the East India Company. A History of Indian Progress. By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE, Author of the "History of the War in Afghanistan."

Life in the Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana; or Six Years in India. By Mrs. H. COLIN MACKENZIE.

Defects Civil and Military of the Indian Government. By Lieutenant-General Sir CHARLES JAMES NAPIER, G.C.B. Edited by Lieutenant-General Sir W. F. P. NAPIER, K.C.B.

How Wars arise in India. Observations on Mr. Cobden's Pamphlet entitled "The Origin of the Burmese War." By JOHN CLARK MARSHMAN.

An Address to Parliament on the Duties of Great Britain to India in respect of the Education of the Natives and their Official Employment. By CHARLES HAY CAMERON, late Fourth Member of the Council of India, President of the Indian Law Commission, and President of the Council of Education for Bengal.

three distinct periods. The first, extending from the victories of Clive in 1757, to the commencement of Lord Cornwallis's system in 1793, may be called the heroic and irregular; the second, dating from the year last mentioned, and continuing till the accession of Lord William Bentinck in 1839, may be designated the judicial and regular; and the third, stretching from that time to the present day, the anti-judicial and progressive period.

During the first of these periods, it is in vain to deny that gross abuses prevailed, and that many acts of oppression were committed by those very individuals among our own countrymen, whose heroism in the field and sagacity in council were the subjects of admiration to such natives as were brought into communication and contract with them.

A degree of intimacy thus subsisted between the European rulers and natives of higher rank, such as, in these days, is only to be found where the native has been by education assimilated in some degree to the Englishman.

It is stated by Mr. F. H. Robinson, that men who had left India at that early period, could not believe those who, in after years, told them of the social estrangement prevailing in that country, and of the reluctance evinced, even by Mahomedans, to share a repast with a Christian.

Engaged, as the English of those early days were, in a struggle for political existence, their deportment towards natives of rank was influenced by the often-felt necessity of winning them over to their interests; and thus our national disposition to be contemptuously churlish towards those who differ from ourselves in language, complexion, and manner, was kept for a while in abeyance. At that period, therefore, we find traces of friendly personal feeling subsisting between Englishmen and natives, and expressed by the latter, even in the same breath with the most earnest protestations against the mal-administration of the country then in our hands. Striking instances of these conflicting feelings are exhibited in that most curious work entitled *Syar-ul Moozakeerîn*, which may be translated into a "Review of Modern Times,"

or more literally, "Manners of the Moderns." This history of the events attending the downfall of the Moghul and the rise of our own power in India, was written by a Mohammedan gentleman, of the name of Mir Gholan Hussein, whose descendants, if we are not misinformed, continued under our rule to hold possession of certain lands in the province of Behar, since lost to them in a manner likely to be chronicled among the events of the third of the three historic periods to which we have alluded.

If even at this distance of time it is painful to read the reproaches bestowed by the author on our internal administration, it is still consolatory to find one, to whom neither partiality nor flattery can be imputed, recording his unfeigned admiration of the personal conduct of many of our countrymen in those early days.

Of Warren Hastings the author writes with enthusiasm. He records all of that great man's troubles with his council; and gives, if we remember right—for we have not been able to find a complete translation of the work in London—a circumstantial account of the duel with Francis, fought, according to English custom, with *tummunchas* (pistols), in a *bugishea* (garden); and then after narrating the complete dispersion of the factious opposition by which he had been thwarted, he breaks out in a triumphant tone, with an exclamation like the following: "Now did the genius of Mr. Hastings, like the sun bursting through a cloud, beam forth in all its splendour." In describing an action fought in the vicinity of the city of Patna, in the year 1760, the native author dwells with delight upon the conduct of his friend Dr. William Fullerton, who, in the midst of a retreat in the face of a victorious enemy, on an ammunition-cart breaking down, stopped unconcernedly, put it in order, and then bravely pursued his route, and "it must be acknowledged," he adds, "that this nation's presence of mind, firmness of temper, and undaunted bravery, are past all question."

In abatement of these praises, he adds the following reflections: "If, to so many military qualifications, they knew how to join the art of govern-

ment, no nation would be preferable to them, or prove worthier of command; but such is their little regard to the people of these kingdoms, and such their apathy and indifference for their welfare, that the people under their dominion groan everywhere and are reduced to poverty and distress."

Though this censure is in so far unfair, that all is, in Oriental fashion, imputed to the ruling power, without allowance for the circumstances of a period of troublous transition, it is evidently penned in an honest and friendly spirit; and evinces no repugnance whatever to the domination of the English, provided they would acquire some better knowledge of "the art of government." In another passage he recounts how gallantly a Hindoo of high rank, Rajah Shitab Roy, co-operated with Captain Knox in attacking an immensely superior force, and how heartily, on returning to Patna, the English captain expressed his admiration of his Hindoo ally, exclaiming repeatedly, "This is a real Nawab; I never saw such a Nawab in my life."

Soon afterwards the French officer with the force opposed to the English, the Chevalier Law, having been deserted by his men, remained by himself on the field of battle, when, bestriding one of his guns, "he awaited the moment of his death." His surrender and courteous reception are dwelt on with evident delight; and, after stating how a rude question addressed to the Chevalier by a native chief was checked and rebuked by the English officer, he makes the following observation:—"This reprimand did much honour to the English; and it must be acknowledged, to the honour of these strangers, that as their conduct in war and in battle is worthy of admiration, so, on the other hand, nothing is more modest and more becoming than their behaviour to an enemy, whether in the heat of action or in the pride of success and victory."

These extracts, borrowed from the notes to the third volume of Mill's History, might be supported by many other passages of a similar tendency in the native work itself; and all tend to prove that the social estrangement since prevailing between our countrymen and the native gentry has not

had its origin in the religious scruples of the latter, or in any decided aversion on their part to a closer intercourse with the strangers to whom Providence has assigned the mastery over their land.

This view is confirmed, in as far as the Mahommedans are concerned, by what Mrs. Colin Mackenzie tells us of the comments of the Afghan chiefs on the reluctance of their co-religionists in Hindostan to share a repast with their Christian rulers, and the absence of any fellowship between the two classes is traced by that lady to the very cause to which it is in our opinion also mainly to be ascribed; namely, to our peculiar and somewhat repulsive bearing towards all who differ from ourselves in tone of thought, in taste, or in manners.—With a scrupulous respect for the persons and property of those among whom we are thrown by the accidents of war, or trade, or travel, we too often manifest a great disregard for the feelings; and as insults rankle in the memory long after injuries are forgotten, we find that liberal expediture and strict justice in our dealings cannot make us as popular as our rivals the French, even in countries where we paid for all, and they for nothing, that was supplied or taken. Now, it is well remarked by Mr. Marshman, at p. 63 of his Reply to Mr. Cobden, that "everything in and about our Eastern Empire is English, even to our imperfections;" and among them we need not be surprised to find an undue scorn of all that is foreign, heightened by the arrogance of conquest and the Anglo-Saxon antipathy to a dark complexion. This last is a more potent principle than in our present humour of theoretical philanthropy we may be disposed to admit; but it seems to be born with us, for it may be seen sometimes in English children at an age too young for prejudice, or even a perception of social distinctions.

It was said by "the Duke" that there is no aristocracy like the aristocracy of colour; and all experience in lands where the races are brought into contact, proves the correctness of the aphorism.

During the first thirty years of our ascendancy in India, this most for-

vided a readier means of abating even this grievance than will be found in that by which it has been supplanted.

Nothing can be more extravagant than the scheme of sending out barristers from Westminster Hall, to undertake, without any intermediate training, the management of districts in Bengal and Hindostan. Sir William Jones himself, unintelligible as he was, on his first arrival, to the natives of India, would have failed if he had undertaken such a task. This visionary proposal has happily received its *coup de grace* from Sir Edward Ryan, the late Chief Justice in Bengal, in his evidence before the Commons' Committee; but it does not, in our opinion, follow that the aid of lawyers trained in England is therefore to be altogether discarded in providing for the administration of justice in India. Although the man fresh from England would be sadly bewildered if left by himself in a separate district, it does not follow that he should not, after some preparatory training, be able to co-operate vigorously with others. The horse will go well in double-harness, or in a team, who would upset a gig, and kick it to pieces.

If barristers chose to repair to Bengal, and, while there practising at the Bar of the Supreme Court, would study the native language, it appears to us that, on their proficiency being proved by an examination, they might have been advantageously admitted, under certain limitations as to number, into the now abolished Provincial Courts.

Had these experimental provisions in favour of natives of India, and barristers from England, been found to succeed, their eligibility to every grade in the judicial branch of the service might have been proclaimed, and the most plausible of all the complaints against our system of Indian government would thus have been removed. But improvement without change was not to the taste of those by whom the last of our three administrative periods was ushered in; and in further confirmation of Mr. Marshman's remark, already cited, on the parallelism of movement in England and in India, it was in the changeful years 1830 and 1831 that a revolution

was effected in our system of internal administration, which has since given a colour and a bent to our whole policy in the East. In the course of those two years the magisterial power was detached from the office of the judge, and annexed to that of the collector; the Provincial Courts were abolished, their judicial duties being transferred to the district judges, and their ministerial functions of superintendence and control to commissioners, each with the police and revenue of about half a dozen districts under his charge.

Two Sudder, or Courts of ultimate resort, were established, one at Calcutta, the other at Allahabad in upper India; but all real executive power centred in the magisterial revenue department, presided over by two Boards, located like the Sudder Courts, at Calcutta and Allahabad.

One of the new provisions then introduced abolished the office of Registrar, or subordinate Judge, held by young civilians conjointly with that of Assistant to the Magistrate. This was a most serious change, for it abolished the very situation in which young civilians received their judicial training, and fitted themselves for the better eventual discharge of the higher duties of the judicature.

The Registers used to have the trial of civil suits for property, if not more than five hundred rupees (£50) in value. The abolitionists urged the injustice of letting raw youths experimentalise upon small suits, to the supposed detriment of poor suitors. There was a show of reason in this mode of arguing; but those who used it did not give due weight to the consideration that these youths were to become the dispensers of justice to all classes, and that it was better for the country to suffer a little from their blunders at the outset, than to have them at last advanced to the highest posts on the judgment-seat without any judicial training whatsoever. But, in fact, the whole argument was based upon a mere assumption. The young Registers certainly committed occasional blunders, as old Justices and Aldermen, if we are to believe the daily papers, constantly commit them in England; but, on the whole, their courts were generally popular and in

good repute among the natives. The young civilian had often a pride in his own little court of record, liked to know that it was well thought of, and was sometimes pleased to find parties shaping their plaints so as to bring them within the limits of his cognisance.

They thus often acquired a personal regard for the people, whom it was their pride, as well as their duty, to protect—a feeling which has since, we fear, been too much weakened. The young civilians of the present day, though excellent men of business, and accomplished linguists, have seldom any individual feeling for the natives, whom they regard in a light for which no word occurs to us so happily expressive as the French term, “*les administrés*.” Thus it happened that the abolition of Registerships proved almost the death-blow to the Cornwallis system, and shook, not merely the framework, but the very principles of judicial administration throughout the country. It was followed up by a series of measures, all calculated to lower the judicial department of the service, and to prove to the natives that the protection of the law, promised in the still unrepealed regulations, was thenceforward to prove illusory, wherever it was required to shield them from the encroachments of any new scheme or theory finding favour for the moment with an executive government ruling avowedly upon principles of expediency, and seeking every occasion to shake off the trammels imposed upon its freedom of action by the cautious provisions of the Cornwallis code.

The people soon found in their rulers under the new system a scrupulous discharge of all positive duties, combined with a diminished consideration for native prejudices, a neglect of many punctilios of etiquette, and a stern hostility to every exceptional privilege exempting an individual in any degree from the operation of the rules of general administration. This last-mentioned tendency showed itself particularly in the case of the rent-free tenures, which had for some ten years previously been undergoing revision.

These landed tenures were held under grants from former rulers, ex-

empting the grantee and his heirs from all payment on the score of revenue, though sometimes, as in our own feudal tenures, imposing upon him obligations of suit and service in some form or other.

When the framers of the Cornwallis code, in 1793, determined on recognising the validity of every such tenure as was held under an authentic and sufficient grant, a provision was at the same time made for their being carefully recorded and registered.

This duty of registration was, however, either totally neglected or very imperfectly performed, and the consequence was, that by collusive extensions of their limits, and other means, such as it would be tedious to explain, the rent-free tenures were gradually eating into the rent-paying lands forming the main source of the revenues of the state. Careful revision, therefore, became necessary, and was in fact commenced so far back as the year 1819. The inquiry was intrusted to the officers of the revenue department; but for some time permission was left to those discontented with their award, to bring the question at issue between them and the Government before the regular courts of justice for final decision. This process proving too tardy, in about ten years afterwards a sort of exchequer court, called a Special Commission, was erected for the trial of appeals from the decisions of the revenue authorities on the validity of rent-free grants. This commission was filled by officers of the judicial branch of the service, and their proceedings, carried on in strict conformity with the practice of the courts of civil justice, gave no offence, and created no alarm, notwithstanding that extensive tracts were brought by their decisions under the liability of paying revenue to the state. But not long after the country had entered into the third period of its administration, the revenue authorities got impatient of all restraint, and sought to break through the impediments of judicial procedure and rules. The primary proceedings, being intrusted to young deputy collectors, were carried on with a rapidity which rendered due investigation utterly impossible, and all real in-

quity must have been deemed superfluous by juniors, who saw their superiors gravely pronounce, even in official documents, that the very existence of a rent-free tenure was an abuse, and ought to be abated.

We have said that the forgeries practised by some, and the extension of their privileges by others of the holders, rendered strict investigation of rent-free tenures an immediate necessity and a duty. Still, it was to be borne in mind, that our faith was pledged to the recognition of all *genuine* grants, and that, in the larger of these tenures, the fallen nobility and gentry of the land found their solace for the loss of power, place, station, hope of advancement, and all that gives a zest to the life of the upper classes in every part of the globe; while the smaller tenures of the kind constituted, in many instances, the sole support of well-descended but indigent families. There was something to move the compassion even of a universal philanthropist, in the thought of the humble individuals of both sexes to whom a sweeping resumption of all such tenures was in fact the extinction of almost every earthly hope. The Indian government itself, though at that period described by Mr. F. H. Robinson (p. 12) as "a despotism administered upon radical principles," became startled at the havoc which the zeal of its subordinates was committing among this class of sufferers, and interfered to mitigate the severity of their proceedings. Many of the "soft-hearted" seniors of the Civil Service rejoiced at a resolution which relieved them from an odious and painful duty. But thus reasons a strong-minded junior on what he regards as a feeble concession:

"Unfortunately the long delay in making the investigations had established in their seats the fraudulent appropriators of the revenue: and when it came to be taken from them, the measure caused great change and apparent hardship to individuals in uncomfortable circumstances; hence arose a great cry of hardship and injustice. We were still most apt to view with sympathy the misfortunes of the higher classes; many soft-hearted officers of Government exclaimed against the

sudden deprivation; and some of the seditious Europeans, who find their profit in professional attacks on Government, raised the cry much louder. But the worst of the storm had expended itself; a little firmness, a little voluntary beneficence to individual cases, and it would have ceased; and the temporary inconvenience to fraudulent individuals would have resulted in great permanent addition to the means of the state; but the Bengal Government is pusillanimous. Since Warren Hastings was persecuted in doing his duty, and Lord Cornwallis praised for sacrificing the interests of Government, and of the body of the people, it has always erred on the side of abandoning its rights to any sufficiently strong interested cry. It wavered about these resumptions. It let off first one kind of holding, then another, then all holdings under one hundred beegas (about seventy acres), whether one man possessed several such or not: life-tenures were granted where no right existed. Finally, *all* resumed lands were settled at *half* rates in perpetuity, and the Board of Revenue intimated that they 'would be happy to see all operations discontinued.' The result therefore is, that the Government have incurred all the odium and abuse of the measure, have given the cry more colour by so much yielding, and in the end have got not half so much revenue as they ought to have had. There has been an addition of about £300,000 to the annual revenue, at an expense of £800,000."*

According to Mr. Campbell's calculation, a stricter enforcement of the resumption laws might have doubled the above sum; but as only the smaller tenures were let off, it is scarcely possible that more than half as much again as was actually realised could have been wrung out of the remnants to which the Government so timidly, as he asserts, abandoned its rights. An addition, therefore, of about £450,000 to our annual income would have been all that we should have gained by a measure violating the most solemn pledge given to the people that every *VALID* grant should be respected, reducing many families to ruin, and shaking the general confidence in our honesty and good faith. Though the passage cited is open to many objections on the score of arbitrary assumption and false reasoning, it is to its

* *Modern India and its Government*, by G. CAMPBELL, Esq.; pp. 316, 317.

hardness of tone that we would chiefly draw our readers' attention, as strongly confirmatory of the following remark, taken from Mr. F. H. Robinson's pamphlet :—

"I have said enough, I think, to demonstrate that the disaffection which exists is traceable to the despotic character our administration has of late years assumed, simultaneously with its sedulous diffusion of liberal doctrines; to the unhappy dislike of natives, as natives, which has crept in among the servants of Government; to the many acts of abuse, oppression, and arbitrary misgovernment, arising as much from misguided zeal as from evil intention, which, on the part of the administrative officers, harass and vex the people."—(P. 31.)

We have already recorded our assent to Mr. Marshman's remark on the thoroughly English character of our Indian empire and its administration; but we have, moreover, to observe, that, in the application of new principles even of European growth, India often outstrips the mother country. That which in England is still theory has in India become practice. There are not wanting in England people to maintain that all grants of olden times ought to be forfeited, and their proceeds applied to the purposes of general government. If these people had their way, they would certainly resume the lands of the deans and chapters, probably those of the schools and colleges, and possibly such also as are devoted to the support of almshouses, and other charitable institutions scattered over the face of the country. These speculations in England evaporate in pamphlets, and cannot for a long time assume any more positive form than that of a speech in the House of Commons. But the following passage in Mr. F. H. Robinson's pamphlet shows us how differently such matters are ordered in India :—

"The Government have systematically resumed, of late years, all religious endowments; an extensive inquiry has been going on into all endowments, grants, and pensions; and in almost every one in which the continuance of religious endowments has been recommended by subordinate revenue authorities, backed by the Board of Revenue, the fiat of confiscation has been issued by the Government."—(P. 17.)

Again, there are many in England who would gladly reduce the landed possessions of great proprietors, like the Duke of Buccleuch and others, to more moderate dimensions; but they hardly venture to put forth speculations upon a measure which, in India, has been carried into positive and extensive execution.

The fourth chapter of Mr. Kaye's work contains a clear and admirable account of the recent settlement of the provinces of the Upper Ganges, in the course of which the reader will meet with the following passage :—

"There was a class of large landed proprietors, known as Talookedars, the territorial aristocracy of the country. The settlement officers seem to have treated these men as usurpers and monopolists, and to have sought every opportunity of reducing their tenures. It was not denied that such reduction was, on the whole, desirable, inasmuch as these large tenures interfered with the rights of the village proprietors. But the reduction was undertaken in too precipitate and arbitrary a manner; and the Court of Directors acknowledged that it had caused great practical embarrassment to Government, against whom numerous suits were instituted in the civil courts by the ousted talookdars, and many decided in their favour."—(P. 265.)

The redress afforded by these decisions of the civil courts has not, we fear, been sufficient to avert the ruin of such members of the "territorial aristocracy" as had the hardihood to withhold their adhesion to a scheme for their own extinction. The principle of that scheme was to grant, in the form of a per-centage on the revenue realised from the village communities of what had been his domain, a pension to the talookdar who was willing, for such a consideration, to give up all the other advantages of his hereditary position. Many of these men, or their immediate predecessors, had rendered us great service in the war by which we acquired the country; but they stood in the way of a favourite scheme, and before its irresistible advance they were compelled to retire. The provision made for their future wants may have been a liberal one; but how would the Duke of Buccleuch or the Marquess of Westminster like to be thus pensioned off?

The truth had better be frankly avowed; the object aimed at is, to get rid of the old territorial aristocracy altogether,—indeed, it is so stated by Mr. Campbell in the following sentences:—

“It is, I think, a remarkable distinction between the manners of the natives and ours, and one which much affects our dealings with them, that there does not exist that difference of tone between the higher and lower classes—the distinction, in fact, of a gentleman. The lower classes are to the full as good and intelligent as with us; indeed, they are much more versed in the affairs of life, plead their causes better, make more intelligent witnesses, and have many virtues.

“But these good qualities are not in the same proportion in the higher classes; they cannot bear prosperity; it causes them to degenerate, especially if they are born to greatness. The only efficient men of rank (with, of course, a few exceptions) are those who have risen to greatness. The lowest of the people, if fate raise him to be an emperor, makes himself quite at home in his new situation, and shows an aptitude of manner and conduct unknown to Europeans similarly situated; but his son is altogether degenerate. Hence the impossibility of adapting to anything useful most of the higher classes found by us, and for all fresh requirements it is necessary to *create* a fresh class. From the acuteness and aptness to learn of the inferior classes, this can be done as is done in other countries.” (Pp. 63, 64.)

We fully subscribe to all that is here said in commendation of the lower classes of our Indian subjects, but we demur to the author's very disparaging estimate of the capacity of the higher orders. Doubtless there are, or rather were, many dull men of rank on the banks of the Ganges; but are there none on those of the Thames?—no squires of cramped and confused notions, no fortunate inheritors of wealth content to wallow through life in utter disregard of the duties attaching to property, while fiercely jealous of its rights? It would be a sad day for our own landed aristocracy if Mr. Campbell were to obtain sway in England, and try to rule that country upon the principles of which he *approves in the East*. But if he could, *would our peasantry be permanently bettered by a change tending towards*

a destruction of all the gradations of society? If the reply to this query should be in the affirmative, we may contemplate with unalloyed satisfaction the progress of a system the description and defence of which is the main object of Mr. Campbell's work; but if we feel any hesitation as to the future effects of such a change in England, then, human nature being much the same in every clime, we ought to have some misgivings as to its eventual results in the East. We say *eventual*, because the *immediate* fruits of the measures described by Mr. Campbell have, we are assured by him, and have heard from other quarters, been satisfactory and cheering. But is it probable that a whole nation should rest satisfied for ever in this state of flat and tame sufficiency? and can we wonder to find alongside of Mr. Campbell's picture of what ought to be the feelings towards the English of the present day on the banks of the Ganges, Mr. F. H. Robinson's gloomy account of what, in his opinion, those feelings really are? Having been compelled, as a member of the Board of Revenue, to make a communication to an old retired officer of Gardiner's Irregular Horse, and to a Mussulman of rank, calculated to hurt the feelings of both, Mr. Robinson thus describes what followed:—

“I shall never forget the look of mortification, anger, and at first of incredulity, with which this announcement was received by both, nor the bitter irony with which the old Russuldar remarked, that no doubt the wisdom of the *new-gentlemen* (Sahiblogue, so they designate the English) had shown them the folly and ignorance of the gentlemen of the old time, on whom it had pleased God, nevertheless, to bestow the government of India.”—(P. 17.)

Mr. Robinson goes too far when he taxes the rulers of the present day with dislike to the natives generally; but it is evident, from Mr. Campbell's own admission, that there is a strong prepossession in the minds of the young men of his school against all natives with any pretensions to rank. This feeling extending to those beyond the limits of our own dominions, has stamped on our foreign policy the character of our internal admini-

tration, and found its full development in the late Afghan war. Thirty or forty years ago, when natives, if excluded from office, were more often admitted to familiar intercourse with their European rulers, a mere regard for our own character in the eyes of our subjects would have withheld us from making an unprovoked attack upon an unoffending neighbour, and thus incurring a certain loss of reputation for a very uncertain amount of gain. This view of the case does not of course even occur to Mr. Campbell as one likely to be taken by any reasonable being, and he sums up his account of the Afghan war with the following remarks, suggestive to our minds of little beyond a most earnest hope that the future advancement, doubtless in store for one of his abilities, may lead him far away from meddling with matters either political or military:—

“Such it was—a grievous military catastrophe and misfortune to us, both then and in our subsequent relations with the country; but in no way attributable to our policy, from which no such result necessarily or probably flowed. To the policy is due the expense, but not the disaster.”—(P. 136.)

Mr. Campbell has evidently not made very minute inquiry into the facts of the war, or he would never have hazarded the assertion contained in the following passage, that Sir George Pollock literally paid his way through the Khyber Pass:—

“Through the Western mountains only has India been invaded; for beyond them are all the great nations of Central India, and they are penetrable to enemies through one or two difficult passes. But these passes are so narrow, difficult, and easily defended, that *it is believed* that no army, from Alexander's down to General Pollock's, has ever passed without bribing the mountain tribes. In the face of regular troops and an organised defence, all the armies in the world could not force an entrance; but in the absence of such a defence, experience proves that the local tribes are always accessible to moderate bribes.”—(P. 27.)

The absolute impracticability of any mountain barrier is, we believe, disputed; but, without offering any opinion on that point, we are happy to have it in our power to correct the mistake into which the author has

fallen, in supposing that it was by bribing that Sir George Pollock carried his army through the Khyber Pass. It is true that, in the anxious time preceding our army's movement from Peshawar, negotiations had been entered into with the local tribes; but we have the most unquestionable authority for asserting that, before the march towards Cabool began, the sum advanced to their chiefs, being 20,000 rupees or £2,000, was demanded back from them by the political agent on the frontier, and actually repaid; so that the mountaineers had not only the clearest warning of the British general's intention, but the strongest possible inducement to oppose him, as they did to the utmost of their power.

But our chief motive for alluding to the Afghan war is, that we may show how the spirit of the two schools, under which, according to our theory, those engaged in the work of Indian government may now be classed, showed itself even in the direction of our armies in the field. Sir George Pollock was there the representative of what would be called by us the considerate and moderate, by Mr. Campbell the soft-hearted and over-cautious school; while Sir William Nott was at the head of that which, going straight to its object, tramples under foot, without compunction, every consideration that might hamper its freedom of movement. We select but a few instances in proof of our position, choosing such as, from their notoriety, can be cited without injury or offence.

As the two avenging armies, the one from Candahar on the south, the other from Peshawar on the east, drew nigh to Cabool, a powerful party, consisting chiefly of the Kuzzilbashas or Persians, who had never taken part against us, prayed earnestly that the citadel, the Bala Hissar, might be spared to serve as a place of refuge to themselves amid the troubles likely to ensue on our again evacuating the country.

This prayer General Nott would have rejected, and in so doing would have gained the applause of every member of that school by which concession to the feelings of natives in opposition to the requirements of expediency, or the sternest justice, is

regarded as a proof of weakness. With this prayer General Pollock complied; and to his doing so may the safety of the ladies and other prisoners, in whose fate the whole civilised world took so deep an interest, be ascribed; for it was through the co-operation of those thus conciliated that the Afghan chief, charged with the custody of the captives, was won over to assist in their escape. General Nott was fortunately the inferior in rank; for had he commanded in chief, we have his own words for the fact, that he would have destroyed the Bala Hissar and the City of Cabool, and marched on with the least possible delay to Jellabad, of course leaving the poor captives to their fate; or, in words which, from the manner of their insertion in the pages of the historian, it is to be feared he must have used, "throwing them overboard."—(KAYE'S *History of the Afghan War*, vol. i. pp. 617, 631.)

Incomplete indeed, to use Mr. Kaye's words, would any victory have been, if these brave men and tender women, who had so well endured a long and fearful captivity, had been left behind; and it is well to reflect that we were saved from this reproach by the ascendancy of the milder principles of rule in the mind of the officer upon whom the chief command at this moment, we may almost say providentially, devolved.

Many more instances are recorded, in the chapter just quoted, of the influence of a contrary spirit on the closing events of the Afghan war; but we must pass on to what happened in Scinde, where the anti-judicial principle may be said to have reached its climax.

The following is Mr. Campbell's short and flippant account of that transaction, reminding us in one passage of a letter from the Empress Catherine to one of her French correspondents, wherein she congratulated herself "qu'il n'y a pas d'honneur à garder avec les Turcs":—

"But though we withdrew from Cabool, our military experiences were not yet over. On invading Afghanistan by the Bolan Pass, Scinde became a base of our operations, and troops were there cantoned. When our misfortunes occurred, it was supposed that the Beloch chiefs would have liked to have turned against us, but dared not—did not.

"Major-General Sir C. Napier then commanded a division in Bombay; he was a good soldier, of a keen, energetic temperament, but somewhat quarrelsome disposition; had at one proud period of his life been in temporary charge of a petty island in the Mediterranean, but was, I believe, deposed by his superior—most unwisely, as he considered; and he had ever since added to his military ardour a still greater thirst for civil power—as it often happens that we prefer to the talents which nature has given us those which she has denied us. He was appointed to the command in Scinde; and Lord Ellenborough, an admirer of heroes, subsequently invested him with political powers. He soon quarrelled with the chiefs, and came to blows with them. Their followers were brave, but undisciplined, and they had no efficient artillery. An active soldier was opposed to them; he easily overcame them, declared the territory annexed, and was made Governor of Scinde.

Now, the Beloch chiefs had no other right to the territory than the sword; and we, having the better sword, were perfectly justified in taking it from them if we chose, without reference to the particular quarrel between Sir Charles and the chiefs, the merits of which have been so keenly disputed, and on which I need not enter. But the question was one of expediency; and this premature occupation of Scinde was not so much a crime as a blunder,—for this very simple reason, that Scinde did not pay, but, on the contrary, was a very heavy burden, by which the Indian Government has been several millions sterling out of pocket.

"The Ameers had amassed, in their own way, considerable property and treasure, which the general obtained for the army. He was thus rewarded by an unprecedented prize-money, and with the government of Scinde, while Bengal paid the costs of the government he had gained. Scinde was so great a loss, for this reason—that it was not, like other acquisitions, in the midst of, or contiguous to, our territories, but was at that time altogether detached and separated by the sea, the desert, and the independent Punjab; while on the fourth side it was exposed to the predatory Beloches of the neighbouring hills. Consequently, every soldier employed there was cut off from India, and was an expense solely due to Scinde; and while a great many soldiers were required to keep it, it produced a very small revenue to pay them. It is,

in truth, very like Egypt—that is, it is the fertile valley of a river running through a barren country, where no rain falls. But there is this difference—first, that while no broader, it is not so long, nor has the fine delta which constitutes the most valuable portion of Egypt; second, that while Egypt is free from external predatory invasion, Scinde is exceedingly exposed to it; and, thirdly, that while Egypt has a European market for its grain, Scinde has not. Altogether, the conquest was, at the time, as concerns India, much as if we had taken the valley of the Euphrates.

“Half a dozen years later, when we advanced over the plain of the Indus, and annexed the Punjab, we must have arranged to control Scinde too, directly or indirectly, as might be done cheapest; but during those intermediate years it was a gratuitous loss, and the chief cause of the late derangement of our Indian finances.”—(p. 137-139.)

The better sword gives the better title! When such is the doctrine maintained, even by a man of the pen, we cannot wonder at its finding a ready expositor in the man of the sword.

But, in truth, Mr. Campbell's sword plea, having the merit of honesty and openness, is by far the best that has been advanced; and yet, as he shows, it is only available in support of the right, and not of the policy, of the measure. After events, he observes, alluding to the conquest of the Punjab, have given a value to Scinde, which in itself it did not possess; but he has omitted to remark that the one event very probably grew out of the other. The Sikhs, who not only had refrained, like the Ameers, from molesting, but had even assisted us in our recent difficulties, had some reason for apprehending that, in due time, the policy pursued in Scinde would be extended to their own more inviting country; while as if to remove an obstacle to an apparently desired misunderstanding, Sir George Clerk was promoted to the nominally higher post of lieutenant-governor of Agra, and an officer, his very opposite in every quality excepting earnest zeal and undaunted courage, was appointed to be his political successor at Lahore.

Though he is little disposed to state any case too favourably for the party *opposed to us*, this peculiarity in our

relations with the Sikhs, immediately before their invasion of our territory, is frankly admitted by Mr. Campbell. After mentioning various military movements calculated to give them alarm, he describes a political difficulty as to certain lands belonging to the Sikh state, lying on our side of the Sutledge, which he says had been so managed by two successive political agents, Sir Claude Wade and Sir George Clerk, that through their personal influence “it had so happened that our wishes were generally attended to.” He thus concludes:—

“Sir George Clerk having been promoted, new men were put in charge of our frontier relations, and seem to have assumed as a right what had heretofore been yielded to a good understanding. In 1845 Major Broadfoot was political agent. He was a man of great talent and immense energy, but of a rather overbearing habit. In difficult and delicate times he certainly did not conciliate the Sikhs. . . . Altogether, I believe the fact to be, that had Sir George Clerk remained in charge of our political relations, the Sikhs would not have attacked us at the time they did; it might have been delayed: but still it was well that they came when they did.”—(p. 142, 143.)

The annexation of the Punjab followed hard on the conquest of Scinde, and both events may be regarded as sequels to the Afghan expedition, and this again as but a fuller development of the anti-judicial school, which, since the downfall of the Cornwallis system, has held almost undisputed sway on the banks of the Ganges.

When a government essentially despotic, like that of British India, spontaneously engages to adhere to the rules of judicial procedure in dealing with its own subjects, a pledge is thereby given to neighbouring states that towards them also its conduct will be regulated on principles of justice and moderation.

We admit that the ruling power may thus sometimes create obstructions to its own progress along the path of improvement; but it seems probable that such self-imposed restraints should more frequently operate (to borrow a term from the railway) as “breaks” to save it from precipitately rushing into acts of rashness or injustice.

History confirms these conclusions, and shows the practical result to have been precisely what *a priori* reasoning would have led us to expect.

Five great wars were waged in India during the second or judicial period of its administration—that is, from 1793 to 1830. These were—the Mysore war in 1799, the Mahratta war in 1803, the Nepaul war in 1814, the Pindaree war in 1817, and the Burmese war in 1825. There is not one of these against which even a plausible charge of injustice can be maintained by our bitterest foreign foes, or most quick-sighted censorious countrymen.

The acuteness of Mr. Cobden himself would be at fault if he were to try to make out a case against the authors of any one of these wars, to satisfy a single sensible man beyond the circle of the "Peace Society."

But how is it with the wars which have occurred since, wandering from judicial ways, the rulers of Gangetic India have pursued whatever course for a moment found favour in their own eyes, with little or no reference to the feelings of their subjects, and with hardly a show of deference to the laws enacted by their predecessors?

The Afghan war of 1838, the Scinde affair of 1843, the Gwalior campaign of 1844, have each in their turn, especially the two first-named, been made the subject of comments neither captious nor fastidious, but resting on indisputable evidence, and supported by reasoning such as pre-formed prejudice alone can resist. The two wars in the Punjab come under the category of the just and necessary; and Lord Hardinge's generous use of the privileges of victory, at the close of the first of these hard fought conflicts, did much to re-establish our character for justice and moderation. But still these wars are, we fear, coupled in the minds of the people of India with those out of which they sprang, and share in the reproach attaching, in their estimation, to the invasion of Afghanistan and the conquest of Scinde.

We have now reached a point where we may stop to consider the several merits of the works on our list at the head of this article. Mr.

F. H. Robinson's pamphlet is written in a frank conversational style, indicative of his earnest sincerity and his real sympathy with the people of the Upper Ganges, among whom his official life has been spent. We could wish occasionally that his language was a little more measured, for there are passages to startle some of his readers, and so to impair the general effect of his otherwise interesting pamphlet.

Of the style, as well as the matter, of Mr. Campbell's more elaborate work, hardness is the chief characteristic. Indeed, he seems to discard all ornament from the one, and all sentiment from the other, and to aim at nothing beyond correctness as to his facts, and positiveness as to his deductions. In this he fully succeeds. His volume is a repertory of useful facts, and his conclusions can never be misapprehended. Some of Mr. Campbell's descriptions also are amusing; and we insert, as a specimen of his lighter style, the following sketch of the day of a magistrate and collector in Upper India, that functionary whose labours are so little known to any but those of his own service, or the people among whom he lives. After enumerating many out-of-door duties despatched in the course of an early morning's ride, the description thus proceeds:—

"At breakfast comes the post and the packet of official letters. The commissioner demands explanation on this matter, and transmits a paper of instructions on that; the judge calls for cases which have been appealed; the secretary to Government wants some statistical information; the inspector of prisons fears that the prisoners are growing too fat; the commander of the 105th regiment begs to state that his regiment will halt at certain places at certain days, and that he requires a certain quantity of flour, grain, hay, and eggs; Mr Snooks, the indigo-planter, who is in a state of chronic warfare with his next neighbour, has submitted his grievances in six folio sheets, indifferent English, and a bold hand, and demands instant redress, failing which he threatens the magistrate with Government, the supreme court, an aspersion of his character as a gentleman, a Parliamentary impeachment, a letter to the newspapers, and several other things besides. After breakfast he despatches

his public letters, writes reports, examines returns, &c.

"During this time he has probably a succession of demi-officials from the neighbouring cantonments. There is a great complaint that the villagers have, utterly without provocation, broken the heads of the cavalry grass-cutters, and the grass-cutters are sent to be looked at. He goes out to look at them, but no sooner appears than a shout announces that the villagers are waiting in a body, with a slightly different version of the story, to demand justice against the grass-cutters, who have invaded their grass-preserves, despoiled their villages, and were with difficulty prevented from murdering the inhabitants. So the case is sent to the joint magistrate. But there are more notes; some want camels, some carts, and all apply to the magistrate; then there may be natives of rank and condition, who come to pay a serious formal kind of visit, and generally want something, or a chatty native official who has plenty to say for himself.

"All this despatched, he orders his carriage or umbrella, and goes to cut-cherry—his regular court. Here he finds a sufficiency of business; there are police, and revenue, and miscellaneous cases of all sorts, appeals from the orders of his subordinates, charges of corruption or misconduct against native officials. All petitions from all persons are received daily in a box, read, and orders duly passed. Those setting forth good grounds of complaint are filed under proper headings; others are rejected, for written reason assigned. After sunset, comes his evening, which is probably, like his morning ride, mixed up with official and demi-official affairs, and only at dark does the wearied magistrate retire to dinner and to private life."—(Pp. 248-249.)

Mr. Kaye's essay recommends itself by the same easy flow of language as made his *History of the Afghan War* such agreeable reading. His plan does not admit of his giving more than a series of sketches; but his outlines are so clear, and his selection of topics to fill up with is so happy, that we can safely recommend his volume to any one who, without leisure or inclination for more minute study of the subject, may still wish to obtain some general idea of the administration of our vast Eastern empire. In a note at page 661, Mr. Kaye informs us, that in the summer of 1852 the Duke of Newcastle told the Hailey-

bury students that, during a recent tour in the Tyrol, he had met an intelligent Austrian general who, in the course of conversation on our national resources, said that he could understand all the elements of our greatness except our Anglo-Indian empire, and that he could not understand. The vast amount of administrative wisdom which the good government of such an empire demanded, baffled his comprehension.

The Austrian general, perhaps, would not have readily assented to the explanation of the marvel given by the young French naturalist, Victor Jaquemont, who, in a letter dated from the confines of Tartary, in August, 1830, thus writes to a relative in Paris: "The ideas entertained in France about this country are absurd; the governing talents of the English are immense; ours, on the contrary, are very mediocre; and we believe the former to be embarrassed when we see them in circumstances in which our awkwardness would be completely at a stand-still."—(*English translation of Victor Jaquemont's Letters*, vol. i. p. 169.)

The lady whose three volumes come next under our notice is certainly one of the most intelligent travellers of her sex who has visited India since the days when Maria Graham, afterwards Lady Calcott, amused her readers in England, and enraged many of her female acquaintances in India, by describing the latter as generally "under-bred and over-dressed."

It is curious to observe how little change the lapse of forty years seems to have made in the outward peculiarities of Anglo-Indian drawing-room life, and how much in unison the two fair authors are in their remarks on their own countrymen.

Mrs. Colin Mackenzie, however, has enjoyed opportunities which her predecessor could not command, of observing the private and domestic side of Oriental life, and has evinced a wonderful aptitude in turning these opportunities to the best account. The great charm of her work is that it admits us within the *Purdah*, and lets us see what is hidden from all European masculine eyes,—the interior, namely, of an Asiatic household.

It is pleasing to read an English

lady's lively account of her own friendly intercourse with families of another faith, upon whom her industrious energy, quickened and regulated by a zeal for her own religion, openly avowed and studiously exhibited as her main motive of action, cannot, we imagine, have failed to produce a deep and lasting impression. We trust that Mrs. Mackenzie's example may be followed by many of our countrywomen; for the information in which, of all others, the English functionaries in the East are most deficient—that regarding natives in their private and domestic sphere—is precisely what our ladies alone have the power to acquire and impart. Mrs. Mackenzie, it is true, mingled chiefly with the Afghans, who are a more attractive race than the people of India.

The Afghans, also, must have felt inclined to open their hearts to the wife of one who, both as a soldier in the field, and afterwards as a captive in their hands, had commanded the sincere respect of those among whom he was thrown. But though all cannot have her advantages, there is no lady whose husband holds office in India, who, if she makes herself acquainted with the languages of the country, will not find native women of rank and respectability ready to cultivate her acquaintance, and thus afford her the means of solving some of those problems of the native character which elude all the researches of our best-informed public functionaries. Having said thus much in praise of Mrs. Mackenzie's book, we cannot but censure most strongly the attempt at spicing her work with gossiping tales calculated to wound the feelings of private individuals among her own countrymen, and even of the officers of her husband's own service, with whose characters she deals with a most unsparing degree of reproachful railery, designating individuals as Colonel A., Major B., or Captain C. of the — Regiment, stationed at such a place, so that there cannot be a doubt as to whom the anecdotes, which are always to the discredit of the parties, refer.

The difficulty of commenting on a posthumous work is much enhanced when the author happens to have

been, like the late Sir Charles Napier, one whose errors of the pen are more than redeemed by a career of long and glorious services. Still, though this consideration may soften, it ought not to silence criticism, for errors never more require correction than when heralded by an illustrious name. An additional reason for not passing over the last work of so distinguished a man is, that it contains many admirable remarks on the Native army, well deserving to be detached from the mass of other matter in which they are imbedded. The contents of the book may be classed under three heads: Censure of individuals; censure of public bodies; suggestive remarks on the civil and military administration of India.

On whatever comes under the first of these heads, our strictures shall be brief.

We find in the list of those censured, the names of so many of the best and ablest men who have taken part in Indian affairs, either at home or in the East, that we feel loth to give any additional publicity to what we have read with pain, and would gladly forget. Public bodies being fair targets to shoot at, the censures coming under the second head are open to no objection excepting such as may arise from their not standing the test of close examination. The Court of Directors, the Supreme Council of India, the whole body of the Civil Service (with one or two exceptions), the Political Agents, the Military Board in Calcutta, and the Board of Administration in the Punjab, follow each other like arraigned criminals in the black scroll of the author's antipathies. To notice all that is advanced against those included in this catalogue would be impossible, for a few lines may contain assertions which it would fill a folio to discuss. Of the East India Company, the instrument through which India has been providentially preserved from the corruptions of an aristocratic and the precipitancy of a more popular rule, Sir Charles Napier's view is not more enlarged than what we might have got from his own *Sir Fiddle Faddle*, of whom he has left us (at page 253) so amusing a description. Though capable, as

we shall soon see, of rising above the prejudices of his profession on other points, he looks at this singular Company and its governing Court with the eyes of a Dugald Dalgetty, who, while pocketing the commercial body's extra pay, accounts it full scorn to be obliged to submit to such base and mechanical control.

But none are all bad, and we rejoice to see it admitted at page 210 of the unfriendly book before us, that, "the Directors, generally speaking, treat their army well;" and at pages 49, 261, that the Company's artillery, formed under the rule of these very Directors, is "*superb*, second to none in the world—perfect." Yet it never seems to have occurred to the author, that those under whose rule one department has reached perfection, are not likely to blunder in every other, as in his moments of spleen he made himself believe. So able a man as Sir C. Napier could not always be blind to his own inconsistencies; and accordingly, in the midst of some declamation on what India might be under royal government, he seems to have been suddenly brought up by a thought about what the Crown Colonies really are.

From this dilemma he escapes by saddling one distinguished personage with the blame of all that is wrong in the colonies, and thus punishes Earl Grey for the speech about Scinde, made by Lord Howick, some ten years ago, in the House of Commons.

To the Supreme Council of India, though he was one of their number, the author never makes any but disparaging allusions. Discontented with being a commander-in-chief under a ruling body, of which he was himself a member, he sought to be recognised as the head of a separate military government. He wished, in short, to be, not what the Duke of York was in England, but what, under peculiar circumstances, the Duke of Wellington was in Spain during the war in the Peninsula. In this he was not singular; for we suspect that the real cause of that uneasiness in their position, stated at page 355, to have been manifested by many of Sir C. Napier's predecessors, is to be found in a desire on their part for such an independency of military administrative power, as

is totally incompatible with the necessary unity and indivisibility of a government. Yet it is admitted that, in England, "when war comes, the war-minister is the real commander," —(p. 220.) The author evidently felt how much this admission must tell against his own complaints of undue interference with his authority; for he endeavours, by some feeble special pleading, to abate its effect, and to prove the "poor Indian general," with his £15,000 a-year, to be more unfavourably placed than his *confrère* in England.

One circumstance, however, is such, that while the latter is excluded from the Cabinet, the former can take his seat at the Council-board, and his part in the guidance of the counsels of the State.

It is, we think, greatly to be regretted that Sir C. Napier did not more frequently avail himself of this privilege, for by keeping apart from the Supreme Council he lost the benefit of free personal communication with equals, and incurred the evil of having none near him but subordinates, whom he could silence by a word or a look.

The civil service is represented simply as a nuisance requiring immediate abatement.

We are told that "a Civil form of government is uncongenial to *barbarous* Eastern nations." There is some truth in this, if a proper stress is laid on the word *barbarous*. In the first chapter of the fourth part of his work, Mr. Kaye has shown how, in reaching the outskirts of civilization, we are brought into contact with rude tribes like the Beloches in Scinde, "to whose feelings and habits the rough ways of Sir C. Napier were better adapted than the refined tenderness or the judicial niceties of the gentlest and wisest statesman that ever loved and toiled for a people." But the error of such reasoners as Sir C. Napier is, that they would treat all India as barbarous, and rule it accordingly. Now, with all our respect for Sir C. Napier's talents, we doubt much whether he would have governed the more civilised provinces of Upper India better than the late Mr. Thomason, whom he condescends to praise—(p. 37); or managed the subtle and well-man-

nered Sikhs with more tact and skill than Sir George Clerk during the perilous period of our disasters in 1841-2.

It is true that the utter failure of the system in operation in the Punjab is confidently predicted at p. 366; but it is consolatory to find, from the very last Indian newspapers, that no progress is making towards a fulfilment of this prophecy; but that, on the contrary, a reduction of taxation has been effected by the Board, such as would be felt as a boon by the tenant-farmers of England, its influence having been counteracted by nothing but by the effects of an excessive plenty.

It is creditable to the candour of the Bengal Civil Service, that its members themselves furnish the information to be turned against their own body, and it is from a work published by the Hon. F. J. Shore, in 1837, that Sir C. Napier has borrowed his most plausible charges.

On this we can only observe, that Mr. Shore, in his zeal for the improvement of his own service, forgot that what he wrote would be read by the ignorant and the unfriendly; by those who could not, and by those who would not, comprehend the real scope and meaning of his words.

The faults imputed by him to his brother civilians are mainly those of manner, already noticed by ourselves as being common to the English, generally, in their deportment towards strangers in every clime.

If we were writing only for those who knew what British India is, our ungrateful task of correcting errors might here conclude; but it is upon those to whom that country is unknown that the work before us is calculated to produce an impression, and therefore we must try, in as few words as possible, to point out one of its most striking inaccuracies. On referring to the pages noted below,* the reader will find a series of assertions, to the effect that in Bengal the army is scattered over the country for the protection of the Civil servants. From the *Indian Register* of this very year, it appears that, in the country below

Benares, which, in extent and population, is about equal to France, there are only about ten battalions;† the half of these being stationed at Barrackpore, in the immediate vicinity of Calcutta. In the provinces above Benares, under the rule of the Lieutenant-governor at Agra, with a somewhat smaller but more hardy population, it appears that there are thirteen stations occupied by regular troops; of which eight are close to large towns, such as in every country require to be watched—or else purely military posts. There are only five other places where regular troops seem to be stationed, and of these, one is on the frontier of Nepaul.

Admitting that the Civil power derives its support from the knowledge of a military force being at hand, still the exhibition of the latter is as rare on the Ganges as on the Thames; and a magistrate would sink in the opinion of his superiors, and of his own service, if he were to apply for the aid of troops in any but the extreme cases in which such an application would be warranted in England. It would be just as rational to argue that our provincial mayors and magistrates in England are hated, because troops are stationed at Manchester, Preston, or Newcastle, as to adduce the distribution of the regular Sepoys in Bengal and Upper India as a proof of the hatred borne to the Civil servants, through whose administration that vast region is made to furnish forth the funds to support the armies with which heroes win victories and gather laurels.

What is meant by “guards for civilians” it is hard to guess. The Lieutenant-governor at Agra is, we believe, the only civilian, not in political employ, who has a guard of regulars at his house. In some places in Upper India, regulars may be posted at the Treasury, for the same reason that a corresponding force is posted at the Bank of England in the heart of London; but even to the Treasuries in the lower provinces no such protection is given.

Sir C. Napier, we suspect, has con-

* Pages 229, 230, 388.

† We do not pretend to precise numerical accuracy; it is enough for our argument that what we have gathered from the *Indian Register* be nearly correct.

fused the collector with the collections, and fancied the force occasionally posted to protect the latter to be, in fact, employed to swell the state or guard the person of the former. That regular Sepoys should be employed to escort treasure is much to be regretted: but treasure is tempting, and the mode of conveyance on carts very tedious, the ways long, the country to be traversed often very wild, and the robbers in some quarters very bold. It is not often that in England bullion belonging to the State has to be conveyed in waggons; but when this happens, it is, we think, usually accompanied by a party of soldiers.

It would be tedious to follow out all the mistakes made about Chup-rassees and Burkundazes—the former being a sort of orderly, of whom two or three are attached to every officeholder, military or civil, to carry orders and messages, in a climate where Europeans cannot at all hours of the day walk about with safety; and the latter being the constabulary, employed in parties of about fifteen or twenty at the various subdivisions into which, for purposes of police, each district is laid out. To form them into battalions would be to strip the interior of all the hands wanted for the common offices of preventive and detective police.

We now gladly turn to the more pleasing duty of pointing out the brighter passages, and rejoice to draw our reader's attention to the strain of kindly feeling towards the men and officers of the Company's army, both European and Native, pervading the whole work.

It is pleasing to observe the anxiety expressed by so thorough a soldier, to see the armies of the Crown and Company assimilated to each other, and all "the ridiculous jealousies entertained by the vulgar-minded in both armies"* removed. It is delightful to read the assurance given by such a man that, "under his command, at various times, for ten years, in action, and out of action, the Bengal Sepoys never failed in

real courage or activity."† It is instructive to learn from so great a master in the art of war, that "Martinetts are of all military pests the worst;"‡ and still more so to read his earnest and heart-stirring exhortations to the younger of his own countrymen not to keep aloof from Native officers;§ and his declaration that, even at his advanced age, he would have studied the language of the Sepoys, if his public duties had not filled up all his time. Our space will not allow us to give any specimens of the author's style. It is ever animated and original. There was no need of a signature to attest a letter of his writing, for no one could mistake from whom it came. Though deformed by occasional outbursts of spleen, our readers may find much to admire in the narrative of the expedition to Kohat.|| It will be well, however, after reading it through, to take up the *Bombay Times* of the 14th of December last, to see what progress is being made by the very Board of Administration so contemptuously spoken of in the narrative,¶ towards reducing the turbulent Afridee tribes to a state of enduring submission and good order.

Long practice had given great fluency to the author's pen when employed in what we may call antilaudatory writing, but this sometimes led him into that most pardonable of plagiarisms, the borrowing from himself, as in the following sentence, at page 118: "He," meaning the Governor-General, "and his politicals, like many other men, mistook *rigour*, with cruelty, for *rigour*." If our memory is to be relied on, this very antithetical jingle may be found in a pamphlet, published some twenty-five years ago, about the alleged "misgovernment of the Ionian Islands." The author's political speculations, when unwarped by prejudice, were generally correct, and we fully concur with him, and, we may add, with his predecessor, the late Sir Henry Fane, in the opinion expressed at page 66, that the Sutledge "ought to bound our Indian possessions;" and

* Page 241. † Page 233. ‡ Page 248. § 254. || Page 89.

¶ Compare the fifth paragraph of the memorandum inserted at page 107 with the first nine lines of 114.

we now fear that, having crossed that river, we must also throw the Indus behind us, and fulfil the prediction hazarded at page 374, that "with all our moderation, we shall conquer Afghanistan, and occupy Candahar." Sometimes, however, his disposition to paint everything *en noir* has misled our author even upon a military point, as in the following instance: "The close frontier of Burmah enables that power to press suddenly and dangerously upon the capital of our Indian Empire; and such events are no castles in the air, but threatening real perils. The Eastern frontier, therefore, is not safe."—(p. 364.)

In former days, when the Burmese territories were dovetailed into our district of Chittagong, there might have been some ground for this opinion, supposing the Burmese to have been, what they are not, as energetic a people as the Sikhs. But a glance at the map might satisfy any one that with our occupation of Arracan, a country so intersected by arms of the sea as to be impassable for any power not having that absolute superiority on the water which a single steamer would give us, all danger of invasion from that side has for the last twenty-five years been at an end.

The mention of Burmah naturally leads to the next work in our list, that of Mr. J. C. Marshman, the well-known editor of the ablest of the Calcutta journals, the *Friend of India*.

His pamphlet is a reply to another, by Mr. Cobden, entitled "The Origin of the Burmese War." Mr. Cobden could not, of course, write about a war excepting to blame it, consequently Mr. Marshman appears in defence of what the other assails.

We cannot devote much time to the consideration of this controversy, but at one passage we must indulge in a momentary glance.

Towards the end of the fifth page of Mr. Marshman's pamphlet our readers will find a sentence throwing some light on the origin of the war which he undertakes to defend. He there dwells, with great emphasis, on the "unexampled and extraordinary unanimity which was exhibited by the Indian journals on the Burmese question," and describes, with much

unction, the happy spectacle of rival editors laying aside their animosities, to combine in applauding the course pursued on that occasion by the Government. Editors, like players, must please, to live; and as the whole Anglo-Saxon community in the East, most especially those of the shipping and shopping interest at Calcutta, have, for the last twenty-five years, had a craving for a renewal of war with Ava, the newspaper must have been conducted upon most disinterested principles, which had opposed itself to any measure conducive to so desiderated a result.

We have now skimmed over the annals of a hundred years, endeavouring, as we moved along, to detect the ruling principle of each successive period, and to trace its influence upon the leading events of the time.

In looking forward to what is to come, we shall not speculate on the spontaneous limitation of conquest, because we feel that this will never be; for this simple reason, that we shall never sincerely wish it to be. Wars, then, will go on, until, on the north-west, we shall have accomplished all that Sir C. Napier either predicted or recommended, and until, on the south-east, we shall have added Siam to Pegu, and Cambodia to Siam. Within the geographical boundaries of India Proper, also, there are several tempting patches of independent territory to be absorbed, such as the Deccan and Oude, both of which, along with the Rajpoot and Bondela states, are all marked like trees in a forest given up to the woodman. The inexhaustible plea for interminable conquest, internal maladministration, will ever furnish grounds for the occupation of the larger states; and though many of the smaller Hindoo principalities are admirably governed, according to their own simple notions, still, as they certainly will not square with our ideas of right, some reason will always be found to satisfy the English-minded public that their annexation is both just and expedient. Then we shall, indeed, be the sole Lords of Ind; but after destroying every independent court where natives may hope to rise to offices of some little dignity, we shall be doubly bound to meet, by arrangements of

our own, the cravings of natural and reasonable ambition.

In searching for a guide at this point of our inquiry, we have hit upon the work standing last upon our list, the production of a gentleman who has extraordinary claims upon the attention of English as well as Indian readers. Mr. Cameron carried out with him to India a mind stored with the best learning of the West; and during twelve years spent out there in the high posts of Law Commissioner, Member of the Supreme Council, and President of the Committee of Education, his best powers were exerted, not merely to impart instruction, but to inspire with a true love of knowledge the native youth attached to the various institutions within the sphere of his influence.

His work is truly one of which his country may be proud, for a more disinterested zeal in the cause of a conquered people was never exhibited by one of the dominant race, than is evinced in this noble address to the Parliament of England on behalf of the subject millions of India.

Many, however, as Mr. Cameron's qualifications are for the task which he undertakes, there is one of much importance not to be found among them. He never served in the interior; never was burdened with the charge of a district; never spent six hours a-day, at the least, in the crowded Babel of a Cutcherry,* with the thermometer at 98° in the shade. His Indian day was very different from that of the magistrate collector of which we have inserted Mr. Campbell's lively description. It was passed in the stillness of his library, or in the well-aired and well-ordered halls of a college, among educated young natives, mostly Bengalees, who were about as true specimens of Indian men as the exotics in a London conservatory are of British plants.

Such a life is compatible with the acquirement of great Oriental lore, but not with the attainment of that ready knowledge of native character which is picked up by far inferior intellects in the rough daily school of Cutcherry drudgery.

This reflection has somewhat damp-

ed our pleasure in perusing Mr. Cameron's eloquent and high-toned address. We devoutly hope to see our misgivings proved to be groundless; but in the mean time we must give one or two of our reasons for doubting whether the day is at hand when the natives of England and India may meet on terms of perfect parity in every walk of life. In the first place, to judge by precedent, we doubt the strict applicability to the present question of that drawn from the practice of ancient Rome. Of the people subjugated by Rome, a vast proportion were of the same race as their victors, with no peculiarities, personal or complexional, to check the amalgamation resulting from popular intermarriage. It is in Egypt that the closest similarity to our situation in India is likely to be found, and, judging by the contemptuous tone of Juvenal's allusion to the people of that country in his 15th *Satire*, we can hardly imagine that, when employed in any public capacity, the "imbelles et inutiles vulgus" were placed exactly on the same footing as the Roman knights who constituted the "covenanted service" of those days in that particular province.

The geographical circumstances were also different. Rome grew like a tree—its root in the eternal city, its branches stretching forth in continuous lines to the furthest extremities of its vast domain.

Our Indian empire springs from a transplanted offshoot of the parent State. No one part of it has a firmer hold on the soil than another. It is all equally loose. Our dominion is, in fact, based upon our ships, and it is to our ships that both Englishmen and natives, in touching on the possibility of our eventful downfall, always speak of our retreating or being driven. From our ships we sprung, and to our ships we shall some day perhaps return. It is in vain, therefore, to draw, from the practice of a purely continental empire like that of Rome, rules for the government of an essentially maritime dominion, such as we have established on the Ganges. Ours is a power without a precedent, and perhaps, therefore, without a prognostic.

* Court-house or Office.

There is nothing like it in the past, and its future will probably be stamped with the same singularity as has characterised its whole existence.

We must try, therefore, to better the condition of our subjects by means such as our own experience teaches us to be best adapted to their nature. To open to them at once the civil and military services; to give to any number of them that absolute right to preferment implied in their enrolment in the ranks of a peculiar body, would not, we imagine, be to follow the guidance of experience. Presumption on the one side, and the pride of race on the other, might lead to serious jarings between the English and the Indian members, who, though standing in the ranks of the same service, would still differ from each other like the keys of a pianoforte. It would, we think, be safer to commence as we have already suggested, by selecting for preferment individuals from the mass of our native subjects. Situations in the judicial and revenue department may be found or created which natives can fill with great credit; but their general fitness for the office of magistrate remains to be proved. It is easy to imagine a case wherein to leave the powers wielded by a magistrate in the hands of any one open to the influences from which a fellow-countryman alone can be secure, would be, to say the least, most imprudent. Besides, there is a duty, perhaps but imperfectly performed at present, and to which, at least in the lower provinces, a native functionary would be quite incompetent, and that is, affording protection to the people against the violence of Englishmen settled in the interior as merchants, landholders, or Indigo-planters. We have now before us a letter written in excellent English by a native of Bengal, in which the following passage occurs:—"The fact is, that European traders have obtained, in many places in the interior of the Bengal Presidency, almost uncontrolled power—a power which they are seldom sufficiently scrupulous not to exert to the injury of those with whom they come in contact. It is not exaggeration to say, each Indigo factory, together with its surrounding estate, is a little kingdom within itself wherein ava-

rice and tyranny hold unlimited sway. The police is too feeble to render effectual aid in suppressing the lawless oppression of the factor."

Now, let us figure to ourselves one of Mr. Cameron's slender dusky *élèves* on the bench as magistrate, and (to take what ought to be the mildest specimen of a gentle Englishman) the leading member of the Peace party at the House of Commons at the bar in an Indigo-planter, taxed with oppressing the Hindoo, and we shall easily see that the law must have an almost supernatural inherent majesty, if, under such circumstances, it can be effectually enforced, and impartially administered.

The regulation of the intercourse between our own countrymen not in the service of Government, and our native subjects, will rise in importance with the progress of those works in which European agency is essential to ensure success. Railways, electric telegraphs, improved cotton-cultivation, steam, and all other complicated machinery, must, if overspreading the country, as many anticipate, bring with them a vast increase to the European section of the community, whose influence will still be out of all proportion to its commercial strength.

To give to this little section full scope for the development of its industrial energies, and yet to restrain it from abusing its strength to the injury of the native population, is in fact the only real service ever likely to be rendered by the Law Commissions and Legislative Councils called into existence by the enactment of last session.

In as far as the natives of Bengal and Upper India are alone concerned, we are convinced that all of this cumbersome law-making apparatus is quite superfluous. The existing regulations, with occasional pruning and trimming, would, if fairly enforced and adhered to, amply suffice to meet all of their simple wants. But the natives can no longer be left to themselves. Europeans will intrude, and legislation must therefore be shaped and stretched so as to fit it to the characters of the intruders.

As at present constituted, the magistracy and the police are hardly

equal to the control of British-born settlers; half a dozen of whom are more difficult to rule than half a million of natives. There prevails among Englishmen of every grade a notion of the East India Company being a body of a somewhat foreign stamp, to whose servants it is almost degrading for a free-born Briton to be obliged to submit.

The amalgamation of the Queen's and the Company's superior tribunals, known at Calcutta as the Supreme, and the Sudder, Courts, would, by coupling the home-bred judges appointed by the Crown with the country-trained nominees of the local government, give a weight to the magistracy acting under this combined authority, and thus fit it for the better discharge of the difficult duty of controlling and correcting the excesses of Englishmen settled in the interior. These settlers often find in the menace of an action or prosecution before a remote and somewhat prejudiced tribunal, a weapon wherewith to combat the immediate power of a functionary, amenable individually to the Queen's Court in Calcutta, for every act which legal ingenuity can represent to be personal, and so beyond the pale of official protection.

The fusion of the two superior courts will not, in fact, lessen the personal responsibility of the English magistrate; but it will remove an apparent antagonism, calculated to keep alive a spirit of defiance towards the local authority in the breast of many an English settler, the effects of which, as described in the extract above given, from the letter of a Bengal gentleman, are felt by every native with whom he may have any dealings. Much has been written and spoken about the duty of protecting the people of India from being oppressed by the Government and its agents, but few seem to have thought of that more searching tyranny which

a few strong-nerved and coarse-minded Englishmen in the interior, invested with power by the possession of land, may exercise over the people among whom they are located, and from whom they are eager to extract the wealth which they long to enjoy in a more congenial climate.

This species of tyranny will of course be most felt among the feeblest, and is, consequently, likely to be more grievous in Bengal than among the hardier population of Upper India. But wherever the Anglo-Saxon goes, he will carry with him his instinctive contempt for tribes of a dusky complexion; and where this is not counteracted by the imposed courtesies of official life, or checked by the presence of a sufficient controlling authority, it will ever be ready to break out in a manner injurious to the interests and feelings of those subject to his power.

Our future rule will, it is evident, become daily more and more European in its tone, and there will consequently be an increasing call upon those engaged in its direction to watch over the conduct of the dominant race, to restrain its arrogance, and to see that the equality announced in the laws does not evaporate in print, but is something real and substantial, to be felt and enjoyed in the ordinary every-day intercourse of life.

If this can be accomplished by legislation, the new Commissions and Councils will not have been created in vain; but if their labours end in merely adding to the existing tomes of benevolent enactments, without effectual provision for their enforcement, then we cannot but fear that our projected measures of improvement, being all of a European character, will add little to the happiness of our subjects on the banks of the Ganges, and be regarded by them merely as ingenious contrivances for extending our own power, and completing their subjugation.

THE SECRET OF STOKE MANOR: A FAMILY HISTORY.

PART III.

CHAPTER IV.—AU CENTRE DU MONDE.

"Oh, Paris! ville pleine de brouillard,
Et couverte de boue,
Où les hommes connoissent pas l'honneur,
Ni les femmes la vertu."

ROUSSEAU.

THE Willoughby family, as has been already said, left England for the Continent; and the spring which succeeded Sir John's death found them temporarily residing in Paris. It was very far from the Colonel's intention, however, to remain there long; the household was only incomplete, as yet, without Francis, who in a few weeks would join it on leaving Oxford; and there had to be some consideration before finally settling, from among no slight variety of advertisements in the public journals, what district of the provinces might be best suited for a retreat, probably during some years. One or two points of business, also, requiring attention to his English letters, continued to make their early arrival a convenience; not so much from the Devonshire lawyer, whose methodical regularity left nothing to desire, as with regard to the sale of Sir Godfrey's commission, and some arrangements left unfinished in town, of that tedious nature which characterises stockbroking. Meanwhile their establishment was certainly simple compared with that lately given up in Golden Square, where society, at no time deficient to the Willoughbys, had, since the Colonel's last return home, been doubling itself every year, and had begun, since his brother's death, absolutely to send visiting-cards by footmen, to call in carriages, to bespeak the earliest possible share of their company at dinner: contrasted with the extent which must have been necessary for Stoke, it was diminutive. Yet it was by no means one of a restricted kind, although the income from Lady Willoughby's *own small fortune* would alone have sufficed to keep it up, leaving some surplus; so that, living as yet without

new acquaintances, and, so far as their countrymen were concerned, in perfect obscurity, they had not a wish which it did not suffice for; as long, at least, as the vast, strange city held its first influences over them. To these, probably, it was owing that Colonel Willoughby appeared for some time to have had no other object in coming to Paris; if distinctly aware of any, beyond the facilities there for choosing a place of residence in the provinces, for awaiting his son Francis, and finishing the more important part of his correspondence, with the convenience of respectable banking-houses—besides the possibility of avoiding English acquaintances, which at Dieppe or Boulogne would not have been so easy—then he would without a doubt have mentioned it to his wife. A reserved man, and in the strictest sense a proud one, he was amongst the last to have secrets; they would have sat on his brow, and troubled his manner; nor had he at any time had such a thing apart from her. During the whole course of their wedded life, whether together or separated, by word or letter, their mutual confidence had increased: for her part, she was of that easy, placid, seemingly almost torpid nature, which, save in a receipt of house-keeping, or a triumph of domestic management, appears merely to produce in it nothing worth the hiding, nor to receive, either, anything of that serious kind; while the course of time, that had begun to turn the fair features of Mrs. Willoughby rather large, giving her form a somewhat more than matronly fulness, had so increased this peculiarity in her disposition as to make strangers think her insipid. Older friends thought very far otherwise, and it was, in

some way, chiefly old friends Mrs. Willoughby had had at all; but neither they, the oldest of them, nor even her children, perhaps, could so much as imagine the truth of heart, the perfect trust, the intimate, unhesitating appreciation, which, since they were first gained by him, her husband had been ever knowing better. Indolently placid as she might seem even to ordinary troubles, tumults, and embarrassments, as if the world's care entered no imagination of hers—quietly busied, with attention fixed on household matters, knitting or sewing in her endless, noiseless manner—yet if his eye had shown anxiety, if he had ceased to read, if he paced the room, or had been very silent, a kind of divination there was, that, without any watching or any questioning, would have roused her up—the work suspended on her lap, her cheek losing the old dimple-mark which maturity had deepened there, and her glance widened with concern; till, if he had still not spoken, Lady Willoughby would have risen up gradually, looking round as if startled from a sort of mild dream, and have moved towards him, beginning of her own accord—which was a rare thing—to speak. Not necessarily, indeed, though they had been alone in the room, to invite confidence by any inquiry; but rather in the way of performing some slight office that might have been neglected, or with endeavours at such interesting news and small-talk as, to speak truth, she scarcely shone in, unsupported—nor any the better for the confused sense she evidently had at these times of having been by some means in fault, and having failed to be a very lively companion. She was of a plain country squire's family, in fact; and in her day, if sent at all to boarding-schools, they had not lingered long over music, still less at flower-painting or the sciences; while with successive sisters waiting at home for their turn, as she had had, it was but to finish off baking and mending, with dancing and embroidery, then to come back, and bake and mend again. So when the dancing ended with marriage, the embroidery at the first birth, it might have been thought the officer had gained no very valuable

society, sometimes in barrack-lodgings, sometimes abroad, sometimes for distant communication by letter; she might, at least, have been expected to form no great ornament in London circles, or among country people at Stoke Manor-house. Still there had been nothing in all their previous intercourse so precious to him as his wife's letters, when almost for the first time, in her own natural way, she had to attempt expressing fond thoughts, soothing motives, and yet confessions of impatience—mixed up with accounts of children's complaints, their faults, and their schooling—country gossip, and fashionable arrivals, with some stray suggestions and admissions, never before confided to him, of a pious kind: and when long afterwards came the events at Stoke, instead of any undue flutter or sense of importance being caused in her, she had fallen in as naturally to title or prospects, as she had sat before that at the head of their dinner-table in Golden Square. It was no doll's disposition, as had been at the time hinted round some ill-natured card-tables in that region; if one thing more than another troubled Sir Godfrey in their present plans, it was that he believed devoutly in his wife's aptitude for a high station, where expectations would be formed and occasions raised; his feeling was—and the partiality was excusable—that her chief value lay obscured in ordinary circumstances. Whereas at the new abode in Paris, with ample scope and convenience, all the earlier habits of domestic superintendence seemed returning, the making, baking, mending—almost even to washing; in reference to which alone Lady Willoughby seemed really active, and the more so that everything might go on as in England, had the mere economy of the thing not been a vital point. Her pleased air would alone have hindered him from reasoning it with her, had Sir Godfrey so much as dreamt, in the latter respect, how their case really stood: and when, indeed, there did lie any care on his mind, which he might be unwilling she should share, yet so gently did the conversation win it from him, and so quietly did something like the old manner woo him to bear no burden

alone, that, ere he knew, it was no longer his, but they were talking of it plainly. What tranquil reassurance *then*, and grave, prompt advertence to the point—and pure sympathy, and that repose of soul from which a woman's instinct can express so much by a tone, a look, silence itself! Sir Godfrey had sometimes been ashamed to find how much more he could be disturbed by trifles, or how cautiously he had been underrating his wife's affection. So that she knew as well as he did, and almost as soon, how affairs stood at Stoke, with the tenor of his brother's intended will, and any the slightest incident which could concern them. He had even casually mentioned, as among the more trivial, Sir John's wishes for the benefit of the person entitled Suzanne Deroux, for Lady Willoughby had long known, of course, what of Sir John's early history his brother knew. The matter had well-nigh escaped his memory, he said: till on happening to want a banker in Paris, it struck him that the house formerly employed by his brother, in the payment of the annuity referred to, might suit himself. To these gentlemen, accordingly, he had sent a memorandum of the address left by Sir John, with a request that they would have the money paid to her. It was a small sum, but might be important to the people, whoever they were, living in one of the poorest and most wretchedly-crowded quarters of Paris. Still, as Sir Godfrey smiled on that occasion cheerfully, and resumed his English newspaper, he did not, he could not tell all the painful and pertinacious impressions, of circumstances unknown or acts untraced, which any allusion to his late brother's former stay in Paris still called up.

Everything did not exactly go on in the household as in England, indeed, but all was as nearly so as a quiet assiduity could make it. The house, a somewhat dull and dilapidated mansion, very barely furnished, and taken by the month from an adjoining notary, stood far to the western or court-end of the city, though *rather involved in the dinginess of a sort of minor fauxbourg*, where, in *those days, between the sudden curve*

of the river and the lesser alleys of the Champs Elysées, a motley population still clustered about the tan-pits or dye-houses, and towards the bridge and quays: it occupied one corner of a short, deserted looking street, the other end of which was reduced to a narrow lane by the high enclosure of a convent; in front was a small paved court, very shady and damp, by the help of two or three stunted poplars it contained, yet not by any means private, being overlooked by dusty or broken staircase windows, one over the other, from at hand; while it, nevertheless, could boast of a wall surmounted by a railing, with a heavily-pillared gate of open ironwork, a little lodge on one side within, where the porter lived—at one end of the house a diminutive stable and coach-shed, at the other an entrance to a high-walled garden, laid out in intricate confusion, without sign of flowers, and overgrown with a luxury of weeds. Some rising bourgeois had probably at first designed it, with a moderate eye to fashion: although its prime recommendation from the notary was, that successive families of the English nobility had chosen it for their temporary residence; nor did the old concierge fail to point out, with some emphasis, when showing the garden, that it was in the English style. The place was, at all events, at a convenient distance from the central parts of Paris, and within an easy drive to the Protestant Episcopal chapel. At a sharp angle with the street ran a main thoroughfare from the city barrier, one way confused in the dense suburb, the other way breaking towards a leafy promenade of the public park; sending all day a busy throng of passengers into that brighter current, where it glimpsed broad past the gap of light, with the glitter of equipages, the shifting glow of dresses, and the constant hum and babble of its gaiety; while nearer by was an opening in the contiguous street, through which the first-floor windows of their house looked at the motion along the quay, and saw the stately piles of building on the opposite bank, in brighter perspective, curve away from the eastern avenue of the Champ de Mars, with the bending of the river. They had

still a carriage, too, though it was merely hired by the month, like the house, from the nearest livery-stables—a light, English-shaped barouche, with its pair of soot-black, long-legged, Flemish horses, long-tailed and square-nosed, barrel-bodied and hollow-backed, and formally-stepping, which the owner called English also, for everything English seemed the rage: they were objects of no slight scorn, in that light, to Sir Godfrey's groom, a stiff old trooper, who, with his duties towards his master's horse, Black Rupert (the only possession they had brought from Stoke, save the title), had soon to unite that of coachman. Since besides Jackson himself, there was not merely an English housemaid, but there was young Mr. Charles's tutor, a grave, rather middle-aged bachelor of arts from Cambridge, and in clerical orders, who was to make up for the lost advantages of Eton, while he looked forward to the first opening in the curacy at Stoke; there was Miss Willoughby's governess, a lady apparently also of middle age, whose perfect breeding and great accomplishments had made her acceptance of the position a favour, when the sudden necessity arose for the young lady's leaving school; she had been in the highest families, and her conversational powers were of a superior order, so that there was a continual silent gratitude towards her on the part of Lady Willoughby. To the latter, indeed, whose whole heart lay in her family, these unfavourable changes had been a source of pure satisfaction, so far as she was concerned; compared with the privilege of having their children about them, educated under their own eye—expecting Frank so soon, too, nothing else was a deprivation; she merely missed England and English habits when some one else did, and had seen Stoke but once; only through the occasional abstracted looks of Sir Godfrey did she regret its postponement. As for the old French concierge at the gate, indeed, with his wife, family, and friends, she could have gladly spared them; but the concierge was indispensable—he *lived* there—he went with the house, in fact; and at the very hint of his being superfluous, the old cracked-voiced porter had drawn himself up indignantly in his

chair, while his bare-armed, black-browed wife had turned her leather-like face up from her tub, looking daggers. True, the English family had, in the mean time, no visitors, but the concierge had;—he was well known to his respectable neighbours; and, besides, it was possible that the misanthropy of the Chevalier Vilby and of Madame might be to some extent diminished; they would probably yet enter into society—all the previous tenants of the mansion had done so; Paris was, in reality, so attractive a capital. Such had been the response to the diplomacy of Jackson, who, having once been a French prisoner, far abroad, knew the language after a fashion of his own; and he received it in grim silence. The truth was, the gossiping receptions at the little lodge were somewhat troublesome, and seemed to concern themselves greatly with the affairs of the household within, had there been nothing else than the general interest taken in it by the adjacent windows, or the popularity of the whole family, collectively or individually, which had sometimes accompanied their exit or entrance with applause from crowds of street children—a prestige, which had as evidently deserted them afterwards, to be replaced by tenfold scrutiny of a less partial kind, not unmingled with sundry trivial annoyances. Nor, although it resulted, with Lady Willoughby's usual easy disposition, in her employing the services of the porter's daughter within the house, did the one parent open the gate with less sullen dignity, and the other seem less jealously watchful against some abstraction of the furniture, or nocturnal evasion of the rent.

Nevertheless, Paris itself was not more restless or more lively than the spirits of the young people in their first enjoyment of its scenes. The earliest summer had begun to lighten up what was already bright with heat that came before the leaves, quickly as these were bursting into verdure along their avenue; and when the dust is hovering in the sun, when the level light streams along causeway and pavement, crossed by cooler vistas, when the morning water-carts go slowly hissing past, the shopmen sprinkling their door-steps, putting

out their canopies, setting their windows right—with the moist smell of market-carts still in the air, the stray fragrance of fruit-stalls near—steeples shining high beyond the steel-blue roofs, the dazzling skylight panes,—chambermaids looking far out from upper windows, long perspectives of architecture blending, and a vast hollow azure over all, ere the smoke is gathered, and before the street-cries are confused, or the growing rush of sounds has become oppressive in the heat—then who remembers not the fairy feeling of a city to youth! It is when they still look to life from under protection, with no experience, nothing like the need of directing for themselves; but most of all from a simple household, used to temperate pleasures, and to the sort of kindness that rests more in purpose than upon indulgence; the city need only be Paris, with sights as foreign as the language, to crown that morning cup of enchantment to its brim. For the two younger members of the family it wore all its charm: Rose Willoughby had seen little more of the world in her boarding-school, at sixteen, than if it had been a nunnery; while Charles, who was younger, had been fancying his knowledge of life at Westminster school and Eton rather uncommon;—so that every morning set them astir early, watching at the windows, impatient to get breakfast-time past, to have those studies severally over, in which, so far as the lad's tutor was concerned, Mr. Thorpe bore the chief difficulties of the task. Each day, in fact, found the party rolling farther from the shady environs, through into the hot heart of the city, towards scenes or structures that were multiplied by each previous discovery: for if the long stately façades of the Tuilleries, from its formal gardens swarming with people and statues, ran already half-linked to the gorgeous old Louvre, steeped pale in the southern flood of light above the river, till all its deep-set, embossed windows seemed diamonds in the rich Corinthian filagree that framed them, though the workmen were still busy at its unfinished roof, like emmets from the crowd along the quays; so these also pointed to the Palais Royal court, with its new arcades and glittering

shops—or, again, far through the labyrinth of exhaustless streets, where moted and dusty shadows plunged into the gloom of deep lanes, to the grim grey towers of the Bastille rising embattled out of the squalid faux-bourg, which blackened in manufactory smoke beyond—miles back, too, it led across some bridge, to the Gobelins, to the close and dingy quarter of the university, with its old legends of learning, or magic in dark ages; its careless students swaggering past, or smoking from their high-perched casements; its grisettes, that sat at work opposite with an air of coquettish grace amidst their poverty, their hair neither frizzed nor powdered, with a bright cotton handkerchief twined half about it, watering their little mignonette-boxes, or chirping to their bird cages that hung outside to a gleam of sunshine;—or to where the golden dome of the great hospital hung in the air, faintly bright; to the bronze form of Henry of Navarre riding regardless above the throng of the market-place, and where the two huge cathedral-towers of Notre Dame stood over their mountain of roof, above the gaunt old houses of the island Cité; with the sharp-peaked prison-turrets and grated loopholes of the Conciergerie lifted from the river's edge, whose muddy eddies swam each way by, among the barges. The Colonel had been in Paris many years before, ere he had had any interest in it save that of a young man, in lively company; when all sons of gentlemen made the grand tour, and the old glories of Versailles were still reflected even at the court of Louis Quinze, in the elegant dissipation of his latter days: he had come since then, indeed, into sterner contact with Frenchmen abroad; but it served him now, in making shift to act as guide among the principal wonders of the capital—when he rode near the carriage, sometimes accompanied by Mr. Thorpe, the tutor, on a quiet white mare from the hackney stables. And Lady Willoughby mildly eyed the Bastille, or gently noticed the sumptuousness of the Louvre, at her husband's remark; suffering herself to be handed out to some sentinel-guarded vestibule, and led along some chill historical corridor, although it might cost a

shudder at what was told of it; if some positive domestic duty did not rather keep her all day at home. While Mrs. Mason, the governess, following with the party, would sedulously express assent, at due intervals, by word or sign, to the statements of the baronet; not seldom addressing to the young lady beside her some comment of her own, or improving inference, such as Mrs. Trimmer had recently brought into educational vogue. It might have been that Rose on these occasions sometimes caught her brother's eye, so that her absorbed face and lighted look would grow all at once intensely demure, or she had to turn away to hide a smile at his air of exaggerated attention; while Mr. Thorpe was usually so deep in abstraction, or had wandered so far, as to be in danger of their leaving him altogether behind. It was all one storm of spectacle and excitement, in fact, to the two; antique memories mingling in it with the record of fearful deeds, and quaint traces of rude manners with the grandeur of the church, the magnificence of the days of great kings—it only added zest to the living rush of the streets, the foreign faces and unaccustomed accents, the endless variety of movement that shone, flickered, or darkened every way about them. Then, slowly extricated from fetid lanes and old overhanging houses, patched, and stained, and ruinous, where the low-stretched cord of the street lantern showed that carriages seldom passed, they would wheel out suddenly from the rough causeway and its filthy middle-gutter, into the broad light and sunny air of the verdurous boulevards, where the ramparts of old Paris ran. So as the sounds of wheels grew soft, and they rolled leisurely along, the girl and her brother would look to each other, with something of the same feeling; her eyes would sparkle, while Charles's were everywhere: when on either side of the curving vista, either way lost to sight, and heaped with the motion of equipages and riders, the showering elm-leaves and blossoming lime-twigs rose green 'gainst the tall, bright, ornate houses, tinted variously, and dappled fitfully by the shade—where the scattered passengers lounged, the loitering groups mingled, and all was

open-air existence—while the gay shop-windows and café signs shone beneath the boughs, the open uppercasements seemed to drink coolness beneath their striped canopies through green-barred jalousies, the double shutter-frames were thrown out either way against the wall, and no care, no business appeared to hang on Paris far as eye could reach, as it thickened there through the swimming light of afternoon. To Rose and Charles it left no dissatisfactions about Stoke, nor regret for the smoke of London; and instead of wishing the place of their residence settled soon, although neither had confided it to the other, they would fain, no doubt, have had their father decide on staying where they were, so as to fulfil the suggestion of the worthy concierge, by making acquaintances and going into society. The truth was, that they were unconsciously somewhat conspicuous; whether it was that the full, fair, lady-like features of Lady Willoughby, with her hair aristocratically enough drawn up, heaped high, and powdered, had yet an air of half-sleepy ease and comfort that offered the strongest contrast to French looks, or that the hood-like bonnet of black crape which surmounted them, drawn in folds together and hung with its short curtain-like veil of black lace, however according to matronly usage then in London, had already been left behind in Paris by a barer and more classical taste; or the girlish grace and bloom of Rose in her morning-dress and hat; the half clerical air of Mr. Thorpe, with his mingled awkwardness and endeavours at attention to the ladies; or the military air, tall figure, and splendid English hunter of the baronet: all which, perhaps taken together, might even in passing have suggested food for the proverbial Parisian curiosity. Especially if, as at times might have been done, they had noticed the grave silence of the elderly English gentleman on horseback, when his companion addressed him in vain, or when with a start he looked up to answer, sometimes running his eye keenly about the passing people, over the seated and trifling groups, up to the windows of the houses, or along the shop-signs, like one all at once awake to them. Indeed, out of the charmingly private

allée des reutes in the Elysian fields, where alone the equipages of the rich widows of the whole capital were in propriety seen to drive, and the doubtful widowers and needy bachelors to seek opportunities of consoling them, with a similar gravity of dress and demeanour—it was questionable whether the people of Paris were accustomed to observe so puzzlingly attractive a sight. It had altogether, no doubt, a sincere insular air in their eyes.

It happened that on the day they had visited Notre Dame cathedral, Colonel Willoughby took advantage of their return through the Rue St. Honoré, to call at his banker's in that leading street. He had transacted his principal business there, and only found some difficulty in detaching himself from the subsequent animated conversation of the courteous financier, whose spirits seemed to be excellent on account of some continued increase in the price of corn; a motive but dimly understood by Sir Godfrey, while at each step or two of his egress from the antechamber he was still detained by some fresh ground of satisfaction. As regarded places of abode to be had, in any part of France whatever, the perplexity did not certainly result from want of choice; since his last inquiry, the notices and advertisements had increased, particularly in the rural provinces; to be let or sold, they seemed surprisingly plentiful; nor were their advantages in every point omitted, after the usual style of such description, which sometimes dilated on the very nature of the landscape, or dwelt with gusto on the particular character of architecture. "It is doubtless owing, Monsieur le Baron," suggested the banker, complacently, "to the immense resort, at the present, of the nobility to Paris. The attraction is excessive! It will indeed be impossible to reside but in the vicinity—and M. le Baron sympathises, I imagine, with the party of our—, probably to a certain extent in the—?"

"I really know very little of political matters, Monsieur," said the baronet, smiling, "even at home,—and as for those in this country, I can scarcely say that I have attended to them much."

"It is exactly the position which I

have myself assumed, M. le Baron," responded the banker, with a subdued air of confidential understanding. "In finance it is indispensable. But affairs are solid here;" and he gaily struck his hand on his pocket. "Things will move—they will go—now that M. Neckar is at the head! M. le Baron is doubtless aware that the meetings of the States-General have commenced, and are open to attendance, like the English parliament itself? Bah! we are aware that in affairs nowadays, the minister is everything; to speak properly—the king, nothing! The discussions grow interesting—it was a happy stroke—to render the nation—yes, conceive, Monsieur,—responsible for its own expenses! And, after all, the world is governed by this money here!" Sir Godfrey sighed involuntarily, while the banker, slightly rubbing his hands together, bowing and smiling, still conducted him with *empressement* towards the court in which his horse was held. "It would be easy to procure a distinguished place of audience for M. le Baron in the minister's gallery at Versailles," persisted Monsieur Blaise, with interest, "and for the family of M. le Baron, whom we have not yet, indeed, had the honour to see?" M. Blaise had, in fact, made sundry half-subdued advances, at various times, towards a mutual introduction of the families, which seemed latterly to become more obvious. "Thank you, Monsieur," was the rather dry answer—"no. The fact is, we intend immediately leaving town, as soon as my eldest son arrives. And, of course, this matter as to a place of residence must be settled. I should prefer some remote, quiet, country place."

"Ah, you should then purchase, M. de Vilby," said the banker, oracularly. "It is, on the whole, I assure you, cheaper—more satisfactory." To this, however, he received a decided negative; Colonel Willoughby had as little interest in the idea presented to him by Monsieur Blaise, of a profitable re-sale, at a future period, as of possessing property or forming permanent ties in France, or of leaving his son a landowner there. He was about to mount his horse amidst the attentions of the banker and his Swiss

porter, when a depressed-looking clerk from the banking-office hastened out, with an air of some timidity, to offer a paper to his master. The latter frowned, while he received a hurried statement from the official. "What is this? not to be found!" he inquired. "It is a trifle, Monsieur," added he, turning round; "the woman, it seems, to whom your communication referred, has for some time removed her residence. Inquiries shall be made, however. These poor people are of the most changeable habit—the notary of the proprietor is naturally ignorant of their new destination—the neighbours, they affect an unconsciousness which is probably feigned, on account of some sympathy with a fault, a defalcation in rent,—a crime, perhaps. But in this case, there is the police, under whom the emigrant necessarily falls, though unconsciously—and our police are now more efficient than ever. Yes, M. le Baron, this person shall be promptly discovered, believe me—if, indeed, this payment is still considered proper to be made?" The indifferent, languidly commercial tone of Monsieur Blaise, at that moment, jarred disagreeably on Sir Godfrey's ear, in the full sunlight of the street, while its gay throng poured on either way like a twofold procession.

"Yet there is a slight mistake, pardon me, Monsieur," added the former, "in the understanding that Monsieur your brother had continued this pension, which is alluded to, during the late years. It was indeed paid with regularity, when transmitted; but although the promise remained subsequently, yet, after a certain point, by some omission, doubtless, the effects—the sums ceased to arrive. I believe the inadvertency was, however, more than once reported from this office to the notary of M. de Vilby at Ezzeterre, in England—eh, Maitre Robert?" And the clerk, to whom he again turned sharply, gave a reverential affirmative. It was not merely the revival of this trivial matter in this way that troubled Sir Godfrey; there was some slight concern stirred at his heart by the discovery of the slight sum having failed so long to reach its object, mixed with a little compunction at his remembrance of the crowded Cité, near

the religious shadows of Notre Dame, which he had passed by that very day; there was a vivid feeling once more, too, of his brother's characteristic carelessness, which was by no means lessened on recollecting his wife's mild remark, when he had mentioned the circumstance, that possibly, if the person were very poor, it might have been better to see into it personally. The gross mingling of M. Blaise's inquiries in it, besides, with his hint at crimes which might render the benefit undeserved, annoyed him. Sir Godfrey took the paper from the banker's hands, expressed his intention of managing the matter at his own leisure, and with a hasty bow rode homewards.

Willoughby was, as before said, a man with little imagination in his temperament, at least of no very lively fancy; but there was a kind of vague impatience at times in his mind, scarcely to be any better accounted for than the fits of gloom he felt creeping, as it were, over him, and which he checked only by a strong effort to think. Sir Godfrey felt, in fact, rather an indescribable satisfaction than otherwise, and a somewhat reviving interest, at the little matter of business that had returned on his hands, none the less that it took the aspect of a kind duty. Paris itself was certainly a degree nearer his attention, so soon as the concerns of any one in it, however obscure, were thus dependent on his own, stirring up an odd anxiety as to whether she were alive or dead, and really deserving; all which, the more unusual it was to his habits, bore with the greater novelty of sensation on a man whose ordinary habits had been somewhat abruptly broken up. Singular, indeed, as he rode along, grew the thought of how this vast city contrived to live from day to day? the question yet more perplexing, how it spent its time? still less conceivable, to what end was all the constant movement, thickening and shifting far along the Rue St. Honoré, in dust and sunlight? Nay, with a smiling sense of its absurdity, the baronet caught himself involuntarily pondering some such incalculable problem, and for a moment striving to put its organisation together, while the bridle lay slack on his horse's neck, and his

limbs kept time to the motion, as the noble black went stepping elastically on. Even in that fashionable street they excited notice amid its rattling cortège of equestrians and equipages, its rainbow quivering of dress, feathered, embroidered, gilded and laced and rustling, where all the artifice of French fashion was in its afternoon glory, with bell-hoop and white hair—from the queue-tag and three-cornered beaver, lace cravat, and ruffles, and pocket-flap to the knee-buckles and the false calves, white or flesh-coloured, and high-heeled—treading on out-turned toes—while the smooth, tinted faces, with their mole-specks and black beauty-spots, seemed to have banished from about them, in the sun's full influence, all effect of hair: though it was scarce so much the soberly-garbed rider, in dark riding-coat and boots, with military stock, as the jet gloss of Black Rupert, whose full nostril seemed half conscious of his master's pride in him. Nor was it merely that the flickering blazo of the street disagreed with his mood, when Colonel Willoughby turned out of it through a quieter line of that gay fauxbourg, slightly using the spur: he shrank involuntarily from those of his countrymen who seemed to be in Paris, with their gregarious yet unsocial air, their loud voices, causeless laughter, and cool stare, their ill-affected ease of dress, their round morning hats at all hours, and their sudden knowing looks of interest from his horse to him, not seldom unaccompanied by distinct English questions of "Who is he?" or the drawling answer, with an eyeglass raised, of "Don't know." Yet in public places they were everywhere; they were looking out of corner cafés, and talking back to friends within, watching narrowly where some Parisian belle tripped carefully athwart a crossing, or leaning out of billiard-room second-floors and yawning; and it struck him the more in contrast, as two gentlemen evidently French, turned before him into the same more secluded street, the one quietly shrugging his shoulders together, the other turning a silent look to his friend. They sauntered *easily along on the sunny side of the gutter, as if delaying to cross; though*

side trottoirs were as yet almost unknown, while the cry of *gare!* from a rapid vehicle at times hurried the foot-passengers together towards the wall, or out amidst the causeway; so that a snatch of their conversation more than once reached the English baronet's ears, or was mingled with other voices; as he looked round for the names of the streets, with some idea of at once beginning inquiries at the nearest police-office. "These, then, Jules," said the taller and elder, who wore the gallant uniform of the Royal Body-Guard, sky-azure and gold-laced, with its white-plumed black hat, crimson-velvet breeches, stiff cavalry boots, and gilt spurs, and ruffles of rich lace—"are your allies—your Weegs, as you call them! Corbleu!" He looked back over one shoulder, as he spoke, with a supremely supercilious air, swinging the tassel of his sword-knot round his hand; the other, whose dress and manner were those of an elegant young man of fashion, seemed gently to draw him onward by the arm. "My dear Armand, what a fancy!" the latter ejaculated; "the generous sympathy of the enlightened English—of the descendants of Hampden and of Seednè, the Wheegs—but I forget, we agreed to —" "Yes, Comte," said the other, gloomily, "we agreed to observe silence on it, since it is impossible for us —" and by another influx from a cross street they were taken out of hearing; although the grave air of the young officer, enhanced by his long side-visage, and cavalier-like uniform, despite all the hair-powder and the smooth elaborateness of the time, had drawn Sir Godfrey's interest from the matter he had in hand. They were walking near him again next minute.

"He is at La Morgue, then?" asked the officer, in reference to some statement of his friend; "what was it—gambling? His mistress, perhaps?"

"No, she was beautiful, and attached to him," replied the other, carelessly; "she still slept, while he had left her, to shave in the adjacent dressing-room—the whole hotel was roused by her cries. The police can make nothing of it. Even his passport affords no clue."

"It was probably a plot, about

to be discovered," said his friend. "Paris, in my opinion, is full of plots—which had better soon be dashed to pieces." He made an emphatic motion with the sheathed sabre on his left arm, and glanced firmly along the street, from face to face. "My dear Armand!" ejaculated the other, stopping for an instant till their eyes met, and the cheek of the garde-du-corps seemed to redden—"this is"—but the remainder was lost to Sir Godfrey, as he held round towards the outskirts of the Faubourg St. Honoré. Crossing by a shorter way, however, they still preceded him at the next corner. "On the contrary," continued the younger, "had there been anything to discover"—"—stupidly acute as the police are"—"—but believe me, my friend," he added with animation, "there was nothing—nothing—it was merely *ennui*. And what police, were it the very espionage of old Do Sartines himself, his apprentice and friend Lenoir, or even my fine cousin De Breteuil, with your thrice-humble servitor here, can guard against *ennui*? 'Tis the only spectre I dread, for the philosophers, the *Encyclopédie*, have still left it us!" Sir Godfrey had passed them, indeed, hardly heeding their detached words so much as the young soldier's chivalrous air; a little on, he checked his horse at sight of a gendarme's blue and red livery, to inquire for the police-bureau of the quarter; at which the man turned sharply, struck no doubt by the accent or the form of the question, and surveyed him before attempting to give an answer.

"*Ennui*!" repeated the officer energetically, as they came on; "my faith, we shall soon have little enough of that luxury, I think! I had imagined it the disease of England!"

"But without her suspecting it," rejoined his livelier companion; "while France alone endeavours to expel, to define the malady! What is Versailles, Fontainebleau, Marly, Luciennes, but a vast sigh, a drowsy effort, a yawn (*baillement*)? Those parterres of Lenotre, those fountains, those statues, which are like the crimes of Paris! But we awake—and assure yourself, my friend, it is at the root of one half!"

Colonel Willoughby had repeated
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his question rather impatiently, for the speaker, as he passed on, was turning a glance of attention that way: the gendarme, too, with a sudden motion of his hand to his huge cocked hat, seemed less careful to reply than to leave full room for the two gentlemen. The younger of them stopped, turned, and addressed a word of sharp reproof to the official. "Permit me, monsieur," he added, coming forward with a slight bow, and speaking tolerably good English; "it is probably rather to the commissary of your quarter you would address yourself, and his residence is not far; at—the number which I forget, in the Place Montaigne, Champs Elysées." The Englishman thanked him briefly; bowing in return the more profoundly, as he felt the usual unwillingness of his race to receive a favour he had no claim to.

"It is denoted, besides," continued his informant with increased courtesy, "by the red lantern over the portico, which since two years has been fixed over the doorway of every commissary's residence in Paris. Day or night this will serve to distinguish them by a glance."

"Indeed?" was the sole answer, in a tone of some indifference. There was nothing officious in the younger gentleman's unasked interference; while his singularly handsome face, his vivacious eyes, the air of life in his expression, along with an undeniable elegance of manner, were contrasted for the first time with his elder companion, who stood apart, and almost haughtily silent, a dark shade seeming to gather on his thin and dusky cheek, as he gazed into the street, having even withdrawn his momentary notice of the spirited horse. Yet the baronet felt less annoyed thus than by the prolonged politeness of his friend; he involuntarily bit his lip; there was something disagreeable even in being so promptly addressed in his own language.

"Might it be possible for one to assist monsieur in any yet further manner?" inquired the stranger, with the same easy grace; though a peculiar smile, at the time unintelligible to Sir Godfrey, had hovered about his lips.

"My best thanks, monsieur," was the stiff response. "I think not—it is a mere ordinary piece of business;" and, bowing deeply towards his horse's shoulder, the English baronet turned in the direction indicated. He could see them from the distance, however, overtaken by a light cabriolet, which seemed to have been slowly following them all the while; the young *élegant* stepped leisurely in, and with a gesture of adieu to his friend, was driven swiftly off towards the city again; the white plume of the garde-du-corps disappeared among the passengers.

When Sir Godfrey had found the commissary's office, shown the indispensable passport, and received, as he had expected, but little prospect of speedy information, he yet rode homewards in considerable ease of mind; the thing had in fact passed from his thoughts as he took the nearer way from the grand avenues of the Champs Elysées, thronging with gaiety, by the overhanging shade of garden walls and backs of stables, across the open spaces flushed green with the afternoon light, alive with strolling girls in their teens, beside their prim *gouvernantes*, or children scattered about the groups of their sitting, gossiping, sewing *bonnes*; while here and there, into a line of secluded street, full of tall, stately, old-fashioned houses in massy blocks, or separate in their high-walled court-yards, sloped lazily the white, gushing glory from far above; till the way towards a bridge, or some glimpse of the bustle about the airy quays, renewed again the sense of being in Paris. But it seemed as if some of its occurrences, otherwise as apparently fragmentary as the street-cries or confused accents, bore every now and then a more connected purport to the baronet as he came in contact with them.

He had already thrown a coin or two mechanically to some squalid cripple, or some one-eyed beggar in his route, thinking no more of it; as he turned into the thoroughfare near home, however, out of one of these sun-bright and silent streets, where a few figures crossed here and there, a singular little incident presented itself, which was but part of many such scenes throughout the quieter quarters of the French capital. It was one of

the strangest symptoms of that strange time, that while the king had been suppressing dungeons and projecting the good of the people, while the nobles desired reform of abuses, and the whole nation seemed to breathe peace, philanthropy, and enthusiasm—the very fashion of the salons had conceived a sudden sensibility to the miseries and wants of the lowest class. The late winters had been severe, and the last desperate, amidst dear provisions: there had been fêtes, lotteries, and performances of classic dramas in the theatre, although for these last the curés had refused to distribute their unhallowed proceeds: yet greatest of all had been the activity of the ladies in the genteel faubourgs, who in graceful *toilettes de quêté*, the most becoming of dresses, and with purses bearing embroideries of flowers, cupids, and touching mottoes, turned their morning calls into a quest for alms. In the less aristocratic quarters, where morning calls were scarcely made, it had taken hold chiefly on the little girls, from mere childhood up to their teens; lasting longer, doubtless, because exercised only in the open air on the street-passengers, with all the amusement of a play mingled in its touch of reality. How interesting was it, too, to the subjects of the performance, as they were chosen from the passing current with all that faculty of prompt organisation so peculiar to the race of France; for the *rendezvous* was made in the neighbouring archway of some portecochère, apart from the bustle of the crowd, to hold the table with its white fringed cloth, and the silver salver, where the savings of their own pocket-money had been first put for a handsel, as they gathered from the various houses near. The old gentleman, as he approached, had his skirts, pulled by some lisping little one, with chubby cheeks, and curls that had vainly been flattened, while her face peered from under the grey stuff of the mimic beggar's cloak: the most simply dressed would hold the salver to the lady of quality; the most polite to the bourgeois; the plainest-featured to the widow, the spinster, or faded beauty; the tallest to the middle-aged gentleman, the prettiest to the gallant: and no rivalry, but how to get most,

disturbed the co-operation of those young quêteses. The English baronet, indeed, knew nothing of it as he trotted forward, before the archway could be seen, with its lurking, listening, peeping group, holding their breath in expectation: he only saw a slender young form, too tall for the grey cloak to smother the whole of her white summer dress, trip from beside the wall, and hold up her rosy palm before him, like a beggar; they had chosen the eldest, for her eyes and complexion, to try the rich Englishman.

"Pour nos pauvres, s'il vous plait, Monsieur," said a clear sweet voice, plaintively. Sir Godfrey had checked his horse with a start; she was a girl little younger than his own Rose, with the very blue eyes and that palest yellow hair, which are so rare in France, though with that warmly-bright complexion which is never seen out of it, suffused as it seems through a strange shadow of brown. The folds and hood of the cloak could not disguise the girlish grace of her figure, just shooting towards womanhood; the studiously plain arrangement of the hair *à la quête*, virgin-like, added to her pure beauty, and did not take away from the slightly coquettish glance from her drooped head as she thus made her appeal. "My dear little one!" ejaculated Sir Godfrey hastily—"now—what—you—are not a—in poverty?"

Her cheek reddened as she drew up her head proudly. "Me? Yes, we are poor, but noble—Armand and I. It is for the poor of the city, Monsieur—of Paris."

Sir Godfrey reddened too, and listened calmly to her eager explanation. "Ah, you are rich—you are English!" she added anxiously, as if afraid he hesitated. His glance of surprised inquiry did not escape her.

"I know you, Monsieur," she said, "for you live close to our convent in the Rue Debilly, near the Quai de Change, where I am a pensionnaire, and where my aunt is the superior. I come often with one of the sisters to arrange the quête here. There are so many poor!"

"And to whom to you give this money, *belle petite*?" asked the baronet, smiling at her delighted thanks for the gold he placed in her hand.

"To the curés and their vicars, Monsieur," she said gravely, "who will distribute it—they know every one so well!" Sir Godfrey mused.

"And you live near us!" he said, thinking of his own daughter, as he asked her name.

"It is Aimée—and my brother is Armand de l'Orme, an officer at Versailles. We are orphans, Armand and I, and we do not belong to Paris. We were both born in the south, in Provence—Were you ever in Provence, Monsieur—ah, how much more beautiful it is!" With an air of empressment she clasped her hands, and standing there in the quietly sunny street, while the stream of the populous chaussée passed athwart its end, the girl seemed to forget her impatient company beyond, whose whispers and exclamations at last betrayed them to the surprised glance of Sir Godfrey. "Was she allowed," he asked, however, "to make visits from her convent—for he had a daughter, little older than herself, who had no companions of her own age in Paris." And the young quêteuse responded eagerly to the hint. "Oh, yes—she was allowed—on certain days—and she would positively come. Indeed—perhaps—mademoiselle herself would assist at their quête."

The baronet shook his head, almost starting in his saddle at the thought. But it struck him suddenly that his oddly-made new acquaintance, through her friends the curés, might aid him in discovery of the missing Suzanne Deroux; and she was all readiness and sanguine expectation when he explained the matter. There was one young vicar in particular, so mild, so missionnaire, so apostolique, whose acquaintance with all the poorer quarters was miraculous: she would be able to bring the news, she was sure, very soon indeed. So giving her, at her request, the same paper he had recalled from his banker, Sir Godfrey saw her rejoin her archway amidst the impatient welcome of her companions, and took his way into the Rue Debilly, with a feeling half-amused, half-meditative.

At home, there were fresh letters and newspapers awaiting him, with the dinner-time, unwontedly late. There had been already the expected

tidings from Francis to his mother, though brief, that he was finally free of term-times, having reached London, which he was ready to leave next week; his father's remaining business there seemed fully settled, but he was to dine, before starting, at their friend the solicitor's, and bring over with him everything wanted. He enclosed his sister's letter, however, from her dearest school-fellow, crossed and re-crossed, with all its precious gossip for common use, its inexpressible sentiments that were not to be seen by another creature, and its postscript with the sole piece of real, intelligible information. Mrs. Mason's correspondence also, whose contents had at no time been breathed to any one, had been forwarded: while Sir Godfrey himself had a packet from Mr. Hesketh's office in Exeter, giving on the whole satisfactory prospects, and containing a few papers from among the late Sir John's dreary mass of lumber; hitherto overlooked, but which he might care to examine. They were for the most part unimportant, but he saw, from the first glance at one of them, that had it arrived that morning, it might have simply saved him a little trouble and uncertainty; as it was a French letter of date not long before his brother's death, evidently written by some humble notary's clerk, to state the case of the Suzanne in question, who had received a pension for an injury received while in his service, probably interrupted through the change of abode by her children, whose work supported them; but her son had been ill, and the winter severe; the application had been rather made at the penman's instance, as he lived *au quatrième* in the house where their attic was, and had himself discovered the address by going to the banker's, where he had obtained no other prospect. It stated the place and number distinctly, and had in all likelihood led to the memorandum of Sir John,—though no doubt thrown aside at the moment, and with his confused mind in those latter days, so busy amidst out-door matters or convivial meetings, its chief point had been forgotten.

Joining in the eager table-talk it had all excited, with a mind at rest, the baronet could fully share the plea-

sure of home-thoughts: the very atmosphere of the room seemed English, for all its bare waxed floor and patch of carpet, its airy paper-hangings of pastoral scenes, its light curtains and tall glaring windows with flimsy frames, its stove-filled chimney-place, and the white folding-doors of its antechamber, about all which there lurked no corner of substantial comfort, as round the wainscot and panelling, the recesses and embayments, corner-cupboards, and hearth-places, and presses of home, with its high-backed arm-chair, noiseless floors, and family pictures: the sound of the convent-bell, and Sir Godfrey's account of his pretty little *quêuse*, alone brought back their recollection. It had been long since Lady Willoughby saw her husband so cheerful, even when he turned to his newspaper, and sat absorbed in its varied matter, leaning back on that hard diminutive sofa;—Mrs. Mason, as her custom was, has withdrawn to the mysterious privacy of her own apartment; Mr. Thorpe, to a book, apart in the wide naked antechamber; while at its further windows, looking out, sit the two young people in their unwearied charge of the street;—till, as that after-dinner repose steals through the sitting-room, with cool shade from the early May twilight, she feels instinctively age has his old easy habit of middle that has returned on him, the first time since reaching France—nay, on second thought, since the day of that melancholy message from Devonshire—of sinking at that hour into a doze. It scarce needs her turning her head, to see how the affairs and concerns of the world at large have fallen from his mind; while gently netting on, without word or other motion, perhaps with no particular thought besides, she sits quiet that it may last the longer. It had seemed vague, in its connection with a trifle; but neither she nor he could have told the indescribable relief it had given him to find the only singularity in Sir John's memoranda cleared up; in this commonplace way, too, when even casual circumstances had seemed joining to give it a feverish importance. That intended but ineffectual will of his, by which he had evidently contemplated a formal bequest, with those slight

exceptions, of everything to the colonel, already his legal heir, could after all have had no rational motive; it was probably but one of those strangely groundless suspicions, those longings to exercise influence from the very tomb, which cross an unsound mind. The colonel had not been unconscious of the superior abilities of his eldest brother, nor of the still brighter parts which were attributed to his brother John in early life; he only felt reassured by the conviction, again confirmed, that the unhappy results of his foolish match had been such as to touch his brain with insanity. There was a vulgar old story about their family, in fact—a sort of absurd country superstition—that owing to some ancient ancestral impiety, even when the ghost ceased to be heard of in the long portrait-gallery at Stoke, over the great staircase—which had been invisible to the family alone—then somewhere or other a Willoughby was mad. Often had the colonel smiled at it, when merely a younger brother in the army; a wound once received in his head in America, which had cost him delirious days and nights, seemed formerly to entitle him doubly to his smile at the corroboration, when restored to full health: nay, from some cause, he had found himself thinking of it once or twice in the full blaze of the streets of Paris, with their vivid reminiscences—though his smile had been but faint, now he was the younger brother no longer. For *why*, really, after all, had he come to Paris in particular, or lingered there, persuading himself under so many different forms about its convenience, the novelty to his children, the advantage of his brother's banker, the little legacy, the comparative privacy, the rapid post, or the many notices of places to let? Why, in that indirect way, had he sought to make inquiries of the police, and caught himself listening to words in the street, of unknown suicides, baffled investigations, and French ennui? Why had he mechanically shrunk from the Boulevards and rushing St. Honoré, yet glanced askance at windows full of faces, or looked again with an irresistible suspicion, to see if he recognised or was recognised by any one—not merely on that day,

but on previous ones also? Actually, in the hot, beating sun, it had for a moment or two resembled the preface to his fever in the colonies, after that affair with their rabble of militia, among whom he had fancied he saw a known visage disguised; and the strong effort of his understanding which recovered him had only brought more keenly the sudden question—whether his brother indeed, or he himself, had been touched with the germs of a growing madness. There had been strange horror in the thought. For, had there really been a deliberate, sober meaning in his brother's stray purposes, through the confusion of all his neglect, and though cut off by death? While the quick, clear self-suspicion had seemed to pierce his own mind with shame, how, amidst an uneasiness to associate with his countrymen, he was still traversing Paris everywhere, under cover of guidance to his family, mingling private anxieties with the grandeur of royal edifices, and continuing to expect some chance vestige of things which his brother might have chosen wisely to leave in silence. Since his succession to Stoke he must have been altering insensibly. Even selfish feelings, impatient wishes, hidden thoughts, or half-fretful expressions towards her who had been so long his solace, had then recurred to mind with a painful surprise; compared with which, his brother's eccentricity appeared innocent indeed, sadly as his earlier follies had brought it on. And had he heard before from Mr. Hesketh what he learned from the letter on his return, that the manor-house and park were unlikely to be soon let, or to bring any profitable addition to the rents at present, from a fresh and growing rumour that they were haunted, it would have startled him with a superstitious feeling far more oppressive than any at Stoke. But, as it was, with a sober return to accustomed thoughts, calmed by his unwonted self-scrutiny, for him so deep—and soothed by gentle presence—Sir Godfrey slipped from his practical, matter-of-fact English newspaper to repose; though with a melancholy conviction that his brother's understanding had indeed partially given way. They had not latterly seen very much of each other: John was now at peace; his

fruitless life had come to an end. The baronet was awake only by the rustling entrance of Mrs. Mason to pour out the chocolate—Mr. Thorpe's awkward haste to set her chair—the bringing in of wax-lights—the pause before grace was said, with the tutor's devout formality. The evening talk was as duly closed by Mr. Thorpe's reading of the appointed prayers—another advantage never gained by Lady Willoughby till their departure abroad required a tutor.

As if there were not strange noises dying far and wide through the city, till across the river could be heard the great clock of the Invalides. As if the atmosphere of the world were not at that hour infected with inscrutable sympathies and mysterious desires; which gathered in Paris, as after long heat that malady of the air, felt keenly by the lower creatures: so that it might have been working vaguely even with Sir Godfrey. And as if,

though clouded and stagnant, even well-nigh lost, the judgment of the departed might not have exercised some acute thought—deeper even than the sharpest lawyer could track it.

So quiet, after prayers, was the outer night over the bare roofs, and lights, and distant pinnacles of the city—the glimpse of the river, the lamps on the bridge, the trees of the Champ de Mars—and so wide with its floating films of fair May-cloud, softening the few stars—that Rose Willoughby shaded her candle to peep out at it, lifting the blind, and putting her face close to the window-glass, after she had said her prayers, and was half ready to go to bed. Listening to Mrs. Mason's steps in the next room, extinguisher in hand, lest her door should suddenly be opened to that lady's most indignant surprise—Rose thought still of to-morrow's drive toward Versailles.

CHAPTER V.—FALLING FLEUR-DE-LYS.

“*Quel triste abaissement !
Quelle immortelle gloire !
Que de cris de douleur !
Que de chants de victoire !
Cessons de nous troubler ; notre Dieu, quelque jour,
Devoulera ce grand mystère.
Révérons sa colère ;
Espérons en son amour.*”

ATHALIE.

Pleasant was it, on that bright hot morning, to escape at last from Paris altogether. Sir Godfrey, indeed, remained at home to write his letters, with the purpose of riding out to meet them on their return: and Mr. Thorpe, on horseback, with charge of the magic passports, was the sole cavalier: shrewdly overseen, doubtless, by the hard-eyed, rough-visaged, experienced Jackson, to whose sturdy driving there lay no perplexity about those great, straight, formal French roads, with staring guide-posts and swarms of Parisian people.

Soon, in fact, does the grand road towards Versailles sweep away from sight of Paris in its wide basin, among avenues and closing woods. With no lanes, nor secluded cross-ways, save two towns, it was harder to leave behind the Parisian people; and they soon heard that Versailles was strip-

ped of its glory, so far as they were concerned, since nothing was doing there that day; the king had gone to Marly, or Fontainebleau, instead of passing in state to the Assembly, as had been expected from the journals. Much to the relief, it must have been, of Lady Willoughby, who disliked crowds and pressures of people, with the bustle and the dust; and to whom foreign kings and queens had but a dim, half-chimerical reality, after all, compared with the accustomed Georges, whose power and royalty were interwoven with any thoughts she had of public life; yet she appeared as much vexed as it was possible for her to be, proposing still to go on and see the outside of the palace, the fountains, or the remaining courtiers, the “houses of parliament,” which perhaps might be worth the pains. But these Charles disdained till another

day, when the king should have returned—being even set against the remotest view of the town, its very smoke or spires; and, out of his father's presence, Charles was always, by some peculiar force of his, indirectly master. His sister Rose, though the expedition had been fondly planned, nor did his arguments seem worth answering, too well knew the issue not to be resigned; while her governess, referred to as a matter of course, expressed as duly an entire acquiescence in any arrangement most satisfactory to Lady Willoughby, preserving an intense calm, and seeming to observe the various objects as their course was changed, the leaves of the trees, the tops of palisades, the very hats of market-people, with strange elevation of countenance, and with an air of suffering which required her vinaigrette. Even Jackson, who had a great share of the selfishness of privileged old servants, and greatly consulted his own personal ease, ventured to console his mistress, turning round and touching his hat, to remark that it was a long drive after all, and they would have had to put up at the town to bait these Flanders beasts—he carefully abstained from calling them horses—which it might cost a deal of trouble, as these French inns very likely had no stables; the inward satisfaction of Jackson, indeed, somewhat belied his rueful effort to look grieved. All appeared disappointed, save the tutor, ever fain to be serviceable, if seldom very successful where the office was of the present kind. Yet that day Mr. Thorpe was excelling himself, now riding on, or now remaining behind, always for some object; nor was it long ere he came posting back, his plain, intellectual features animated, and his mild short-sighted blue eyes shining moist through the thin-framed spectacles which enlarged them, to mention that they were close to Sèvres, where the royal porcelain was made. And at Sèvres, with its quaint old village houses, and its bridge across the Seine to another village, seeing what could be seen of its manufactory, its water-mill where the clay was ground, or its woody island amidst the river, the earlier part of the day was spent. Then turning to make a wide circuit into the Versailles road again, where

the afternoon was to bring Sir Godfrey, the carriage passed at leisure through the quieter country that slopes and rolls westward from the Seine.

It was scarce country, indeed, where no hedgerows seemed to break up the wide space, no field-gates or clustered farms, nor half-sequestered hamlets, with the sprinkling on of solitary cottages and quiet houses toward the next, where the church spire should rise, or tower; but sometimes with no division from the wide crops, save the lines of bushy pollards, they rolled over the paved roadway; again between continual park walls or wooden palisade, from which suddenly it would burst on the space about a large square village, with its cabaret and sign-board of the *Lion d'or* or *d'argent*, its old fountain-well, and double row of trees, noisy, and alive with children, while another road brought through it the market-life from Paris. Though over the nearest wood would peep the white turrets of chateaus, peaked with purple slate, or tin, or gilding, like chandeliers extinguished in the light of day; and near to them were the little stunted churches, with their rounded ends, the squat towers that had lids to them like pots and vases, or the mean belfries perched on the roofs; where the churchyard was blooming with flowers that made its cypresses and yews look gloomier, and the small lonely curacy near it, showing the cross on some wide gable, had an air of pious seclusion from the world. And still the parks spread round; the woods, with formal alleys striking through them, widened and surged outward, downward, into vale and over height; sometimes opening to let the high-road pass on with its vehicles and pedestrians, or the traffic that seemed greater for its confinement,—oftener to show the terraces and bowers of still nobler mansions than before, till the country appeared fading away. They had forgotten their forenoon disappointment; the girl's eyes sparkled as the sweet sense of being out of Paris grew, in spite of all it held in it; placid, tranquil, her mother leant opposite, while she breathed the freshness, enjoying the mere motion, and the vague variety as she heard it noticed, on pure trust, pleased at what pleased the others—it was not like England, indeed, but

how pure and exhilarating seemed the French air—its sun gave a still sleepier stillness to her mild eyes, yet with so healthy a tint and soft fulness of person, that the holding of her parasol, in Lady Willoughby, the trouble she took to observe an object, were pleasant to see; as Mr. Thorpe, riding by, devoted his conversation to the governess and her: the while Charles, still in a discontented mood, vented it on the whole country, and leaning across to his sister, one elbow on his knee, kept up his side-current of livelier talk.

For one thing, their constant popularity displeased him, however acceptable to Rose. That national sharpness and curiosity had all at once become peculiarly disagreeable to the youth, in his grumbling humour; and it mingled through the whole thread of his discourse, not without some acute notions of the people's character, on which he appeared to have been oddly brooding. Nor the less was his zest in showing that France and England were natural foes, because his tutor on the other side rode discoursing benevolently to the reverse effect; while Mrs. Mason responded, in all that propriety of sentiment, which was blended, in her dialogue to gentlemen, with a slight shade of delicate reserve. But really there was a domineering style of argument in Charles, if one ventured to express a different view, that provoked his sister in the end—especially as he was a year younger; she turned her shoulder to him, and sat resolutely looking the other way, as if absorbed in the mild common-places of Mr. Thorpe, and Mrs. Mason's weary platitudes, which diffused such additional complacency over her mother. After all, they were tiresome things, such as all good books and worthy people said over and over; though Charles had no right to look down on his tutor with such secret contempt, because he knew nothing of what Charles called "life"—or to hint, because he looked serious, that his mind had got bewildered among triangles ever since he studied so terribly for a degree, leaving out nothing but his memory; perhaps, indeed, it *might* be true that Mrs. Mason, in spite of her early loss of some inestimable kind, had a sort

of soft regard for him, and paid him little attentions, especially at table, with the sugar,—though moderately, till the curacy at Stoke should be sure; but what she would not for a moment be so disrespectful to Mr. Thorpe as to credit, was that a hopeless love, never to be revealed, consumed him, amidst all his learning, for—for herself. Her indignation mounted at the thought,—for a moment even at the excellent tutor, so highly respected by Sir Godfrey, with his thin hair already leaving his forehead bald, through long delay of any preferment—whose sister was his only relative alive, and was to keep his house when he had one,—but most to Charles, with his rough boy's jokes; even although the girl's thoughts wandered the more irresistibly to foreign counts and picturesque barons that had hovered in vision before the whole boarding-school, being now eagerly inquired after by her dearest friend, who was still there.

There were none of these, certainly, about the highway which the carriage struck into, alive though it was with people of every kind. Charles had ceased, at his mother's unusually earnest request, to whistle indistinctly between his teeth, as it was of all sounds the one that most annoyed her; he had even left off, of his own accord, the substitution of a drumming motion with a small cane against his boot, as he superciliously noticed the passengers. He got quite silent, in fact, to watch the passing faces that seemed bent towards Paris; though the faint smoke of another large village appeared in the hollow, prettier than any they had passed, among inclining vineyards and whole knolls of roses. It might have been St. Genevieve's own, with that holy well resorted to by kings, where she had kept her sheep long ago; and where, at the May fête of *la rosière*, they still crowned the most virtuous girl in the place with roses; as the last work of Madame de Genlis had informed Mrs. Mason. The summer afternoon sloped wide above it, full of light and the swarming hum of insects, through the outspread walnut leaves, flickering amber in the sun, from over the white wall that was dappled by the shadows; while

the hedgeless corn-fields on the other side were rippling under the long air from the woods, one sea of tenderest green, full of blue-cockle flowers and scarlet poppies; the cottage casements flashed from amidst a pink-white glow of orchard-blossom, of milky cherry boughs, of old rugged propped-up pear-trees that foamed over to the moss-green thatch, with the wooden chimney shot high, as it breathed blue among the leaves; with here and there a hooded dove-cot window on the roof, where the pigeons sat sunning and swelling themselves, and cooing, white, blue, and purple together, in a gush of warm light—all the place beneath them bespattered and splashed with whiteness, through the shadow, to the very foliage of the nearest branch. The hum of the place burst round them as they crossed its little bridge, rattling over the rough causeway; and there were no carriage-ways save through the villages and towns.

It was odd that for some time along the road, as if to meet the lad's inclinations, the notice of them had been unaccompanied with signs of interest; every one had seemed occupied with his neighbour, talking, or hastening on somewhere; the voices had even grown suppressed as they passed. Here they were busier still, and talking louder, in a perfect babble of sounds. It was wonderful, at least to Charles Willoughby in his private mind, how the cobblers lived—the weavers, blacksmiths, or carpenters, found time to work; how the mill-wheel had a hand to feed it, or the women to mind their matters; they were letting their pitchers run over, in fact, at the old carved fountain-spout, till there was a little brook across the street, down into some one's door-steps, and a duck that seemed comparatively quiet began to lead her troop of ducklings that way. The French infants even, held plainly enough here and there, in full sunlight, to their slatternly feeding-places, looked dissatisfied as the throng pressed about the doorway of a cabaret, with the sign of the Golden Crown: a horse stood by it with foam-flecked sides, and his head stooped in its corn-bag; while a man in a green jacket, with a leather case

slung across him by a belt, apparently a courier, gesticulated in vain from the open window; the door being blocked up by a drunk dragoon, who stood swaying slightly to and fro, yet balancing himself carefully, as he surveyed the various groups from his half-closed eyelids with extreme sternness and grave suspicion; till at length drawing himself up, to extend his hand with a summons for attention, he essayed to speak; but all at once rushed forward with furious gesture amongst the crowd, where he fell flat from the steps. The blood gushed from his features, women shrieking, men running, without a glance behind, as the landlord hurried to his aid from the tavern, followed by more dragoons, who stamped their spurred feet upon the steps, and half drew their sabres, with fierce gestures and execrations. Yet as the carriage passed on through the narrow and awkward street, however slowly, it did not attract attention from any of the party except Charles, who preserved a seemingly sullen silence; not distracted by so much as a look to his sister, when her governess said there must be something improper going on, and sloped her parasol that way, using a scented handkerchief, with evident desire that the young lady should do the same; while his mother had no more suspicion of its not being common to villages all over the world, possibly on a market-day, than a duchess. The tutor was, as usual, on before, with his little note-book, to put down the name of the place, the probable population, and apparent area of the church, according to some dim theory that had been growing on him since he crossed the Channel. As for Jackson, he merely whipped his horses, and made a slash at some dogs, with obvious inclination to curse whatever came in his way. So they rolled through by degrees in sight of the church; but there was a greater throng at that end, in and about the low-walled enclosure before a smart new building, the use of which was not plain at first sight; for considering the size of the place, with the general squalidness of the long cottages or bald white houses, really the number of people of all ages was extraordinary, till one observed that single

roofs seemed shared among ever so many families,—a thing the odder to the lad, as at school he used to know plenty of Eton folks, from bargemen to bat-maker. He even thought, somehow, of that one visit to Stoke. Oh! that was the school—the first he happened to have seen in France; and that youngish man, in an old figured dressing-gown, with a sharp dry face, standing up on something, without a hat—the schoolmaster; while they pushed and jumped to hear him though quietly enough except for the hushing of each other, since the schoolmaster evidently had a weak voice; it only reached the carriage in an occasional screech, when he lifted his hand impressively in the air. “*Ecoutez—écoutez, au Père Pierre!*” This Père Pierre must be rather an odd fellow; why, his school was in a perfect riot within, to judge by the dust, the flying books, and the noise sometimes louder than his voice outside. But he was not making a speech—the white article he held up to the blaze of the sun was not a pocket-handkerchief, but—yes—a newspaper. He must have a good deal of influence there, this teacher—at least over the grown-up men, with leather aprons and bare arms—one could not help marking him—with that scanty head of hair done up in bobs from his temples, and such a short queue behind, not to think of his short nose and high cheek-bones, or a chin as bare as one’s palm. Perhaps something had happened—something important—a battle somewhere? There was peace, though. Some murder, it was likely—or a shipwreck—well, at any rate these boys didn’t mind, so crop-headed and stunted-looking, who were playing pitch-and-toss with such an old-mannish look in their eager faces, at the end of the school. There were more beneath the big bulging church-gable, with its black ugly windows and its zigzag crack in the plaster—in such long old livery coats, with plated saucer-buttons. Actually it was with the buttons they were playing—as if it had been money—cutting them off their coats, too, and their breeches, to rush back for another chance! The silent speculations of Charles reached their climax in pro-

found wonder. It was beneath his notice to regard Mrs. Mason’s words, as they cleared the place, and began to rise from the hollow—that it was an interesting village, so lively, so full of a holiday air, not without a degree of quick intelligence. “After labour,” his mother said, lifting up her eyelids, “it must be pleasant.”

Beyond the church and an old crooked, high-arched bridge, was Mr. Thorpe in the turning of a very narrow by-road, stony and grass-grown, that took a winding as if to avoid the village, by ditch-side and over rubbish, till it caught the highway behind again: the worthy tutor had drawn up his horse, he was settling his spectacles, putting in his note-book, and feeling in his pocket for some coin, apparently to bestow on a man he had been talking to. A very singular group revealed itself as they reached him. A dark-faced jet-eyed man with a beard, black and bushy, his rough cap in hand, and a little organ slung from his back, stood replying to Mr. Thorpe in strange broken French, mingled with English; while he seemed carefully to keep the trees between himself and the village: somewhat further down the by-way sat a disconsolate-looking boy with a guitar, beside a crouching monkey; while another man held the chain of a huge muzzled beast, shaggy and brown, which reared on its hind-legs, now growling, now dancing, now shrinking from the threatened whip, like a creature enraged by the distant voices. Their trade had been ruined, the man said; for it was the first time they had been turned out into the *chemin des affronteux*, belonging to thieves and villains. It would be known for miles round Paris in a day, for it was wonderful how the news travelled there. They had often been at Charlemont before, and were received well. The bear felt it worst, he thought. He was as good a bear as you would see, owing to his love of society. Perhaps it might have been owing to some news in the place—but one could not know what tunes would offend people nowadays, to dance to.

At Mr. Thorpe’s condolence, however, backed by his gift of a six-sous piece, the Italian retreated thankfully. They watched him as he was joined

by his singular company, slowly and with a crestfallen air disappearing round the by-way. All the tutor could find out was that they had been chased out from that end of the place just before, with sticks, stones, and pitchforks, by the very young people who had been dancing sociably enough along with the bear and monkey—because an air they commenced was *contre la liberté*. How any tune could be against liberty, Mr. Thorpe could not conceive; nay, if they did not like dancing to it, they might have stood still; they might have requested it to be stopped; indeed, it was probable that some of these very people might have wished the liberty of dancing it! Still less could he perceive how *liberty* could be connected with that particular tune—“*Richard o mon roi*”? And he looked interrogatively to Mrs. Mason. Certainly not, the governess responded: Gretry’s new music! In fact, he rejoined, the musician could not, either: but that day mysteries seemed to grow, he added,—for, before himself emerging from the place, at sight of the church, he had very civilly inquired, from a group of inhabitants, what was the name of the village. What had been his astonishment to perceive, that passing from uncivil silence, from stares of wonder, and extraordinary, sudden indignation, they looked very much disposed to treat him as it now seemed they had before treated these inoffensive strangers. Until, adding insult, they had significantly touched their foreheads, looking to each other, or whispering until one, perhaps still more ingenious in giving offence, had suddenly called out, “*Bah! c’est un Anglais!*” There had been then no farther notice of him—indeed absolute indifference; nor did he discover, till he encountered the injured foreigner, what the name of the place actually was. And was there, then, really, any peculiar crime in asking the name of *Charlemont*—any strange privacy—any unutterable horror connected with it—that no one should put the mere question? But, at all events, was a spirit of inquiry to be thought madness? Nay more, was it lower than madness to be—an Englishman!

Mr. Thorpe looked a little discom-

posed and changed, in fact, even since they last had seen him. Usually, though not pedantic, he was tedious; but he began for a moment to appear almost respectable in the very eyes of his pupil, who had often thought before that the present curate at Stoke could not be more monotonous, nor the old rector duller: a spark of spirit seemed for the time to have given emphasis to his words, and meaning to his face—some faint dignity too to his lengthy awkward person, sitting ordinarily like a sack on his horse, with the gaiters dangling in the stirrups. Yet how amazingly simple was Mr. Thorpe; it was chiefly the Italian with his battered instruments and beaten animals that seemed to have roused him from his wont: while, as for his chief puzzle, a light broke on it to the boy at once, from all he had seen and heard of these French. Why, —of course they thought the whole world should know Charlemont already.

But, to the ladies, softly plashed and clattered below, from among alders in the deeper hollow, the mill-wheel of the village, dusty light flying from the upper door: the cracked striking of a clock was heard from farther off, till they saw the grey turrets of another yellow chateau among trees, though but a thread of smoke rose from it, and its discoloured plaster, where the sunlight struck, gave it a dilapidated aspect, helped by the pigeons from the dovecote tower close by, that were sitting on the window-sills and eaves. Full to the light on the brow of the eminence rose the carriage, widening the landscape on every side, save where the woods before it extended: there was a smooth, broad road in front, sweeping round where the labourers were still at work on it: they were on a hill, and all was exquisitely solitary otherwise for the first time, except close by, where the highway ran between the two porter’s lodges of two great gates that faced each other. These great gates were, indeed, gorgeously beautiful, being each double, with side-wickets, all of open iron-work, elaborately complex; gilt crowns surmounted the globes upon their massy pillars of stone, their upper rims were formed of fleur-de-

lia, as if of lance-heads, richly gilded; while the blade-shaped leaves, damasked and lettered with mottoes, stretched throughout the whole, hither and thither, like guardian swords, from the uncouth grasp of grotesque naked monsters at the lower corners; everywhere were small puzzling circles of cipher, and in the midst the joined halves composed a grand shield-shaped device, burnished and resplendent on either hand, of the royal arms of France. The very radiance of the afternoon sun came dazzling towards it, and threw the other way on the cross road, into one park, a mottled shadow of fleur-de-lis; shapes of crowns, ciphers, and monsters, even vanished among the dust of the horses' feet on the highway as they trotted past—strange traces from the days of Louis Quatorze. Still was all that nothing to the broad glimpses of park scenery both ways through them. Mrs. Mason herself saw one way, with unusual commendation, where a stately distance was made by Lenotre's taste, in straight avenue, level turf, and high-clipped side-alleys, where a few well-dressed people were walking; her frequent headache did not, perhaps, at any time wholly leave her, but the vinaigrette paused in her hand, as she directed the attention of Lady and Miss Willoughby to each fine effect. Yet it was difficult to draw the latter from her absorbed delight the other way; for there the wilder chase seemed left to nature, the sun levelled more and more all his yellowing splendour through its deep-green, sinking glades, flinging out fantastic shadows, shooting gushes of verdurous light, in which the delicate young fern peeped from about the trunk of some far-off oak, while the broad umbrage of its gnarled boughs retreated crisply into cooler shade; the knolls were hung with the fox-glove buds, like crimson bells that had not found a tongue; and all there was moist, secluded, solitary, sweet, save when some single bird seemed to wake up and make it musical, till again it trilled and rang with their innumerable notes. But gradually the road had lifted the carriage hither *yet; it seemed to drive slow by instinct; and ere they well knew, the*

whole party made exclamations together, as, with Rose, they did not know which way to look first. Mr. Thorpe came to a stand-still and Jackson was shading his eyes, whip in hand, to look under the sun. Even Lady Willoughby said, fanning herself gently, "Dear me—what a fine country! what crops!" "Yes—the harvest will be excellent, I should think," Mrs. Mason replied, using her fan also, it was so hot. The young lady stood up, and her brother jumped out to get from the top of the bank upon the wall.

They were nearer Paris than they thought; it bristled and shone through its haze, some miles away on the plain: westward, the high woods of Marly showed faint through the edges of two broad sunbeams, as through a veil, with bluer distinctness between, here a spire, their smoke; the waves of forest verdure undulating round, began to burn and blaze towards sunset; all was spotted with towns, sprinkled rich-red and white with villages, flushed with orchards, and in the barer spaces embroidered like a carpet that blended with the dark suburbs of the city on the horizon. Here and there appeared a soft misty glitter of the circuitous Seine in the level, with some faint white sails; the distant azure of some hills could be seen; it was all like one mighty map made real. Yet greatest of all to their eyes, even greater than the dusky grimness of Paris in the sun, showing its domes so helmet-like, and its pinnacles so like weapons—was where, with one accord looking back, they could perceive the silvered slates of one large town among the avenues they had turned from that forenoon, its steeples shining, its windows sparkling—and through that transparent French air, some lustrous snowy glimpses between embosoming bowers, of long level palace-roofs, embossed, and fringed, and tipped with undistinguishable ornament. Palaces, indeed, seemed to be visible in every direction; but they thickened towards it; all that way the landscape was but one mass of park-woods, and with those alleys, gardens, terraces, that long road at intervals perceived, it could be nothing but Versailles! Charles himself could not but look.

The rainbow flashing of the fountains, and gleam of statues—the grand stairs of the terrace—they could almost fancy they distinguished.

It was he who first broke the thread of their interest. Well, he shouldn't care to have seen King Louis XVI.; he had once seen George III. It was easy enough to see him, in fact; if you only but knew it was he. He had seen a boy at Eton, fag to a friend of his, who was once spoken to a good while at a turnstile in Windsor Park by an elderly gentleman in drab gaiters, a nankeen waistcoat, and a blue coat with bright buttons; and when a ranger came up afterwards from behind, and told him it was the king, he nearly fainted. He could never learn anything after that, and always turned pale at the sight of a gold sovereign, so he had to be sent to sea.

"My dear young gentleman," said Mr. Thorpe seriously, "the King of France is a much more powerful monarch than even His Majesty King George! I must beg to correct you on a point of history. He is absolute ruler, not only of all the land we see, but over the property, nay, the very persons of his subjects—he is the State himself—as the great Louis XIV. so emphatically told his nobles. Think of those *lettres du cachet*, given away even blank in thousands upon thousands—a kind of money, as it were—exchanged by the courtiers for all kinds of objects—with which, for all one knows, were he worth notice from some enemy, he may be sent to a Bastille on no account whatever, to remain there unknown the rest of his life!"

Charles Willoughby still endeavoured to look indifferent, though the slight whistle died between his teeth, while he pushed his cap down on his head, deeply resolved never to lift it to a French king. Mr. Thorpe, drawn into unwonted earnestness by the expression of the ladies' faces, sought to reassure them.

"The character of the present king is such as to make this power a benefit," he said. "There seems a rapid decrease of superstition in the church. Really, Lady Willoughby, there was something idolatrous in this excessive honour to a human being! To con-

ceive that at his Majesty's death, while the body lay for forty days embalmed in lead, a waxen effigy was placed in the grand hall of entertainment, and served by gentlemen-waiters at the usual times, while the meal was blessed by the almoner, the meat carved, and the wine presented to the figure; its hands were washed and thanks returned. The queen, in white mourning—"

"In white mourning?" inquired the governess, with interest.

"In white, I think, Mrs. Mason—sat for six weeks in a chamber lighted by lamps alone. For a whole year she could not stir out of her own apartments, if she had received the intelligence there. Although similar ceremonies were observed after her own decease."

The feminine impression of former evils in France grew deep. The tutor could not say whether his present majesty would require such honours. There was only one person of inferior rank who had ever been distinguished by a shade of the same respect, though for a shorter time her effigy had sat. It was the fair Gabrielle d'Estrées. "Who was she?" Rose asked,—and why?"

"Miss Willoughby," interrupted Mrs. Mason with a sudden air of severity, rustling and extending and drawing herself erect, "there are some questions too shocking and improper for us to ask?" Mr. Thorpe, with a frightened look, sat dumb in his saddle; yet Mrs. Mason professed to know history, and her charge must surely learn it: nay, unknown to them all, among the distant chateaus, palaces, and mansions they were gazing at, were St. Germain's in the blue eminence, which the great Louis had given to La Vallière when he wearied of her for Madame de Montespan; and Luciennes, where Madame du Barry was then living in fashionable retirement. But the one had been gallant, stately even in his vices; the royal patron of the other, in his dissipations, had at least been elegant. Probably Mr. Thorpe's confusion led him to a graver topic.

"The chronicler I have lately perused," he said, hastily, "is really worth study. Nothing can be so mournfully salutary. As the coffin

was borne at night to yonder Notre Dame, and thence thereafter to the ancient town of St. Denis, the streets were hung with black, and before every house was planted a tall lighted torch of white wax. First went the Capuchins, in their coarse sackcloth girt with ropes, bearing their huge cross, crowned with thorns—then five hundred poor men, under their bailiff, all in mourning as for a father—the magistrates and courts of justice, the parliament of Paris in rich sable furs, the high clergy in purple and gold—followed by the funeral car drawn by white horses, covered with black velvet crossed with white satin, and the long train of officers of the household."

The great knowledge of the tutor as to textile fabrics interested Mrs. Mason. "Think of the expense!" Lady Willoughby said.

"This vast procession," pursued Mr. Thorpe with solemnity, "went on in silence, while, as the chronicler quaintly expresses it, 'ever and aye the royal musicians made a sound of lamentation, with instruments clothed in crape, very fierce and marvellously dolorous to hear or to behold, until they arrived at the church of St. Denis—blessed be his name! And the bier was borne into the choir, it being a-blaze with lamps and tapers beyond number, and the service lasted for the King's soul several days—whereupon was the body let down into the vault, but not admitted within the inner chamber until the end of the next reign—and Normandy, the most ancient king of arms, summoned with a loud voice, that the high dignitaries should therein deposit their ensigns and truncheons of command—which done, the sacred oriflamme of France was let fall down upon the coffin, until the *fleur-de-lis* began with the noble Bourbons—and the king-of-arms cried three times so that the vaults heard and replied—Ho! the king is dead! The king is dead! The king is dead! And when silence had been renewed, the same voice proclaimed—Long live the king!—and all the other heralds repeated it. Then was all finished, and they departed joyously.' Really, in those older writers, compared with those of the present day,—however superstitious,

there is considerable profit to be found."

And the worthy graduate settled his glasses complacently, used his pocket-handkerchief in the loud manner he was addicted to, and looked round with increased attention on the mighty view; for devouter wishes had long been breeding dimly in his mind, such as the chill Protestantism even of his revered mother-church did not at that period satisfy. He did not notice the shrinking, under that full sunlight and wide azure, with the swarm of summer flies in the ears, and the warble of birds at hand, with which the youngest of his hearers, at least, felt the thought of death—above all, that universal one, of sovereign power. As for Lady Willoughby, her anxious look was chiefly from a reference to her watch; and it had been growing. She had not even heard Mr. Thorpe. It was time for them to turn into the road from Versailles, as Colonel Willoughby—Sir Godfrey—would soon be leaving Paris, and he was punctual to a moment. There was no other way, Jackson said in reply, but by turning right again through the last village; at his mistress's request, accordingly, he suited the action to the word, by backing and wheeling round. But where was Charles? He had vanished over the wall, apparently, during his tutor's irrelevant remarks. To the calls of Mr. Thorpe, echoed from among the woods, he returned no sign. It was annoying. They must wait; and, at any rate, according to the views of Jackson, generally unfavourable if required—with these beasts, it would be impossible to get on in good time, besides having to walk through that village, which was like nothing English whatever—with perhaps a bucket of water needed at that there tavern, if such a thing was to be had. The sudden intelligence of Mr. Thorpe suggested a way: he could ride off at once to meet Sir Godfrey, and set him at ease; in fact, for himself, at least, it would be easy to avoid the village of Charlemont altogether—by—yes—by taking that *chemin des affronteux*, as they called it. Lady Willoughby's face brightened. Her thanks to Mr. Thorpe were something energetic for her: and spurring, rising in his stirrups,

bumping up and down on his white mare, that worthy man disappeared. Rose pressed her parasol against her mouth, to repress a smile, at the thought how Charles would have enjoyed his following the bear and monkey: but, through *her* means, she was resolved he should know nothing of it.

When least expected, Charles reappeared, jumping with a flushed face over the wall, and carrying a load of wild flowers for his mother, for Rose, even for Miss Mason. He had heard distant sounds over the woods of the chase, which he thought were those of hunting-horns. But all was again still, bright, sleepy and solitary, under the glory of the sloping sun. He got in; Jackson whipped his horses at last to a trot, for again and again they had been passed each way by humbler vehicles; and they rolled on their way back towards Charlemont. Mr. Thorpe's mission excited no extraordinary satisfaction in Charles, though he was sure they would get on better without him. Mr. Thorpe ran a strong chance of being taken up as a spy. All at once it occurred to him that Mr. Thorpe had all their passports. But a scene of far more exciting interest next moment eclipsed everything like that. Again, from the distance of those

secluded glades did a sound draw his ear—and it was really the sound of a bugle-horn—a faint, far-off, musical sound, sometimes smothered by the woods, then breaking out clearer. It sank into a long-drawn, almost wailing note, that rose up into a livelier quaver, joined by a burst from others. It must be a hunt. They were blowing the *Mort*—as they did only for a stag, and a stag that was dead. Such luck!—for it came ever nearer. But what a crowd at the turning, near those splendid gates—twenty times even Charlemont must be there, by the swarming noise! And the gates themselves, thrown each way open with their double leaves, closed up the road.

The lad rose half up, with breath suspended, and without a look to spare for his party, kept mute as the carriage rolled into the crowd on that side. He did not so much as think what it could be.

Though had there been a chance of the *chemin des affronteux*, and the carriage could have gone through it—indeed through one long enough and circuitous enough to avoid all France—it might have been better for the Willoughbys. Yet who knows? The master-history that shapes our ends is wiser than we.

CONSERVATIVE REASCENDANCY CONSIDERED.

OURS is an age of peculiar importance. Events seem to be crowded into a small space of time, which, if spread over half a century, would yet mark the time as one of peril, action, and renown. In the political world we view a rapid succession of exciting scenes. The calm of peace yields to the turmoil of war, and Europe, but lately placid, is now rocked to its very base, and every nation on the Continent seems torn with present evils, or convulsed in the contemplation of those to come. The strife of nations has doubtless called forth all the energies of mankind; and though England is removed from the sphere of action, and the immediate influence of the war, yet it cannot be said but that she, too, lies in peril, and partakes the general restlessness of the times. It becomes her, then, to consider in what lies her safety, and into whose hands she should commit the guidance of her affairs at this moment of danger.

Is not England, too, a sharer in this general convulsion? Let us look to her senate, the heart of this great nation, where all the movements by which she is agitated can be seen and analysed. First, we see the Whigs, quarrelling amongst themselves, and their consequent fall from power. Next we see the Conservative party, with the general acquiescence of the country, installed in power. Ten short months have elapsed, and we see that Government, after having conferred, in its short tenure of office, lasting benefits upon the country, now falling, though by a slight majority, before a combination of all those various sects, panting for office, which range between conservatism and turbulent democracy—between Popery on the one hand, and practical atheism on the other; at war amongst themselves, yet combined together against a Government which seemed determined to legislate for the country, and not for the exclusive interests of any one party. Well might the Minister exclaim, as he fell before the machinations of his enemies, prescient of the future, while contemplating the events

of the present—"England has not loved coalitions." Well might he "appeal from that coalition to that public opinion which governs this country," and before whose searching tribunal that unprincipled combination must soon be brought. If he desired revenge, he has it now. A government of "all the talents," containing, as we are told, within its ranks, all the men of official experience, administrative ability, of parliamentary renown, and so forth, calling down upon them the contempt of Parliament and the scorn of the country, succeeds the Derby administration. Forced to abandon measure after measure, fairly vanquished in those with which they proceed, obliged to fall back upon their own imagined talent and ability, which must at any sacrifice of character be preserved at the service of the country, they are evidently, to all men but themselves, and a few of their own devoted adherents, eliciting the pity of their friends and the derision of their enemies. But, then, we are told that it is the war which prevents them from carrying their measures; that last session they carried their budget, India bill, &c., with large majorities, which they regard as a sign that they possess the confidence of Parliament, and that now Parliament and the country, with their attentions distracted by the war, simply refuse to legislate. We protest against such arguments as these. It is introducing a dangerous principle, though it may serve as an excuse for clinging to office with a disgraceful pertinacity. But does it not occur to them, that probably the reason they carried their measures last year with such a semblance of triumph, was in consequence of that forbearance—nay, even favour—with which every government, new to office, is regarded: that it was, to a great extent, the result of that disorganisation of their opponents which ever follows defeat; and that the people, dazzled with appearances, were willing to admit that we had a government which was worthy of the confidence of the country. But how

have these feelings been dispelled? Credulity or connivance, disgraceful in such keen-sighted and patriotic statesmen, has done it all—Parliament has lost confidence in them, and the country contemns them. Moreover, blinded by their confidence in their own talents, which has now become a byword among sensible men, they still declare they carry with them the confidence of the country, because in all matters connected with the war they still possess majorities. Such reasoning as this does not hold. The reason that they carry their financial measures so decisively through the House is, that many, who do not feel so strongly as others on the injustice of the measures proposed, are willing to support those measures rather than have it appear on the Continent that the House of Commons has refused the sinews of war at the very commencement of the struggle. It is not the war which prevents their carrying other measures, it is the war which enables them to carry what they do.

But how has this been brought about?—how is it that this Government has so rapidly lost the favour of the people, and been reduced to the position of being a Government on sufferance? The reason is to be found in that general discontent and excitement which from Europe have infected England. Men are excited at what is passing abroad, and distrustful of affairs within. The want of union and mutual distrust which exist in headquarters, is spread throughout the kingdom. Those feelings of distrust and disagreement existing in the Government become every day more apparent, and add to the anxiety with which its motions are regarded. This distrust and anxiety must be prevalent whilst this state of things continues. It is only by the reascendancy of the Conservative party that they can be surmounted, and by the advent to power of men who have confidence in each other, who have unity of sentiment amongst themselves, and who are backed by united followers; who have, each and all, the same objects in view—viz., a firm resistance to Russian aggression and the establishment of a durable peace, the maintenance of our Protestant religion, and justice to all parties in the State. Unity of sen-

timent amongst the members of a government is of the greatest importance to the happiness and welfare of the people. There never, probably, was a Cabinet in which there were so many "open questions" as the present. Since so many of them are Peelites, we may as well have the opinion of Sir Robert Peel himself on those self-same open questions. We subjoin an extract of a speech delivered in 1840 by that eminent statesman, on a motion of want of confidence in Ministers, in which he refers, without any ambiguity of expression, to the fatality of open questions:—

"But there is a new resource for an incompetent Administration—there is the ingenious device of open questions, the cunning scheme of adding to the strength of a weak government by proclaiming its disunion. It will be a fatal policy, indeed, if that which has hitherto been an exception, and always an unfortunate exception in recent times, is hereafter to constitute the rule of Government. If every government may say, 'We feel pressed by those behind us—we find ourselves unable, by steadily maintaining our own opinions, to command the majority and retain the confidence of our followers, our remedy is an easy one—let us make each question an open question, and thereby destroy every obstacle to every possible combination;'—what will be the consequence? The exclusion of honourable and able men from the conduct of affairs, and the unprincipled coalition of the refuse of every party. The right honourable gentleman has said that there are instances of 'open questions' in the recent history of this country. There have been; but there has scarcely been one that has not been pregnant with evil, and which has not been branded by an impartial posterity with censure and disgrace. He said, that in 1782 Mr. Fox made Parliamentary Reform an open question; that Mr. Pitt did so on the Slave-trade; and that the Catholic Question was an open one. Why, if ever lessons were written for your instruction, to guard you against the recurrence to open questions, you will find them in these melancholy examples. The first instance was the coalition of Mr. Fox and Lord North, which could not have taken place without open questions. Does the right honourable gentleman know that that very fact—the union in office of men who had differed, and continue to differ

on great constitutional and vital questions—produced such a degree of discontent and disgust, as to lead to the disgraceful expulsion of that Government! The second instance was that of the Slave-trade; but has not that act of Mr. Pitt (the permitting of the Slave-trade to be an open question) been more condemned than any other act of his public life! The next instance cited was that of the Catholic Question. I have had some experience of the evils which arose from making Catholic emancipation an open question. All parties in this House were equally responsible for them. Fox made it an open question; Pitt made it an open question; Lord Liverpool made it an open question; Canning made it an open question. Each had to plead an urgent necessity for tolerating disunion in the Cabinet on this great question; but there cannot be a doubt that the practical result of that disunion was to introduce discord amongst public men, and to paralyse the vigour of the executive government. Every act of administration was tainted by disunion in the Cabinet. Every party was jealous of the predominance of the other. Each party must be represented in the government of that very country which required, above all things, a united and resolute Government. There must be a lord-lieutenant of one class of opinions, a secretary of the opposite, beginning their administration in harmony, but in spite of themselves becoming each the nucleus of a party, gradually converting reciprocal confidence into jealousy and distrust. It was my conviction of the evils of such a state of things—of the long experience of distracted councils, of the curse of an open question, as it affected the practical government of Ireland—it was this conviction, and not the fear of physical force, that convinced me that the policy must be abandoned. I not believe that the making the Catholic question an open question facilitated the ultimate settlement of it. If the decided friends of emancipation had refused to unite in government with its opponents, the question would have been settled at an earlier period, and (as it ought to have been) under better auspices. So much for the encouraging examples of the right honourable gentleman. They were fatal exceptions from the general policy of government. If, as I before observed, such exceptions are to constitute the future rule of Government, there is an end to public confidence in the honour and integrity of great political parties,

a severance of all ties which constitute party connections, a premium upon the shabby and shuffling conduct of unprincipled politicians."

Such were the sentiments of Sir Robert Peel with regard to open questions in the Melbourne Cabinet: how much more completely those remarks apply to the present Government it is needless to point out. Again are the open questions in the Melbourne Cabinet vigorously attacked; but this time in the House of Lords, and by a more energetic and fiery orator:—

"My Lords,—*'Idem sentire de republica'* has been in all times, and amongst the best of statesmen, a bond of union at once intelligible, honourable, conducive to the common weal. But there is another kind of union formed of baser materials—a tie that knits together far different natures, the *'eodem velle atque nolle,'* and of this it has been known and been said, *'ea demum, inter malos, est prima amicitia.'* The abandonment of all opinions, the sacrifice of every sentiment, the preference of sordid interest to honest principle, the utter abdication of the power to act as conscience dictates and sense of duty recommends—such is the vile dross of which the links are made which bind profligate men together in a 'covenant of shame,' a confederacy to seek their own advancement at the expense of every duty;—and this, my Lords, is the literal meaning of 'open questions.' It is that each has his known recorded opinions, but that each is willing to sacrifice them rather than break up the government to which he belongs; the *'velle'* is to keep in office, the *'nolle'* to keep out all antagonists; and none dare speak his mind in his official capacity without losing the *'firmitas amicitiae,'* by shaking the foundations of the Government."

Here is a splendid outburst of vehement denunciation. If that could be applied with justice to the Government of Lord Melbourne, if such an invective as that is an index of the state of opinion in the country at that time, with reference to the dissensions in the Whig Cabinet, how much more applicable is it to the Coalition of the present day, with regard to whose members, putting out of sight the question of Free Trade, which is now the law of the land, there is hardly a question of public importance to which we can point as an example that *'idem sentire de republica'* is their bond of union. Discontent

and anxiety may well prevail when we have, in times so important as these, a Ministry in power so disunited, and composed of such discordant elements, such base materials as the present, and backed by followers who, true to their nature, are constantly quarrelling amongst themselves. Look at the diversity of sentiment displayed in their recorded speeches on that subject which, more than any other, is uppermost in the minds of the people. There is Lord John Russell in the House of Commons inveighing against the criminal ambition of the Czar of Russia, declaring that "this enormous power has got to such a pitch, that even in its moderation it resembles the ambition of other states;" arguing that that power must be checked; telling the people of England that they must be prepared to enter the contest with a stout heart and a willing mind, and then solemnly invoking the God of justice to prosper her Majesty's arms, to defend the right! We have the Home Secretary and the Earl of Clarendon completely subscribing to these sentiments; but we have the Prime Minister, who more than any other man ought, now that war is declared, to be imbued with hostile feelings against Russian aggression, and determined to carry on the war with vigour, eternally whining after peace, and throwing cold water on the ardour of the people by constantly enlarging on the horrors of war and the blessings of peace. They say that old age is second childhood. England seems likely soon to become aware of this fact, through dire experience. Her Premier, on the Continent, is described, and rightly so, as "the apologist of Russia;" the Minister who is supposed to be, more than any other, in the confidence of his Sovereign. Talk of explanation! The very fact of his entertaining sentiments with regard to Russia to ambiguous, so equivocal, and so lenient towards the enemy of his country, that actually in giving expression to them he is mistaken for offering an apology for the Czar, and exposed to the scorn of the country and the distrust of Europe, seems to us to be amply sufficient to disqualify him henceforth for ever being "the first Minister of the first Sovereign in the world" during the eventful period

of war; and the only charitable construction which we can give to the passage is, that he—our helmsman in the storm—has entered upon his dotage, and returned to the proverbial folly of childhood. If his sentiments are the result of mere folly, then he may properly be charged with credulity; if his friendship for the Czar regulates his conduct, then it is connivance for which he is answerable. In either sense he is unfit for his office. There may be, for aught we know—indeed, there probably are—others in the Cabinet of the same frame of mind. The man who could denounce Turkey as a country full of anomalies and inconsistencies, and endeavour with all the force of his "sanctimonious rhetoric" to excite an antipathy to that State, and despair at her fate, just at the moment when it was necessary to rouse the people against Russian aggression, was merely supporting the Emperor's theory of the "sick man," and cannot be said to have any definite ideas with reference to the aggressive policy of Russia, to check which we are at war; or any very great sympathy with that country to defend which we are also at war. Here is discordancy in the Cabinet on the most vital question; and there is probably as much on every other question that is brought before the notice of the British Parliament. Here is food for discontent and anxiety to the people of England. Thus may their ardour be damped and their spirits quenched long ere the struggle has concluded. And if we look at the supporters of the Government—the Ministerial party, as they are termed—there, too, we behold the same intestine strife. What has been the attitude of the Manchester party with regard to the Government?—what the attitude of the Whig statesmen who have been "banished to invisible corners of the senate?"—what of the Whig peers—such men, for example, as Lords Grey, Clanricarde, and others? Mr. Bright and the Whig peers are openly, though on different grounds, hostile to the Ministerial policy, the others scarcely less so. The Manchester party rank amongst the regular supporters of the Government, yet they appeal to the Opposition to know "whether they don't occupy a very absurd position" in following men who

from which we are to
 to our foes? Are we to ex-
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 like a Government—one which is
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tion, consequent upon dissension, and inactivity, the offspring of indecision. Only divert the populace from them, who, when roused, carry all before them, as it were, and force their leaders to bury their dissensions—only deprive them of that support, and then you see the intrinsic worth of your Whig statesman. He may carry, perhaps, one bold measure; but his title to succeeding years of administration rests upon the gratitude of his supporters. He is unable to carry those minor measures—those measures of equal public importance, though of a less conspicuous character—more solid though less showy—which contribute so much to the moral happiness and physical enjoyment of a great nation, and which are the pillars of a statesman's fame. There is no firmness in a Whig ruler—there cannot be, if he would reconcile and command the confidence of all the various sects of his followers. Who was it that held with a firm and steady hand the helm of England, when all other Continental nations were submerged in ruin? A Conservative statesman. No Whig Minister could have succeeded then. The utmost firmness and steadiness in conducting the public business of this country were then required. No Whig Cabinet could have guided the fortunes of England then. Obligated to truckle first to this man's fancies, then to another's follies, they are but a faithful index of the dissensions amongst their followers, and uncertainty and irresolution are sure to follow. Yet to such as these are our fortunes, in times so perilous as our own, committed; and already are the baneful effects visible. If the Conservative party were to pursue the course which the Opposition of former days is known to have taken, what would be the position of the Government? If their opponents were not to support them in the war, the conduct of it would be in the same position as all the other measures which they have brought forward this session, and for the success of which they are dependent upon their followers. Such a state of affairs may continue for a time, but it must eventually call down the indignation of the country. No wonder that the conduct of our Government constantly gives

rise to the suspicion that they are too desirous for the cessation of hostilities. It is manifestly their interest so to appear, if it be not also so to act. A peace, even though it were merely an armed truce, would satisfy the cravings of many of their followers; and probably the belief that such may be obtained, renders them less disagreeable to the Government than they would otherwise have proved themselves.

Never, perhaps, was the inability of the Whig party to govern exhibited in such a marked manner as at the period immediately succeeding the passing of the Reform Bill. With a majority of three hundred, they yet disagreed amongst themselves concerning the desirability of introducing innovations into the Irish Church, and they fell. Some have declared that an excess of power—a majority too large to manage—was fatal to the endurance of their power. We rather think that it was but a conclusive proof that a Whig Minister *must* be a Minister on sufferance—in other words, is unable to govern. Unhappily for themselves, at the period to which we are alluding, a rather more important question than usual occasioned the schism. Those who disagreed did not merely, as generally happens in these cases, hold aloof for a time, embarrass the Government, and then return to their allegiance, but they went at once into open hostility. They retired to swell the Conservative ranks. This is a specimen, on an exaggerated scale perhaps, of what is constantly occurring when a Whig Ministry is in power. For what do we see now? We behold the Conservative party united in their opinions with regard to Russian aggression upon Turkey. In the Ministerial host there is nothing, as usual, but dissension and endless disagreement. The Manchester party condemns the war and everything belonging to it. The Peelites evidently look with a cold eye upon it; they believe not in the vitality of Turkey, or in the danger of Russian aggrandisement. So far there is agreement between these sects. They cannot, however, form one party, for there is disagreement between them on vital points connected with Home administration. Then, again, there

are the philosophical Radicals demanding the Ballot, while the aristocratic Whigs most properly declare that secret voting shall never become one of the institutions of the country. In short, the Ministerial camp is split up into various and opposing sects, which are continually warring with each other, while the Cabinet itself is but another scene of this general medley and confusion, this discontent and convulsion; and its executive power is paralysed by internal discord. The introduction of the Peelites amongst the Whigs has but increased the differences in the camp. Never was there a time when the internal dissensions of a Ministerial host were so marked, so wide-spread, or so notorious. And this, too, at this critical time, when England ought especially to be calm and tranquil within, in order to be able to consider well what are her interests without. Is this to continue? Are the interests of England and Europe to be jeopardized by the continuance in power of a Ministry so divided and so weak? It is, we think, a truly logical inference that the fall of the Coalition, and the reascendancy of the Conservative party, is the only method by which an end can be put to that constant strife, and unanimity restored to the councils of our Sovereign. In a time of war, it is of the last importance that a Ministry should be united and firm, and possessed of the confidence of the country. Every one will probably admit this; but, then, does the Coalition answer to this description?

It is idle to pursue this subject further. No one who really wishes well to his country in this emergency, can say that it is to the present Government that we ought to confide the direction of our affairs, unless he be dazzled by the undoubted splendour of their names. There are, doubtless, great talents amongst them; but there is such a thing as the utmost danger in a superfluity of talent, particularly when applied to pursuits to which they are not especially adapted. Too much collective talent begets an overweening self-confidence, and lessens the sense of responsibility; moreover, if this too great self-confidence be brought to bear its influence in the *direction of affairs* of which one is *warranted, no beneficial result is to be*

expected. Again, if all these mis-directed and misapplied talents be controlled by an incapable chief, can it be said that their administrative abilities are placed at service of the country? No! personal pique and private considerations prevent it. We need not dwell upon the incapability of the First Lord of the Treasury, which is now generally admitted. We now look to the other prominent members of the Government. The office assigned to Lord Palmerston is the most notoriously incongruous. With a world-wide reputation for his administration of our foreign affairs, gained in an experience of them for sixteen years, his lordship is placed in an office where he may exercise his negotiative powers with county magistrates, town constables, and the like. There he is—the most popular Foreign Secretary of the day, the man in whom the country has perhaps as great a confidence as in any one, engaged in squabbles over town police, graveyards, sewers, and the rest. Lord Palmerston cannot be said to be at home in his office. The country is disposed to look with favour upon him on account of his great name and services; but does he really make a better Home Secretary than Mr. Walpole? Why was he not transferred to the War Office on its creation, with his extensive knowledge of European affairs? If the interests of the country had been consulted, undoubtedly he would; but again private considerations were opposed to the national will and the public weal; and the Duke of Newcastle, who has as yet no claims to public confidence, is placed in an office to which, on the formation of the Government, it cannot be said that he was assigned. Again, there is Sir George Grey, who is adapted more especially to the Home Office, if to any; but, “being more remarkable for his private virtues than his administrative abilities,” is certainly not the man to be uncereemoniously pitchforked into an office with which he has no acquaintance, other than the little he is supposed to have learnt during the “disastrous administration of Lord Glenelg.” If there are talents here—if there is experience here—as in Lord Palmerston’s case, so in this; the experience

is rendered nothing worth, and the talents misapplied. It is unnecessary to dilate further upon this subject; let us look at the blessings derived to the country from the administrative abilities of those whose talents have not been misdirected. There is our gifted Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has made more mistakes within a given time than any of his predecessors in the past century; and when we remember that financial blunders are national misfortunes, it is no matter of wonder that people refuse to regard him with an eye of favour, even though we overlook the probable pernicious effects of his Tractarian tendencies over the Church of England, felt through his influence over the disposal of the Church patronage. How long will England, dazzled by names, overlook facts and their consequences? Divest the members of the Government of their previous reputation, of their great names—give them names unknown to the country, and what language sufficiently strong would be found to apply to such an incapable Administration, with all their blunders, their dissensions, and their disastrous speculations? Had Lord Derby and his colleagues committed half the blunders of this Cabinet—had they attempted to tamper recklessly with our finances—had they involved us in a war which might have been avoided by sufficient plain-speaking in negotiation, what would their opponents have said? Would we have witnessed the patriotic course which we have seen the Opposition of the present day adopt? Few would suppose it, when they recall to mind the undignified hurry which the Opposition manifested for office during the brief period which elapsed between the assembling of Parliament in November 1852 and the Christmas vacation—a restlessness which induced them all to combine together, Whig, Radical, and Peelite, High Church and Dissent, in order to overthrow the Administration of the day; while their unredeemed compact with the Roman Catholics will not easily be forgotten. Few would suppose it, when they recall to mind the course adopted by the Whig Opposition during the last war, when, for factious purposes, victories were repre-

sented as defeats, the movements of the British general rendered the battlefield of party strife at home, and the motions of the Government clogged by the hands of unprincipled and factious opponents. Few would suppose it, when they recollect that Whig alacrity to accept office is only equalled by Conservative disdain to hold it on sufferance. But what was the conduct of the Government of Lord Derby? Is not that Government now admitted to have been the instrument of more good to the country, in its short tenure of office, than was ever effected by any of its predecessors within so short a time? And if we remember the immense amount of opposition which was brought to bear against it; that, in the first few months of its existence, the completion of the business of Parliament, previous to its dissolution, was all that was expected or required at its hands; that, after the dissolution, a majority of nineteen effected, though with the greatest difficulty, the overthrow of the Administration, without allowing the smallest time for the trial of their legislative powers, it must be admitted that the members of that Conservative Government, in the face of the greatest difficulties, exhibited administrative abilities of a high order. They were unable, from circumstances, to take advantage, like their successors, of the tide of popular favour which in these days is sure to run in the direction of a new Administration, because they were only expected to wind up, as quickly as they could, the Parliamentary business of the session. Yet to them may be traced the advantages we possessed in preparation for the present war. They were the first Government who dared to come down to the British House of Commons, and tell it the national defences were insecure, and demand the means of placing England in a position to resist any threatened invasion. Do we not owe to them the establishment of our militia? Was not that a bill than which none has been more perfect in its details, or more universally satisfactory to the country? Do we not owe to them the establishment of our Channel Fleet on such a footing that it secured England from all aggression? Then was laid the basis of that splendid fleet which

...and sagacity we trace the advantage derive from having so powerful an ally by whose side to fight in case of Europe. Contrast this conduct of that brilliant Admiration which was to rescue England from the evil position into which brought by the reckless Derby Government, and what do we find? Members of that Government, immediately on taking office, commence the conduct of the French Emperor inured terms. Nor is this all: A brilliant opponent, who was anxious to bring such a glaring one before the notice of the House of England, was charged with the triumphant Coalition with a mind deeply imbued with the like absence of political sagacity observable throughout the conduct of the Government. With this ring us in the face, which have appeared almost inevitable to the Government, with their summation and knowledge of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and a Peace Budget, parting with an important item in our revenue. Another blow levelled against the national interest through the conduct of the Government, for it was being relieved at the

...influence over Parliament forward, in the face of a number of important measures never before were introduced in the same session only exhibited their own. They proved that their position differ materially from the House of Commons covered that even all the not blunder with impunity have rapidly sunk in public. Their conduct has disgusted, and provoked a position. Their numerous members would certainly not have been elected in any men but our rulers in the Coalition; and are suffering from the effects of rashness, but nevertheless determined to "survive in office" in spite of their administrative failures. Referring, again, to the Derby Government of 1852, we ask if it was Malmesbury, or any two members of that Administration been afflicted with a like absence of political sagacity to that displayed by Sir James Graham and Sir George Wood, where would have been the relations with France? If the Government had, for the sake of the security which Sir James Graham

have been the effect of the failure of his schemes? It comes to this, then: The forethought and prudence of the Derby Government have only had the effect of shielding the Coalition from the worst consequences of their indiscretions and total failures, and enabling the country to withstand the mal-administration of its present rulers, instead of being improved and brought to be of permanent advantage to the nation. It may, however, be thought to be a great drawback to Conservative reascendancy, that the leaders of that great party are, for the most part, comparatively inexperienced in office. However that may be, the administration of ten months' duration stands out in broad relief between its predecessor and the Coalition; at all events, it would be difficult for them to commit more blunders than the present talented and *experienced* Administration. But can a charge of inability be fairly urged against a party which contains within its ranks men of such talent, parliamentary experience, and sagacity as the Earl of Derby, Lord St. Leonards, Lord Eglinton, Disraeli, Walpole, Thesiger, Kelly, Pakington, Malmesbury, Bulwer Lytton, Stanley, Manners, and the other Conservative statesmen? The year 1852 must, in the eyes of thinking men, for ever dispel such an imputation. The same party which, shorn of its leaders in 1846, yet sent forward to maintain its cause in that "sad fierce session" its champions in debate, so many and so powerful as to astonish its foes and restore spirit amongst its ranks, produced also, in time of need, statesmen whose official career, short though it was, does no discredit to their followers—the gentlemen of England. The chiefs in either House, in particular, are men of brilliant talent and tried sagacity. Trained in the Liberal ranks, it may be presumed that they are deeply convinced of the danger of continually seeking after that phantom, which, the nearer we approach, the farther it recedes—viz., a system of representation which shall do justice to all parties in the State; while, at the same time, that very training has divested them of that spirit of exclusion, and that horror of anything approaching to innovation, which were

the chief imputations against the Toryism of bygone times, but which do not accord with the intelligence of the present age. The Earl of Derby, as every one knows, was a member of that Cabinet which secured the reform of Parliament. He has since been engaged in endeavouring, and not unsuccessfully, to stem the tide of democracy which then set in. For that end he joined Sir Robert Peel—for that end he left him. Mr. Disraeli, too, awakening to a full sense of the danger which "the youthful energies of Radicalism" are too well calculated to produce, became a decided Conservative, though not a bigoted exclusionist. To these principles he has steadily adhered in the whole course of his parliamentary career, which has now spread over a term of seventeen years. No man needs to stand higher in the estimation of his party than does the member of Buckinghamshire. Gifted with talents which fall to the lot of but few, possessed of keen sagacity, indomitable resolution, and extensive knowledge, he has never shrunk from placing at the service of his country, and of the great party of which he is the recognised chieftain, the utmost efforts of his admired and envied genius. Where is the man who has more unflinchingly stood by his party at all seasons, both of adversity and prosperity? His rapid elevation has, no doubt, been viewed by many with feelings of dissatisfaction; for

"Envy does merit, as its shade, pursue."

It is evident that he has also many personal enemies. The man who overthrew a Government which many supposed would have continued during the lifetime of its leader, and even have survived him, is not likely to be regarded with any especial favour by the members of that Cabinet. The uncompromising hostility which he bore to them has roused their utmost indignation, and his character has been unsparingly attacked. Some have had the sagacity to detect the cloven hoof in every step which he has made in public life; nor has he been allowed by them to possess the smallest particle of political virtue, and "one of the humblest individuals of this vast empire" has thought fit to embody his

views of the political career of Mr. Disraeli in a somewhat bulky volume, where he has given vent to his holy indignation. Such a production would have been a disgrace to the age, even if the author had the courage to place his name at the head of it, for it is introducing into party warfare a weapon which is most unfair, unjust, and dishonourable. No statesman can condescend to notice such an attack; and when the author withholds his name and sends forth his anonymous slander into the world, then it must be confessed that the cowardly spirit in which it has been undertaken has only aggravated its revolting character.

Mr. Disraeli is an original genius. His great fault in early life was, that he formed his conclusions without deep study, and trusting chiefly to the power of his own intellect. With all the conceit and precipitancy of youth, he immediately gave forth to the world the conclusions at which he had arrived. Many of these were wild and improbable, and his maturer years discovered their true nature. His father was, as is well known, a Jew, while his ancestors were, down to a recent period, the natives of a foreign soil. The son, then, inherited no hereditary political principles, which are in England, generally, handed down from one generation to another, unchanging and unchanged. Mr. Disraeli had therefore to choose for himself, from the wide field of English politics, those principles which appeared to his unbiased mind most in accordance with the true spirit of the British constitution. The choice which he adopted, and the subsequent changes through which he passed, appear to us to be nothing but the natural workings of an unfettered mind, and which any man may, and probably often does, undergo, as he ponders over the English constitution and the science of government in the recesses of his own study. It is natural that, as an Englishman contemplates our form of government, as he becomes acquainted with its operations, and as he compares its results with reference to the mind, the habits, and the temper of the people, with the influence of Continental governments over their subjects, he *should be filled with admiration at the*

wonderful manner in which the united harmonious action of the Three Estates of the realm is secured; and his first thought is, that it must be preserved unimpaired and inviolate. As he proceeds, he finds blemishes, anomalies, and imperfections; these he concludes should be eradicated, and with all the ardour of youth he thinks that, once these disappear, a form of government remains complete in its splendour, and splendid in its completeness. A wider intercourse with the world, a more extensive knowledge of mankind, must dissipate in many minds this perhaps fondly-cherished sentiment. Perfection cannot be attained—contentment is never the lot of humanity; and perhaps it is better that each should endeavour to forget his particular object of antipathy, and unite in consolidating and preserving those institutions, with their many imperfections, than hazard their extinction by endless struggles after their purification. Are not these legitimate changes of opinion? A man who has thus formed his political opinions remains a staunch Conservative, but eschews all those more repulsive features of Toryism, which do but defeat their own end, and raise up against itself, in power too strong to be resisted, the very influences it wishes to control and counteract. But what shall we say of a young man who thinks fit, in the impetuous ardour of his ambition, to publish to the world his opinions as they are forming? We may smile at the vanity displayed, and at the folly of such a course; but we may shrink from casting imputations and urging motives, from which a virtuous mind recoils, for the mere purpose of blackening and traducing the character of a political opponent. Such, however, is the course pursued by Mr. Disraeli's enemies; but we should think that the strong malevolence displayed in those satires and slanders must insure their being discarded by "all in whom political partisanship has not extinguished the common feelings of humanity." It is said that Mr. Disraeli's changes of opinion were with a view to self-aggrandisement. The charge, we presume, rests upon the pretence that he was the better for each change. This may be; but we think an ardent,

clever, and ambitious man like Mr. Disraeli, would have risen to eminence whatever line of politics he adopted. It was not more difficult for him to get into Parliament as a Radical than as a Tory; indeed, this seems to be unwittingly allowed by his biographer when he states that his election for High Wycombe was lost because Mr. Hume withdrew his support in consequence of Mr. Disraeli's refusing to compromise his opinions with regard to the Whigs. It is, however, a decidedly unfair course to rake together all that has fallen from an aspiring and even giddy youth, no matter whether in the heat of political contest or in the turmoil of an election strife, and then call him in his maturity to a severe account. No charitable construction is ever allowed to Mr. Disraeli's public acts. It is always easy to get up a colourable case against an English statesman, all whose acts lay bare before the eager gaze of the public. It requires the exercising of very little ingenuity to hang together a consistent string of facts with which to stigmatise with baseness the career of any politician, however brilliant in talent or in character. Mr. Disraeli has risen from the people; he has excited the envy of some and the hatred of others, who indulge their vengeful feelings in spreading their malicious slanders; nor is the most stainless character proof against such assaults, since they can quickly acquire a consistency of character, and gain a hold on men's minds when they are dinned into one's ears on all sides. How easy it might be to make up a case of political profligacy against Sir James Graham, who has been through more political changes, and that, too, since he was a representative of the people, than any other statesman of the day! How easy it might be to discern in this the workings of a restless ambition! A colourable case is soon made, and then let a certain number of newspapers indulge in comments upon it, and spread the calumnies, each in his own strain, and all spiced with a little outpouring of virtuous indignation, and the best character is sure to be injured by it. There are some in these charitable times who can defend a Cromwell; we apprehend that with far less exercise of ingenuity can the

character of the Conservative leader be maintained. But if it be true that Cromwell is not the remorseless villain which his history had depicted him, then it only shows how easily characters can be fatally blackened by constantly harping on the evil points, and quietly omitting all mention of the good.

Throughout the whole Parliamentary career of Mr. Disraeli, a consistent course of conduct with reference to State policy has been pursued; though it is observable that, in the first few years, he had not yet thrown away some of his extraordinary theories. We see that, as he advances in manhood, and becomes practically acquainted with legislation, the vain conceptions and egotistic vanity of his youth pass away, and he settles down into a steady, thorough-going, parliamentary chief. The different opinions which he has at times expressed of various statesmen are easily to be accounted for, though some who, as the poet says, judge of others by themselves, may discern in this discreditable motives. Public opinion is always varying with regard to public men, and a young man is likely to be influenced by it. But, at all events, he ought, through motives of modesty, to keep his opinion to himself; and it is of the greatest importance that one who aspires to be a statesman in this country, where parties are always changing, should not be constantly giving expression to the feelings of the moment. It is not safe for a politician; for while he is giving vent to what is generally a mere fancied animosity to the mere party-feeling of the moment, he may perhaps be throwing down the gauntlet at the feet of a future colleague; and all for no purpose, for oftentimes there is no foundation for aversion to a public man. Nor is it right that the House of Commons, our country, and Continental nations, should be constantly hearing statesmen mutually complimenting and abusing each other. It is a maxim in State policy that you should deal with your enemy as though one day he may be your friend, and *vice versa*. In private life, it happens that one who is a friend may first be viewed with coolness, and then treated as an enemy; and this change in conduct may be legitimate, though not credit-

able. Still more frequently may this happen in public life. Mr. Disraeli has, we should think, learnt from bitter experience the folly of giving expression to mere transient feelings either of anger or respect. He is a man of extremes; he knows no mediocrity of feeling; witness the inflated style of the soliloquies in his novels, which have drawn down upon him the unmitigated ire of his zealous biographer. With him a statesman's career is either "a system of petty larceny on a great scale," or it is "a precious possession of the House of Commons." This is a pity; but Mr. Disraeli, unlike other statesmen, had not in early life the friendship of those who had trodden the thorny paths of English politics before him, to inculcate upon him the necessity of being habitually reserved and moderate in his expressions; and neither reserve nor moderation forms a part of his natural character. Too warm a nature, or too ardent a temperament, are not discreditable, though they often bring pain and trouble along with them.

We now come to the most hackneyed, and, we admit, the most painful portion of Mr. Disraeli's life—his treatment of Sir Robert Peel.

But these things belong to the past. Great blame, in the eyes of an impartial observer, may be attached to Peel for the course he then took, and great blame may also attach to Disraeli; much, on the other hand, may be said in palliation of the conduct of both. The one has long ago been forgiven by the great party which he irreparably injured; the other will, we firmly believe, prove himself, at no distant period, as firm and enlightened a Minister as he is now one of the most talented and accomplished statesmen that ever adorned with his eloquence, or controlled by his wisdom,

the legislation of the British Parliament.

We now conclude by urging the necessity there is for the reascendancy of the Conservative party. We are evidently on the verge of a momentous period. Are we to commit the guidance of our affairs to a Government whose conduct, as yet, has been one course of bungling—the result of dissension, of abortive speculations—the result of a misplaced self-confidence, and of unsuccessful negotiation—the result of an infatuated love of peace? We make, then, our appeal to the Protestants of England; are we any longer to truckle to the Pope of Rome—are we still to devote the public money to the support of Roman Catholic priests, and then call it "religious bigotry?" We make our appeal to the friends of Turkey amongst us: are we to have a Ministry in power who are divided in their opinions concerning the vitality of the country which we are desirous of protecting, and amongst whose supporters are men who deny our right to go to war at all? We make our appeal to the foes of Russia; shall we have a Premier who declares that "what is called the security of Europe" has nothing to fear from Russian aggression, and then says that he has nothing to retract or explain? Let us have a Ministry of able men, united amongst themselves, prepared to uphold our Protestant religion, agreed upon the vitality of Turkey; resolved to resist Russia, determined to secure a durable peace; and, above all, one that is strong in the confidence of the country, and supported by a united majority. Let us tear down the emblems of the most incapable and mischief-making Coalition that ever any country was cursed with, and proclaim over its fall the reascendancy of Conservative principles.

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THE HOLY LAND.

STRONG and many are the claims made upon us by our mother Earth; the love of locality—the charm and attraction which some one homely landscape possesses to us, surpassing all stranger beauties, is a remarkable feature in the human heart. We who are not ethereal creatures, but of a mixed and diverse nature—we who, when we look our clearest towards the skies, must still have our standing-ground of earth secure—it is strange what relations of personal love we enter into with the scenes of this lower sphere. How we delight to build our recollections upon some basis of reality—a place, a country, a local habitation—how the events of life, as we look back upon them, have grown into the well-remembered background of the places where they fell upon us;—here is some sunny garden or summer lane, beatified and canonised for ever with the flood of a great joy; and here are dim and silent places, rooms always shadowed and dark to us, whatever they may be to others, where distress or death came once, and since then dwells for evermore. As little as we can deprive ourselves of the human frame, can we divest our individual history of its graceful garment of place and scene. Such a thing happened, we say; but memory is no bare chronicler of facts and

events, and as we say the words, the time starts up before us, with all its silent witnesses;—leaves that were shed years ago, trees cut down and gone, yet they live in our thoughts with the joy or the sorrow of which they were silent attendants. We have caught and appropriated these bits of still life—they are a part of our history, and belong to us for ever.

In some degree every mind must have its own private gallery of pictures, impossible to be revealed to the vision of another,—from the homely imagination which cherishes that one bit of sunshine on its walls, “the house where I was born,” the old childish paradise and ideal, rich with such flowers and verdure as can be found in no other place, to the stately and well-furnished recollection which can roam at will through all the brightest countries in the world; but wherever we go, we weave ourselves into the landscape, and make every milestone a historical monument in the chronicle of our life.

And so it comes that natives of a country never expatriated from their home-soil, grow into a passionate veneration and love for their own land. The hills which are radiant for ever with their dreams of youth—the rivers whose familiar voices have chimed into every sound of their

Narrative of a Journey through Syria and Palestine in 1851 and 1852. By Lieutenant VAN DE VELDE. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1854.

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lamentation and their joy—the roads that echo to their daily footsteps, and all the silent accessories upon which, as on so many props and pillars, their thoughts for years are hung—the very sight of which recall a hundred fleeting fancies—the very name of which spreads pictures lovelier than reality before closed eyes—the “kindly” country, which seems to respond with a voice borrowed from our own past thoughts to the thoughts of to-day, suggesting ancient comforts, ancient blessings, silently speaking hope from experience, solace present from solace past, lays claims upon us, the most intimate of our confidants, the nearest to our bosom; and Nature lavish in her demands upon our sympathy—perpetually calling upon us to weep with her and to rejoice with her—makes liberal recompense, and softens around us with a visible embrace our mother country, our sympathetic and consolatory home.

And scarcely less are we moved by localities sacred to the heroes of our race—storied ground, peopled with names and persons historic in the national annals, or consecrated to other lives than ours. It is natural for us to seek those spots with eager interest, to believe ourselves brought nearer to the great Spirit whose habitation made them famous, and to linger with visionary satisfaction, looking at things which he must have looked at, realising his life where he led it. Pilgrimages many grow out of this natural sentiment. The cottage of Shakespeare—the palace of Scott—the “warm study of deals,” where the Scottish Reformer belaboured Satan—and the dark-browed rooms where hapless Mary accomplished her fate. From these shrines we come no wiser—not a whit better acquainted with the saint of each—withstanding we stand in the same space, we look upon the same walls, we have over us the hallowed roof, and the instinctive superstition is satisfied with this limited result of our faith.

But places sacred to one nation are indifferent to another—one class of men exult over a monument, which to their neighbours is but a block of stone. Yet there is one holy place where all the nations of the earth

come together to worship—one country rich with a perpetual attraction. The soil thrills to the consecrating touch of love and grief; the ages of the past dwell in it as in a sanctuary. Making no account of the wandering handful of wild Asiatics who surround him, the traveller there seeks not scenes of to-day, but cities of the dead. The place has a solemn array of lofty inhabitants, undying fathers of the soil; generation after generation, conquerors, defenders, devotees, have come and gone and departed. But we do not search this country for traces of the Saracen or the Crusader; passing beyond them as modern visitors, a more ancient race claims the universal awe. It is not the city of Godfrey of Bouillon, but of David of Bethlehem, which shines on yonder cluster of hills; and these are not the knightly names of romance which sanctify the tombs. The brave Crusaders claim memories in other countries, but they have no memory here where their blood watered the sacred soil. Turk and Christian, creatures of to-day, stand on the same platform as we do,—beyond the earliest of them are the true monuments and memories of this country—

“Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which eighteen hundred years ago were
nailed.

For our redemption to the bitter cross.”

The story begins and ends in this great figure appearing visibly before our eyes, and we bow our head to acknowledge Jerusalem, the universal centre of pilgrimage—Judea, Galilee, the Holy Land.

A land which, if it could be possible to sweep it altogether out of earthly knowledge, would still live in the pages of one wonderful Book, and to the readers of that Book be of all countries the most familiar and well known. Many an untutored peasant, who knows no more of the road to our own capital than the half-mile of dusty highway under his own eyes, knows of the way to Bethany, signalled by many wonders—knows of the road to Gaza, which is desert—knows of that road to Damascus where the traveller was solemnly arrested on his way; and is better aware of the wayside grave where her heart-stricken husband buried

Rachel, "sweet Syrian shepherdess," and of Absalom's tomb which he built to preserve his name, than of where the royal ashes lie in our own land. Many a humble scholar, untaught in other history, is learned in the ancient wars of Israel, and apprehends Moab, and Edom, and Assyria with a stronger sense of reality than he can apprehend the Russian hordes embattled against ourselves; and sees Pi-ha-hiroth shut in with its mountains, Egypt behind and the sea before, as no description, however vivid, will ever make him see the marshes of the Danube, though he have a son or a brother militant on that disastrous shore to-day. Strong security has God taken for the universal remembrance of that beloved country, blessed by His own Divine preference: while there is a Bible, there must be a Judea; the landscape in all its glorious tints is associated for ever with the wonderful artist's name; and neither its wretched population nor its heathen rulers, nor all its melancholy meanness and desolation existing now, can make Christendom forget that this disrowned city is the city over which fell the tears of the Lord.

We have no Crusaders in these days; all that remains of our ancient chivalry finds holier work at home than that impossible redemption of the Holy Land, which God reserves for His own time, and His own hands; nor do we need to depend on the vagabond saint of antique times, the hero of scallop-shell and pilgrim-staff, for our knowledge of Palestine. Neither travellers nor reports are wanting, and we are by no means afflicted with monotony of tone or sameness of aspect in the revelations of our modern pilgrimages. The weary man of fashion who loiters over Palestine in search of a new sensation—the curt and business-like Divine who goes thither professionally on a mission of verification and proof—the wandering *litterateur* who has a book to make—the accomplished *savant* and man of science, follow each other in rapid succession. Dreamy speculation—decisions of bold rapidity, made at a glance—accurate topography, slow and careful—each do

their devoir in making known to us this country of universal interest. Nor does even the lighter portraiture of fiction shrink from the Holy Land, though here our novelist is a statesman, as much beyond the range of ordinary novelists, as the locality of that last brilliant romance which it has pleased him "to leave half told," differs from the English village or Scottish glen of common story-telling. To follow Disraeli and Warburton is no easy task, neither is it quite holiday work to go over the ground after Robinson and De Saulcy. Lieut. C. W. N. Van de Velde, the latest traveller of this storied soil, is neither a born poet, nor an accomplished book-maker, nor a great divine; but whosoever receives his book into their household, receives a social visitor, distinct and tangible—a real man. It is impossible not to clothe the historian with an imagined person—not to see him sitting down to his extempore writing-table compounding his letters—not to form a good guess of the measures of his paces, of perhaps now and then a little puff of Dutch impatience, curiously wrought into a large amount of phlegm. From his first offset he comes clearly out from among the shadows—we are at no loss to keep the thread of personal identity, and are never dubious, in picture number two, about the hero of picture number one. A most recognisable and characteristic personage, we yet stand in no dread of our pilgrim. He makes nothing of his cockle-hat and staff, or his sandal shoon. Instead of calling to his reverent disciples to follow, he offers his arm to any good neighbour who will make the tour with him. You may help to set up the Aneroid, or level the telescope, if you will, but you cannot doubt for a moment that Lieut. Van de Velde takes the angle of yonder nameless villages as a conscientious duty, and when he makes his survey of a bare hillside or Arab desert, does it with the full-hearted and devout conviction that this is his highest capability of serving God; for you ascertain immediately that this is not an expedition of the pleasure-seeker, or a pilgrimage of the devotee. Surveying Palestine is the *work* of the traveller—his special end and object—and he sets

about it simply as his vocation, an enterprise which gives consistence and necessity to all his travel.

One disadvantage of this accurate survey, as indeed of all scientific expeditions, is the bare chronicle of unknown villages, a confusion of barren names, and brief descriptions which take the life out of many pages of this narrative. Lieut. Van de Velde has a very pretty talent for making pictures in words, but to make a map in words is one of the driest and least profitable operations of literature. Toil after him as we may, it is impossible to keep in mind this long course which finds no track, and leaves none—a mere piece of elaborate geography, with only the point, here and there, of a hospitable sheikh or a hastily-sketched interior, to reward us for the toilsome interval of road. This, however, is not a fault peculiar to M. Van de Velde, but belongs alike to all the more serious explorers of Palestine, to whom every fallen stone has, or ought to have, its separate history.

And notwithstanding this, which, indeed, is a necessary feature of the conscientious and painstaking mind visible in these pages, there is much of the picturesque in the travels of Lieut. Van de Velde. If his sketches are as graphic and clear as his descriptions, it is very much to be regretted that they are not added to this work, for we have nowhere seen more rapid and vivid landscapes with so little pretension on the part of the artist. We speak much of the poetic merit of transferring one's own mind and individuality into the scenery described, and it is a poetic necessity—nevertheless, once in a way, remembering that the real poet who can do this is not a very common tourist, it is a refreshment to have the landscape without the traveller—the hills and the valleys as they lie, without Mr. Brown in the corner taking their likeness. In these volumes our honest traveller offers to your view what he saw, sometimes in an honest fervour of admiration; but you cannot fail to be aware that his eye is on the landscape as he draws it, and not upon the central figure I which overshadows the scene. From first to last, indeed, Lieut. Van de Velde never

sees his own shadow between himself and the sunshine, never is oppressed by his own claims to be looked at—in fact, is not troubled whether you look at him at all, but demands of you, most distinctly, to look at his picture, and claims from you an interest in it equal to his own. With strong religious feelings, and a mind deeply leavened with Gospel truths, and the Gospel history of which this soil is redolent, our pilgrim travels onward, not without perturbations, yet full of confidence in the special protection of God, and everywhere, a single-hearted Christian, seeks his own “edification,” and to promote the edification of others. We have said that this is not the pilgrimage of a devotee, yet it is undeniable that though too orthodox to expect any miraculous influence from these holy places, he yet looks for “impressions,” for a more vivid realization of those great events to which our faith looks back, and a brighter apprehension of the Divine teachings which were first delivered in this favoured land. Here is an instance of one profane interruption of his devout meditations;—he is seated by Jacob's well:—

“I placed myself in the same position, and could well figure to myself the woman with her pitcher on her head coming down out of the valley. He who knows all things, and whose free sovereign love has chosen His own to eternal life from the foundations of the world—He beheld her, the poor sinner, for whose preservation he had come down from heaven. He saw her as she came along under the olive trees, long before she was aware of his being there. And when she saw Him, she hesitated, perhaps whether she should approach Him, perceiving that he was a Jew. But what should she be afraid of, she the lost, who had lost all, for whom there seemed to be nothing but despair! Therefore she came on, and—

“Thus was I musing with myself, as I sat alone at the side of the well, and had just begun to read the fourth chapter of John, when I was suddenly roused by the blustering voice of a gigantic Arab, who had come up without my observing him, and addressed me thus, with all the characteristic repulsiveness and loathsomeness of the Arabs:

“‘Marhabah chawadja! baksheesh, baksheesh!’

"This disturbance was most unwelcome. Think what a contrast: To be lost, as it were, in heavenly thoughts, and then all at once to be aroused by such a thief-like clamour for baksheesh. He was a fellow with a face enough to frighten one, filthy and disgusting—so filthy and disgusting as none but an Arab can be. I replied to his salutation, and begged him to leave me alone.

"But no—he had no idea of doing that.

"'Baksheesh, baksheesh!' he roared, and sat himself down at the well-side, opposite me, at the same time taking out his pipe and lighting it with such composure as to convince me that he had not the smallest intention to leave me for some time at least.

And before five minutes had elapsed, half-a-dozen of his fellows appeared, who forthwith placed themselves all round me in a very social circle, so that I had to abandon all thoughts of proceeding with my meditations on the favourite chapter.

"A chorus of 'baksheesh!' with all sorts of variations on the same theme, was now raised about my ears. I asked them through Philip on what pretence they wanted a baksheesh, begging at the same time that they would withdraw. Their answer was to this effect: 'The land and the well belong to us, and no foreigner has any right to come here without paying us a baksheesh. Would you like to go down into the well? Here is a rope that we have brought with that view. We will let you safely down; you can see the well from within, and on coming up again pay us a baksheesh.'

"But what makes you suppose that I want to examine your well? I know quite the appearance of the well from within, and thus have no need to go down into it. Be, then, so good as to take your rope home again, and leave me alone.'

"I had almost added, 'then I will give you a baksheesh:' but I thought if these rogues see that a baksheesh is earned by merely allowing a stranger to be left alone at the well, then there is every chance that, as soon as they are gone, another similar party will come down to me, and give me still more molestation than these.

"If the Chawadja will not go down into the well, then will we go down instead of him, and tell him how it looks on our return; but anyhow, we must have a baksheesh."

A sore trial to the righteous soul of our traveller is at all times this de-

mand for "baksheesh;" and he complains feelingly of the extravagant example of former travellers who have encouraged the Arab, only too willing to be encouraged, in his shameless exactions. No small grievance this for the pilgrim of duty or science, who must economize; but, from railway porters to Bedouin chiefs, human nature is the same. We suspect the London cabman, compelled to take his legal fare, would turn out as troublesome as Abu Dahuk, if it were not for the terror of the police magistrate; and where there is no such heaven-appointed institution no guardian angel in blue coat and leaden buttons—no Mr. Commissioner Mayne—it is scarcely to be expected that your master of conveyances in the desert—your grand representative of railway and public roads for the district of the Dead Sea—should content himself with the polite information of what "a real gentleman" would offer, as your cabman must be content to do.

Reaching by Smyrna and Beyrout the land of his destination, and rising with serious enthusiasm to hail the first glimpse of Lebanon, Lieutenant Van de Velde wanders for some time along "the coasts of Tyre and Sidon," stepping aside now and then to a mission station on the skirts of Lebanon, or to a native village, where, among discordant patches of Roman Catholics, of Greek Catholics, and of Mahomedans, he finds nothing but strife and bitter animosities, with not so much as a shadow of the religion for whose name, a vain badge, they hold each other in the direst hatred. Druse and Maronite and Moslem, Greek and Latin and unbeliever, every village hates its neighbour heartily and with a will; and though the Druse patronises the English Protestant, and the Maronite takes the French Catholic under his protection, Christianity vainly seeks a resting-place with either: but, where all cherish the natural intolerance of another faith than their own, the Greek Church, ignorant and bigoted, carries this evil principle farthest. Brutal violence and legal injury are alike the fate of every unfortunate convertite who ventures to embrace the somewhat different gospel preached by the missionaries of the Evangelical

churches in these coasts, so long the habitation of the Gentiles. The first instance which strikes the traveller is the state of the persecuted missionary churches at Hâsbeiya, whose history he thus relates :—

"Hâsbeiya has a population of 6,000 souls, of whom about three-fourths belong to the Greek Church: of the remainder, 1,500 are Druses, about 500 Maronites, about 100 Jews of the class called Sephardim, and as many Mahomedans belonging to the court of the Emir *Sad-Eddin-Shepebi*, with some few Anzairies. Mr. Bird, one of the American missionaries, was the first who attempted twenty-five years ago, to diffuse the gospel here. He established a school, and obtained a native teacher; but his effort met with no success, and the school dwindled away. In 1842 the brethren sent a colporteur from Beirut to Hâsbeiya with tracts; and it was from this man that the people first learned to attach to the name Protestant the meaning it bears among them—a true Christian. The books he left behind him would perhaps have had a good effect, if the Greek priests—like all priests who dispute with the only High Priest, Jesus Christ, his right to supremacy over the souls of men—had not found means, in their hatred of the gospel, to get possession of the books and burn them.

"It was about this time that the Emir imposed certain new taxes, which caused great dissatisfaction. These taxes fell particularly hard upon the poor, who had no protector; and the thought occurred to them, 'We may possibly find protection from the missionaries; they are merciful men.' In this hope, forty-five of them went to the brethren at Beirut, to enrol themselves, as Protestants, under their protection.

"The missionaries did not, of course, interfere with regard to the tax, but they 'expounded to them the way of God more perfectly;' showing them, at the same time, how much true faith in the Son of God differs from such nominal Protestantism as has its origin in mere secular motives. The brethren then sent them back to Hâsbeiya with bibles and tracts, promising to give them spiritual help, if their future conduct should attest the sincerity of their wishes. Shortly after the missionaries found an opportunity of sending two native teachers to Hâsbeiya, who had, in a few days, a hundred and fifty people in attendance on them, desirous of receiving instruction. This was too much for the priests. The bishop threatened to excommunicate all who

should adopt the Protestant heresies; but, seeing that this threat had no effect, he had recourse to that powerful weapon, by which, in the East, justice and right are so constantly assailed.

"The head of the Greeks of Hâsbeiya is the Patriarch of Damascus, a certain Mathodios, who, as also the Emir of Hâsbeiya, is subject to the Pasha of Damascus. The Bishop of Hâsbeiya had no difficulty, through his superior in Damascus, in purchasing from the Pasha an order to the Emir, to the effect that the heretics should be brought back by force to the Greek Church. The Emir obeyed but too willingly. The new converts had to endure the bitterest persecutions. They were pelted with stones, and spit upon in the bazaars; they were beaten and insulted in their houses, as well as in the public places; they were no longer safe anywhere, and were debarred all social intercourse. Many attempts were made even upon their lives, and so severe was the persecution to which they were exposed, that, at one time, all but three, who remained faithful, drew back; but around those three, forty others soon gathered. After consultation, they agreed that it was best to disperse, and quitted Hâsbeiya to take up their residence at Abeyh, or elsewhere in Lebanon. In this attempt, however, they failed; the means of earning their bread were wanting, and, after a few months, they were compelled to return to Hâsbeiya. Then arose, in the silent night, from their closed dwellings, many a heartfelt and united prayer to the Lord of the Church; eagerly and trustfully His promises were sought out from His holy Word; and, like the phoenix rising from the flames, the youthful Christian congregation lifted its head anew. Persecution had no longer any terrors for them. At the request of the Patriarch, the Emir ordered his janissaries to drive them with scourges to the church; but his wrath was unable to compel them to kiss or worship the images. A certain Chalil-Chouri, himself the son of a priest, but now converted to Christ, was sent by his family to Constantinople; here, by the help of the American consul, he obtained a firman from the Sultan, granting freedom to the Protestants of Hâsbeiya. Some amelioration in their lot was the happy result; but only to a certain degree; for the artful Mathodios managed, during five weary years, to bribe the Pasha of Damascus to assail them with all kinds of secret social persecutions."

While this is the state of the Greek Church, and these the difficulties which all the labours of a purer faith

must encounter among our so-called Christian brethren in the East, Lieutenant Van de Velde does not share in the popular idea of the greater liberality of the dominant religion. "Mahommedans," he says, "have been hitherto, by the very laws of the Koran, inaccessible to the gospel. The Sultan is the faithful assertor of these laws, and punishes with decapitation every Mussulman who abandons the doctrines of the Prophet. It is not three years since a respectable young man was beheaded in the streets of Constantinople for having abjured Islamism. Think, then, what is implied in a Mahommedan's even giving an attentive ear to the gospel." If this statement is correct, as we presume it to be, it throws rather a singular romance of disinterestedness upon the present services of the most prominent nations in Christendom to this empire of heathenness.

Notwithstanding the discouragements, almost amounting to impossibilities, which beset him on every hand, M. Van de Velde's friend and travelling companion, Dr. Kalley, does not fail, with unceasing devotion, to proclaim to the thronging hosts of invalids who surround the Hakim at every resting-place, the unchanged faith which, eighteen hundred years ago, proceeded from this very soil. The scene is thoroughly Oriental, and strangely reminds us of many a sacred scene. Crowds of the sick and helpless throng to the door where the wandering physician sits with his medicine-chest. A high compliment to the beneficent science of healing is in the eagerness of these mendicant patients. They believe in a man who goes from village to village for no other purpose than to alleviate their pains and heal their distresses, but they find it extremely hard to believe in one who comes with no medicine-chest, but only with outlandish instruments of science, and have no faith in topography. It may be that the popular imagination has a far-off traditionary remembrance of that sublime Traveller, under whose touch and at whose voice the very dead arose; but it is certain, that while they do not understand travelling for pleasure, nor travelling for discovery, nor any other kind of expeditionary enterprise, the wandering hakim has but to disclose his

errand to secure their perfect faith and most respectful welcome. Poor children of Ishmael, materialism is too strong for spirituality with them. They may gaze at the antiquary with the scorn of ignorance, but the physician, to those who have so much need of him, is half divine.

At Hasbeiya an untoward accident arrests our traveller. During a short excursion, the house which he had taken there is robbed, and all his valuables lost. Appeal to the Emir proves fruitless, and M. Van de Velde almost resigns himself to returning home. This, however, is fortunately prevented by letters of encouragement and promises of help; and with a less ambitious retinue he sets forth again undismayed, keeping his way along the coast of the Mediterranean from the Lebanon towards Carmel, from which place he strikes farther inland through the fallen remains of royal Samaria to Jerusalem.

It is not possible to follow our author through his course—this unknown country, sprinkled with names that are familiar to us as household words—nor can we pause to point out how many pictures he makes by the way, how fine an eye this unostentatious artist has for colour, and how even these pale pen-and-ink sketches brighten and glow with the rich tints of Oriental landscape; neither can we do justice to his interiors, with their smoky haze, and wild Arab figures, and primitive hospitality. These are by the way—but as he comes into a country which is distinctly historical, and not only hazy, like one of these same desert castles, with a mist of antiquity, the results of his careful examination become more apparent. Your charlatan is your most universal cosmopolitan, and with an indefatigable hand has he dotted over this sacred territory. Not disposed, however, to receive with blind faith the spot pointed out by the Carmelites (whose monastic order was instituted by Elijah!) as the true scene of Elijah's sacrifice, M. Van de Velde and Dr. Kalley set about examining for themselves, and the very interesting result of their examination, guided by the traditions of the Arabs and not of the Church, is as follows:—

"Here, then, are the details of what we observed on 'the burnt place.'"

"Having seated ourselves beneath the shade of a huge oak, we once more opened our Bibles at chap. xviii. of 1st Kings, and examined what was required in the place of sacrifice, in order to its agreement with the account given in the Bible. According to verses 18th and 19th, it must have been ample enough in size to contain a very numerous multitude. El-Mohhraka must at that time have been quite fitted for this, although now covered with a rough dense jungle. In deed, one can scarcely imagine a spot better adapted for the thousands of Israel to have stood drawn up on than the gentle slopes. The rock shoots up in an almost perpendicular wall of more than two hundred feet in height on the side of the plain of Esdraelon. On this side, therefore, there was no room for the gazing multitude; but, on the other hand, this wall made it visible over the whole plain, and from all the surrounding heights, so that even those left behind, and who had not ascended Carmel, would still have been able to witness, at no great distance, the fire from heaven that descended upon the altar. According to verse 30th, there must have been an altar there before, for Elijah repaired 'the altar of the Lord that was broken down.' It is well known that such altars were uniformly built on very conspicuous eminences. Now, there is not a more conspicuous spot on all Carmel than the abrupt rocky height of Mohhraka, shooting up so suddenly on the east. Verses 31st and 32d point to a rocky soil, in which stones were to be found to serve for the construction of the altar, and yet where the stones must have been so loose or so covered with a thick bed of earth, that, 'a trench' could have been made round the altar, whilst not of so loose a composition of sand and earth as that the water poured into it would have been absorbed. The place we were examining met these requisitions in every respect; it showed a rocky surface, with a sufficiency of large fragments of rock lying around, and, besides, well fitted for the rapid digging of a trench. But now comes the grand difficulty of both believers and unbelievers, who have not seen this place: Whence could Elijah have procured so much water as to have it to pour over the offering and the altar in barrells, so that he filled the trench also with water, at a time when, after three years of drought, all the rivers and brooks were dried up, and the king in person, and the governor of his house, divided the land between them to pass through it, to see if, peradventure, any fountains of water might be found, and grass to

save the horses and mules alive!—(Verses 1-6.) To get rid of this difficulty, some pious travellers, with imaginations stronger than their judgments, have said, 'O, as for that water, the thing speaks for itself; it must evidently have been got from the sea.' But less religious persons, who were sharp enough to perceive that the place where Elijah made the offering could not have been at the seaside, have rightly remarked, that it must have been impossible, from every other point of Carmel lying more inland, on account of the great distance from the sea, to go thither and return on an afternoon, much more to do this three several times, as is expressly stated in the 34th verse. Such persons, therefore, have rejected altogether this absurd explanation, without, however, themselves arriving at any better solution of the difficulty; and this has led unbelievers, in their prejudiced haste, to assert that the Bible narrative is a mere fiction, that being the view which best suited their purpose. Dr. Kalley and I felt our mouths shut in the presence of this difficulty. We saw no spring, yet here we were certain the place must have been; for it is the only point of all Carmel where Elijah could have been so close to the brook Kishon, then dried up, as to take down thither the priests of Baal and slay them, return again to the mountain and pray for rain, all in the short space of the same afternoon after the Lord had shown, by His fire from heaven, that He, and He alone, was God (see verses 40-44). El-Mohhraka is 1635 feet above the sea, and perhaps 1000 feet above the Kishon. This height can be gone up and down in the short time allowed by the Scripture. But the farther one goes towards the middle of the mountain, the higher he ascends above the Kishon, because Carmel rises higher then, and the plain through which the river flows runs lower down. Add to this that the Kishon takes a course more and more diverging from the mountain, and the ravine by which people descend to the river's bed is exceedingly difficult to pass through, so that three full hours are thought necessary for traversing the distance from Esfēh to the stream. Nowhere does the Kishon run so close to Mount Carmel as just beneath El-Mohhraka. Pious expositors, who would transfer the scene to the seaward side of the mountain, seem quite to have left out of sight the required condition—that it must be near the brook Kishon.

"Well, then, we went down to the Kishon through a steep ravine, and, behold, right below the steep rocky walls of the height,

on which we stood—250 feet, it might be, beneath the altar plateau—a vaulted and very abundant fountain, built in the form of a tank, with a few steps leading down into it, just as one finds elsewhere in the old walls or springs of the Jewish times. Possibly the neighbourhood of this spring may have been the inducement that led to that altar which Elijah repaired having been built to the Lord in former times. Possibly, too, the water of this spring may have been consecrated to the Lord, so as not to be generally accessible to the people, even in times of fearful drought. In such springs the water remains always cool, under the shade of a vaulted roof, and with no hot atmosphere to evaporate it. While all other fountains were dried up, I can well understand that there might have been found here that superabundance of water which Elijah poured so profusely over the altar. Yes, the more I consider the matter, the more am I convinced, that from *such* a fountain alone could Elijah have procured so much water *at that time*. And as for the distance between the spring and the supposed site of the altar, it was every way possible for men to go thence thither and back to obtain the necessary supply.

“Further, the place of Elijah’s offering—the same, probably, where he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees, in offering thanks to the Lord for the divine power He had hitherto displayed, to beseech Him for the further fulfilment of His promises, that of rain for the parched-up ground—the place of Elijah’s offering, I say, behoves to have been so screened by a rising ground on the west or north-west side as to intercept a view of the sea; for he said to his servant, ‘Go up now, and look toward the sea.’ Moreover, the distance to that height must not have been great; for the passage runs—‘Go again seven times,’ (verses 42–44). Now, such is the position of El-Mohhraka, that these circumstances might all quite well have been united there. On its west and north-west side the view of the sea is quite intercepted by an adjacent height. That height may be ascended, however, in a few minutes, and a full view of the sea obtained from the top.”

There is nothing we hear of more frequently than of the great additional light thrown upon the Bible by modern researches; and with Scripture geography and Scripture botany, with

Eastern usages and ancient customs, this modern time professes a much clearer apprehension of the Bible than did the elder age, which was ignorant of all this minutiae of illustration. But the science is overdone. The illustration smothers the text, and we become suspicious of every new attempt of that over-explanatory teaching which toils to bring the material and framework of the sacred record down to “the meanest capacity,” almost wearying us into incredulity where, if left alone, we could not choose but believe. Holy Writ, by far the truest and most life-like picture of its own time, explains itself with small assistance—but we are glad always to light on such an illustration as this, which brings before us, in all its striking features, the locality of one of the most striking scenes of the old dispensation.

Like every other traveller in this singular country, M. van de Velde is struck by the evident tokens everywhere of long-restrained and dormant fertility. The land is still a land of milk and honey. Folded into the unseen recesses of Carmel, where there is scarcely an eye to look on it, the soil is lavish of the richest vegetation, matted with plants and flowers; and everywhere the same teeming fruitfulness peers through the uncultivated waste, which notwithstanding is a barren waste bound with the visible restrictions of Providence, forbidden and interdicted to spread forth its riches, and waiting solemnly, with the life pent up in its great bosom, till the call of God shall wake it into the luxuriance of old.

A grand romance is in the position of this desolate but unexhausted land—ruled by strangers, inhabited by an alien race, and desecrated by an idolatrous worship, yet with all its rich faculties hidden in its heart, and its heirs, scattered yet indestructible, waiting for return to it as it waits for them. M. Van de Velde cannot restrain his impatience with Turkish rule in Palestine. Disgusted with the universal corruption, universal mismanagement and oppression, he chafes at the idea of the Christian Powers upholding the *effete* and tyrannical government of the Porte, under whose sway, he says everything withers, from commercial enterprise to family comfort, and in

whose hands everything becomes a failure. Setting political motives aside, it is indisputably a singular position which England and France hold in this contest. A few hundred years ago, Christendom resisted with desperation on these very boundaries the invasion of the Turk, and it is strange to see the leading powers of Christendom crossing the very same line in these days to fight under the banner of the Crescent, and mingle the knightly symbols, whose fame has been dearly won in the battles of the faith, with the ensigns of the unbeliever. Well, letting alone the balance of power and such imperial considerations, show us the Englishman who will stand by and see the poor heathen Hindoo, whose pathetic silence craves alms upon our streets, fall into the hands of some big Saxon bully, without lifting hand or voice for the rescue of the weak, and we will say that such a man, but no other, has a right to stigmatise this crusade of right against might, and condemn the Christian nation for defence of the Infidel. But for our ally, with his magnificent indifference, his passive fatalism, his misgovernment, and all his sins, let us be thankful that we do not need adopt his faults when we vindicate his right—rather that our vindication of his rights, our association with himself, our help and brotherliness, are better modes of vanquishing the Oriental, who has proved his mettle in these days, than a new crusade, such as M. Van de Velde longs for, to restore to the Hebrews their old inheritance. With God, and not with us, does it remain to decide when the Jew is ready for his new existence—when the time of prophecy shall be accomplished, and that revolution begun which is to call out of all lands and places the wandering nation, the great pilgrim of centuries, and bring Israel home. It is not easy to realise the possibility of such an event, and there is no wonder in all past history equal to what this will be—but the work is manifestly out of man's hands. At this moment, find him where you will, the qualities for which the Jew is distinguished are not those which win the respect or admiration of his neighbours—he is barren and desolate like his country, and has no beauty in him.

Harsh sounds and unmelodious—at the best, a will of blind inquiry, and long suspense—are all the harp of Judah is capable of now; and till the hand of the Divine musician touch the strings, it is a vain hope that any human finger can wake them to the measure of David or of Solomon, the lofty strains of old.

One thing these modern times, with all their fairy works of science and mighty rush of "progress," ought to do for both Mahomedan and Jew—to convince them that there is but one faith, which never becomes obsolete—one religion, which, all independent of climate or temperature, is from God, and embraces all mankind—which is abashed by no discovery, and thrown into the shade by no improvement. The creed of Mahomet is antiquated, and in its dotage. To live a Jew in these days is to live among the tombs. Paganism is dead and gone long centuries ago. Only Christianity, in its sublime unfailing youth, is never out of date, but works as handily with the instruments of to-day as with those of a thousand years ago, and, knowing neither culmination nor decadence, is perpetually the same.

But to M. Van de Velde, the charm of attraction which binds the devout mind to the children of Abraham, the chosen people, is very strong. He cannot sufficiently execrate the Turkish occupancy, which gives this historic country to the race of all others most indifferent to its holiest memories, and when he sees the soil itself indicating, by many evidences, its inhospitable riches, yet lying scorched and barren under the eye of heaven—when he sees a government which discourages every exertion, a people who have no heart to make any, conscious, as he says, of the usurpation of these lands, which are not their own—our fervent pilgrim burns with natural impatience to accelerate the slow course of events, and can scarcely bring himself to tolerate the support given to this "Empire of Turkey," which he apostrophises, with all its tyranny at home and impotence abroad. Far better service, as he thinks, these same victorious European arms would render, if they expelled the Crescent from Palestine, and established the Hebrew in his

immemorial fatherland; but it is a hard thing for a man to set about accomplishing prophecy—the work is above his hand. M. Van de Velde mentions, however, almost with enthusiasm, the enterprise of a small American colony which, established at Bethlehem, professed an intention to prepare the soil, to “break up the fallow-ground,” in preparation for the return of the banished Israelites. The idea gratifies his eager mind; but the colonists, after all, turn out but indifferently, and the enterprise is found to fail.

The present *questio vexata* of these sacred localities occupies some space in the journals of M. Van de Velde. This controversy, originating in the real or alleged discoveries of M. de Sauley, calls up one of the most remote and mysterious events ever brought under human discussion—the destruction of the cities of the plain, Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboim. The original idea, touching these guilty objects of the Divine wrath, wrapt in awe and mystery as their fate was, seems to have been; that the Dead Sea, itself the gloomiest and most appalling object in creation, had been called into existence by the same miracle which annihilated the condemned cities, and that its deadly waters swept every trace of them out of sight for ever. But modern travel has taken from the Dead Sea much of its mysterious desolation; it is found that sweet fountains spring, and luxuriant vegetation flourishes, within sight of its waters, and that itself bears no evident trace of its deadly qualities, but appears, as one and another of its visitors say, only a “splendid lake,” an inland sea, mirroring clear skies and picturesque mountains, sublime, but not terrible. Traces of the most frightful convulsions of nature surround it on every side; extinct volcanoes and tremendous chasms, mountains dislocated and shattered in pieces, and tracts of unparalleled desolation; but still it is impossible to regard the lake itself as the fatal object which former ideas held it to be. As the subject clears from the superstitious veneration of less informed times, a new theory is propounded. Near the end of the present Dead Sea, a peninsula strikes

into the water, almost cutting off into a separate lake the southmost portion of the sea. This portion, beyond the promontory El-Lisan, is found to be extremely shallow, and in more than one spot fordable, presenting a striking contrast, in this particular, to the main body of the water, which reaches the depth of 1300 feet. This shallow end of the lake, guarded by its broad peninsula, Dr. Robinson, the eminent American traveller, takes to be an inundated plain; in other words, the vale of Siddim, the ancient site of the condemned cities. According to the Scripture narrative, the soil of this fertile valley was “full of slime-pits,” a bituminous underground to the surface of tropical luxuriance; and Dr. Robinson’s theory holds, that the fire which destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah broke up the superficial soil, ignited the bitumen, and lowered the surface of the plain below the level of the lake, which immediately flooded over the sunken valley, and formed the shallow piece of water at the south end of the Dead Sea. A glance at the map will show how the form of the lake justifies this theory, in which many travellers, and among them Lieutenant Van de Velde, fully concur.

On the other hand, M. de Sauley affirms positively to finding extensive ruins at a place called Kharbet Sdoum (ruins of Sodom), at the foot of Djebel Sdoum, or Mountain of Sodom; and on the edge of this submerged plain he finds also other ruins bearing the name of Sebaan, which he concludes to be Zeboim, and still others called by the Arabs Zouera, or Zuweirah, which he reckons Zoar. These consist of walls, of now and then a distinct building, and of masses of fallen stones, to such extent as to merit the term “stupendous ruins.” Here the reader, who can only compare testimony, is put completely at fault; for, as confidently as M. de Sauley affirms his discovery of these ruins, does M. Van de Velde deny the existence of any such. No former traveller has lighted upon them; no after traveller has confirmed the story; but what shall we make of the distinct assertion of M. de Sauley, with his little band of companions, who declared themselves to have twice visited and examined these extraordinary remains,

BELLEROPHON.

A CLASSICAL BALLAD.

"Ὅς τὰς ἀφίωτες διδὼν ποτὲ Γόργονος
ἢ πολλ' ἀμφὶ κρονυτίδῃς
Πάλασσαν ζυγαῖαι ποδῶν ἔπαθεν
Πρὶν γὰρ δι' ἡρυσάμηναι κούρα χαλινῶν
Παλλὰς ἤεργε."—PINDAR.

"Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ καὶ κῆνος ἀπήχθητο πᾶσι θεοῖσιν
ἦτοι ὁ καὶ πῶλιν τὸ Ἀλφειὸν οἶος ἄλ' αὖτο
δὲ θυμὸν καρτέων πᾶτων ἀνθρώπων ἀλείψων."—HOMER.

[The beautiful Corinthian legend of Bellerophon is narrated by Homer in the well-known episode of Glaucus and Diomedes, in the sixth book of the *Iliad*. In that episode the strong-lunged son of Tydeus meets in the fight a face that was new to him, and before engaging in battle desires to know the name of his noble adversary. The courteous request is courteously complied with; and it appears that Glaucus—for such is the champion's name, though now serving in Priam's army as a Lycian auxiliary—was by descent a Grecian, the grandson of the famous Bellerophon of Corinth, between whose family and that of Diomedes a sacred bond of hospitality has existed. This discovery leads to an interchange of friendly tokens between the intending combatants; the weapons of war are sheathed, and a bright gleam of human kindness is thrown across the dark tempestuous cloud of international conflict.]

The story of Bellerophon, as told in this passage of the most ancient Greek poet, is a remarkable instance of how a popular legend, proceeding from the germ of some famous and striking fact, is gradually worked up into a form where the actual is altogether subordinated to the miraculous. In Homer there is not a single word said of the winged horse, which is the constant companion of Bellerophon's exploits, in the current form of the legend afterwards revived, and which appears regularly on the coins of Corinth. The reason, also, of the hero's fall, from the loftiest prosperity to the saddest humiliation, is only dimly indicated by the poet, when he says that Bellerophon, towards the close of his life, "was hated by all the gods," and, "avoiding the path of men, ate his own heart" (*δὲ θυμὸν καρτεῖων*); but whether it was that Homer, knowing the sin of Bellerophon, with a delicate sense of propriety, refused to set it forth distinctly in the mouth of his grandson, or whether the simplicity of the oldest form of the legend knew nothing more than what Homer tells, certain it is that the ever active-Greek imagination could not content itself with the obscurity of the Homeric indication, and the moral that "pride must have a fall" was distinctly brought out in the later form of the myth. For the rest, the writer has taken the topographical notices in the following verses, not from his own conceit, but from the authority of Pausanias in his Corinthian antiquities.

It needs scarcely be added that the legend of Bellerophon—in ancient times equally the property of Corinth in Europe, and Lycia in Asia—has now become in a peculiar manner the possession of Great Britain by the labours of Sir Charles Fellowes, and the Xanthian Chamber of the British Museum.]

I.

THE sun shines bright on Ephyré's* height,
And right and left with billowy might
Poseidon rules the sea;

* The old name for Corinth. The famous rock of the Acropolis is 1800 feet high, and is a most prominent object from Athens, and all the open country to the east.

But not the sun that rules above,
 Nor strong Poseidon, nor great Jove,
 Can look with looks of favouring love,
 Bellerophon, on thee.
 There's blood upon thy hands; the hounds
 Of hell pursue thy path;
 Nor they within rich Corinth's bounds
 Shall slack their vengeful wrath.
 Black broods the sky above thy head,
 The Earth breeds serpents at thy tread,
 The Furies' foot hath found thee;
 A baleful pest their presence brings,
 A curse to peasants and to kings;
 The horrid shadow of their wings
 Turns day to darkness round thee.
 Flee o'er the Argive hills, and there,
 With suppliant branch and pious prayer,
 Thou shalt not crave in vain.
 Some prince whose hands not worthless hold
 The sceptre of Phoroneus old,
 To wash thee clean, and make thee bold
 To look on men again.

II.

Darkly the Nemean forests frown,
 Where Apesantian Jove
 From his broad altar-seat looks down
 On the Ogygian grove.*
 Fierce roars the lion from his den
 In Tretus' long and narrow glen;
 And many a lawless man
 Here by the stony water-bed
 Lists the lone traveller's errant tread,
 And wakes the plundering clan.
 Here be thy flight, Bellerophon,
 But danger fear thou none;
 For she, the warlike and the wise,
 Jove's blue-eyed daughter from surprise
 Secure shall lead thee on.
 He flees: and where the priestess bears
 To Hera on the hill†
 The sacred keys, he pours his prayers,
 And drinks the scanty rill.
 He flees: and now before his eye,
 With wall and gate and bulwark high,
 And many a tower that fronts the sky,
 And many a covered way,
 Strong Tiryns stands, whose massy blocks
 Were torn by Cyclops from the rocks,
 And piled in vast array.‡

* The landscape here described is well known to travellers, being on the road between Corinth and Mycenæ. The Apesantian mount, with its broad, flat, tabular summit, overhangs Nemea, where three magnificent Corinthian pillars are all that remain to proclaim, amid the solitude, the once splendid worship of Nemean Jove. The defile of *Tretus* is described by Pausanias (ii. 15), and by Colonel Mure in his *Travels*.

† The temple of Juno, near Mycenæ, of which the remains have lately been discovered.

‡ The well-known ruins of Tiryns, at the head of the Argolic gulf, between

Here Proetus reigns; and here at length
 The suppliant throws his jaded strength
 Before a friendly door;
 And now from hot pursuit secure,
 And from blood-guiltiness made pure,
 His heart shall fear no more.

III.

The princely Proetus opens his gate,
 And on the fugitive's dark fate
 Smiles gracious; him from fear,
 And terror of the scourge divine,
 He purifies with blood of swine
 And sprinkled water clear.
 O blessed was the calm that now
 Lulled his racked brain, and smoothed his brow!
 Nor wildly now did roll
 His sleepless eyes; from gracious Jove
 Came down the gentle dew of love
 That soothed his wounded soul.
 And grateful was blithe face of man
 To heart now free from Furies' ban,
 And sweet the festive lyre.
 Fair was each sight that gorgeous day,
 Spread forth in beautiful array
 To move the heart's desire.
 Each manly sport and social game
 Thrilled with new joy his re-strung frame,
 And waked the living fire.
 Antea saw him poise the dart,
 In the fleet race the foremost start,
 And lawless Venus smote her heart—
 She loved her lord no more:
 As no chaste woman sues she sued,
 Her guest the partial hostess wooed,
 And lavished beauty's store
 Of looks and smiles, and pleading tears,
 And silvery words; but he revere
 The rights of hospitable Jove,
 Chastely repels her perilous love,
 Nor hears her parley more.

IV.

Who slights a woman's love cuts deep,
 And wakes a brood of snakes that sleep
 Beneath a bed of roses.
 The lustful wife of Proetus now
 To earthly Venus vows a vow,
 And in her heart proposes
 A fiendish thing. She, with the pin
 That bound her peplos, pierced the skin
 Of her smooth-rounded arm;
 And when the crimson stream began
 To trickle down, she instant ran,
 And with a feigned alarm

Nauplia and Argos. The "galleries" make a fine figure in illustrated tours; but Tiryns, situated on a low elliptical hillock, will disappoint the traveller. Not so Mycenæ, of which the remains are truly sublime, and well worthy to be associated for ever with the memory of the "king of men."

Roused all her maids, and in the ear
 Of the fond Prætus, quick to hear,
 She poured the piteous lie,
 That the false guest had sought to move
 Her loyal-mated heart with love,
 And with rude hands had dared assail
 Her virtue, cased in surer mail
 Than Dian's panoply :
 Then, more to stir his wrathful mood,
 She bared her arm that streamed with blood,
 And scared his jealous eye.
 Hot boiled his Argive heart ; his eyes
 Flash vengeance ; but himself denies
 The reins to his own spleen.
 His public face in smiles is dressed,
 He joins the banquet with the rest,
 And tells the tale, and plies the jest
 With easy social mien ;
 And to his high Corinthian guest
 Lets not a thought be seen.
 "Take here," quoth he, "thou high-souled knight,
 To lobates the Lycian wight,
 The brother of my queen,
 These tablets ; he will honour thee
 Even more than I ; and thou shalt see
 A famous and a fruitful land,
 With all Apollo's beauty bland,
 And various verdure green."
 Uprose the knight with willing feet,
 His heart was light, his pace was fleet ;
 Girt for the road and venture bold
 He left the strong Tirynhian hold,
 And gaily wends his way
 O'er steep Arachne's ridge, till he
 Passed Æsculapius' sacred fane,
 That sendeth health, and healeth pain,
 And reached, with foot untired, the sea
 That beats with billows bounding free
 The Epidaurian bay.

V.

Thoughtful a moment here he stood
 And watched the never-sleeping flood,
 The ever-changing wave ;
 He knew no danger, feared no foes,
 But from his heart a prayer uprose
 To her that guards the brave.
 Wise prayer ; for scarce the words are gone
 From thy free mouth, Bellerophon,
 When, struck with holy awe,
 Even at thy side in light arrayed,
 Serene with placid power displayed,
 The chaste Athenian Jove-born maid
 Thy wondering vision saw ;
 And in her hand—O strangest sight !—
 A winged steed she led,
 That bent the knee before the knight
 And bowed its lofty head.
 "Fear not, thou son of Æolus' race,
 Dear to the gods art thou ;

This steed, by strong Poseidon's mace
 That leapt to life, through airy space
 Shall safely waft thee now."
 Thus spake the goddess, wise as fair;
 And with the word, dissolved in air,
 Was seen no more. The knight
 Brushed from his eyes the dazzling glare,
 And scarce believed his sight.
 But when he saw the steed was there,
 He winged to Heaven a rapid prayer,
 And for the airy flight
 Buckled his purpose. Mounted now
 With rapid wheel he soars,
 O'er creek and crag, and rocky brow,
 And swift-receding shores.
 A lovely sight was there, I trow,
 Where high on winged oars
 He clove the pathless air. The sea,
 With various-twinkling brilliancy,
 Immense before him lay,
 With many a coast far-t etching seen
 And many a high-cliffed isle between,
 And many a winding bay.
 High o'er CEnone's isle he sails,*
 Where Æacus' justest law prevails,
 And masted armies ride;
 O'er famous Sunium's rocky steep,
 Where Pallas guards the Attic deep,
 He swept with airy pride.
 Ceos and Syros wondering saw
 His meteor-steed with humble awe;
 And sacred Delos doemed
 Apollo's self, the fervid god
 His own ethereal regions trod,
 And with such brightness gleamed.
 Swift o'er the Bacchic isle he glides,†
 Where music mingles with the tides
 From many a Mænad throat.
 And nigh to Caria's craggy shore,
 Coe with her blushing winy store
 His sweeping view can note.
 Anon, sublime he soars above
 Thy temple, Atabyrian Jove,
 The lord of cloudless Rhodes,‡
 Where Telchins wise, with busy clamour,
 Who shape the steel beneath the hammer,
 Possess their famed abodes:
 And swiftly then he swoops, I ween,
 Down on the steep of Cragus green
 Into the pleasant plain,
 Where Xanthus rolls his yellow stream,
 And Phæbus lights with glorious gleam
 The Patarean plain.

* The old name of Ægina, whose maritime strength and commercial dignity are celebrated by Pindar. (Ol. viii.)

† Naxos.

‡ The climate of Rhodes is delightful. The Atabyrian mount is mentioned by Pindar, in the famous ode to Diagoras (Ol. vii.), ἀλλ' ὃ Ζεὺ πάτερ νόστοισιν Ἀταβύριον
 α α λ

Here he alight's. His heavenly steed,
 With instant eye-outstripping speed
 Scorning the earthly loam,
 Wheels eastward far with vans sonorous,
 And o'er the rosy peaks of Taurus
 Sails to his starry home.

VI.

The Xanthian gate is wide and free ;*
 The Xanthian towers are high ;
 The Xanthian streets are fair to see ;
 The knight, with wondering eye,
 Beholds and enters. To the king
 A ready troop the stranger bring,
 And scan him o'er and o'er ;
 Curious that one so spruce and trim,
 And with such light unwearied limb,
 Had reached the Lycian shore.
 With kindly heart the Xanthian lord
 Opens his high hall and spreads his board,
 And pours the Coan wine ;
 Nor question asked (for Jove gives free
 To all a questless courtesy)
 Till days were numbered nine.
 His tablets then the knight presents ;
 The monarch scans their dire contents,
 For here 'twas written plainly,
 "If thou dost hate who works amiss
 Let not his hand that beareth this
 Have sinned against me vainly ;
 Thy Proetus." Sore vexed was the king
 That he must do a bloody thing
 Against so brave a guest ;
 But vows were strong, and family bonds ;
 Therefore, composed, he thus responds—
 "Brave knight, a fearful pest
 Afflicts this land : a monster dire,
 With terror armed, and breathing fire,
 In Cragus holds her den,
 Chimera named : with savage jaw
 She bites, and with voracious maw
 Consumes both beasts and men.
 This hideous form its birth did take
 From hoar Echidna, virgin-snake ;
 She to that fiery blaster,
 Typhon, Cilicia's curses of yore,
 A triform goatish portent bore,
 With serpent's sting and lion's roar,
 This Lycian land's disaster.
 Harmless at first, for sport 'twas bred
 By Caria's thoughtless king,
 And by his innocent children led
 Obedient to a string.
 Anon its hellish blood grew hot ;
 It breathed a breath of fire,

* On the subject of *Lycia*, and the topography of this part of the poem, it is perhaps superfluous to refer our readers to Sir Charles Fellowes' works, and the travels, in the same district, of Professor Edward Forbes, now of this city.

And tainted every household spot
 With gout of poison dire.
 Full grown at length, and fierce and bold,
 She ranges freely through each fold,
 And licks the fleecy slaughter;
 And when her humour waxes wild,
 No flesh she spares of man or child,
 Echidna's gory daughter.
 Now hear me, noble Glaucus' son,
 Most valiant knight, Bellerophon;
 Thou hast a face that seems to court
 A dangerous business as a sport—
 This thing I ask thee then:
 Wilt thou go forth, and dare to tame
 This murderous monster breathing flame,
 And win thyself a deathless name
 Among the Xanthian men?"

VII.

Thus he—(for in his heart he thought
 Such venture must with life be bought).
 But brave Bellerophon
 Guileless received the guileful plan,
 And, as an eager-purposed man,
 Buckled his armour on.
 Alone he went: of such emprise
 With this bold-breasted stranger
 No one shall share, a herald cries,
 The glory of the danger.
 By Xanthus' stream he wends him then,
 And leftward up the hollow glen
 Where Pandarus' city, like a tower,
 Rises begirt with rocky power;
 Then upward still he goes,
 Where black-browed mountains round him lower,
 And 'neath chill winter's grisly bower
 The sunless water flows.
 Upon a steep rock hoar with eld
 A yawning cave his eye beheld,
 High-perched; and to that cave no trace
 Of road upon the mountain's face,
 But, like an eagle's nest,
 Sublime it hung. He looked again,
 And from the cave a tawny mane
 Shook o'er the rocky crest;
 And now a lion's head forth came,
 And now, O Heaven! long tongues of flame
 Ran wreathing round the hill.
 No fear the son Glaucus knew,
 But pricked his forward will
 The rock-perched monster to pursue:
 On right, on left, he sought a clue
 To thread that steep-faced hill;
 But though the day had much ado,
 When night came down with sable hue
 It found him searching still.
 Hid in the tangled brakes around
 Next morn a rugged chasm he found,
 That oped into an archway wide
 Right through the hollow mountain side;

Here plunged the knight; and then
 With eager foot emerging speeds
 Along a rocky ledge that leads
 To dire Chimera's den.
 The monster hears his coming tread,
 And with a hideous roar
 Trails forth its length, and shows its head
 And mouth all daubed with gore.
 The brave knight drew his sword, and flew
 Like lightning on the foe,
 And on its hide of horny pride
 Dealt ringing blow on blow.
 In vain; that hide, Bellerophon,
 Dipt in the flood of Acheron,
 Is proof at every pore;
 And where thy steel doth vainly hack,
 A goat's head rising on its back
 With living fire streams o'er;
 And from behind, a serpent's tail,
 With many mouths that hisses,
 Rears round about thee like a flail,
 To give thee poisoned kisses.
 The flame, the smoke, the sulphurous breath
 Doth choke thy mortal life;
 Spare that dear life, for only death
 Can grow from such a strife.
 Backwards the flame-scorched hero sped,
 And as he went, upon his tread
 The roaring Terror came.
 Along the ridge, so sharp and jaggy,
 Huge-limb'd it strode, horrid and shaggy,
 And swathed with sevenfold flame.
 Down through the archway opening wide,
 Far through the hollow mountain-side,
 It drove him wrathful on:
 Then through the black jaws of the rock
 It hurled him with a furious shock,
 And with a huge-heaved stone
 Blocked up the rift. There in the vale,
 Scarcely with life, all scorched and pale,
 Was left Bellerophon.

VIII.

The evening dew was clear and cold:
 Upon the harsh ungrateful mould
 All stiffly lay the hero bold
 Thorough the dreamless night;
 But when the face of peering day
 Shot o'er the cliff its crimson ray,
 All stiff and aching as he lay,
 Sleep seized the weary knight—
 A blissful sleep; for when the sense
 Was bound with blindness most intense,
 With sharp-eyed soul he saw,
 E'en at his side, in light arrayed,
 Serene with placid power displayed
 The chaste Athenian Jove-born maid,
 And worshipped her with awe;
 And in her hand—a well-known sight—
 The winged steed she led,

To Cragus' rocky brow,
 A friendly god is thy provider;
 If thou hast wisely planned,
 Fear not; the steed doth wait the rider,
 The spear doth claim the hand.
That snake-born monster's horny hide,
That was not made to feel,
May never yield life's crimson tide
To sharpest Rhodian steel;
 But with this spear from Vulcan's forge,
 Right through the mouth in the deep gorge
 If thou shalt pierce it, then
 This dire Chimera, breathing flame,
 Thou with a hero's hand shalt tame,
 And win thyself a glorious name
 Among the Xanthian men."
 Upstood the knight, with hope elate,
 And felt the aching pain abate
 From all his sore bruised limbs;
 The winged steed he straight bestrode,
 And to Chimera's black abode
 Through liquid air he swims.
 The deep mouthed Terror 'gan to bray,
 The forked fire-tongues 'gan to play,
 The fretful serpents hissed dismay
 Round all the rocky wall;
 But with direct and eager speed
 The rider and the heavenly steed
 Rushed to achieve the fearless deed
 At glorious danger's call.
 The knight, with curious eye, did note
 The centre of the roaring throat,
 And while it gaped with horror saw

And through the fount of living flame
 He cuts with fierce attack.
 Down dropt the goat's head in its gore,
 And with a sharp and brazen roar
 The writhing lion dies.
 The palsied snakes, with stiffened fang,
 Like lifeless leaves unconscious hang,
 And lose all strength to rise;
 And belching rivers of black gore
 Upon the clotted rocky floor
 The smoking carcass lies.

IX.

A famous man was Glaucus' son
 Then when Chimera died;
 In Lycian land like him was none
 In glory and in pride.
 At public feast beside the king
 He sate; him did the minstrel sing
 With various-woven lays;
 And old men in the halls were gay,
 And maidens smiled, and mothers grey,
 And eager boys would cease their play
 To sound the hero's praise.
 The Xanthian burghers, wealthy men,
 Chose the best acres in the glen
 Beside the fattening river—
 Acres where best of corn would grow,
 Or vines with clustered purple glow,
 These, free from burden, they bestow
 On Glaucus' son for ever.
 The Xanthian king, to Prætus bound,
 For other dangers looks around,
 And finds, but finds in vain.
 'Gainst the stout Solymi to fight*
 He set the brave Ephyrian knight,
 He hoped he might be slain;
 But from the stiff embrace of Mars
 He soon returned, and showed his scars,
 To glad the Xanthian plain.
 A Lycian army then he led
 Against the maids unhusbanded,
 Where surly Pontus roars.
 Before his spear the Amazon yields;
 The breastless host, with moonèd shields,
 Far o'er Thermodon's famous fields
 He drove to Colchian shores.
 The Xanthian king desp'irs the strife—
 "Let Prætus fight for Prætus' wife;
 I will not tempt the charmed life
 Of valiant Glaucus' son!"
 Nor more against the gods he strives,
 But with his hand his daughter gives
 To brave Bellerophon.

X.

A prosperous man was Glaucus' son,
 Then when the queenly maid he won,

* A warlike people in Lycia mentioned by Homer—Σολύμιοι πολέμιοι.

The pride of Lycian land:
 The Lycian lords obey his nod,
 The people hail him as a god,
 And own his high command.
 Fearless he lived without annoy,
 Plucking the bloom of every joy;
 For still, to help his need,
 Jove's blue-eyed daughter, when he prayed,
 Was present with her heavenly aid,
 And lent the wingèd steed.
 His heart with pride was lifted high;
 Beyond the bounds of earth to fly
 Impious he weened, and scale the sky,
 And sit with Jove sublime.
 Upward and northward far he sails,
 O'er Carian crags and Phrygian vales,
 And blest Mæonia's clime.
 The orient breezes round him blowing
 He feels; with light the ether glowing;
 And from the planets in their going
 He lists the spheric chime.
 Bursts far Olympus on his view
 Snowy, with gleams of rosy hue;
 And round the heavenly halls,
 All radiant with immortal blue,
 The golden battlements he knew,
 And adamantine walls.
 And on the walls, with dizzy awe,
 Full many a shapely form he saw
 Of stately grace divine:
 The furious Mars with terror created,
 Poseidon's power the mighty-breasted,
 That rules the billowy brine;
 And, linked with golden Aphrodite,
 The heavenly smith, in labour mighty,
 Grace matched with skill he sees;
 And one that in his airy hand
 Displayed a serpent-twisted wand,
 And floated on the breeze,
 Both capped and shod with wings; and one
 That lay in sumptuous ease
 On pillowed clouds, fair Semele's son,
 And quaffed the nectar'd bowl;
 And one from whom the locks unshorn
 Flowed like ripe fields of April corn,
 And beaming brightness, like the morn,
 Shower'd radiance on the pole;
 And matron Juno's awful face;
 And Dian mistress of the chase;
 And Pallas, that with eye of blue
 Now sternly meets the hero's view,
 Whom erst she met with love;
 And, like a star of purer ray,
 Apart, whom all the gods obey,
 The thunder-launching Jove.
 The ravishment of such fair sight
 Thrilled sense and soul with quick delight
 To bold Bellerophon;
 Entranced he looked; his wingèd steed,
 Struck with the brightness, checked its speed,

Nor more would venture on.
 Deaf to the eager rider's call,
 Who spurred to mount the Olympian wall,
 It stood like lifeless stone
 A moment—then, with sudden wheel,
 Earthward its flight it 'gan to reel;
 For awful now were heard to peal
 Sharp thunders from the pole,
 And lightnings flashed, and darkly spread
 O'er that rash rider's impious head
 The sulphurous clouds did roll.
 With eager gust the fiery storm
 Resistless whirled his quaking form
 Down through the choking air.
 Loud and more loud the thunders swell—
 Him with blind speed the winds impel;
 Three times three days and nights he fell
 Down through the choking air.
 At length, in mazy terror lost,
 Him the celestial courier tossed
 With fiercely-fretted mane;
 And, by the close-involving blast
 Impetuous hurried, he was cast
 On the Aleian* plain.

XL

Senseless, but lifeless not, he lay.
 The gods had mercy shown
 If they had slain, on that black day,
 The blasted Glaucus' son:
 But all the gods conspired to hate
 The man, with impious pride elate.
 Who dared to scale the sky.
 Year after year, from that black day,
 He pined his meagre life away,
 Weak as a cloud or vapour grey,
 And vainly wished to die.
 On a wide waste, without a tree,
 The unfrequent traveller there might see
 The once great Glaucus' son.
 Far from the haunts and from the tread
 Of men, a joyless life he led;
 On sully's fruitage there he fed,
 Dejected and alone;
 Even as a witless boy at school,
 Would sit and gaze into a pool
 The blank Bellerophon;
 Or to bring forth the blindworm red
 That, creeping, loves a lightless bed,
 Would turn the old grey stone.
 And thus he lived, and thus he died,
 And ended to the brute allied,
 Who like a god began;
 And he hath gained a painful fame,
 And married immortal praise with blame,
 And taught to whoso names his name,
 PRIDE WAS NOT MADE FOR MAN!

J. S. B.

* So Homer. Arrian, in his life of Alexander (ii. 6), alludes to this plain, or one bearing the same name, near the river Pyramus in Cilicia.

THE COMING FORTUNES OF OUR COLONIES IN THE PACIFIC.

FROM the earliest records of what has been termed profane history, down to the present day, we have been accustomed to regard Europe as the centre of civilisation and of wealth. From Asia, Greece and Rome in early times, and the commerce of European nations more recently, exacted tribute and rich products. Two centuries ago the precious metals and tropical yield of South America and the West Indies excited the rapacity of adventurers from this and other countries; and towards the close of last century we had to recognise the germs of a great Anglo-Saxon power occupying the Atlantic shores and territory of North America, which we now see competing actively with us for a share in influencing the affairs of the world. Still both Asia and the American continent were regarded as merely the feeders of the commercial and political greatness of Europe. Africa was and remains comparatively an unknown continent, whilst the inhospitable regions of the north are shunned by all, save the hardy mariners engaged in the pursuit of the whale and the seal, the former for its industrial usefulness, and the latter as affording us articles of comfort and luxury. The extreme southern hemisphere had, indeed, been explored by Cook, Vancouver, Fourneaux, and others; and its clusters of islands were laid down in our charts, and some of them claimed as calling-stations for the shipping employed in our commerce with India, whilst others were appropriated for their valuable tropical productions. But beyond this the Southern Pacific and Antarctic Oceans were comparatively unknown and unvalued. Below the latitude of Cape Horn, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Indian Ocean, their waters were an unbroken solitude, save that occasionally a ship bearing the British flag might be seen steering for our penal settlement of Australia, there to deposit its living freight of criminal outcasts beyond reach of contact with the populations of the civilised world; and more re-

cently with a few adventurous colonisers going out to cultivate its untrodden wilds, and, amidst privations and arduous toil, to wring from its soil the means of living, which they had been jostled out of on that of their own densely-peopled fatherland.

A mighty change, however, has come over us—unlooked for and undreamt of—the issue of which the wisest can scarcely imagine for himself; for it is plainly not the unaided work of man which has brought about that change, but an overruling Providence, carrying out a preordained decree that one of the fairest portions of the globe shall be a solitude no longer. In most of the ordinary revolutions which have taken place in the world, human agency is directly traceable. We have witnessed in Europe the hardy tribes of the north overrunning the fertile soils, and subjecting to their rule the degenerate populations, of the south. We have seen similar changes in Asia; and one of these is now progressing in Africa, the northern provinces of which are being subjected to the Gaul. Colonisation and emigration are rapidly peopling the western states of the northern continent of America. But to produce such a change in the condition of those far-distant countries, whose shores are washed by the Pacific Ocean, and which are comparatively inaccessible to the ordinary movements of migratory populations, whilst they held out little to invite conquest, an extraordinary stimulus was required. That stimulus has been lately afforded in abundant and overpowering measure. A popular outburst, excited by the love of territorial aggrandisement, which is inherent in the nature of the people of the United States, and which, indeed, is inseparable from the very character of their institutions, led to the seizure by them of a portion of the territory of Mexico on the shores of the North Pacific Ocean. Under ordinary circumstances the acquisition was almost valueless. By land it was well-nigh

unapproachable. A wild and mountainous territory, occupied by various Indian tribes, intervened between California and the settled States of the Union. Commercially it was unimportant, and likely to remain so for years, if not for centuries; whilst, as an agricultural territory, it was inferior in fertility to those States. It had certainly the advantage of nearer proximity to India and China; but there was scarcely along any portion of the west coast of either the United States or South America sufficient population to render that advantage of value. But in 1848, only a few months after its acquisition by the model Republic, the world was startled with the news that gold had been discovered upon the Sacramento River, within a short distance from the port and bay of San Francisco; and further advices informed us that the deposits of that mineral extended over a territory five hundred miles in length by forty to fifty miles in width; and that, in fact, it promised to be inexhaustible in amount, as it was unrivalled in fineness. A population immediately began to flock to San Francisco by every possible route from the United States, from the west coast of South America, and from the islands of the Pacific. Even China was attracted by the flattering accounts promulgated of the richness of the mines, and began to pour forth its population towards the scene. The emigrating population of Great Britain swelled the tide; and, within twelve months of the first discovery of gold, we heard of nearly three hundred sail of shipping being assembled in San Francisco bay, deserted by their officers and crews, who had joined their cargoes of passengers, and run off to partake of the rich harvest provided for them. The sufferings and privations endured by some of the early adventurers—the crime, the outrage, and utter lawlessness, which spread over the entire territory—were recorded in vain. No warning was heeded. The passion for gain is one of the strongest in our nature. Men heard of fortunes being earned in a day; of the poorest becoming suddenly rich; of revelry and wild enjoyment ensuing after severe toil

and privation; and the tide of adventurers flowed on with increased volume as every day added to the assurance that the attracting cause was a permanent one. It cannot be forgotten by the commercial people of this country how vast was the impulse given to the industry, and the agricultural, manufacturing, and maritime interests of the American Republic, by this state of things. Her people almost ceased to care about supplying Europe with farm products. The wealthy settlers in her golden territory could now afford to consume what had formerly been exported as a disposable surplus. Their monetary circulation was being largely expanded; and to a corresponding extent they were enabled to extend their commercial operations to every country. Their shipping, having earned large freights by the transport of passengers from the Atlantic ports round Cape Horn to California, could afford to make the run across the Pacific in ballast to India and China, whence they competed with us in homeward freights on terms almost ruinous to the British shipowner. And although they became, and have since continued to be, larger consumers than formerly of our products of every kind, it is very questionable whether, in the long run, this increased consumption would have compensated us as a nation for the advantages which America had obtained over us, through the possession of this new territory, with its mineral riches, in carrying on the traffic between our eastern possessions and China and the various markets of Europe.

The route westward, by the North Pacific to the Indian Ocean, was thus for the first time established as a great maritime highway by the enterprising mercantile community of the United States. We had ourselves long previously used the route *via* Cape Horn and the South Pacific in our trade with Chili, Peru, and other countries on the west coast of South America. It was reserved for us for the first time to open out for the commerce of the world an eastern route from the Atlantic and from Europe across the South Pacific Ocean; in fact,

to bring into practical use the voyages of Cook, Vancouver, and other circumnavigators of the globe, whose achievements during the past century had hitherto been regarded as interesting only in a geographical point of view. Here, again, it was an all-wise Providence which directed our path. On the 6th May, 1851, it was first announced that gold had been discovered in our convict settlement of New South Wales. The news spread like wildfire throughout the colony; and in a very short space of time there were upwards of four thousand "diggers" at Ophir, near Bathurst, where the discovery was first made, whose success fully equalled that of the early adventurers at the California mines. Additional gold-fields were found shortly afterwards both in New South Wales and the province of Victoria; and before the end of July the arrivals of gold at Sydney, Geelong, and Melbourne were sufficiently abundant to create a perfect revolution in the labour market, not only in those towns, but in the agricultural districts of the entire colony of Australia. The ordinary pursuits of the population were everywhere abandoned. Men of all classes, capable of wielding a pick or a spade, and many to whom such instruments had been previously unknown, were seen abandoning their farms, their shops, or their counting-houses, to swell the throng which rushed forth from every quarter to "prospect" for gold in the gullies and creeks whose appearance or geological formation promised a yield of the precious metal. At the first announcement of so startling a discovery, a large portion of the public in this country were indisposed to credit it. Would-be-wise people shook their heads, and hinted that a mania had seized upon the Australian colonists, which in its issue must be productive of their utter ruin. We had black pictures painted of the effect of a neglected agriculture; and some wiser people than their fellows—journalists and statisticians—indulged in laboured arguments to show that picking up "nuggets" or dust must in a very short period become an unprofitable avocation,

and absorb more labour than would yield a paying return, in comparison with the ordinary pursuits of industry. But each fresh arrival from the colony showed the fallacy of these anticipations and prophecies. Gold continued to be picked up in abundance, sufficient to remunerate every person engaged in its search, although the number of the searchers had been multiplied twenty-fold; and a vast emigration began to flow from this and other countries towards the new El Dorado. In 1851—the year when the discovery was first made—there were despatched from the United Kingdom alone 272 ships, with an aggregate tonnage of 145,164 tons, having on board 21,532 passengers. In 1852, the number of ships despatched was 568, with an aggregate tonnage of 335,717 tons, having on board 87,881 passengers. When using this term, by the by, it ought to be borne in mind that *adult* passengers are meant, children of tender years being counted as nothing, whilst of young persons under fourteen years of age, two are counted as a passenger. The emigration of 1852 would thus be at least a hundred thousand souls. During the past year the number of ships despatched was 1201, with an aggregate tonnage of 553,088 tons, being an increase on the year of 633 vessels and 217,371 tons over the amount of 1852. We have not before us accurate data for determining the precise number of passengers taken out by them; but it would certainly be equal to that of the corresponding period of the previous year. Great Britain, however, was not the only country which was adding to the population of Australia. The United States of America were sending us practised gold-diggers from California, which shortly began to be regarded as affording a less profitable field for their labour. Germany had begun to pour forth her emigrant classes to the colony; and even China was joining in the movement. In the summary of the *Melbourne Argus*, written for the mail of the 25th March, we find the following statement: "In the course of the last month several separate ship-loads of Chinese have landed on our shores. . . Numbers

of these people strangers as they are to our customs and religion, have been sought for and engaged at good wages by employers, with whom they can only communicate by signs. They have shown themselves, on the whole, one of the most inoffensive races of the motley group who seek our golden land; and a colony of them, that have been for some time established at the diggings, are remarkable for the quietness of their demeanour, and the propriety of their behaviour." The growth of the colony is, however, best shown by comparing the aggregate number of the population now, with what it was at the period when gold was first discovered. In the commencement of 1851, it was ascertained that the province of Victoria, which contains the most productive mines, was 77,360. The same journal from which we have quoted estimates it to be now 250,000; and adds, that it is being increased by the arrival of about 1,000 immigrants per week. It is doubtful whether the other provinces—New South Wales and South and West Australia—are progressing at the same rate. The "diggers" are a migratory race. The report of a new "find" attracts them from all directions. In February last, the Tarrengower gold-field was opened out, and discovered to be most productive; and the following is a description of the state of things which followed, from one who had visited the locality: "In leaving Bendigo, the comparatively deserted state of the diggings along Kangaroo Flat, in Adelaide Gully, and the Robinson Crusoe, is very apparent. The vast extent of the yellow mounds, where so much bustle and activity formerly prevailed, is now in many cases unenlivened by the presence even of a solitary digger. The want of water, in the first instance, but chiefly the attractions of Tarrengower, have almost depopulated this portion of the Bendigo. Many stores have been removed, and a large number are closed up for the present; yet there is a vitality about the place which shows that the glory has not altogether departed. Some business is being done, and those who still remain have infinite faith in the recuperative energies of Bendigo. 'When

the winter sets in,' they say, 'we shall have the diggers back.'" Similar migrations are continually occurring; and hence it is most difficult to arrive at the actual population of any particular province or district. It is most probable, indeed, that the numbers of souls in the entire colony are considerably understated. This, we think, will be apparent when we come to examine the consuming powers of Australia, as tested by its imports. From a return, moved for in the House of Commons by Mr. Archibald Hastie, and ordered to be printed on the first of May last, the following were the exports from the United Kingdom to the colony in each of the three years ending the 5th January 1854:—

	Declared value exported.
1851, . .	£2,807,356
1852, . .	4,222,205
1853, . .	14,506,532

There is certainly evidence here, either of a most wasteful consumption, or of the existence of a population greater than it is generally supposed to be. But this return does not convey the full extent of that consumption. From what appears to be a carefully compiled statement in the *Melbourne Argus* of the 25th of March last, the imports into the province of Victoria alone, in 1853, amounted to the enormous sum of £15,842,637, received from the following countries:—

Great Britain, . .	£8,288,226
West Indies (British), . .	14,973
North America (British), . .	13,560
Other British colonies, . .	5,036,311
United States of America, . .	1,668,606
Foreign States, . .	820,961

Total Imports, . . £15,842,637

If the same proportionate amount has been taken by the other provinces from colonial and foreign markets, the total imports for the year would reach the vast amount of *twenty-three millions sterling!*

It is certainly true that, with respect to many articles, these imports have been in excess of the requirements of the colony. Its markets have been drugged with Manchester goods, with hardware, and slops, or "haberdashery," as our parliamentary returns rather absurdly call hats,

shoes, boots, ready-made clothing, &c. Serious losses will have to be encountered by those parties who are unable to hold over their consignments, and in part from the want of storage-room. But this state of things is merely temporary, and applies to articles which are not strictly necessities. The arrival of the overland mail, with dates to the end of May, brings us the assurance that business is improving, as indeed might have been expected in a country whose population increases at the rate of a thousand persons a-week, each of whom is, on landing upon its shores, placed at once in possession of an income never previously enjoyed. We have the material fact, too, before us, establishing the capability of the Australian colonist to consume largely the products of foreign industry, that during the past year the province of Victoria exported to the amount of £11,061,543, of which £8,644,529 was gold, and £1,651,543 was wool. The difference between the amount of imports and exports may be accounted for without concluding that the population has been running itself into debt beyond their means of paying it with tolerable promptitude. We may reasonably hope, too, that one of the causes of such excessive importations as those of last year will shortly be removed. We have had thus far no efficient and regular mail-communication with the colony. Up to the 20th of July, our latest advices from Melbourne were dated the 25th of March; and it was to American enterprise that we were indebted for intelligence up to May 11, brought by the steamer "Golden Age" to Panama, and thence by the West India Company's boats to Southampton. Close upon four months had thus elapsed, during which our merchants had been operating in the dark, making shipments to a colony the consuming powers of which had not been fairly tested, and which might, for anything we knew, have supplied its wants from the nearer markets of India and China, or taken a portion of the surplus shipments to California. It is clear that such has been the case. We have shown above, that of the total imports into Victoria in 1853, £5,036,311 were derived from "other

British colonies," and £1,668,606 from the United States of America. Our East India markets, no doubt, supplied the former amount, and the bulk of the latter crossed the Pacific from California. On the 27th July we had a regular mail by the overland route, *via* India and the Mediterranean, bringing advices up to the 29th May, which confirmed those brought by the "Golden Age." It is clear that a country, which takes from the United Kingdom upwards of fourteen millions sterling per annum, ought to have permanently established for it a postal communication as rapid as possible. It is unreasonable and suicidal to torture a great mercantile nation with a system, or arrangements, which leave us for four months consecutively without advices of the wants of one of our most valuable customers, and exchange of sentiments with nearly half a million of our own fellow-countrymen. Before concluding our remarks, we shall endeavour to point out how such improved postal communication can be best established.

Returning to the immediate question of the increase of population in Australia, and its probable future rate, we may state, unhesitatingly, that it must be vastly beyond what is generally anticipated. In fact, the increase is self-creative—"vires acquirit eundo." Every newly-arrived immigrant, who purchases land from the colonial government, and every digger who pays for a gold license, becomes, in so doing, an importer of labour. Writing on the 25th of March last, *The Melbourne Argus* says:—

"The following is a statement of the arrivals and departures of passengers by sea since our last summary:—

1854.		Arrived.	Departed.
Week ending	Jan. 28,	2,619	739
"	Feb. 4,	1,561	632
"	" 11,	970	512
"	" 18,	1,475	557
"	" 25,	1,438	607
"	Mar. 4,	1,576	434
"	" 11,	1,336	670
"	" 18,	1,494	332
		12,469	4,483
		4,483	
Increase to population,		7,986	

"In the same number of weeks previously, as stated in our last summary, the increase was 6281. The immigration is, therefore, again on the increase. It is now proceeding at the rate of about 1000 per week; but we ought not to omit mentioning, that a very large increase over this may be speedily expected. We lately stated, on the authority of public documents, that our land-fund available for promoting emigration from the United Kingdom amounted in the last quarter to upwards of £250,000, and if that rate is maintained during the present year, at the cost of £6000 per ship, as estimated by the Land and Emigration Commissioners, and an average of little more than 400 persons to each ship, there will be a fund sufficient to convey free to these shores no less than 70,000 souls in one year. This, of course, is altogether independent of the emigration of persons paying their own passage, which we have noticed, always increases with an increased Government emigration. Within the last few weeks we have been invaded by what seems likely to be the advanced guard of a large army of Chinese. Several ships have arrived crowded with Chinese passengers, and many more are reported to be on their way. The same spirit of enterprise is doubtless gradually extending itself amongst the people of other countries; and the natural effects will be exhibited in the inflow of a vast wave of population, to a colony which affords such a field to the labouring man as is presented in no other country upon earth."

It may appear singular that there should be so large a number of departures as 4483 to set against 12,469 arrivals. We have already remarked, however, that the gold-diggers are migratory in their habits. Many of them, who have amassed a few thousand pounds, return to their own countries to settle. The state of society in Australia is not such at present as to attach parties to the colony. There is unfortunately there a want of home comforts. The wealth in the colony, suddenly acquired, is in the hands of people unprepared, by education or early pursuits, for spending it in a sensible manner, or investing it profitably. Many are coming thence only for a season, as visitors to their native land, or to return with relatives and friends; and some are

going away in quest of gold, reported to exist in more than Australian abundance, elsewhere. For example, there has been recently a rumour of the Peruvian mines reassuming their original fertility; and we observe, in recent Australian papers, announcements of numerous ships about to sail with passengers for Callao, on the west coast of South America, in the neighbourhood of which port it is said that gold has been recently discovered in large quantities. The real gold, however, will most assuredly be Peruvian guano, with which such ships will load for this country and the United States. Such re-emigration is natural amongst a population like that of Australia, and will continue for a while. But the arrivals in the colony are becoming more and more composed of the class likely to be settlers. The Germans have been lately extensive purchasers of land, and are *habitués* in the colony. A report of a Hamburg society gives the following as the German population in 1852:—

New South Wales, . . .	13,500
South Australia, . . .	8,000
Victoria, . . .	1,820
	24,820

The German emigration to Australia last year will have greatly swelled these numbers; and the description of emigrants from that country may be estimated from the fact that, of nearly 6000 persons who applied to the Berlin Emigration Society in 1852 for advice and assistance, 4444 possessed property amounting in the whole to 977,635 dollars, or, upon an average, 218 dollars (£32, 14s.) per head.* We have also yet to experience the effect which will be produced by remittances home by emigrants for the purpose of enabling their friends to join them in the colony. The impetus given to the efflux of population from Ireland by such remittances was strikingly shown by the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners in their Report of last year. The remittances from the United States, as ascertained through leading mercantile and

* Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners' Report, 1853.

banking firms, were as follows in the years mentioned:—

1848 . . .	£420,000
1849 . . .	510,000
1850 . . .	977,000
1851 . . .	990,000
1852 . . .	£1,404,000

We observe at present that several of the leading emigration firms in London and Liverpool are making arrangements in Australia for the purpose of enabling settlers to pay the passage of their friends out to the colony.

Independently of the attractions offered by the gold-fields, of remittances from friends in Australia, or of Government aid, there is abundant certainty that emigration to that colony must increase very rapidly. In fact, scarcity of shipping is the only bar to it which is likely to be felt. There is a positive want of labour in Australia, which mocks at

the childish efforts of such parliamentary committees as that of which Mr John O'Connell was recently the chairman, to prevent its supply. Notwithstanding its vast agricultural resources, the demand for their development created by a rapidly augmenting population, and the ample, and, in fact, extravagant remuneration afforded in the colony for every description of industry, the entire world, whose attention has been for the last two years attracted by its display of wealth, and which is assured of the genuine and permanent character of its claims to notice, appears unable to supply labour in sufficient abundance. Whether we turn to its imports or its exports, furnished us in the valuable report moved for by Mr. Hastie, the great want of labour forces itself upon us. We shall take at random a few of the articles exported from Great Britain to the colony during the past three years;—

	1851.	1852.	1853.
Apparel, Slops, and Haberdashery,	£591,516	£959,687	£3,633,908
Beer and Ale,	135,674	245,657	635,870
Butter and Cheese,	4,142	50,583	207,094;
Soap and Candles,	14,812	45,924	121,774

The last two items certainly would not occupy a place in the list of our exports to Australia if that fine agricultural country had even a moderate supply of labour. The anomaly is monstrous that butter and cheese, soap and candles, should be

wanting in a country whose live stock are so abundant that they have actually to be boiled down for their tallow and hides! Our imports from Australia, however, exhibit most strongly its deficient supply of labour. We select a few items:—

	1851.	1852.	1853.
Regulus of Copper, tons, . . .	1,115	660	41
Unwrought Copper, „ . . .	773	632	473
Flax, undressed, cwt.	1,269	904	664
Hides, tanned or dressed, lb. .	931,600	642,198	9,842
Oil, Spermaceti, tuna,	1,911	1,609	940
Tallow, cwt.	174,471	159,333	125,206

The above articles the colony can supply to almost any extent; yet it will be observed that their export is falling off every year. Its mines of copper, especially, are amongst the richest in the world; yet they are comparatively unworked for the want of hands, whilst the world holds so many human beings who would gladly toil for one-fourth of the remuneration which Australia could so well afford them. To the people of Great Britain it is a very material object that the agricultural and mineral resources of the colony should

be more largely developed than at present; for, if almost exclusively by the produce of her gold-fields, her population little, if at all, over half a million souls can afford to import our productions to the amount of above fourteen millions sterling per annum, what may be expected when it becomes enabled to export freely the raw material, the agricultural products, and the valuable minerals—copper, tin, &c.—which its soil will yield to an extent almost beyond the power of calculation?

We have already stated that the

increase of the population of Australia is self-creative; and we can very briefly show how that principle is likely to operate. We have a large amount of tonnage at present employed in the passenger trade from Great Britain to that colony; but we have not as yet sufficient homeward freight to employ one-fourth of that tonnage. Since the discovery of the gold-fields the ordinary agricultural and other pursuits of the colonists have been neglected; and, as we might have expected, the exports of bulky raw materials and produce, which constitute freight, have diminished in quantity. Hence our emigrant ships, except in the case of those of the established lines from Liverpool and London, which now return direct from that colony, have had to go in ballast to the Eastern Seas, or to the guano islands of Peru, to seek cargoes. Where such a course has to be pursued, the passage-money outwards must range high—far above the means of the most valuable emigrants, who are agricultural labourers, practical miners, and artisans. But this state of things cannot continue to exist long. The gold-fields are sufficiently tempting, no doubt; yet there are blanks there as well as prizes. The disappointed must resort to agricultural and other walks of industry. The flocks and herds of the squatters in the bush are increasing at a most rapid rate—far beyond the consumptive demand of the colony—and the supplies for export of hides, tallow, oil, and wool must very largely increase. Of the latter most important raw material the following were the shipments to this country during the past three years:—

Wool—	{ 1851, 41,810,117 lb.
Sheep and Lambs'	{ 1852, 48,197,301 "
	{ 1853, 47,075,963 "

In bales the total exports of last year were 153,000, of an average of about 300 lb. weight each. This article alone would afford return cargoes for from thirty to forty thousand tons of shipping. The yield both of wool and tallow must increase enormously in a few years; and when an ample supply of homeward freight is afforded, our emigration houses will

be enabled to reduce considerably the outward passage-money for emigrants to the colony, and thus add to the numbers of its population.

But we cannot regard the discoveries which have been made in the countries of the Pacific as merely tending to give an impulse to our commerce, and to afford increased employment to our shipping and to industry at home. We must regard them in a much more extended light. The important change which is taking place may fairly be termed the opening out of a new quarter of the globe, rich beyond measure in all the products which are valuable and useful to man, and the establishment, in its centre, of an Anglo-Saxon empire, whose future destiny and greatness it is almost impossible to predict rightly. A glance at the position of Australia will be sufficient to show its great commercial importance. To the north-westward it has the fertile islands of Java, Sumatra, Borneo, the Philippines, Ceylon, with the vast continent containing China and Hindostan. The extreme portions of these are at less than half the distance which lies between them and Great Britain. From Melbourne to Madras is little more than 5700 miles, whilst the nearer islands in the Indian Ocean are only distant from 3000 to 3500 miles. From Melbourne to any portion of the west coast of North and South America the distance, by the eastward Pacific route, is 8000 miles, or little over that from Great Britain to Cape Horn. It is thus in closer proximity than the mother country to San Francisco, New Granada, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chili, and La Plata. There can no want occur of any of the products of the tropics, at all events, to a country occupying a central position as regards such markets as we have named, rich in all that conduces to the comfort and the luxuries of life; whilst of those products which are raised in the temperate zone, Australia has soils of her own capable of providing her with food in abundance, and raw materials amply sufficient to pay for all that she will require to import, without drawing upon her vast stores of the precious metals. These must rapidly become available to create for her population a capital for the

purposes of commerce, a mercantile marine, railways, and other improved communications, well-built towns, substantial public works, and the usual accompaniments enjoyed by settled and prosperous communities. There can be no doubt that the absence of these are amongst the main causes which retard emigration to the colony of families belonging to the middle and superior classes, and the absence there so generally regretted of what may be called a "home circle." Such a want keeps back the influx of a female population, especially of the class required to make a home comfortable; but it will be supplied in time, and, in fact, is being rapidly supplied now. Not much more than six months ago, Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, and the seat of the government of the colony, was in a most deplorable state, and without anything like the accommodation required for its population or its commerce. Stores and warehouses there were almost none; and we heard, by every arrival, of merchandise being sacrificed on this account. But more recent advices report that—

"Melbourne is branching out upon every side. Townships spring up in localities where a short time ago there was not a single dwelling of any description; houses seem, in fact, to swarm like mushrooms from the ground in a single night. A little more than twelve months since, and North Melbourne was merely the site of a few scattered tents; it now contains a population of several thousands, with comfortable homes, shops, hotels, and schools to meet the wants of its inhabitants. The suburbs, that are being formed in the opposite direction, offer a still stronger proof of the growth of a taste that has always been peculiarly English, and one that will do more than anything else to place the prosperity of this colony upon a secure foundation—namely a desire for home comfort. In former times the pursuit of money was the whole, the engrossing passion of the community; so long as this object was attained, the feverish seeker cast not a thought upon the manner in which he lived; he appeared to have an utter disregard of the comforts of home. If he happened to have a run of luck, and was successful, what benefit did he reap from his success? He would run riot for a time, and spend the hard earnings of a month in the dearly-bought pleasure of a few hours' debauchery. The

principal reason for this, next to our abominable land-system, was, that the colony could not offer the swarming mass of new-comers any domestic comforts. Now, however, the case is becoming far different: at Richmond, Prahran, St. Kilda, and Brighton, the passer-by can gaze everywhere with pleasure upon pretty cottages enclosed in their own little gardens, cheerful, trim-built English-looking villas, and some dwelling-houses that may fairly lay claim to the high-sounding appellation of mansions. Each of these suburbs, hemming Melbourne in on every side, constitutes a town of some size; and we have no doubt that, in a very short space of time, they will form part of Melbourne itself, much in the same manner that Chelsea and Putney do of London: indeed, St. Kilda, Windsor, and Prahran are already connected by a line of houses almost the whole of the way with the town."

A similar state of progressive improvement exists at Sydney, Geelong, Adelaide, and other towns. The population in them is becoming a more settled one; business goes on in more regular channels, and domestic comforts are more studied. Substantial stores for merchandise are also rising up on every side; and importers are now enabled to hold back their goods for a more profitable market than the previous system of selling them on landing, whatever might be the state of the demand, would admit of.

The colony, too, is assuming more and more the character, which it is destined to possess, of an important mercantile community; and its commercial firms are actively preparing for extensive transactions with the rich countries with which they have communication in every direction. The first step towards forwarding such object has naturally been to connect with each other the various ports along the coast, and the towns on the principal rivers; and accordingly we find established lines of steamers running from Sydney to the leading ports in the other provinces, and to the interior at every point where river navigation is practicable, and a working community and trade exist. The same accommodation is provided from Melbourne, Geelong, and Adelaide, to other ports and towns. Several lines of sailing packets also offer themselves to the

public between the principal ports. In fact, a large coasting-trade is carried on, both in passengers and merchandise, the route by sea being preferred to travelling by land over badly-formed, and frequently unsafe, roads. In the first instance, some difficulty existed in procuring vessels, especially for the navigation of the rivers, where a light draught of water was necessary, as such vessels could not be trusted to make the voyage out from Europe or America. They are now, however, being gradually supplied by builders in the colony. A somewhat larger class of vessels is regularly employed in the trade between New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, and New Zealand, Van Diemen's Land, and the government settlement in West Australia, with a few for San Francisco, Callao, Manilla, and the near East Indian ports. The enterprise of the mercantile community in the colony is being gradually drawn towards this trade; and shipping of the class suitable for it is in active demand, both for purchase and charter. Attention is also being re-directed to the staple business of the colony—the export of its wool, tallow, hides, &c., which will be more cultivated as the fever for dealing in gold abates. At present, indeed, gold, as an article of merchandise, scarcely yields a profit, so numerous are the buyers of it, competing with each other, belonging to the Jewish persuasion. Employment for capital must be sought for in another direction, and it is to be hoped a legitimate one, otherwise the large sums now lying idle in the colony may be squandered in rash speculations. At the close of the last quarter, the Bank of Australia held deposits, not bearing interest, to the amount of £1,998,730 sterling: the Bank of Australasia held at the same period £2,358,390; the Victoria Branch of the Bank of New South Wales held £760,731; the Bank of Victoria, £988,244; and the London Chartered Bank of Australia £133,200, making an aggregate of deposits, not bearing interest, of £6,239,297 sterling. As might have been expected, these establishments are dividing amongst their shareholders, forty, fifteen, and twenty per cent. respectively. The last mentioned has only been established nine

months, and as yet has made no dividend. A large portion of this money must be employed either in commerce or in improvements, as the colonists begin to see their way more clearly. It can never be allowed to lie thus unproductively; yet from the habits of the diggers, and their want of opportunities for investment, there must always be a large amount at their credit in the banks.

The increased employment given by Australia to the shipping of all nations is not, perhaps, sufficiently estimated by the public, and certainly goes far to account for the prosperity of the British shipowner, and for the high rates of freight prevailing throughout the world. From the 20th of January last to the 23d of March, the number of vessels cleared out from the port of Melbourne, exclusive of coasters and colonial traders, were 198, and the number of entries inwards 163, making 261 ships arriving and departing in the short period of sixty days. The bulk of these were large ships, of from 500 to 1000 tons, with some even of more than that tonnage. The arrivals and departures from Sydney, Geelong, and Adelaide would no doubt be greater in number, although of a less size than those of Melbourne. It is probably not unfair to estimate the entire number of arrivals and departures in the colony at 400 ships; and taking the tonnage at the low average of 400 tons each ship, we have the quantity employed in the two months, 160,000 tons, or 960,000 tons per annum, by this noble colony.

We must not, however, confine ourselves to Australia, although we might be excused for dwelling upon it as our own possession. It is a portion indeed, and the most important one, as being the centre, and probably the seat, of the great Pacific empire which is to be; but still it is only a portion. We have a young and enterprising competitor for sway in the southern hemisphere, and one who is even now making vast efforts to assert that sway; a competitor who regards lightly the geographical formation of the globe itself, if it offers a barrier to his ambition. The acquisition, by the United States, of the territory of California, with its great mineral resources, has given their people a footing in the

was Britain than its own gold-elding colony. On the first discovery of the mineral riches of California it became an object with the United States people to bring to their Atlantic ports, as expeditiously as possible, return remittances in gold the large shipments of provisions, rehandise, and necessities, sent by round Cape Horn for the increasing population of California engaged in mining operations, and by agricultural and other pursuits almost entirely neglected. In first instance this was endeavoured to be effected by the employment of a of steamers to make the passage round Cape Horn to New Orleans, and mails and specie were conveyed by another line of steamers to New York. But our quick-sighted energetic brethren soon discovered that this natural route was too long for their purposes. The time saved by the voyage round the American continent could be if the means could be found of crossing the Isthmus of Panama, from Panama on the Pacific to Chagres, or Navy Bay, on the Atlantic, was only fifty miles in width; withstanding the passage over the Isthmus was at first a difficult and unhealthy business.

Commerce between the form is established by Steamship Company. Law of Congress, contrary to the mails, the steamers are commanded by officers of the States navy. Of the steamers plying between New York and New Orleans, embracing the aggregate of those ships, the aggregate tonnage is 4800. The steam-ship "Albatross" touches at Kingston, Jamaica, in connection with the United States Mail Steamship Company; can carry mails to California and is established in 1848. It has sent fourteen steamers, with an aggregate tonnage of 14,000. "In the transportation of the United States Mail Steamship Company on the Atlantic side connects with the Pacific Company. This line, established in 1848 by Mr. Law of New York, has nine ships now on the service, recently launched, and not yet in the line. They register in 19,600 tons. The steamers are despatched from New York to New Orleans for Aspinwall twice a week. "The Nicaragua Accession Company was established by Mr. Vanderbilt, of New York, and receives twenty per cent of the company. This line connects

"The Empire City Line was established in 1848, and is composed of three steamers, of an aggregate of 6,800 tons. The 'Empire City' and the 'Crescent City' were the pioneers of this line, and were two of the first steamers engaged in the California trade.

"From the foregoing estimate of the California steam-ships in connection with the port of New York, it will be seen that the number of steamers engaged in that trade is forty-one, including four ships of Law's Line, which were formerly engaged in the California trade, but which now run between New York, New Orleans, and Havana—viz., the 'Empire City,' 'Crescent City,' 'Cherokee,' and 'Falcon.' The aggregate tonnage of these forty-one ships is 69,336. But this is not all. There are ten American steamers plying between San Francisco and Stockton; there are ten also plying between San Francisco and Sacramento. The latter are for the most part of a larger size than those on the San Joaquin river, and make the trip of a hundred and twenty miles in from seven to eight hours. In the elegance of their accommodations, and the luxuries of their larders, they might compare favourably with any passenger vessels in the world. There are ten other steamers plying from Sacramento to different places above that city. One year ago, there was but one steamboat in Oregon, the 'Columbia'; now there are eleven steamboats of different kinds running in the Columbia and Willamette rivers, not including the Pacific steamers, 'Sea Gull' and 'Columbia,' running between Oregon and California. At this rate of progress the United States will soon be mistress of the Pacific. American steam-ship lines will, in a few years, be running from San Francisco to Australia, China, and the East Indies."

There can be little doubt of the truth of one of the propositions with which our extract concludes, that American steam-ship lines "will, in a few years, be running from San Francisco to Australia, China, and the East Indies;" but what a great feature for Australia does this suggest! There must spring up a vast trade between her population and the entire Pacific seaboard of South America. When her agriculture is more fully developed, it is not at all doubtful that, whilst supplying even California with breadstuffs, &c., she may also supply the west coast of South America with the products of the temperate zone, and with the

copper and other minerals abounding in her soil. We doubt, however, the truth of the prophecy that the United States is likely to be soon "the mistress of the Pacific;" to prevent, in fact, the trade between Australia, China, the East Indies, &c., and San Francisco, being carried on by Australian enterprise, aided by British capital. Fortunately the same enterprise, aided by the capital of this country, might be so directed as to confer a vast boon upon Great Britain herself. One of the leading sources of her present influence in the Pacific is evidently considered by the writer, from whom we have quoted above, to be the adoption by America of the short route to the Pacific *via* Panama. That route, however, is equally as available to the commerce of Great Britain and Australia as it is to that of the United States; and the fact leads us to the consideration of one of the greatest wants of Australia, which has very materially retarded its progress, whilst it has also been severely felt by the mercantile community of this country—viz., the want of a regular, frequent, and expeditious mail-communication between Great Britain and her southern colonial empire. We have already stated that during the past spring serious commercial losses have been occasioned by the want in question, no Government mail having been received in this country from Australia during a period of four months, up to the 27th July last, whilst we have been exporting actually at random. The colony and this country have been mocked by postal arrangements, proposed, but never efficiently carried out. The "Peninsular and Oriental Company" have been subsidised for the purpose of conveying mails once a-month; but their efforts have been a failure. Not once in three times have we had a mail without a mistake occurring at some point of the route. Sometimes the steamers employed from Australia have arrived at Singapore or Point de Galle a day or two after the steamers for England have started. Occasionally a few letters have come, whilst the newspapers, containing the most important news for the public—shipping and market intelligence—have been left behind. A while ago, we heard of the "Chusan" steamer

...may imagine that no time is required for writing them, in respect of printing. The General and New Steam Company also attempted the carrying of the mails, and subsequently the Australian Royal Mail Steam Company, both subsidised by Government, made the same attempt. They failed in the performance of their engagements. The latter had contracted to perform the voyage from England to Sydney in 64 days, and homewards in 68 days. The "Chusan" 79 days on the passage from England to Sydney; the "Formosa" 76 days; the "Cleopatra" 120 days. In short, the Company's ships were laughable by ordinary sailing vessels. Then other vessels were tried; and we were told that mails were to be forwarded by this or that "clipper," the Post-Office guaranteeing its sailing on a particular day. But first-rate steamers would not accept the terms offered; and accordingly, we had constant instances of those who had taken the work failing in its execution. There has hitherto been no certainty as to the mail communication between this country and the colonies.

We never could tell, within the last three months, at what date we should expect to receive the reply to our letter to Australia, or when

it would arrive. But an emigrant has thus far been paid for an outcast. We may never hear, if fortune smile, if any similarity occurs; but the necessity of brotherhood becomes neglected, and epistolary intercourse is the rudest amongst us for adventuring into a new world. An emigrant would be glad to cate the tidings of his lot to sympathising friends, and there are few who will not with what delight even a scrap of home news reach those who are separated than half the circumference of the globe from that home. Not any Australian digger would present himself in the present moment if he knew his parent's clock tick in his place? What would he do at home not give for a glimpse of the present features of a child at the antipodes?

It is humiliating to contrast the niggardly of our own Post-Office and the Colonial Office, with what we have already shown by the Government of the States towards the poor new territory of California.

wanted?" but, "Will it pay?" Our American brethren have always dealt with the business of their post-office in a different spirit. They felt that those who are maintaining the commercial greatness of the country by their toil in California are worthy of being enabled to communicate cheaply with their friends at home. Our own postal authorities, however, appear disposed to treat that colony, which is similarly promoting the commerce of Great Britain, rather as an unreasonably intruding suppliant than an important community asking for what is fairly due to them. Our colonists feel deeply the injustice of their position, that, whilst a portion of the colonial revenue is contributed to the Home Government, to be expended in securing steam facilities for their mails, the object for which they are paying is not accomplished.

We feel perfectly assured that we never shall have an effective postal communication with Australia, until we cease to regard that important colony as a mere calling-station for our East Indian mails. Its increasing commerce with the mother country demands that it should have a mail service distinctly its own, conducted with no other view than to promote the convenience of that commerce, and of the people of the colony. How then is this to be provided most economically, and, at the same time, most effectively? The latter is the main question. We ought scarcely to think about cost in the effort to improve the postal facilities of a possession which, we have seen, took from us last year upwards of fourteen millions sterling of British produce and manufactures. Past experience has, we think, shown sufficiently that the object in view can never be obtained by steaming round the Cape of Good Hope. The shortest passages as yet attained by that route were performed by the "Golden Age" in 61 days, and by the "Argo" in 64 days. The noble steam-ship "Great Britain," in the last trip, made the distance to Melbourne in 65 days. The Australian Steam Navigation Company, which promised so largely, failed most unequivocally. The first of their ships, the "Australian," took 44 days to reach the Cape; the "Sydney" took 54 days; the "Mel-

bourne" took 75 days; and the "Adelaide" took 77 days. Of the two last vessels' voyages the *Melbourne Argus* remarked at the time:—

"The preposterous length of the voyage is a minor evil in comparison with the anxiety which haunted this community for weeks in the case of the last two steamers. We were almost on the point of giving up the 'Adelaide' for lost, when the lumbering old hulk was reported at last to have rolled into Adelaide. . . . The mischiefs inflicted upon the mercantile community here, by the detention of the 'Adelaide,' and the fears for her safety, have been intolerable. Mails have been postponed—goods have arrived before the advices or bills of lading had come to hand—correspondence has been confused, and business transactions have been utterly deranged. It is most provoking to think that a steamer, holding the Government mail contract, and for which the mails have been kept back for several weeks, should leave London on the 11th December, and arrive in Port Philip on the 11th of May following—a period of five months precisely!"

Undoubtedly the Company must have mismanaged its business, and its vessels been unfit for the service. But it is the opinion of all nautical men, that mails, conveyed in even the most superior steamers by way of the Cape of Good Hope, can never be depended upon either for speed or regularity. The most efficient mode which we have seen proposed for performing the service, is that of the Australian Direct Steam Navigation Company *via* Panama. It is intended that this Company's vessels, which are to be powerful paddle-wheel steamers of 3000 tons, shall proceed at stated periods from Milford Haven to Aspinwall (Navy Bay), on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus; from whence passengers and cargo will be conveyed by railway to Panama, on the Pacific side, and there re-embarked for Australia, accomplishing the whole distance, to or from, in *about fifty-five days*. That the power of fulfilling this promise is within the reach of an energetic Company, has recently been proved by the experiment made by the United States steamer, "Golden Age." America, by the by, is still our pioneer in steam enterprise.

"The 'Golden Age'—(we quote from an ably-conducted Liverpool paper, the *Journal*)—steaming only slowly, and under unfavourable circumstances, made the run from Sydney to Tahiti in 13½ days, and from Tahiti to Panama in 18 days 12 hours. A more powerful vessel would have performed the distances in about 11 and 15 days respectively, and surmounted effectually the only difficulty to be experienced in crossing the Pacific, namely, carrying coals sufficient for the voyage from station to station. The detention, which in this case was nearly 15 days between Sydney and Southampton, might be shortened to about 4 days, by proper arrangements being made for prompt despatch; and the voyage would thus be performed in from 50 to 53 days."

A portion of the journey across the Isthmus, we may remark, was performed on mules, only thirty-one miles of the railway being as yet completed. The whole line, however, is expected to be opened in the course of the present year.

Many circumstances concur to render the Panama route infinitely preferable to any other. In the first place, the shortest distance has to be traversed. From Milford Haven to Sydney by this route is only 12,440 miles, the whole of which, with the exception of 45 miles, is by sea. By the present Peninsular and Oriental Company's route, *via* Swan River and Cape Leeuwin, from Southampton the distance is 12,855 miles, of which 238 have to be performed between Alexandria and Suez by Canal, by the Nile, and across the desert. By the same Company's route *via* Torres Straits, the distance is 13,095 miles, with the same overland journey to make from Alexandria to Suez. We can only get our mails from Australia by either of these routes in sixty days, by the very costly express from Marseilles. The General Screw Company's route, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, Madras, and Point de Galle, is enormously circuitous; and the same Company's new route, without touching at the Cape, is 12,837 miles. There is another serious disadvantage connected with the eastward voyage. From the Cape to Australia the weather is generally boisterous, with variable winds; and in passing the *equinoctial line*, ships have to en-

counter calms, and can derive no aid from carrying canvass. The loss of that aid is a serious matter to screw steamers, in a voyage where economy in the article of fuel is so desirable. From Great Britain to Navy Bay, on the other hand, is usually a run in which canvass can be advantageously used, whilst the run from Panama to Australia is through pleasant weather for the entire distance, the Pacific fully justifying the propriety of its appellation.

Of course, a company working the Panama route effectively, with superior vessels, and carrying regular mails, must be subsidised by the British Government. Our colonists themselves would gladly lent their aid by grants out of their own public revenue. In fact, the province of New South Wales has recently advertised its willingness to give a bonus of £6000 sterling to any company which will bring the postal distance between England and Melbourne to sixty days each way. The Australian Direct Company, however, anticipate a good profit on their undertaking, irrespective of remuneration in the form of a subsidy for carrying the mails, as will be perceived from the following extract from their prospectus, published last year:—

"It is thought unnecessary to dwell on the great extension of general traffic wherever proper facilities of intercourse by steam have been afforded: it may, however, be briefly stated, that the produce of gold during the year 1852, in the colony of Victoria alone, amounted to over £18,000,000, with every prospect of a continuous increase, exclusive of the produce of New South Wales, which forms a large addition to this vast amount: that, during the months January, February, March and April last, the specie transmitted across the Isthmus—from Peru and Chili, from the western coast of Mexico, and from California—amounted to 20,410,796 dollars, exceeding £4,000,000 sterling,—and that the passenger traffic, by the same route and for the same period, amounted to 10,568 persons, irrespective of those conveyed by the San Juan de Nicaragua line. It may be, moreover, observed that this extent of traffic, however great, affords no adequate idea of the vast trade which will arise to feed this line, when in full operation,—with all the important advan-

tages of a completed railway, and of a systematic conduct of business.

"Large additions to this vast traffic must necessarily flow from the increasing intercourse between North America and the Australian colonies, facilitated as such intercourse is by the powerful lines of steamers already established between the United States and the Isthmus of Panama in the North Atlantic, and between California and Panama in the North Pacific. The augmented line of steamers, also, employed by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company between Valparaiso and Panama, must considerably swell the stream. These great results stand in perfect independence of a line projected, which will in all probability, at no distant period, connect California and China; and likewise of traffic, the natural result of conveyance of passengers and valuable merchandise diverted from old and circuitous routes.

"The Directors derive great encouragement from the knowledge that the objects of this Company are favoured with the high approval of British merchants in general. Many of the most eminent *London* houses have strongly expressed their approbation; and the following document fully attests the spirit in which the enterprise is regarded by several influential and distinguished *Manchester* firms:

"We, the undersigned, being desirous of encouraging the establishment of a line of first-class steam-packets, offering increased facilities and advantages for the transit of passengers and goods to and from Australia and the different important States in the Pacific Ocean, and being deeply impressed with the advantages of the route by the way of the Isthmus of Panama, since the establishment of the railroad at that place connecting the two oceans,—hereby signify our approval of the projected British and Australian Direct Screw Steam Packet Company, for the purpose of carrying out the line of communication to those parts in the most efficient manner. (Signed)—R. GLADSTONE & Co., HORROCKS, JACKSON & Co., ROBERT SMITH & Co., ROBERT GARDNER, SAMUEL MENDEL, ROBT. BARBOUR & BROTHERS, JOHN PENDER & Co., GEORGE FRASER, SON, & Co., HENRY B. JACKSON, R. I. FARBRIDGE & Co., B. LIEBERT, PRESOTT, BROTHERS, & Co., THOS. CARDWELL & Co., OSWALD STEVENSON & Co., J. A. TURNER & Co."

It is most desirable that whatever line is selected for conveying the mails should be as far as possible remunera-

tive, in order to enable Government to fix the rates of postage as low as possible. The present charges are preposterously high. A letter by a sailing ship, which may be from ninety to one hundred days on the passage, costs eightpence, if under half an ounce. By steam and overland mail, it is from a shilling to twentypence, if under a quarter of an ounce in weight, for what to a man, whose caligraphy is not of a diminutive order, or who cannot command "bank" or "foreign post" paper, must be only half a letter. Cheap postage for the newly settled population of Australia, and for their friends in this country, is as essential as regular and expeditious mails are to the mercantile communities in both countries. We must remark, too, that newspapers and trade circulars are as much required to be conveyed expeditiously as mercantile letters. By the last overland mail a fortunate few received despatches *via* Marseilles in sixty days. The bulk of the mail, consisting of newspapers and letters from emigrants, &c., was not delivered until the arrival of the steamer at Southampton, nearly seventy days from her leaving the colony.

We have certainly little hope of our Government doing much to develop the resources of Australia. The Post-Office authorities may, indeed, be induced to concede to the colony, and to the mercantile community of this country, a direct mail communication *via* Panama, by the prospect—indeed, almost certainty—that if they fail in the performance of their duty, the United States Government will do it for them. The experiment made by the American steam-ship "Golden Age" is said to have been, commercially, an unprofitable one. But the application of steam power to the performance of long voyages is even as yet in its infancy. The chief difficulty hitherto experienced in making short and regular passages to a distant port has been the large quantity of coals required to be carried, which diminishes the power of carrying cargo in our mail steamers. It is estimated that our Cunard Company's and the Collins' boats would have to diminish their speed, and to forfeit some of their character for regularity in the transmission of mails to and from America, were the two

calculated, they maintained, to secure the health and comfort and safety of poor persons going out at the expense of the colony, a knowledge of the nature of which was denied to the experienced Government officers stationed at the various ports, whose duty it is to superintend the accommodation and quality of provisions afforded to persons going out at their own expense. Let us see what was the working of this model system! They state that, in consequence of the high rates for shipping, they were compelled to adopt large ships, and they add, page 18:—

"We lament to say that in those despatched from Liverpool the result was unfortunate. Amongst the adults, indeed, no bad consequences followed, but amongst the infants and young children, whose numbers had been increased by the then recent relaxation of our rules, a great mortality occurred. On the 'Bourneuf,' 'Marco Polo,' and 'Wanata,' in which the aggregate number of passengers was 2,581, the number of deaths was 181, of which no less than 152 were below four years of age. On the 'Ticonderago,' 165 persons died on the voyage, or in quarantine after arrival, of whom 65 were below fourteen, and 18 were less than one year old."

It is a somewhat singular fact, that

		1852.		1853.	
		Average number of days.		Average number of days.	
Under 200 tons,					
From 200 to 300 tons	...	137	...	133	
" 300 " 400 "	...	122	...	122	
" 400 " 500 "	...	123	...	118	
" 500 " 600 "	...	118	...	112	
" 600 " 700 "	...	113	...	112	
" 700 " 800 "	...	107	...	103	
" 800 " 900 "	...	108	...	101	
" 900 " 1000 "	...	103	...	100	
" 1000 " 1200 "	...	102	...	95	
" 1200 " 1200 "	...	96	...	91	
" 1200 & upwards,	...	91	...	90	

We entertain little doubt that, in a short while, the provincial legislatures, and people of the various provinces of Australia will protest loudly against this mismanagement of their contributions for the purpose of encouraging emigration, and assert the right of exercising a greater control than they have at present over their own funds.

But it is, after all, to the honest press, and to the enterprise of private

in not one of these vessels, since their being sailed under private management, has more than the ordinary rate of mortality prevailed. After this disastrous loss of human life, the Commissioners came to the resolution of diminishing the number of children allowed to each passenger, and limited the size of their ships. Private firms allowed the same number, and increased the size of their ships. Yet the latter have had no increase in the rate of mortality, whilst, only a few weeks ago, a ship chartered by the Commissioners lost at sea—having only reached Cork—in putting back to their depot at Birkenhead, and after placing the sick in hospital, upwards of sixty lives! The absurdity, on the part of the Commissioners, in employing exclusively small ships, is thus apparent, even in a sanitary point of view. The large clippers, built expressly for the trade, have at the same time had the advantage over their competitors in quick sailing. In proof of this fact, we quote a table extracted from a file of the *London Times* of this year, showing the average number of days occupied in the passage by the vessels of different tonnage, ranging from 200 tons upwards, despatched from Liverpool to Australia in the years 1852 and 1853.

individuals, that these important colonies must look chiefly for a relief from their present temporary difficulties. A large amount of misconception has been spread abroad as to the prospects which they hold out for settlers and their social condition. We have had too much information from the Colonies themselves about the state of trade in Melbourne and the other large towns, and the yield of the various gold mines, and much too

little of the progress making in agricultural pursuits. With respect to the latter, too, the sort of information conveyed, and the picture which it presents, have not been of a character likely to attract the most useful classes of settlers—our small farmers and farm-labourers. Sheep-farming and stock-farming in “the bush,” as it is still absurdly termed, is naturally associated in their minds with ideas of solitary and half-savage life, to adventure upon which most men, and especially those who have been accustomed to quiet domestic life, and have no pressing necessity for taking such a step, will hardly be induced to leave their native land. In the large towns society is gradually assuming a settled character, and their population, the old and the newly arrived as well, are directing their attention to the ordinary avocations of industry. Dwellings, as we have shown, are being erected almost with sufficient rapidity to meet the demand for them, and proper sanitary and other arrangements will follow. The most congratulatory movement which has recently, and is now more rapidly than ever taking place, is the conversion of the soil, hitherto in a wild state, or forming portions of sheep runs, into farms of various sizes, cultivated in the best manner by British and other farmers. Little communities, the germs of future towns and villages, are springing up on every side; and before many seasons are over, the population, however largely augmented, will have no occasion to depend upon extraneous supply for any of the leading necessities of life. Whether as a merchant, a tradesman, or to engage in other legitimate and useful occupations, the emigrant may now safely

leave his home to settle for life in Australia in the entire confidence that his industry will meet its full reward. To bring about the future greatness which we have predicted for the colony, as the centre of a wealthy and powerful Anglo-Saxon empire in the Pacific, whose population are governed by British laws, and are in the enjoyment of British institutions, it is most important that the British element should be as largely as possible infused amongst them. Society in Australia calls especially for the presence of an educated middle class, capable of ameliorating, by its example, the rudeness of character and manners which may be expected from amongst her successful gold-diggers, bush-farmers, and traders. The spread of truthful information respecting the climate, capabilities, &c., of the country, will effect much in supplying that want, and inducing such a class to emigrate thither as to a permanent home. The time may come—be it far distant!—when the colonists may demand to be an independent people. Such an infusion amongst them of right-hearted and loyal British men and women—the fathers and mothers of another generation—may do much to postpone such an event. And when it does arrive—when a people grown great and wealthy under the protecting arm of British sway refuses to be governed from the antipodes—the breaking of the link may be rendered a kindly one; and it may to no slight extent operate upon our future relations with the grown-up child, who has cast us off, and decided to walk by himself, that his heart still clings to the home of his parents, and feels an interest in maintaining the prosperity of the land which gave them birth.

either.”* By this impious drivel is meant, that if this infinitude of systems be made by one God, who has peopled every orb as our own is peopled, with rational and moral beings, it is absurd to suppose that He has such a special regard for us, as the Scriptures assure us He has—that *He was made flesh, and dwell among us*—lived with us, died for us, rose again for us; us, the insignificant occupants of this insignificant speck amidst the resplendent magnificence of the infinite universe. Now, that such a notion is equally irreligious and unphilosophical we trust no intelligent reader of ours requires to be persuaded; but that there are both friends and enemies of the Christian Faith, who fear or believe otherwise, may be assumed; and hence the unspeakable importance of viewing the matter soberly, by such light as we have,—as God has been pleased to vouchsafe to us. If we have little, we cannot help it, but must gratefully and reverently make the best-use we can of it; assuring ourselves that there must be wise reasons for our omniscient Creator’s having given us just as much as we have, and no more. He might have endowed us with faculties nearly akin to His own; but He has thought proper to act otherwise.

The attention of scientific persons, and those of a speculative character in religion, physics, and morals, has recently been recalled to the question,—whether there are grounds for believing the heavenly bodies to be inhabited by rational beings,—by the publication, eleven months ago, of a thin octavo volume of 279 pages, bearing no author’s name, and entitled, *Of the Plurality of Worlds, an Essay*. Internal evidence seemed to point to a distinguished person at Cambridge as the author—a gentleman of great eminence as a mathematician, a logician, a divine, and a moralist—in short, to the Reverend Dr. Whewell, the Master of Trinity College. The work was divided into numbered paragraphs, as is usual with that gentleman; peculiarities of spelling—e. g., “offence,” instead of

“offence”—and of style and expression, are common to the *Essay* and the other works of the suspected author. We are not aware that up to the present time he has repudiated the work thus attributed to him. On the contrary, he has just published a *Dialogue*, by way of supplement to it, in which he and various classes of objectors are speakers; and on one of them telling him that one of his critics “repeatedly tries to connect his speculations with those of the author of *Vestiges of Creation*,” a wild work of an infidel character, he answers, “If he were to try to connect me with an *answer* to that work, which went through two editions, under the title of *Indications of the Creator*, he would be nearer the mark; at least, I adopt the sentiments of this latter book.” Now, this latter book was published, certainly not with Dr. Whewell’s name on the title-page, but by the publisher of all his other works, and entitled *Indications of the Creator; Theological Extracts from Dr. Whewell’s History and Philosophy of Inductive Science*. But whereas the *Essay* in question is written by the present highly-gifted Master of Trinity, with the design of showing that “the belief of the planets and stars being inhabited is ill-founded—a notion taken up on insufficient grounds, and that the most recent astronomical discoveries point the other way”—the author declaring that these “views have long been in his mind, the convictions which they involve growing gradually deeper, through the effect of various trains of speculation;” it will be found, on referring to Dr. Whewell’s *Bridge-water Treatise*, published in 1833, that these views seem not then to have been entertained by him. In book iii. chap. 2, we find him speaking thus: “The earth, the globular body thus covered with life, is not the only globe in the universe. There are circling about our own sun six others, so far as we can judge, perfectly analogous in their nature, besides our moon, and other bodies analogous to it. No one can resist the temptation to conjecture that these globes, some

* *Age of Reason.*

of them much larger than our own, are not dead and barren; that they are, like ours, occupied with life, organisation, intelligence. To conjecture is all that we can do; yet even by the perception of such a possibility, our view of the domain of nature is enlarged and elevated." Speaking again of the stars, and supposing them suns, with planets revolving round them, he adds, "And these may, like our planet, be the seats of vegetable, animal, and rational life. We may thus have in the universe, worlds, no one knows how many, no one can guess how varied." And, finally, in the ensuing chapter, "On man's place in the Universe," he says: "We thus find that a few of the shining spots which we see scattered on the face of the sky in such profusion, appear to be of the same nature as the earth; and may, perhaps, as analogy would suggest, be, like the earth, the habitations of organised beings." Undoubtedly these remarks are penned in a cautious and philosophic spirit; and upwards of twenty years' subsequent reflection, by the light of various splendid astronomical discoveries during that interval, is now announced to have so far shaken Dr. Whewell's faith in such "conjectures," as to induce him, "in all sincerity and simplicity," to submit "to the public the arguments strong or weak," which had occurred to him on the subject; "and which, when he proceeded to write the *Essay*, assumed, by being fully unfolded, greater strength than he had expected." He is now disposed to regard a belief in the plurality of worlds "to have been really produced by a guess, lightly made at first, quite unsupported by subsequent discoveries, and discountenanced by the most recent observations, though too remote from knowledge to be either proved or disproved." And further, he thus indicates the grand scope of the entire inquiry: "I do not attempt to disprove the plurality of worlds, by taking for granted the truths of Revealed Religion; But I say that the teaching of Religion may, to a candid inquirer, suggest the wisdom of not taking for granted the Plurality of Worlds. Religion seems, at first sight at least, to represent Man's history and position as unique.

Astronomy, some think, suggests the contrary. I examine the force of this latter suggestion, and it seems to me to amount to little or nothing." In the tenth and eleventh chapters of the *Essay*, Dr. Whewell thus speaks, in two passages (§§ 12, 20), which appear to us to indicate at once the spirit in which he offers his speculations, and his apprehension as to the reception with which they might meet. In the former, he owns that his "views are so different from those hitherto generally entertained, and considered as having a sort of religious dignity belonging to them, that we may fear, at first at least, they will appear to many rash and fanciful, and almost, as we have said, irreverent." In the latter he speaks thus:—

"It is not to be denied that there may be a regret and disturbance naturally felt at having to give up our belief that the planets and the stars probably contain servants and worshippers of God. It must always be a matter of pain and trouble, to be urged with tenderness and to be performed in time, to untwine our reverential religious sentiments from erroneous views of the constitution of the Universe with which they have been involved. But the change once made, it is found that religion is uninjured, and reverence undiminished. And therefore we trust that the reader will receive with candour and patience the argument which we have to offer with reference to this view, or, rather, this sentiment."

In this tone of manly modesty is expressed the whole of this really remarkable work; but all competent readers will also be struck by the dignified consciousness of power associated with that modesty. These two characteristics have invested this book with a certain charm, in our eyes, which we cannot but thus avow, after having given his *Essay*, and the *Dialogue*, in which he deals with various objectors to his *Essay*, due consideration. A calm perusal of that *Dialogue* may suggest to shrewd opponents the necessity of approaching the writer of it with caution.

Here, then, we have a man of first-rate intellectual power, a practised and skilful dialectician, formidably familiar with almost every department of physical science, in its latest

persons who have best worth attention on the subject. Who can be less fitted to do so, especially by a personal paper to spirits as contradistinguished to one of arrogance and dogmatism? None but a fool would rush angrily forward, to encounter such an author with harsh and heated language, or derogatory and uncharitable situations and imputations. A philosophical and duly qualified opponent would act differently. He would say, In this age of free inquiry, matter how bold and serious the attack on preconceptions and long-established opinion and belief, if it is made in a grave and manly spirit of inquiry and argument, and especially by one whose eminent character, qualifications, and position, entitle his suggestions and speculations to deliberate consideration, that deliberate consideration they must have. "I am presented," says the writer of *Essay*, in the *Dialogue*, "grave'y calmly, the views and arguments which occurred to my mind, on a question which many persons think an interesting one; and if any one introduce any other temper into discussion of this question, with me I will hold no argument; if he speak in a vehement and angry strain

written with unpolished and uncorrected style, I will not answer him. But if he speak in a calm and manly manner, in exact expressions, to the end, also, may be of a subtle and felicitous and masterly grasp of his subject; a thorough acquaintance with the heights and depths of science, divinity, and metaphysics, and infinitely beyond in regard for the truths of religion, and an earnest and unflinching advocacy of its interests, by which in his opinion many a stumblingblock in the path of the devout Christian, that may be seen indicated by language which we have seen in Thomas Paine. If that be the case, which Dr. Whewell has said, and who will doubt it, I will be respectful and considerate, and I will be enhanced. He must be so for having deliberated on the cost of what he was saying, and the amount of censure and contempt which he might incur. It seems that he has felt enough to make it worth while, and here he sees the necessity of it. I am, Sir, your contemporary, Sir I am, Sir, your

sicious victim of an invincible love of paradox; and indeed Sir David Brewster unceremoniously characterises the Essayist's conjectures concerning the fixed stars as "insulting to Astronomy," and "ascribable only to some morbid condition of the mental powers, which feeds upon paradox, and delights in doing violence to sentiments deeply cherished, and to opinions universally believed;"* that having once conceived what he regards as a happy idea on a great question, he dwells upon it with such an eager fondness as warps his judgment; that having committed himself to what he has seen to be a false position, he defends it desperately, with consummate logical skill. Or he may believe himself entitled to the credit of having demolished bold and vast theories, and plucked up by the roots an enormous fallacy. It may be so, or it may not; but Dr. Whewell's is certainly a very bold attempt to swim against the splendid stream of modern astronomical speculation. He would say, however, Is it not as bold to *people*, as to *depopulate* the starry structures? It is on you that the burthen of proof rests: you cannot see, or hear, inhabitants in other spheres; the Bible tells us nothing about them; and where, therefore, is the EVIDENCE on which you found your assertion, and would coerce me into a concurrence in your conclusions? I long for the production of sufficient evidence of so awful a fact as that God has created all the starry bodies for the purpose of placing upon them beings in any degree like man—moral, intellectual, accountable beings, of equal, higher, or lower degree of intelligence—consisting of that wondrous combination of matter and mind, body and soul, which constitutes *man*, existing in similar relations to the external world. The mere suggestion startles me, both as a man of science and a Christian believer, on account of certain difficulties which appear to me greater than perhaps even you may have taken into account. But, however this may be, I call upon you for proofs of so vast

a fact as you allege to exist, or the best kind and greatest degree of evidence which may justify me in assenting to the existence of such a fact. We are dealing with facts, probabilities, improbabilities; and I repudiate any intrusion of sentiment or fancy. If God has told me that the fact exists, I receive it with reverence; and wonder at finding myself a member of so immense a family, from all communication with which He has been pleased to cut me off in my present stage of existence. But if God has not told me the fact directly—and I feel no religious obligation to hold the fact to exist or not to exist—I will regard the question as one both curious and interesting, and weigh carefully the reasons which you offer me in support of your assertion. But will you, in return, weigh carefully the reasons I offer for asserting a fact which appears to me, however you may think erroneously, of incalculably greater personal moment to me as a member of the human family—namely, that "man's history and position are unique;—that the earth is really the largest planetary body in the solar system—its domestic hearth, and the only WORLD in the universe?" I am quite as much startled at having to receive your notion, as you may be to receive mine. My great engine of proof, says his opponent, is analogy: well, replies the other, there I will meet you; and the first grand point to settle is, whether there is an analogy;† when that shall have been settled in the affirmative, we will, as carefully as possible, weigh the *amount* of it.

This is the point at issue between Dr. Whewell and Sir David Brewster; who resolutely undertakes to demonstrate "*More Worlds than One*" to be "the *creed* of the philosopher, and the *hope* of the Christian." It is to be seen whether this eminent member of the scientific world, also a firm believer in the Christian religion, has undertaken a task to which he is equal. He must present such an amount of proof as will require the plurality of worlds to be accepted as his CREED, by a PHILOSOPHER; that is, by a

* *More Worlds than One*, p. 230.

† *Essay* (2d edition), p. 261.

announced the most intelligent his-
 tory of the age of Louis XIV. pro-
 posed and edited in 1854 by STU-
 DENT HAWSTON: *Plurality of worlds?*
 Why should there *not* be a plurality
 of worlds? The second is that asked
 by Dr. Whewell: Why *should* there
 be? "I do not pretend to disprove a
 plurality of worlds; but I ask in vain
 for any argument that makes the
 doctrine probable."* The third, is
 its own. *And what if there be!*—a
 question of a directly practical ten-
 dency. We shall take the second
 question first, because it will bring
 Dr. Whewell first on the field, as it was
 who has so suddenly mooted this
 singular question. But we would at
 the outset entreat our readers, at all
 times our younger ones, to remember
 that we are dealing with a purely spec-
 ulative subject, respecting which zeal-
 partisans are apt to draw on their
 imaginations—to assert or deny the
 existence of analogy, on insufficient
 grounds; to overstrain or underrate
 evidence; and lend to bare probabili-
 ties, or even pure possibilities, some-
 thing of the air of facts, where *facts*
 are absolutely none.

Why *should* there be more worlds
 than one? "Astronomy," says Dr.
 Whewell, "no more reveals to us

1978, that, as in
 1854, a view of the
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 to warrant such an
 opinion. But that to
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 He says, "That the
 ed, is not a reason
 the other planets are
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 orbit "is the temper
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 of hot and cold, moi-
 sture, &c. . . . The ear-
 liest planetary bod-
 ies; its domestic
 ed between the hot at
 one side, the cold and
 on the other. This re-
 to be a domestic hab-
 itation; in this re-
 the largest *solid* globe
 and on this globe, the
creative operations, ei-
 ther from any of these
 the solid from the vap-
 or from the hot, the moi-
 sture have been estab-
 lished plants, and animals,
 that the . . .

the heavens, and stretched them out; he that spread forth the earth, and that which cometh out of it; he that giveth breath unto the people *upon it*, and spirit to them that walk *therein*.*

. . . I have made the earth, and created man *upon it*; I, even my hands, have stretched out the heavens, and all their host have I commanded.

. . . Thus saith the Lord, that created the heavens; God himself, that formed the earth, and made it; he hath established it, he created it not in vain, he formed it *to be inhabited*: I am the Lord; and there is none else.† Here the Psalmist speaks of both the heaven and the earth, saying of the latter that he has given it to the children of men; while the inspired prophet repeatedly speaks of the heavens and the earth, saying that God had given breath to the people *upon it*, and spirit to them that walk *therein*; that he had created man *upon it*; that he had created the earth *not in vain*, but formed *"it,"* to be inhabited. It is not said that he formed the heavens to be inhabited, but the earth. This passage Sir David Brewster has quoted as "a distinct declaration from the inspired prophet, that the earth would have been created *IN VAIN*, if it had not been formed to be inhabited; and hence we draw the conclusion, that as the Creator cannot be supposed to have made the worlds of our system, and those in the sidereal universe, in vain, *they* must have been formed *to be inhabited*."‡ Is not this a huge "conclusion" to draw from these premises? And do not the words tend rather the other way—to show that *the earth*, with its wondrous adaptations, would have been created in vain, if not to be inhabited; but that the heavens may be created for other purposes, of which man, in the present stage of existence, has not, nor can have, any conception?

We have spoken of Sir David Brewster's drawing a huge conclusion from a passage of Scripture in support of his views of the question before us; but we have to present a still huger conclusion, drawn by him from another glorious passage: "When I

consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

"This," says Sir David, "is a positive argument for a plurality of worlds! We cannot doubt that inspiration revealed to the Hebrew poet the magnitude, the distances, and the final cause of the glorious spheres which fixed his admiration. . . . He doubtless viewed these words as *teeming with life, physical and intellectual*; as globes which may have required millions of years for their preparation, exhibiting new forms of beings, *new powers of mind*, new conditions in the past, and new glories in the future!" In his *Dialogue* Dr Whewell thus dryly dismisses this extraordinary flight of his opponent: "That the Hebrew poet knew, or thought about, the plurality of worlds, is a fact hitherto unnoticed by the historians of astronomy; to their consideration I leave it."

Let us now, however, follow Dr. Whewell in the development of his idea, bearing in mind his own impressive statement, in his preface, that, "while some of his philosophical conclusions appear to him to fall in very remarkably with certain points of religious doctrine, he is well aware that philosophy alone can do little in providing man with the consolations, hopes, supports, and convictions which religion offers; and he acknowledges it as a ground of deep gratitude to the Author of All Good, that man is not left to philosophy for those blessings, but has a fuller assurance of them by a more direct communication from Him."

"The two doctrines which we have here to weigh against each other," says Dr. Whewell, "are the *plurality* of worlds, and the *unity* of the world;" and he "includes, as a necessary part of the conception of a 'WORLD,' a collection of intelligent creatures, where reside intelligence, perception of truth, recognition of moral law, and reverence for a Divine Creator and Governor."§ His *Essay* branches into three great divisions, in disposing of the conjectural plurality of worlds,

* Isaiah, xlii. 5. † Isaiah, xlv. 12, 18. ‡ *More Worlds than One*, p. 17.

§ *Essay*, p. 359.

and suggesting the reality of the unity of the world. First, he considers the constitution of man: secondly, that of the earth which he inhabits, its adaptation, structure, and position: lastly, its neighbours in the heavens—the solar system to which it belongs, the fixed stars, and the nebulae; and as to these, he declares that “a closer inquiry, with increased means of observation, gives no confirmation to the conjecture which certain aspects of the universe at first sight suggested to man, that there may be other bodies, like the earth, tenanted by other creatures like man,—some characters of whose nature seem to remove or lessen the difficulties we may at first feel in regarding the earth as, in a *unique and special manner*, the field of God’s providence and government.”* This is not the order in which Dr Whewell proceeds, but it is that which we shall observe, in giving our readers such a brief and intelligible account, as we can of this singularly bold *Essay*. He himself commences with a beautiful sketch of the state of “Astronomical Discoveries,” with which Dr. Chalmers dealt in his celebrated Discourses; by no means understating the amount of them, with reference principally to the number of the heavenly bodies—“a countless host of worlds, arranged in planetary systems, having years and seasons, days and nights, as we have;” as to which, “it is at least a likely suggestion that they have also inhabitants—intelligent beings, who can reckon those days and years—who subsist on the fruits which the seasons bring forth, and have their daily and yearly occupations, according to their faculties.”† If this world be merely one of innumerable other worlds, all, like it, the workmanship of God—all the seats of life—like it, occupied by intelligent creatures, capable of will, law, obedience, disobedience, as man is,—to hold that it alone should have been the scene of God’s care and kindness, and still more, of His special interposition, communication, and personal dealings with its individual inhabitants, in the way which religion teaches, is, the objector is conceived

to maintain, in the highest degree extravagant, incredible, and absurd.”‡ Such is, as we have seen, the assertion of Thomas Paine; and Dr. Whewell proposes to discuss this vast speculative question, “not as an objection urged by an opponent, but rather as a difficulty felt by a friend of religion;”—“to examine rather how we can quiet the troubled and perplexed believer, than how we can triumph over the dogmatical and self-satisfied infidel.”§ But let our reader note well, at starting, the above mighty “IF” which he may regard as the comet’s nucleus, drawing after it an enormous and dismaying train of consequences, sweeping into annihilation man’s hopes equally with his fears.

Dr. Whewell gives a lucid and terse account of the scope of Dr. Chalmers’s eloquent declamation, his ingenious suggestions, and his astronomical or philosophical arguments, which he deems “of great weight; and, upon the whole, such as we may both assent to, as scientifically true, and accept as rationally persuasive. I think, however, that there are other arguments, also drawn from scientific discoveries, which bear in a very important and striking manner upon the opinions in question, and which Chalmers has not referred to; and I conceive that there are philosophical views of another kind, which, for those who desire and will venture to regard the universe and its Creator in the wider and deeper relations which appear to be open to human speculation, may be a source of satisfaction.”||

But “WHAT IS MAN?” is the pregnant question of the royal Psalmist; and Dr. Whewell gives an account of man, at once ennobling and solemnising; in strict accordance, moreover, with revelation, and with those views of his moral and intellectual nature universally entertained by the believers in revealed religion. We know of no man living entitled to speak with more authority on such subjects than Dr. Whewell; and we think it impossible for any thoughtful person to read the portions of his *Essay* relating to this subject, without feelings

* *Essay*, p. 359.† *Ibid.*, pp. 94, 95.‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 98, 99.§ *Ibid.*, p. 103.|| *Ibid.*, p. 104.

of awe and reverence towards our Maker. Not that any new conditions of human nature are suggested, or any peculiarly original views of it presented; but our knowledge on the subject is, as it were, condensed into a focus, and then brought to bear upon the question, What is man, that his Maker should be mindful of him, and visit him? and thereby render the earth, in a unique and special manner, the field of God's providence and government. Lord Bolingbroke objected to the Mosaic account of the creation, and "that man is made by Moses as the final end, if not of the whole creation, yet at least of our system:" but let us remember, that Moses also tells us that God determined to "make man in Our image, after Our likeness;" that God did, accordingly, create man in His own image—with special significance twice asserting the fact that *in the image of God created He him*; and he tells us that, after the flood, God assigned this as a reason for visiting the crime of murder with death—Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed; for in the image of God made He man. The full import of that awful and mysterious expression, the image and likeness of God, man, in his fallen state, may never know. Adam possibly knew originally; and his descendants believe that it consists in their Intellectual and Moral nature. The former is, in some measure, of the same nature as the Divine mind of the Creator:* the laws which man discovers in the creation must be laws known to God; those which man sees to be true—those of geometry, for instance—God also must see to be true. That there were, from the beginning, in the Creator's mind creative thoughts, is a doctrine involved in every intelligent view of creation—a doctrine which has recently received splendid illustration by a living "great discoverer in the field of natural knowledge"† Law implies a lawgiver, even when we do not see the object of the law; even as design implies a designer, when we do not see the object of the design. The laws of nature are the indications of the operation of the Divine mind, and are revealed to us, as such, by the

operations of our mind, by which we come to discover them. They are the utterances of the Creator, delivered in language which we can understand; and being thus *Language*, they are the utterances of an Intelligent Spirit.‡

"If man, when he attains to a knowledge of such laws, is really admitted, in some degree, to the view with which the Creator himself beholds his creation; if we can gather, from the conditions of such knowledge, that his intellect partakes of the nature of the Divine intellect; if his mind, in its clearest and largest contemplation, harmonises with the Divine mind,—we have in this a reason which may well seem to us very powerful, why, even if the earth alone be the habitation of intelligent beings, still the great work of creation is not wasted. If God have placed on the earth a creature who can so far sympathise with Him (if we may venture upon the expression), who can raise his intellect into some accordance with the creative intellect; and that not once only, nor by few steps, but through an indefinite gradation of discoveries more and more comprehensive, more and more profound, each an advance, however slight, towards a Divine Insight; then, so far as intellect alone, of which alone we are here speaking, can make man a worthy object of all the vast magnificence of creative power, we can hardly shrink from believing that he is so."§

Again: The earth is a scene of MORAL TRIAL. Man is subject to a moral law; and this moral law is a law of which God is the legislator—a law which man has the power of discovering, by the use of the faculties which God has given him. Now, the existence of a body of creatures, capable of such a law, of such a trial, and of such an elevation, as man is the subject and has the power of—that is, of rising from one stage of virtue to another, by a gradual and successive purification and elevation of the desires, affections, and habits, in a degree, so far as we know, without limit—is, according to all we can conceive, infinitely more worthy of the Divine Power and Wisdom, in the creation of the universe, than any number of planets occupied by creatures having no such lot, no such law, no such capacities, and no such respon-

* *Essay*, p. 360.† *Ibid.*, p. 360 (Professor Owen).‡ *Ibid.*, p. 362.§ *Ibid.*, pp. 364, 365.

sibilities. However imperfectly the moral law may be obeyed; however ill the greater part of mankind may respond to the appointment which places them here in a state of moral probation; however few there may be who use the capacities and means of their moral purification and elevation; still *that there is* such a plan in the creation, and that *any* respond to its appointments, is really a view of the universe which we can conceive to be suitable to the nature of God, because we can approve it, in virtue of the moral nature which He has given us. One school of moral discipline, one theatre of moral action, one arena of moral contests for the highest prizes, is a sufficient centre for innumerable hosts of stars and planets, globes of fire and earth, water and air, whether or not tenanted by corals and madrepores, fishes and creeping things. So great and majestic are those names of RIGHT and GOOD, DUTY and VIRTUE, that all mere material or animal existence is worthless in the comparison. . . .

Man's moral progress is a progress towards a likeness with God; and such a progress, even more than a progress towards an intellectual likeness with God, may be conceived as making the soul of man fit to endure for ever with God, and therefore, as making this earth a preparatory stage of human souls, to fit them for eternity—a nursery of plants which are to be fully unfolded in a celestial garden. And if this moral life be really only the commencement of an infinite Divine plan beginning upon earth, and destined to endure for endless ages after our earthly life, we need no array of other worlds in the universe, to give sufficient dignity and majesty to the scheme of the Creator.

The author of the *Essay* then ascends to an infinitely greater and grander altitude:—

“If by any act of the Divine government the number of those men should be much increased, who raise themselves towards the moral standard which God has appointed, and thus towards a likeness to God, and a prospect of a future eternal union with him; such an act of Divine government would do far more towards making the universe a scene in which *God's goodness and greatness* were large-

ly displayed than could be done by any amount of peopling of planets with creatures who were incapable of moral agency, or with creatures whose capacity for the development of their moral faculties was small, and would continue to be small, till such an act of Divine government was performed. The interposition of God, in the history of man, to remedy man's feebleness in moral and spiritual tasks, and to enable those who profit by the interposition to ascend towards a union with God, is an event entirely out of the range of those natural courses of events which belong to our subject; and to such an interposition, therefore, we must refer with great reserve; *using great caution that we do not mix up speculations and conjectures of our own with what has been revealed to man concerning such an interposition.* But this it would seem, we may say, that such a Divine interposition for the moral and spiritual elevation of the human race, and for the encouragement and aid of those who seek the purification and elevation of their nature, and an eternal union with God, is far more suitable to the idea of a God of infinite goodness, purity, and greatness, than any supposed multiplication of a population, on our own planet, or on any other, not provided with *such* means of moral and spiritual progress. And if we were, instead of such a supposition, to imagine to ourselves, in other regions of the universe, a moral population purified and elevated without the aid, or need, of any such Divine interposition, the supposed possibility of such a moral race would make the sin and misery, which deform and sadden the aspect of our earth, appear more dark and dismal still. We should, therefore, it would seem, find no theological congruity, and no religious consolation, in the assumption of a plurality of worlds of moral beings; while, to place the seats of those worlds in the stars and the planets would be, as we have already shown, a step discountenanced by physical reasons; and discountenanced the more, the more the light of science is thrown upon it.”*

Should it be urged, that if the creation of *one* world of such creatures as man exalts so highly our views of the dignity and importance of the plan of creation, the belief in many such worlds must elevate still more our sentiments of admiration and reverence of the greatness and goodness of the Creator; and must be a belief,

* *Essay*, pp. 370, 371.

on that account, to be accepted and cherished by pious minds, Dr. Whewell replies in the following weighty passage:—

"We cannot think ourselves authorised to assert cosmological doctrines, *selected arbitrarily by ourselves*, on the ground of their exalting our sentiments of admiration and reverence for the Deity, *when the weight of all the evidence which we can obtain respecting the constitution of the universe, is against them*. It appears to me, that to discover one great scheme of moral and religious government, which is the spiritual centre of the universe, may well suffice for the religious sentiments of men in the present age; as in former ages, such a view of creation was sufficient to overwhelm men with feelings of awe, and gratitude, and love, and to make them confess, in the most emphatic language, that all such feelings were an inadequate response to the view of the scheme of Divine Providence which was revealed to them. The thousands of millions of inhabitants of the earth, to whom the effects of the Divine love extend, will not seem, to the greater part of religious persons, to need the addition of more, in order to fill our minds with vast and affecting contemplations, so far as we are capable of pursuing such contemplations. The possible extension of God's spiritual kingdom upon the earth will probably appear to them a far more interesting field of devout meditation than the possible addition to it of the inhabitants of distant stars, connected, in some inscrutable manner, with the Divine Plan."*

"In this state of our knowledge," Dr. Whewell subsequently adds, after recapitulating the whole course of the argument indicated by the lines above placed in italics, "and with such grounds of belief, to dwell upon the plurality of worlds of intellectual and moral creatures as a highly probable doctrine, must, we think, be held to be eminently rash and unphilosophical. On such a subject, where the evidences are so imperfect, and our power of estimating analogies so small, far be it from us to speak positively and dogmatically. And if any one holds the opinion, on *whatever* evidence, that there are other spheres of the Divine government than this earth, other spheres in which God has subjects and servants, other beings who do his will, and

who, it may be, are connected with the moral and religious interests of man, we do not breathe a syllable against such a belief, but, on the contrary, regard it with a ready and respectful sympathy: it is a belief which finds an echo in pious and benevolent hearts, and is of itself an evidence of that religious and spiritual character in man, which is one of the points of our argument. . . . But it would be very rash, and unadvised—a proceeding unwarranted, we think, by religion, and certainly at variance with all that science teaches—to place those other extrahuman spheres of Divine government in the planets and in the stars. With regard to these bodies, if we reason at all, we must reason on *physical* grounds; we must suppose, as to a great extent we can prove, that the law and properties of terrestrial matter and motion apply to them also. On such grounds it is as improbable that visitants from Jupiter, or from Sirius, can come to the earth, as that men can pass to those stars—as unlikely that inhabitants of those stars know and take an interest in human affairs, as that we can learn what they are doing. A belief in the Divine government of other races of spiritual creatures, besides the human race, and in Divine ministrations committed to such beings, cannot be connected with our physical and astronomical views of the nature of the stars and planets, without making a mixture altogether incongruous and incoherent—a mixture of what is material, and what is spiritual, adverse alike to sound religion and to sound philosophy."†

Those possessing a competent acquaintance with the doctrines of theology, and ethical and metaphysical discussions, cannot, we think, read this necessarily faint and imperfect outline of what Dr. Whewell has thus far advanced on the subject, without appreciating the caution and discretion with which he handles the subject which he here discusses—one of a critical character—in all its aspects and bearings. It is deeply suggestive to reflecting minds, who may be disposed to note with satisfaction how closely his doctrine, as thus far developed, quadrates with those of the Christian system. He has well reminded us, in the *Dialogue*, of a saying of Kant—that two things impressed him with awe: the

* *Essay*, pp. 371, 372.

† *Ibid*, pp. 375, 376.

starry heaven without him, and the *Moral Principle within*; and the current of his reflections tends towards that awful passage in the New Testament,—words which fell from the lips of the Saviour of mankind: “For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” “For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels, and then he shall reward every man according to his works.”* These two questions (to say nothing of the significance of the expression with reference to the subject now under discussion, “the whole world”), and the reason which is proposed to those who would answer the question, as that which should govern the choice between their own soul and the whole world, justify our attaching the highest conceivable value and importance to man, as a rational, a moral, an accountable being.

In the *Dialogue*, an objector suggests, “but in your inclination to make man the centre of creation, and the object of all the rest of the universe, are you not forgetting the admonitions of those who warn us against this tendency of self-glorification? You will recollect how much of this warning there is in the *Essay on Man*:—

‘Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine?
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, ‘Tis
for mine.’

To imagine ourselves of so much consequence in the eyes of the Creator is natural to us, self-occupied as we are, till philosophy rebukes such conceit.” To which it is justly answered—“It is quite right to attend to such warnings. But warnings may also be useful on the other side: warnings against self-disparagement; against the belief that man is *not* an important object in the eyes of the Creator. I do not know what philosophy represents man as insignificant in the eyes of the Deity; and still less does religious philosophy favour the belief of man’s insignificance in the eyes of

God. What great things, according to the views which religion teaches, has He done for mankind, and for each man!”†

But man’s intellectual and moral nature being of such dignity and value in the estimation of God, other circumstances connected with him tend in the same direction, says Dr. Whewell, and point him out as a special and unique existence, in every way worthy of his transcendent position. He is created by a direct and special act of the Deity, and placed and continued, under circumstances of most remarkable character, upon the locality prepared for him. We need hardly say that Dr. Whewell repudiates the irreligious, idle, and unphilosophical notion that man is merely the result of material development out of a long series of animal existences. This figure Dr. Whewell easily demolishes, on philosophical grounds, in common with all the great scientific men of the age; and having vindicated for man the dignity of his origin, as the result of a direct act of creation, and differing not only in his kind, but in his order, from all other creations, proceeds to consider his relations to his earthly abode. This brings us to the second stage of his Argument, to which we now proceed; premising that it necessarily involves considerations relating to the constitution of man, physically, intellectually, and morally; and especially as a being of *progressive* development. This stage is to be found in two chapters of the *Essay*, the fifth and sixth, respectively entitled, “Geology;” and “the Argument from Geology,”—both written with uncommon ability, and exhibiting proofs of the great importance attached to them by the author. Even those who may altogether dissent from his main conclusions, will appreciate the interesting and instructive, the masterly and suggestive outline which he gives of this noble twin sister of Astronomy, Geology. We are disposed to hazard a conjecture, that the governing idea developed in these chapters, was the origin of the whole speculation to which the *Essay* is devoted.

* Matt. xvi. 26, 27.

† *Dialogue*, pp. 53, 54.

MRS. STOWE'S SUNNY MEMORIES.

It is, we think, to be regretted that those who intend to lay before the public their impressions of foreign travel, should so often have recourse to the form of letters purporting to be addressed to friends or relatives at home. We admit that, for purposes of fiction, the epistolary style is convenient. Testy Mathew Bramble, his tyrannical sister Tabitha, and the lovelorn Winifred Jenkins, may, by their several lucubrations, unite to form the most amusing of family chronicles; but Smollett, when he compiled *Humphrey Clinker*, took care that the expression of each character should be perfectly natural. So with Lever's *Dodd Family*, and the immortal letters of Mrs. Ramsbottom. But the case of a party deliberately penning letters, in his or her own name, not for the private gratification of a select circle, or the information of those to whom they are addressed, but directly for the press and the public, is very different. In the first place, every one knows and feels that the letters are not genuine. The most gifted of our race, in addressing a mother, a sister, or a child, do not think it necessary to indulge in fine writing, or in long elaborate descriptions, or in statistical details. They write simply—generally shortly; and a good deal of their matter would, if submitted to the eye of a stranger, appear to be unmeaning gossip, not improbably approaching to twaddle. We doubt not that, in the real letters which Mrs. Stowe despatched across the Atlantic, there were many household inquiries, suggestions, and remembrances—domestic precepts and home-thoughts—kind, motherly, or friendly words, such as render letters doubly delightful to the recipients. But these formal epistles which she has now given to the world under the collective title of *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*, bear falsity in their very face, and, in all human probability, the printer's devil was the first person that perused them. They are

all pitched in ^{the} one key. Her despatches to the home nursery are as elaborate efforts of composition, as those which are nominally addressed to her father, or to "Dear Aunt E.";—and, as a necessary consequence, they are frigid in the extreme. This is an artistic blunder, which cannot fail to detract very much from the interest of what Mrs. Stowe had written. It was not perhaps to be expected, nor indeed desired, that she should have printed her genuine letters; but surely there was no occasion for recasting her diary or memoranda in a purely fictitious form.

We have, however, no reason to doubt that these volumes contain a faithful record of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's impressions of such parts of Europe as she has visited; and we so receive them. In her preface she requests "the English reader to bear in mind that the book has not been prepared in reference to an English, but an American public, and to make due allowance for that fact."—We do not think that any explanation of the kind was required. Mrs. Stowe says plainly enough, that "the object of publishing these letters is to give to those who are true-hearted and honest the same agreeable picture of life and manners which met the writer's own eyes."—In short, she was delighted with her tour and reception, and generally pleased with the people whom she met; and she wishes to communicate her own agreeable impressions to her countrymen. No one, on this side of the water at least, is likely to object to so kindly and benevolent a design. And we are bound to say, that had she prepared this book with the sole object of gratifying the people of Great Britain by indiscriminate praise of everything which met her eye, she could hardly have been more eulogistic than she is. Nor is this at all surprising, when we remember under what circumstances her journey to this country was made.

No work published within our memory made so rapid an impression on the public mind as Mrs. Stowe's novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It became famous among us almost as soon as it was imported from America. The theme was of surpassing interest, the characters were powerfully drawn; there was enthusiasm and pathos enough to thrill the heart, to call up tears, and to awaken the general sympathies of the free for the wrongs of the persecuted negro. It brought home to the minds of all of us the horrors of slavery in its worst and most unendurable form. The separation of husband and wife—the sale of children—the exposure in the public market of men and women, whose education was often superior to that of the brutes who bought and sold them: all these things, so revolting to humanity, were described with an energy and power greater, perhaps, than have been exhibited by any recent writer. Add to this that the tone of the novel was eminently religious, and calculated to make it find its way into circles from which other works of fiction were studiously banished; and it is easy to account for its immense and sudden popularity. Thousands of persons who would have thought it a positive sin to indulge in the perusal of a romance by Scott or Lytton, devoured the pages of Mrs. Stowe with an avidity the more intense from their habits of previous abstinence. It was a book much patronised by the Quakers, and greatly in favour among the Methodists. It was multiplied by countless editions; it was to be seen in the drawing-room of the noble, and in the humble home of the mechanic; and from men of all classes throughout Great Britain it met with a cordial acceptance.

Unfortunately, however, it entered into the heads of certain wiseacres, that they might produce a great moral sensation; and promote other causes besides that of emancipation, by inducing Mrs. Beecher Stowe to visit this country, and by parading her as an object of interest. Far be it from us to attempt to dictate to the gentlemen and ladies who are the principal promoters of the Peace Society, and the most active in the distribution of

Olive-leaves, or to those who make total abstinence a leading article of their faith. But we may be allowed, with all deference, to hint our opinion that, in inviting Mrs. Stowe to undergo the ordeal of a public ovation, they were not acting altogether fairly by the lady whom they professed to honour. We trust that we have said enough, both now and previously, to testify the sincere admiration in which we regard her talents as exhibited in her famous novel, and our sympathy for the cause in which that genius was displayed. Our tribute of praise, however humble in its kind, has not been niggardly bestowed; but we demur altogether to the propriety of making a public show and spectacle of the authoress of the most popular work, upon even the best or the holiest subject. We should demur to the propriety of such an exhibition, were it even demanded by the general voice—we condemn it when it is notoriously got up for sectarian glorification. Yet such undoubtedly was the case with Mrs. Stowe. At Liverpool, at Glasgow, and at Edinburgh, her self-constituted friends determined that she should be received with demonstrations which were, in the eyes of the unexcited, purely ridiculous. There were to be anti-slavery meetings, working-men's soirées, presentation of addresses and offerings, and an immense deal of the same kind of thing which was utterly unsuited to the occasion; and the result was, that Mrs. Stowe, in so far as the north of Britain was concerned, saw little of that society which gives the intellectual stamp to the country, and derived her impressions almost entirely from the conversation of a limited coterie. How could it be otherwise? Mrs. Stowe was undoubtedly a very clever woman—she had written an admirable novel upon a most interesting subject—and every one was delighted both with its matter and its success. But was that any reason why town-councils should receive her at railways—why people should be urged to present addresses to her as though she had been a Boadicea, or a Joan d'Arc—or why her presence should be made an excuse for indulging in unmeasured speeches, or in violent objurgations

against the legislature of America, for continuing a system which we have nationally decreed to be vile in our own dominions, and have taken every means in our power to discountenance elsewhere? Opinion in this country, in so far as it can be expressed—and it has been expressed in thousands of ways—is unanimous for the emancipation of the negro. One and all of us consider the continuance of slavery, as it exists in America, a foul blot upon the nation which proclaims itself as peculiarly free; and we have said so in anything but undecisive terms. Still, what we have said, is the expression of an opinion only. We may object to Slavery in America, as we may object to the same institution in Turkey, or to serfage in Russia, or to anything else beyond our cognisance and jurisdiction; but we are not entitled to usurp the right, which every separate nation possesses, of regulating its own laws according to its peculiar position. We say this, because, of late years, the tendency towards popular demonstrations and sympathising meetings in England, has increased to such a degree as even to embarrass our relations with foreign powers. Well-meaning, but supremely ignorant vestry-men, bustling civic magistrates, and conceited members of town-councils, consider themselves entitled to sit in judgment and give sentence upon all questions of European politics. The moment a political exile of any note arrives in this country, he is fêted, and cheered, and made a hero of by municipal dignitaries, who seize the occasion as a capital opportunity for making ungrammatical professions of their ardent adoration of liberty. Their Sympathy in favour of insurgents is perfectly unbounded. They have sympathised with the Hungarians—they have sympathised with the Italians—and, until very lately they showed great sympathy for those gentlemen who were compelled to leave France for their conspiracies against the existing government. It is not a little amusing to contrast the tone which is now assumed by the liberal press and by the municipalities of England towards Louis Napoleon, with that which was prevalent some eighteen months ago! We should

like to see an ovation attempted now in honour of the French republicans. And yet what change has taken place? Ledru Rollin is as good a patriot now as ever; the title of the Emperor to the throne of France is not one whit better than it was before. We are now engaged in war; and the utmost efforts of our statesmen have been used to induce Austria to join with the Western Powers. And yet, in the face of these negotiations, we find that, in the large towns of England, Kossuth is declaring to immense and sympathising audiences that the accession of Austria to our side would be the means of riveting the chains on the oppressed nationality of Hungary! This conduct on the part of the English public, or rather that portion of it which has an inveterate itch for meddling with what it does not and cannot understand, is not only silly, but positively dangerous. If the people of every State were to act in this way, war would not be the exception, but a perpetually existing calamity; and nation would rise against nation, not on account of acts of positive aggression, but because each objected to the mode in which the other administered its own affairs. We have no scruple in expressing our conviction that, since this sympathising mania commenced, Great Britain has lost much of her influence as a first-rate European power. It has the effect of placing, apparently at least, the Government and the people in antagonism—of detracting from the power of the one, and unduly adding to that of the other. And—what we regret most deeply to see—it has raised and fostered the impression that we are collectively a nation of braggarts. It is most natural that it should be so, for we are perpetually vaunting about the force of public opinion in this country, and declaring that nothing can stand against it. On the Continent the voice of the towns is considered as the sure index of public opinion; and if that voice had been taken, not very long ago, we should ere now have been engaged in liberating crusades in behalf of Hungary and Italy. The Government, of course, and the vast bulk of the educated and thinking classes throughout Great Britain, estimate these ridicu-

lous exhibitions at their proper value, and treat them with silent contempt;—not so foreigners; who, being assured that in the principal towns of England immense meetings have been held and resolutions passed in favour of insurgency, conclude, naturally enough, that these are demonstrations of that public opinion of which they have heard so much, and that the British Government cannot do otherwise than yield to the pressure from without. Perhaps the most absurd commentary upon this exceedingly reprehensible system of sympathizing may be found in the fact, that while our mayors, provosts, aldermen, bailiffs, and other civic small-deer, are sympathizing with the oppressed nationalities of Europe, various of their Trans-atlantic brethren are doing the same in behalf of Ireland and the Irish, and holding up the people of England to the scorn and detestation of the universe, as the cold-blooded, fiendish, and systematic torturers of the oppressed Celtic nationality!

But we must not diverge too much from our immediate subject. It seems to us that there really was no occasion for holding public meetings to show that the sympathy of this country was decidedly in favour of the cause of emancipation, or to irritate the Americans by a vain-glorious comparison of our own conduct contrasted with theirs. We ought, in common decency, to remember that no very great tract of time has elapsed since slavery was abolished in the British colonies; and as, in matters of this kind, interest is always a ruling motive, we should also bear in mind that the prosperity of those colonies has not been increased by the substitution of free for forced labour. Very few of us, on this side of the Atlantic, are able to give a competent opinion as to what effect immediate and unconditional emancipation might produce upon the slave-holding States of America; and therefore we are hardly entitled to do more than to assert the general principle, which condemns the absolute property of man in man. How entire emancipation, which we trust, before long, every State in America will adopt, can be carried out, must be left to the wisdom and discretion of

the local legislatures. No change so great as this can be wrought suddenly. Christianity itself must be inculcated, not coerced, for violence never yet made converts; nor was the blood-red baptism of Valverde, who held the cross in the one hand and the sword in the other, equal in efficacy to the calm expositions of Xavier. Now, it is very plain to us that, in her own way, Mrs. Beecher Stowe is a zealot. She has been writing and working at this subject of emancipation, until she has ceased to see any practical difficulty between her vision and its realization, and wants to persuade all others that no practical difficulty exists. We agree with her so far, that we contemplate not only as desirable, but as necessary for the political existence of the United States of America, a measure for the ultimate and entire emancipation of the negro; but we cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of urging an immediate change, which might have the effect, in many important respects, of deteriorating instead of bettering the condition of the black population. What more, by any possible effort, can the people of Great Britain do than they have done? Every man in America knows that we detest the system of slavery. We have shown that by a long series of legislative measures, and by national grants to purchase the freedom of our slaves in the colonies; and very few names, indeed, are held in greater honour in this country than those of Clarkson and Wilberforce. But most assuredly we have no right to dictate to other nations, or to insist that they shall adopt our views in the regulation of their internal policy. We might just as well attempt to coerce them in matters of religion, and, founding upon our belief in the purity of Protestantism, insist that the Catholic states shall renounce the authority of Rome. Certainly we shall not improve the cause of the American negro by indulging in bitter terms and unlimited oburgation against the States which do not, as yet, see their way to immediate emancipation. All the great reforms of the world have been progressive. To hasten them unduly, and until men are fit to receive them, is the mere work of

anarchy; and the world-history of the last sixty years, whilst it conveys a terrible warning against the neglect of a despised population, shows us that, in order to be permanent, all social ameliorations must be carefully and cautiously introduced.

But we feel that we owe an apology to Mrs. Stowe for this digression. It was no fault of hers that she had to run the gauntlet through so many soirées, or to appear perpetually in the disagreeable character of a *lionne*. The whole programme was arranged before she set foot in this country; and she had nothing else for it than to go through her allotted part with patience and equanimity. We must admit that she was sorely tried during her sojourn in the north. She seems to have been under the custody of a special dissenting body-guard, with about as little liberty of action as the unfortunate Lady Grange. No wonder that Scotland appeared to her a very different country from the land of her imagination. Not one of those by whom she was surrounded possessed a spark of romantic enthusiasm, or cared about the associations which have shed the light of poetry over the land. "One thing," says Mrs. Stowe, "has surprised, and rather disappointed us. Our enthusiasm for Walter Scott does not apparently meet a response in the popular breast." Very little indeed does the lady know of the beating of the national heart of Scotland, or the veneration in which the memory of our greatest poet is held by his countrymen. But it is not at soirées, or meetings such as she witnessed or attended, that the national feeling finds a voice; nor have the writings of Sir Walter Scott been ever favourably regarded by the rigid sectarians among whom she moved. His thoughts were not as their thoughts are, nor would it be possible that any sympathy should exist between minds so differently constituted. We cannot expect Mr. Sturge to take much delight in the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*," or a sleek member of the Peace Society to feel his spirit moved by the chaunt of the "*Field of Flodden*." What has amused us most in the perusal of this book is, the evident influence which the dislike of her friends to the martial strains of Scott

produced at length upon herself. She seems to have entered Scotland in a sort of fever of enthusiasm, as is testified by the perpetual quotations from Sir Walter's poetry—rather common, by the way, for they are to be found in all the guide-books—in which she indulges. By-and-by she begins to find that her raptures are coldly listened to by the society in which she moves; and ultimately she seems to have adopted the view that in some respects her friends were right. The following is a very pretty *morceau* of criticism: "The most objectionable thing, perhaps, about his influence is its sympathy with the war spirit. A person Christianly educated can hardly read some of his descriptions in the *Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion* without an emotion of disgust, like what is excited by the same things in Homer: and as the world comes more and more under the influence of Christ, it will recede more and more from this kind of literature." We marvel that Mrs. Stowe, who is a clever woman, does not perceive that the people of a country in which the spirit which she pleases to reprehend becomes extinct, must necessarily be in time succeeded by a race of unresisting slaves. The remark, too, comes with a peculiarly bad grace from a lady who is not only proud of the independence of her country, but affects intense enthusiasm for the struggles of the Puritans and Covenanters in Great Britain. However, we suppose she thought it polite to the members of the Peace Society, among whom she was moving, to give this little jog to their principles; and it may be that, after all, her intimacy with the writings of Scott is considerably less than one would conclude from the quantity of quotation. Certainly we were surprised to find it stated by a lady of so much literary pretension and apparent acquaintance with the personal history of Sir Walter, that Abbotsford "is at present the property of Scott's only surviving daughter;" and we must also confess that some of her quotations unsettle our ancient ideas as to the limits of the Border. For example, she says with reference to a visit paid at the Earl of Carlisle's—"I was also interested in

a portrait of an ancestor of the family, the identical "Belted Will" who figures in Scott's "Lay."

"Belted Will Howard shall come with speed,
And William of Deloraine, good at need."

Possibly Lord Carlisle was not previously aware that his ancestor was a Scotsman and a retainer of the house of Buccleuch. With equal propriety might Omer Pasha be described as a hetman of the Cossacks, rushing to the rescue of Gortschakoff.

On the whole, we are inclined to think that the American public will not derive much enlightenment on the subject of Scotland and the Scots from the revelations of Mrs. Stowe. We can assure them that the general aspect, tone, and sentiments of society here do not at all correspond with what is represented in her pages. It is not the fact that the greater part of our time is occupied by delivering or listening to wish-washy platform speeches, or even to such as have "the promising fault of too much elaboration or ornament," on the subjects of tee-totalism, olive-leavery, or any of the other mild absurdities of the day. It is not the fact that we have lost all grateful memory for the warlike deeds of our ancestors, or for the poets who have worthily recorded them. And above all, it is not the fact that Mrs. Stowe had a fair opportunity of forming a judgment, on almost any point, of the views entertained by the bulk of the more educated classes of society. We do not say this at all in disparagement of the parties among whom she moved, and by whom she was so hospitably entertained. We have every respect for their worth, position, and acquirements; and we are well aware that among the ministers of various denominations to whom she was introduced, and of whom she speaks affectionately, there are many whose talent, learning, and devotion have made their names known beyond the waters of the Atlantic. It must have been peculiarly gratifying to her to receive the congratulations of the late venerable Dr. Wardlaw of Glasgow, of Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, whom she rightly calls "one of the best exegetical scholars in Europe,"

and other lights of the United Presbyterian and Congregationalist Churches. In Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen she received much civic kindness and attention; but we are at a loss, after reading her book, to discover much trace of her intercourse with general society beyond a very limited coterie. True, she refers to some persons "from ancient families, distinguished in Scottish history both for rank and piety,"—and especially to a "Lady Carstairs," of whose corporeal existence we can find no trace in any Book of Dignity within our reach. All that, however, is of little moment; and we never should have thought of alluding to such circumstances, were it not that, so very much having been said in America on the subject of Mrs. Stowe's reception in Scotland, her account of what she saw may naturally be received as an accurate picture of the country. We have no doubt whatever of her general accuracy in describing what she saw. We are very proud to think that she was received with much enthusiasm and cordiality; and nothing could be more genuine than the expression of feeling on the part of the working-classes. Her book undoubtedly struck most deeply in the popular mind; producing a sensation which we have never seen equalled, inasmuch as it extended through every grade of society. And we can very well understand the intensity of the feeling which must have thrilled Mrs. Stowe, when she found that even in sequestered villages in Scotland her work had been moistened with tears, and that the people, on the announcement of her approach, thronged to welcome the woman who had exercised so mighty a spell over their intellect and their passions. There was, really, no delusion in the matter, in so far as admiration of her talent and respect for her intrepidity were concerned; but we may, at the same time, be allowed to regret that she was made part of a premeditated pageant. The utter want of delicacy which marked the whole arrangements was most extraordinary. We are sure that Mrs. Stowe must have been surprised, if not disgusted, at finding herself announced as ready to receive deputations and addresses at certain stated hours, and at the invi-

tation of crowds to attend in order to cheer her at railway stations. There is something elevating in spontaneous enthusiasm, even when it is carried beyond the limits of strict propriety; but demonstrations such as those to which we have alluded, are not only unfair to the party paraded, but border closely on the ludicrous. No quackery of the kind was required to insure Mrs. Stowe a cordial reception in Scotland; and we fear that in some respects it operated rather to her disadvantage than otherwise.

We confess to have been greatly disappointed in the perusal of her northern tour. We had expected to derive some amusement, if not edification, from the remarks of a lady whose previous publications had manifested considerable power in the depiction of character, not unmixed with occasional glimpses of humour; the more especially as there is much in the northern idiosyncrasy which must appear peculiar in the eyes of a stranger. Nothing of the sort, however, is to be found in the pages of Mrs. Stowe. Read her work, omitting the familiar names of places, and one would be utterly at a loss to suppose that she is describing Scotland and its inhabitants either outwardly or inwardly. Saunders, as she depicts him, is a sort of sentimental Traddles, minding every body's business more than his own, intoning peace speeches on a platform with a strong nasal twang, and refreshing himself, after his labours, with oceans of the weakest and the worst of tea. It is ten thousand pities that Mrs. Stowe should not have witnessed either a Lowland kirk or a regular Highland meeting. Possibly the sounds either of fiddle or of bagpipe might have grated harshly on her ear; and the "twasome" reel or that of Houlakin been regarded as forbidden vanities; still she would have been infinitely the better of some more diversified experience, which might at least have caused her to avoid the error of depicting us as a nation of Mucklewraths, Hammeraws, and Kettledrummies. As for her outward sketches, we must say that we greatly prefer the ordinary guide-books. They have at least the merit of being concise, and do not usually confound localities and historical events, as Mrs.

Stowe certainly does when she indicates Glamis Castle as the scene of the tragedy in *Macbeth*.

Moving southwards, Mrs. Stowe seems to have been surrendered, in the Midland Counties, almost entirely into the hands of the Quakers. They appear to have acted towards her with considerable indulgence; for her host, albeit one of the most eminent of his sect, consented to join a party to Stratford-on-Avon. Mrs. Stowe's Shakespearian remarks do not appear to us either so novel or profound as to justify any lengthy extract—indeed, they are chiefly confined to speculations as to what Shakespeare might have done or said had he been born under different circumstances and in a different age. Disquisitions of this sort appear to us very nearly as sensible and profitable as the question, once gravely argued in the German schools, whether Adam, if born in the fifteenth century, would instinctively have betaken himself to the occupation of a gardener. Mrs. Stowe, upon the whole, inclines to the opinion that Shakespeare would have ranked with the Tories. She says—"That he did have thoughts whose roots ran far beyond the depth of the age in which he lived, is plain enough from numberless indications in his plays; but whether he would have taken any practical interest in the world's movements is a fair question. The poetic mind is not always the progressive one; it has, like moss and ivy, a need for something old to cling to and germinate upon. The artistic temperament, too, is soft and sensitive; so there are all these reasons for thinking that perhaps he would have been for keeping out of the way of the heat and dust of modern progress." Certainly, understanding progress in the sense which Mrs. Stowe attaches to it, we cordially agree with her that Shakespeare would have kept out of its way; but it does seem to us a most monstrous assumption that he would have taken no practical interest in the world's movements. Of all the poets that ever lived, Shakespeare was decidedly the most practical and comprehensive in his views. So far from being addicted to clinging to old things, from mere want of moral stamina, he has created a new world of his own; and no man

...a member of the
ence Congress, nor a unit of the
linchester platform, was he allowed to
sord our entire audience in her
stimate. Also we think that, as an
minent vice-president of the Fogie
lub lately phrased it, she has hit the
ail on the point, when she adds—
One thing is quite certain, that he
ould have said very shrewd things
out all the matters that move the
orld now, as he certainly did about
l matters that he was cognisant of in
s own day." We have not the least
ubt of it.

The Stratford pilgrimage, however,
ems to have given little gratification
any of the party except Mrs. Stowe,
o considered it in the light of a
y. Her brother, the Rev. C.
cher, who was of the party, doing
tle independent platform business
never he could with propriety,
whose journal materially swells
bulk of the second volume, seems
e quite the sort of man whom
ne would have delighted to have
ured. Relic-hunting after pro-
ors of the lewd art of play-making,
by no means to his taste; and
dingly we find the following com-
ary delivered over the tea and
pets on the questionable amuse-
s of the day:—"As we are at
which she indites
singular remarks
the exception of this
—need not detain a
trip was succeeded
the shape of a lec-
temptations of too
applause, and again
which might beset
delivered by a c-
preacher, belonging
Quakers, of the nam-
why had "a concern
for me." That Sibyl
what of the propheti
plain from the comm-
Stowe, who was sens-
the hints which she
very likely began to
been somewhat over-
inflation of the north-
In all seriousness, we
lesson was both well
timed: but the comm-
is but one of the ma-
tained in these volu-
Stowe is something
sive spectator of th
movement for establi-
called the "Rights o
more vulgar language,
of the grey maro, and
of the petticoat over-

dead lock, and possesses the entire command of the press. Young Hampden may talk as much as he pleases, at his Club, about the liberty of the press, and its being as essential as the air he breathes; but, when he returns home, about one in the morning, he is very fain to take his candle, and move up-stairs as quietly as possible, without attempting to enfranchise any incarcerated spirits. We do not hesitate to declare ourselves in favour of the supremacy of the wife in her own household, believing that it is, in almost every case, an unavoidable consummation, and, upon the whole, the very best arrangement that human ingenuity could devise. But the American notion goes far beyond this. The advocates of the "Rights of Woman" admit of no such paltry compromise as the surrender of domestic authority. What you as a man can do, of that your wife is equally capable, and may lawfully exert herself accordingly. Are you a barrister—why should not your wife, who has studied as a juriconsult, and been admitted to the honours of the forensic gown more legitimately than Portia, take a fee from the opposite party, and, by an influence only known to herself, cause you to quail before you have proceeded half-way in the exposition of the cause of your client? Or are you a doctor—Harriet Hunt, M.D., forgive us for this supposition; for your image, albeit we never saw you and never may, often haunts us in our dreams, and from your imaginary hand have we received multitudes of indescribable but seemingly celestial pills—how would you like your wife to be called in as an adviser on the homœopathic principle, after you had staked your existence on the superiority of the drastic method, and see her recover a patient in less than a week, whereas you had calculated upon a month's legitimate fees under the ordinary curatory process? Or let us suppose that one of the fairest dreams of the strong-minded women of our generation should be realised, and that all political disabilities were removed from the fair sex, so that they might be admitted to sit and vote in Parliament. We scorn to take up the objection which might occur to a com-

mon mind of the impossibility of the Speaker maintaining order—we shall suppose a far worse case; and that is the possible disagreement between man and wife in political principle and conduct. How could you possibly endure the spectacle of your spouse accompanying the smiling Mr. Gladstone to a division in one lobby, whilst your stern sense of duty compelled you to retire into another? How could you possibly remain at bed and board with a woman who was in the habit of attending those meetings at Chesham Place, which Lord John Russell is so fond of calling whenever he requires a friendly castigation, as Henry II. bared his brawny shoulders to the monks? And how, as a gentleman and a man of honour, could you reconcile it with your conscience to lay your head on the same pillow with a woman who can support the Coalition Ministry, and even go the length of declaring that she has confidence in the Earl of Aberdeen? Or we shall come to preaching, which is perhaps the more german to the matter. The Rev. Asahel Groanings, of some undefined shadow of dissent, marries Miss Naomi Starcher of corresponding principles, with a fortune of some few hundred pounds, which are speedily sunk, beyond hope of extrication, in the erection of an Ebenezer. Both are licensed to the ministry, Asahel officiating in the morning and his helpmate in the afternoon. But somehow or other, Asahel is not popular with his congregation. His style of oratory reminds one unpleasantly of the exertions of a seasick passenger in a steamboat, and his visage is ghastly to look upon, being distorted as if he laboured under a permanent attack of colic. Whereas, the voice of Naomi is soft as that of a dove cooing in a thicket of pomegranates, her countenance is fair and comely, and the thoughts of the elders, as they gaze upon her, revert to the apocryphal history of Susannah. The result is, that Asahel utters his ululations to empty benches, whilst Naomi attracts hundreds of the rising youth of dissenting Christendom. How can their union possibly be a happy one; or how can they continue to fructify in the same theatre of usefulness?

Yet Mrs. Beecher Stowe absolutely goes the length of recommending, or at least sanctioning, the view that ladies should be allowed to preach. She says, "The calling of woman to distinct religious vocations, it appears to me, was a part of primitive Christianity; has been one of the most efficient elements of power in the Romish church; obtained among the Methodists in England; and has in all these cases been productive of great good. The deaconesses whom the apostle mentions with honour in his epistle, Madame Guyon in the Romish church, Mrs. Fletcher, Elizabeth Fry, are instances which show how much may be done for mankind by women who feel themselves impelled to a special religious vocation." Then she goes on to cite the case of the prophetesses, and tells us that "the example of the Quakers is a sufficient proof, that acting upon this idea does not produce discord and domestic disorder." We are afraid that Mrs. Stowe's platform experiences have tended somewhat to warp her better judgment upon this point; and we beg to submit that, according to her own showing, the ladies of America have quite as much to do, in the interior of their households, as they can possibly manage to accomplish, without entering into any of the learned professions, or attempting to eclipse their husbands. The following extract is certainly a curious one. We, of course, are not answerable for the correctness or colouring of the picture, these being matters for which Mrs. Stowe is amenable to the consciences of her countrywomen.

"There is one thing more which goes a long way towards the continued health of these English ladies, and therefore towards their beauty; and that is, *the quietude and perpetuity of their domestic institutions.* They do not, like us, fade their cheeks lying awake nights ruminating the awful question who shall do the washing next week, or who shall take the chamber-maid's place, who is going to be married, or that of the cook who has signified her intention of parting with her mistress. Their hospitality is never embarrassed by the consideration that their whole kitchen cabinet may desert at the moment that their guests arrive. They *not obliged to choose between washing their own dishes, or having their out-*

glass, silver, and china, left at the mercy of a foreigner, who has never done anything but field-work. And last, not least, they are not possessed of that ambition to do the impossible in all branches, which, I believe, is the death of a third of the women in America. What is there ever read of in books or described in foreign travel, as attained by people in possession of every means and appliance, which our women will not undertake, single-handed, in spite of every providential indication to the contrary? Who is not cognisant of the dinner-parties invited, in which the lady of the house has figured successively as confectioner, cook, dining-room girl, and lastly, rushed up-stairs to bathe her glowing cheeks, smooth her hair, draw on satin dress and kid gloves, and appear in the drawing-room as if nothing were the matter? Certainly the undaunted bravery of our American females can never enough be admired. Other women can play gracefully the head of the establishment; but who, like them, could be head, hand, and foot, all at once?"

This passage is very suggestive in two ways. In the first place, we humbly venture to think that it contains many excellent reasons why the ladies of America should mitigate their inordinate desire for sharing in what hitherto have been considered the appropriate employments of men. It appears, by Mrs. Stowe's evidence, that they have already so much domestic work to perform, that they are compelled to sacrifice both their health and beauty, which certainly are the two last things that a woman would be inclined to part with. Therefore it seems to us unwise, and even preposterous, that any portion of them should be clamorous in demanding a further increase of duty, unless, like the gude wife of Auchtermuchty, in the old Scots ballad, they are prepared to make an entire interchange of occupation with their husbands, and can persuade the latter to whip cream, concoct soup, wash the dishes, and arrange the table, whilst they are pleading at the bar, prescribing for half the young fellows in the neighbourhood, gesticulating at public meetings, or receiving the incense of deputations. In the second place, these particulars of American society may, in reality, have more to do with the evident dislike to emancipation of the slaves which evidently prevails in many parts of the United States, than

Mrs. Stowe was aware of when she penned the passage. If it is true that the ladies of America—using the term in the same sense as Mrs. Stowe does, for she is comparing the personal appearance of women of the richer and more independent class in the two countries—if it is the fact that the American ladies in the free States have to undergo the drudgery which she describes, and that not from choice, but from absolute inability to obtain proper assistance; then we have a distinct and intelligible motive assigned to us why many excellent and humane people in the slave States hesitate to join the movement in behalf of emancipation. We have often suspected that some strong social reasons, unknown to us and to the British public, must exist, to account for the continuance of the slave system; and we think that Mrs. Stowe has, albeit unwittingly, disclosed one of them. For what does her sentiment amount to, but an acknowledgment that, in the great enlightened republic of America, it is impossible to procure decent or permanent service—that, as there is no acknowledgment of anything like rank or gradation, the servants consider themselves in all respects as good as their master or mistress, will not obey them unless it suits their humour, and are always ready to decamp? That must be the case, unless we are to suppose that the American ladies, answering to the aristocracy here, have a diseased appetite for performing the offices of scullion, cook, and table-maid. Now, it may be thought a very strong statement on our part, but we venture to say, that were slavery existing at the present time in Great Britain, and were the kind of free service procurable on any terms, no better than that which Mrs. Stowe and all other writers have described as existing in America, emancipation would be a decidedly unpopular proposal in these Islands. Is it possible to doubt that? Look at the history of the Factories Bill, opposed, defeated, and evaded in every possible way, by the very same men who proclaim themselves as the warmest friends of the negro. They thought it as nothing that the bodies and souls of the young children within

their factories should be distorted and uncared for, whilst at the same time they were ready to expend their gratuitous sympathy on the American slave. But we shall not refer solely to them. Our remark applies to every class; and we put the question to the ladies of this country, from the Duchess of Sutherland downwards, whether, if they had been born slave-owners, they would at once have relinquished their control over those whom they could treat kindly, and whose affections they could secure, to pass to a system which would have sent them down from the drawing-room to slave themselves in the pantry or the kitchen? Is that an argument for slavery? Heaven forbid! We intend nothing of the kind, and should be very sorry to see our meaning so twisted and distorted. But it is an argument of the very strongest description against republicanism and republican institutions, and against those absurd notions of equality which, under philosophical cover, are making such rapid progress in this country. Slavery, we are convinced, has in all times existed rather as a social necessity, than from any abstract wish in man to own property in man. The idea is of itself repugnant. Not much more than a hundred years ago, the Earls of Sutherland were, in effect, considerable serf-owners. The patriarchal rule of the chief was more despotic than is the sway of the proprietor of slaves in America; for if the Mhor-ar-chat, which we apprehend to be the most ancient designation of the family, had desired Dugald or Donald to pitch his recusant brother into the loch, with some hundred-weight of granite attached to his neck by a plaid, “nae doubt the laird’s pleasure suld be obeyed.” Fortunately we are past that phase of existence. The feudal system has decayed and died, which we are not by any means sorry for; but, on the other hand, we have not yet arrived at the point when the descendants of Dugald and Donald consider themselves as ranking in the same degree of the social scale with the great Lady of Dunrobin. Feudal service has given way to a better-ordered, more convenient, and more profitable system. But still, among us, the

gradations of rank are recognised and acted on; and it is because the feelings and institutions of the country are essentially aristocratic, that our domestic arrangements and social intercourse are so decidedly superior to those of America, or indeed of any other country in the world. We have equal laws, to which noble and yeoman are alike amenable; but we do not insist upon the recognition of what has absurdly and mischievously been termed, the law of universal equality. Admirably has Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in one of his earlier writings, exposed the fallacy of those who confound equal rights with absolute parity in society. "If the whole world conspired to enforce the falsehood, they could not make it law. Level all conditions to-day, and you only smooth away all obstacles to tyranny to-morrow. A nation that aspires to *equality* is unfit for *freedom*." How is an army led? By subordination only. Remove that principle, and the army resolves itself into a mob. So is it with all society. Let men talk of the absurdities of chivalry as they please, it is the influence of the chivalrous institutions still remaining among us which leavens the whole mass of British society. Pot-house philosophers may sneer at this assertion, and, in their usual elegant style of language, talk of "flunkeyism," a phrase which, of late, has been very frequently in their mouths. Let us see what they understand by it. Do they mean to object to service altogether? Do they consider the waiter at the Thistlewood Arms, who supplies them with their nocturnal allowances of gin, degraded by the act of fetching? Doubtless they would infinitely prefer to help themselves, and to be the sole supervisors of the score; but as that is a degree of liberty which no law could possibly allow, or landlord tolerate, they are very fain to avail themselves of the spirituous ministry of Trinculo. But do they consider him on a level with themselves? Not at all. They bully him for his blunders in the transmission of half-and half and kidneys, with a ferocity truly unfraternal; and if he were to propose to take a place at the *table of their democratic worships*, he *would be taught a due reverence to*

the rules of society and breeding by the application of a pint-pot to his cranium. We have very little doubt that the wretched kind of domestic economy which prevails in the free States of America has had a strong influence in preventing the spread of emancipation principles; and we believe that to the very same cause may be traced the continuance of slavery in ancient Rome as part of their social system. The Roman plebeian was quite as surly a republican as the descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers. He would not stoop to act in the capacity of a servant—hardly in that of a help, which we believe to be the recognised American term; and consequently the Cornelias, Livias, and Tullias of Rome, had either to avail themselves of the ministry of slaves who formed part of the household, or to submit to the personal drudgery of cleaning the lampreys and opening the oysters for the suppers of their luxurious lords. Titius or Mævius, or any other of the fellows of the common sort who had a tribune of their own, would not have consented to brush the toga or clean the sandals even of a senator. At the bare mention of such a thing they would have been ready to rush for the Mons Sacer, for it is a curious fact that in all ages the disaffected have manifested a propensity for taking to the hills. Chivalry put an end to this; and by establishing gradation of orders and of rank, laid the foundation for the freedom which now prevails throughout the states of Europe. It was no disgrace for the squire to obey the orders of the knight, or for the yeoman to serve the squire. The lady in her bower had the attendance of damsel and of page; and the great model of a well-regulated household was then framed and introduced. But not one atom of chivalrous feeling was conveyed by the Mayflower to New England. The spirit of the sourest republicanism pervaded that whole cargo of human verjuice; and instead of bearing with them to the west the seeds of civilisation, they carried those of intolerance and slavery. Very wise, in more senses than one, is the old proverb, which, in all matters of reformation, desires us to look primarily to home,

and to set our houses in order. There are many social reforms, besides emancipation, required in America; and some which we almost venture to think must necessarily precede it. For at present, according to Mrs. Stowe's own showing and testimony, there is a vast gap in society occasioned by the republican abhorrence of anything like menial service, and the jealous and almost defiant spirit with which the semblance of authority is resisted. In a word, we believe that until civilisation in America has proceeded so far as to assimilate its social condition to that of the older states of Europe, very material obstacles will impede the triumph of that cause which Mrs. Stowe has so enthusiastically advocated.

Mrs. Stowe, like many other of her ardent countrywomen, has a decided turn for crotchets. She next falls in with Elihu Burritt, and begins an eulogistic commentary on the "movement which many, in our half-Christianised times, regard with as much incredulity as the grim, old, warlike barons did the suspicious imbecilities of reading and writing. The sword now, as then, seems so much more direct a way to terminate controversies, than many Christian men, even, cannot conceive how the world is to get along without it." We suspect that, by this time, exceeding grave doubts as to the practicability of his views, and the termination of all disputes by arbitration, must have penetrated even the jolter-pate of the pragmatic Elihu, and that he must be mourning over the enormous waste of olive-leaves for so little good purpose. We sincerely hope, for his sake, that he has been allowed a liberal commission or per-centage on the circulation. As Mrs. Stowe seems to have been admitted to his secrets, we may as well insert her account of the operations of the Peace Society.

"Burritt's mode of operation has been by the silent organisation of circles of ladies in all the different towns of the United Kingdom, who raise a certain sum for the diffusion of the principles of peace on earth and good-will to men. Articles, setting forth the evils of war, moral, political, and social, being prepared, these circles pay for their insertion in all the principal newspapers of the Conti-

nent. They have secured to themselves in this way a continual utterance in France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, and Germany; so that from week to week, and month to month, they can insert articles upon these subjects. Many times the editors insert the articles as editorial, which still further favours their design. In addition to this, the ladies of these circles in England correspond with the ladies of similar circles existing in other countries; and in this way there is a mutual kindness of feeling established through these countries."

We have already recorded in the Magazine our opinion of the character of these olive-leaves, as well as of the articles avowedly emanating from the pen of the inspired Elihu; and therefore we need not trouble ourselves by again disturbing the rubbish. If there are any sincere but weak people who were inclined to view favourably the movements of the Peace Society, the transactions in Europe during the last twelve months must have convinced them of the utter impossibility of creating any general court of arbitration, by means of which international disputes may be adjusted. At the present moment, Russia stands condemned for her aggression by every state in Europe. Even Prussia does not venture to defend the forcible occupation of the Danubian principalities; and every species of persuasion and representation was employed to induce the Czar to abandon his purpose, or at all events to retrace his steps. So unwilling were the western powers to draw the sword, that they allowed a great deal of valuable time to be expended in negotiation, before they took any decided step; and the general opinion in England is, that the British Government was rather too tardy in its movements. And yet, without a single declared ally, and with the unanimous voice of Europe against him, Nicholas has thrown down the gauntlet, and the fleets of Britain and France are in the Black and the Baltic Seas. After this, it is inconceivable that there should be found any people besotted enough to talk about arbitration. We should not, however, omit to notice the last dying speech and final confession of the Peace Society, as delivered by a leash of Quakers before his Majesty the Em-

peror of all the Russias, and reported on their return with so much unction by the highly-gifted and exulting Pease. There is no tragedy so deep and solemn as to be entirely without a farcical element; and we can remember nothing, in the shape of burlesque, to compete with the apparition of those diffident Quakers at St. Petersburg. But the fact is, that the leading members of the Peace Society, amongst whom rank conspicuously the chiefs of the Manchester school, were perfectly well aware that the notion of arbitration was a mere chimera. Their real object was to promote the spread of democratic principles; and, if possible, to weaken the power of every existing government by strewing dissatisfaction among their subjects. This is not our allegation only—it is in perfect consonance with what Mrs. Stowe records in repeating her conversations with the leading apostles of peace; and we really think that the following revelation as to ultimate views, is by no means the least valuable or interesting part of her work. She says—

"When we ask these reformers how people are to be freed from the yoke of despotism without war, they answer, 'By the diffusion of ideas among the masses—by teaching the bayonets to think.' They say, 'If we convince every individual soldier of a despot's army that war is ruinous, immoral, and unchristian, we take the instrument out of the tyrant's hand. If each individual man would refuse to rob and murder for the Emperor of Austria and the Emperor of Russia, where would be their power to hold Hungary? What gave power to the masses in the French Revolution, but that the army, pervaded by new ideas, refused any longer to keep the people down?'"

"These views are daily gaining strength in England. They are supported by the whole body of the Quakers, who maintain them with that degree of inflexible perseverance and never-dying activity which have rendered the benevolent actions of that body so efficient."

Very good, Mrs. Stowe! But are no soldiers to be allowed to think, except those belonging to a despot's army? And is every individual soldier to be permitted to act exclusively upon his own impressions of the abstract propriety or justice of the service in which he is engaged? Passages such as

these—and they are not unfrequent in her work—go far indeed to unsettle our faith in the sense, judgment, and discretion of Mrs. Stowe—qualities without which even the highest talent fails in attaining at its aims.

But we must now follow Mrs. Stowe to London, where her reception was of a most marked and gratifying kind. Our readers cannot have forgotten the remonstrance of expostulation which was addressed by the ladies of Great Britain, under the generalship of the Duchess of Sutherland, to the ladies of America, on the subject of the emancipation of the slaves. That document was freely commented upon at the time; and, if we recollect aright, some rather pungent strictures were made upon it, even by writers in this country, as if, by taking this step, the fair remonstrants had somewhat transgressed the reserve which is expected from their sex. In that view we cannot join. We have intimated, perhaps broadly enough, our objections to the American notion of the "Rights of Women;" but we trust to stand acquitted of entertaining any such discourteous view as might preclude the ladies from a fair expression of their opinion. In a question such as this, embracing all the domestic considerations and feelings to which women are more alive than men, it was not only well and commendable, but noble and Christian, that women should take a decided part, and attempt, at least, by an appeal to the common sympathies of the sex, to awaken commiseration for the degraded condition of thousands of their human sisters, and to urge an effort in their behalf. We really think that one such representation, addressed by women to women, is more likely to have a lasting and salutary effect, than five hundred public meetings, such as Mrs. Stowe witnessed at Glasgow and elsewhere, where bull-throated ministers and blethering bailies assemble to make trial of their powers of oratory. Notwithstanding the reply of Juliana Tyler, who came forward as the champion on the other side, we believe that the appeal, on the part of the ladies of Great Britain, must have made a deep impression on the minds of many in America. We do not feel ourselves called upon to discuss the arguments

which Mrs. Tyler employed; for in a ladies' controversy, no male has a right to interfere. Mrs. Stowe tells us that the origin of the address was this: "Fearful of the jealousy of political interference, Lord Shaftesbury published an address to the ladies of England, in which he told them that he felt himself moved by an irresistible impulse to entreat them to raise their voice, in the name of their common Christianity and womanhood, to their American sisters." We shall add, what Mrs. Stowe is too modest to say, or perhaps what she does not know, that, but for the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and the interest excited thereby, Lord Shaftesbury might have worn his pen to the stump before he could have succeeded in eliciting any such remonstrance.

Most graceful indeed, and becoming, was the attention which was lavished, on the part of the Duchess of Sutherland and her kindred, upon Mrs. Stowe; and to us by far the most pleasing portion of the book is that in which she records her impressions of London society. In the very highest circles of the metropolis, and while moving for a time in a sphere which might very well dazzle and perplex one to whom such scenes must have appeared like a fairy dream, she really appears to have kept her equilibrium, and preserved her coolness of judgment much better than when she was greeted by civic demonstrations in the North, or by gatherings of the peaceful but somewhat prosy and dogmatic brotherhood of the Quakers in the Midland Counties. To our great astonishment we have observed that poor Mrs. Stowe has been accused by various liberal journals in England, of "flunkeyism," for conveying to her friends an accurate account of what she saw at Stafford House, and one or two other mansions to which she was invited. Anything more unfair and even monstrous than this style of criticism it is impossible to conceive. Mrs. Stowe is writing her impressions of British society for the information of her friends in America. In London it was her good fortune to be received cordially and hospitably by several of the most distinguished and estimable of the nobility and public characters; and because she gives

a fair, and by no means too minute relation of what she saw and heard, she is scoffed at, by a certain section of the liberal gentry of the London press, as a kind of parasite. This is really very shabby and disgusting; for we do think that her modest, unaffected, and sometimes naïve observations upon what she saw passing around her, might have saved her from any such reflection. She enjoyed in England particular advantages such as very few Americans could boast of. Had N. P. Willis ever been able to compass an admission to Stafford House, his literary fortune would have been made. We should have heard no more of Count Spiridion Ballardos, or any such small-deer; but the intrepid Penciller would have fixed at once upon the Duke of Argyll as his victim, and have magnified himself in some inconceivable way, by introducing Philip Slingsby as the triumphant rival and competitor of the MacCallum-Mhor. Mrs. Stowe does not try by any means to exalt herself—indeed her figure does not appear at all prominently in the picture. She has endeavoured to give as accurate a sketch as she could of London society, and in some respects has succeeded pretty well. Blunders there are of course, but that was unavoidable, and a good deal of what appears to us to be gossip, but which possibly may have a higher value in the eyes of her Transatlantic readers. She very fairly admits in her preface, that her narrative may be tinged *couleur de rose*; and we are only surprised, considering the temptations in her way, that she has used the Claude Lorraine glass with so much discretion. Society is quite as intoxicating as champagne; and it is impossible to write a book of this kind, without recalling, to a considerable extent, the feeling of the by-gone excitement. We have no doubt that the printed narrative would seem peculiarly sober, could we be favoured with a perusal of the actual letters which Mrs. Stowe despatched to America from the bewildering whirl of London.

One thing, however, we have remarked with pain; and that is the introduction by Mrs. Stowe of an elaborate defence or explanation of what were called the "Sutherland Clear-

inga." Her motive for doing so is quite apparent; but we cannot help thinking that she has placed both herself, and the noble family for whom she appears as an advocate, in a false and disagreeable position, by putting forth statements of the accuracy of which she had no means of judging. The transactions to which she refers are of an old date; and they occurred in a district of which she has absolutely no personal knowledge. She never was in Sutherland, or indeed any other part of the Highlands, and therefore she was not entitled in any way to deal with such a subject. That she was furnished with materials for the purposes of publication seems more than probable: if so, we cannot commend the prudence of those who took so singular a method of refuting what may very possibly be calumny or misrepresentation. With the merits of the case we have nothing to do, nor shall we express any opinion upon them; but it does seem to us a most extraordinary circumstance that Mrs. Stowe should have been induced to put forth a long, elaborate, and statistical argument upon a subject of which she is wholly ignorant. A defence of this kind—supposing that any defence was required—is positively hurtful to the parties whose conduct has been called in question; and anything but creditable to their discretion if they consented to its issue.

Interspersed with the actual narrative, are commentaries, or rather criticisms, upon art and literature, which, for the sake of the authoress, we could wish omitted. Her taste, upon all subjects of the kind, is either wholly uncultivated or radically bad—indeed it would be absolutely cruel to quote her observations on the works of the old masters. In literature she prefers Dr. Watts, as a poet, to Dryden, and has the calm temerity to proceed to quotation. She says, "For instance, take these lines:—

"Wide as his vast dominion lies
Let the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne,
Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord,
From all below and all above
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord."

"Simply as a specimen of harmonious versification, I would place this

paraphrase by Dr. Watts above everything in the English language, not even excepting Pope's Messiah."!!! Whereas, to any one possessing a common ear, the lines must rank as absolute doggerel, and the ideas which they convey are commonplace and wretchedly expressed. Elsewhere she says:—"I certainly do not worship the old English poets. With the exception of Milton and Shakespeare, there is more poetry in the works of the writers of the last fifty years than in all the rest together." We wonder if she ever read a line of Chaucer or of Spenser, not to speak of Pope and Dryden. But she objects even to Milton. Here is a piece of criticism which we defy the world to match! "There is a coldness about all the luscious exuberance of Milton, like the wind that blows from the glaciers across these flowery valleys. How serene his angels in their adamantine virtue! yet what sinning, suffering soul could find sympathy in them? The utter want of sympathy for the fallen angels, in the whole celestial circle, is shocking. Satan is the only one who weeps

"For millions of spirits for his faults
amerced,
And from eternal splendours flung—"

"God does not care, nor his angels. Our readers, we hope, will understand why we leave this passage without comment. But it may be worth while to show them the sort of poetry (beyond Watts) which Mrs. Stowe does admire, and she favours us with the following as a "beautiful aspiration" from an American poet of the name of Lowell:—

"Surely the wiser time shall come
When this fine overplus of might,
No longer sullen, slow or dumb,
Shall leap to music and to light.
In that new childhood of the world,
Life of itself shall dance and play,
Fresh blood through Time's shrunk veins
be hurried,
And labour meet delight half way."

Beautiful aspirations—lovely lines! Why—they are absolute nonsense; and the mere silent reading of them has set our teeth on edge. Try to recite them, and you are inevitably booked for a catarrh! In like manner she refers to some rubbish of Mr. Whittier, an American rhymester, as a "beau-

tiful ballad, called 'Barclay of Ury.' We have a distinct recollection of having read that ballad some years ago, and of our impression that it was incomparably the worst which we ever encountered; though, if a naked sword were at this moment to be presented to our throat, we could depone nothing further, than that "rising in a fury," rhymed to "Barclay of Ury;" and also, that "frowning very darkly," chimed in to the name of "Barclay." But it was woful stuff; and it lingers in our memory solely by reason of its absurdity. However, as Mrs. Stowe prefers this sort of thing to Spenser, we have nothing for it except to make our bow, regretting that our æsthetic notions are so far apart, that, under no circumstances whatever, can we foresee the possibility of a coalition.

Beyond the Channel we shall not follow her; the more especially as the greater part of the Continental tour is described in the Journal of the Rev. Charles Beecher, an individual with whose proceedings, thoughts, and raptures, we have not been able to conjure up the slightest sympathy. In fact, taking Mr. Beecher at his own estimate and valuation, and making every allowance for playfulness of

manner, we should by no means covet his company in any part of Europe; and we are only surprised that, in one or two places (as for instance Cologne), he did not receive an emphatic check to his outrageous hilarity. But as he seems to have been impressed with the idea that he exhibited himself rather in a humorous and attractive light, we have no intention of dispelling the dream—we are only sorry that Mrs. Stowe should have thought it worth while to increase the bulk of her book by admitting her relative's inflated, ill-written, and singularly silly lucubrations, as part of a work which, considering her literary celebrity, and the interest of the theme, will in all probability have an extensive circulation.

After making every allowance for the difficulty attendant upon the task of portraying with fidelity and spirit the customs of a foreign country, we cannot, with truth, express an opinion that Mrs. Stowe has been successful in her effort. Far more interesting and agreeable volumes have been written by women of less natural ability; and we are constrained to dismiss, with a feeling of decided disappointment, a book which we opened with the anticipation of a very different result.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

It is the common practice of innovators to set up a loud cry against long-received opinions which favour them not, and the word prejudice is the denunciation of "mad-dog." But prejudices, like human beings who hold them, are not always "*so bad as they seem*." They are often the action of good, natural instincts, and often the results of ratiocinations whose processes are forgotten. Let us have no "Apology" for a long-established prejudice; ten to one but it can stand upon its own legs, and needs no officious supporter, who simply apologises for it.

We have had philosophers who have told us there is really no such thing as beauty, consequently there can be

no such thing as taste; that it is a mere idea, an unaccountable prejudice somehow or other engendered in the brain. And though there exists not a head in the universe without a portion of this disorder-breeding brain, the philosopher persists that the product is a worthless nonentity, and altogether out of the nature of things. We maintain, however, in favour of prejudices and tastes—that there are real grounds for both; and presuming not to be so wise as to deny the evidences of our senses, and conclusions of our minds, think it scarcely worth while to unravel the threads of our convictions. In matters of science we marvel and can believe almost anything; but in our tastes and feel-

ings we naturally, and by an undoubting instinct, shrink from the touch of an innovator, as we would shun the heel of a donkey.

Whenever an innovator of this kind sets up "An Apology" for his intended folly, we invariably feel that he means a very audacious insult upon our best perceptions. The worst of it is, he is not one easily put aside—he will labour to get a commission into your house, ransack it to its sewers, and turn it out of windows. He is the man that must ever be doing. He will think himself entitled to perambulate the world with his pot of polychrome in his hand, and bedaub every man's door-post; and if multitudes—the whole offended neighbourhood—rush out to upset his pot and brush, he will laugh in their faces, defend his plastering instruments, and throw to them with an air his circular, "An Apology;" and perhaps afterwards knock the doors down for an authorised payment. Such a one shall get no "Apology"-pence out of us.

We are prejudiced—we delight in being prejudiced—will continue prejudiced as long as we live, and will entertain none but prejudiced friends. There are things we will believe, and give no reasons for, ever; and things we never will believe, whatever reasons are to be given in their favour. We think the man who said, "Of course, I believe it, if you say you saw it; but if would not believe it if I saw it myself," used an irresistible argument of good sound prejudice, mixed with discretion. It is better, safer, and honest, to bristle up like a hedgehog, and let him touch who dares, than to sit and be smoothed and smoothed over with oily handling of sophisticated arguments, till every decent palpable roughness of reason is taken from you.

Reader, do you like white marble? What a question! you will ask,—do you suppose me to have no eyes? Do not all people covet it—import it from Carrara? Do not sculptors, as sculptors have done in all ages, make

statues from it—monuments, ornaments, and costly floors? Of course, everybody loves white marble. Then, reader, if such is your taste, you are a prejudiced ignoramus; you belong to that age "devoid of the capacity to appreciate and the power to execute works of art"—that age which certain persons profess to *illuminate*. You are now, under the new dictators of taste, to know that you had no business to admire white marble,*—that you are so steeped in this old prejudice that it will require a long time before you can eradicate this stain of a vile admiration, although your teachers have acquired a true knowledge in an incredible time. You must put yourself under the great colourman of the great Crystal Palace, Mr. Owen Jones, who, if he does not put out your eyes in the experiments he will set before you, will at least endeavour to convince you that you are a fool of the first water. But beware how you don his livery of motley. Hear him: "Under this influence (the admiration of white marble), however, we have been born and bred, and it requires time to shake off the trammels which such early education leaves." You have sillily believed that the Athenians built with marble because of its beauty,—that the Egyptians thought there was beauty in granite. You thought in your historical dream that he who found the city of brick, and left it of marble, had done something whereof he might reasonably boast. You have been egregiously mistaken. If you ever read that the Greeks and Romans, and other people since their times civilized, sent great distances for marble for their palaces and statues, you must put it down in your note-book of new "historic doubts." You learn a fact you never dreamed of, from Mr. Owen Jones. They merely used it (marble) because it lay accidentally at their feet. He puts the richest colouring of his contempt on "the artificial value which white marble has in our eyes." Learn the real cause of its use: "The Athenians

* White marble.—This contempt of white marble is about as wise as Walpole's contempt of white teeth, which gave rise to his well known expression, "The gentlemen with the foolish teeth." Yet though a people have been known to paint their teeth black, white teeth, as white marble, will keep their fashion.

built with marble, because they found it almost beneath their feet, and also from the same cause which led the Egyptians to employ granite, which was afterwards painted—viz. because it was the most enduring, and capable of receiving a higher finish of workmanship." He maintains that so utterly regardless were these Greeks of any supposed beauty in marble—especially white marble—that they took pains to hide every appearance of its texture; that they not only painted it all over, but covered it with a coating of stucco. Listen to an oracle that, we will answer for it, never came from Delphi, that no Pythia in her madness ever conceived, and that, if uttered in the recesses, would have made Apollo shake his temple to pieces.

"To what extent were white marble temples painted and ornamented? I would maintain that they were *entirely* so; that neither the colour of the marble, nor even its surface, was preserved; and that preparatory to the ornamenting and colouring of the surface, the whole was covered with a thin coating of stucco, something in the nature of a gilder's ground, to stop the absorption of the colours by the marble."

"A thin coat of stucco!" and no exception with respect to statues—to be applied wherever the offensive white marble showed its unblushing nakedness and beauty!! Let us imagine it tested on a new statue—thus stucco over, however thin, Mr. Bayley's Eve, or Mr. Powers's Greek Slave—the thought is enough to make the sculptor go mad, and commit a murder on himself or the plasterer—to see all his fine, his delicate chisellings obliterated! all the nice markings, the scarcely perceptible dimplings gone!—for let the coat of stucco be thin as a wafer, it must, according to that thickness, enlarge every rising and diminish the spaces between them: thus, all true proportion must be lost; between two risings the space must be less. "What fine chisel," says our immortal Shakespeare, "could ever yet cut breath?" How did he imagine, in these few words, the living motion of the "breath of life." In the statue! and who doubts either the attempt or the suc-

cess so to represent perfect humanity, when he looks at the finest antique statues? Let an audacious innovator dare to daub one of them with his coat of stucco, and all the chiselling of the life, breath, and motion is annihilated. It must be so, whatever be the thickness of the coat; though it be but a nail-paring it must diminish risings and hollows, and all nicer touches must disappear. We should heartily desire to see the innovator suffocated in his plaster and paint-pot, that in his suffering he may know it is a serious thing to knock the life-breath out of the body even of a statue.

"Nec lex est justior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua."

There is one slight objection to our getting rid of this prejudice in favour of white marble which we suggest to Mr. Owen Jones, and all the "Stainers'" Company—the unseemly blots we shall have to make in the fairest pages of poetry, old and new. Albums will of course be ruined, and a general smear, bad as a "coat of stucco," be passed over the whole books of beauties who have "dreamed they dwelt in marble halls." The new professors, polychromatists, must bring out, if they are able, new editions of all our classics. How must this passage from Horace provoke their bile:

"Urli me Glycone nitor
Splendens Parlo marmore purior."

And when, after being enchanted by the "*grata protervitas*," he adds the untranslatable line,

"Et Vultus nimium lubricus aspicit,"

we can almost believe, with that bad taste which Mr. Owen Jones will condemn, that he had in the full eye of his admiration the polished, delicately defined charm of the Parian marble.

It was a clown's taste to daub the purity; and first he daubed his own face, and the faces of his drunken rabble. He would have his gods made as vulgar as himself; and then, doubtless, there was many a wooden, worthless, and obscene idol, the half joke and veneration of the senseless clowns, painted as fine as vermilion could make them.

"Agricola et minio suffusus, Bacche, ru-
bente,
Primus inexperit duxit ab arte choros."
Tis.

But to suppose that Praxiteles and Phidias could endure to submit their loveliest works to be stuccoed and solidly painted over with vermilion, seems to us to suppose a perfect impossibility. That they could not have willingly allowed the defilement we have shown by the nature of their work, all the nicety of touch and real proportion of parts lying under the necessity of alteration, and consequently damage thereby. Whatever apparent proof might be adduced that such statues were painted—and we doubt the proof, as we will endeavour to show—we do not hesitate to say that the daubings and plasterings must have been the doing of a subsequent less cultivated people, and possibly at the demand of a vulgarised mobocracy. The clown at our pantomimes is the successor to the clown who smeared his face with wine-lees, and passed his jokes while he gave orders to have his idol painted with vermilion. Yet though it must be impossible that Phidias or Praxiteles would have allowed solid coats of paint or stucco, or both, to have ruined the works of their love and genius, under the presuming title "historical evidence" an anecdote is culled from the amusing gossip Pliny, to show what Praxiteles thought of it. "There is a passage in Pliny which is decisive, as soon as we understand the allusion. Speaking of Nicias (lib. xxxv. cap. 11), he says that Praxiteles, when asked which of his marble works best satisfied him, replied, "Those which Nicias has had under his hands." "So much," adds Pliny, "did he prize the finishing of Nicias"—(*tantum circumlitioni ejus tribuebat*). This "finishing of Nicias," by its location, professes to be a translation from Pliny, which it is not. Had the writer adopted the exact wording of the old English translation, from which he seems to have taken the former portion of the sentence, it would not have suited his purpose, but it would have been more fair: it is thus, "So much did he attribute unto his vernish and polishing"—

which contradicts the solid painting. Pliny is rather ambiguous with regard to this Nicias—whether he was the celebrated one or no. But it should be noticed that the anecdote, as told in Mr. Owen Jones' "Apology," is intended to show that the painter's skill, as a painter, was added—substantially added—to the work of Praxiteles, whereas this Nicias may have been one who was nice in the making and careful in the use of his varnish; and we readily grant that some kind of varnishing or polishing may have been used over the statues, both for lustre and protection. Certainly at one time, though we would not say there is proof as to the time of Phidias, such varnishes, or rather waxings, were in use. But even if it were the celebrated Nicias to whom the anecdote refers, we cannot for a moment believe he would have touched substantially, as a painter, any work of Praxiteles. But as genius is ever attached to genius, he may have supplied to Praxiteles the means of giving that polish which he gave to his own works, and probably aided him in the operation, not "had under his hands," as translated—"quibus manum admovisset." Pliny had in his eye the very *modus operandi* of the encaustic process, the holding heated iron within a certain distance of the object. But what was the operation? Does the text authorize anything like the painting the statue? Certainly not. And however triumphantly it is brought forward, there is a hitch in the argument which must be confessed.

In making this confession, it would have been as well to have referred to Pliny himself for the meaning. Pliny uses the verb *illinebat*, in grammatical relation to *circumlitio*, in the sense of varnishing, in that well-known passage in which he speaks of the varnish used by Apelles—"Unum imitari nemo potuit, quod absoluta opera *illinebat* atramento ita tenui," &c.

The meaning of this passage hangs on the word *circumlitio*. Winckelmann follows the mass of commentators in understanding this as referring to some mode of *polishing* the statues. "But Quatremère de Quincy, in his

magnificent work *Le Jupiter Olympien*, satisfactorily shows this to be untenable, not only "because no sculptor could think of preferring such of his statues as had been better polished, but also because Nicias being a painter, not a sculptor, his services must have been those of a painter." If these are the only "because" of Quatremère de Quincey, they are anything but satisfactory; for a sculptor may esteem all his works as equal, and then prefer such as had the advantage of Nicias's *circumlitio*. Nor does the *because* of Nicias being a painter at all define the *circumlitio* to be a plastering with stucco, or a thick daubing with vermilion; for, be it borne in mind, this vermilion painting is always spoken of as a solid coating. As to Nicias's services, "What were they?" asks the author of the *Historical Evidence* in Mr. Jones's Apology. "Nicias was an encaustic painter, and hence it is clear that his *circumlitio*, his mode of finishing the statues, so highly prized by Praxiteles, must have been the application of encaustic painting to those parts which the sculptor wished to have ornamented. For it is quite idle to suppose a sculptor like Praxiteles would allow another sculptor to finish his works. The rough work may be done by other hands, but the finishing is always left to the artist. The statue completed, there still remained the painter's art to be employed, and for that Nicias is renowned."—Indeed! This is exceedingly childish: first, the truism that one sculptor would not have another to finish his work—of course, not; and then that the work was not finished until the painter had regularly, according to his best skill and art—which art and skill were required—been employed in the painting it as he would paint a picture, "for which he was renowned;"—that is, variously colour all the parts—till he had variously coloured hair and eyes, and put in varieties of flesh tones, show the blue veins beneath, and all that a painter renowned for these things was in the habit of doing in his pictures. If this be not the meaning of this author, and the object of Mr. Owen Jones in making such a parade

of it, he or the writer writes without any fixed ideas, and all this assumption, all this absurd theory, is after all built upon a word which these people are determined to misunderstand, and yet upon which they cannot help but express the doubt. But why should there be any doubt at all? As far as we can see, the word is a plain word, and explains itself very well, and even expresses its *modus operandi*. A writer acquainted with such a schoolboy book as Ainsworth's Dictionary might have relieved his mind as to any doubts or forced construction of *circumlitio*; he might have found there, that the word comes from *Lino*, to smear, from *Leo*, the same—and that *Circum* in the composition shows the action, the mode of smearing. Nay, he is referred to two passages in Pliny, the very one from which the quotation in the *Historical Evidence* is taken, and to another in the same author, Pliny—and authors generally explain themselves—where the word is used in reference to the application of medicinal unguents. We can readily grant that the ancient sculptors did employ recipes of the most skilful persons in making unctuous varnishes, which they rubbed into the marble as a preservative, and also to bring out more perfectly the beauty of the marble texture—not altogether to hide it. It may be, without the least concession towards Mr. Owen Jones's painting theory, as readily granted that they gave this unctuous composition a warm tone, with a little vermilion, as many still do to their varnishes. Pliny himself, in his 33d book, chap. vii., gives such a recipe: White Punic wax, melted with oil, and laid on hot; the work afterwards to be well rubbed over with cere-cloths. To return to the "*Circumlitio*," we have the word, only with *super* instead of *circum*, used in the application of a varnish by the Monk Theophilus, of the tenth century, who, if he did not take the word from Pliny, and therefore in Pliny's sense, may be taken for quite as good Latin authority. After describing the method of making a varnish of oil and a gum—"gummi quod vocatur fornias"—he adds, "*Hoc glutine omnis pictura superlinita, fit et decora ac*

omnino durabilia." The two words Superlitio and Circumlitio,*—the first applicable to such a surface as a picture; the last to statues, which present quite another surface. But if it could be proved—and it cannot—that the works of Praxiteles were in Mr. Owen Jones's sense painted over, would that justify the colouring the frieze of the Parthenon, the work of Phidias, who preceded Praxiteles more than a century, during which many abominations in taste may have been introduced? We are quite aware that, at a barbarous period, images of gods, probably mostly those of wood, were painted over with vermillion, as a sacred colour and one of triumph. We extract from the old translation of Pliny this passage:—"There is found also in silver mines a mineral called minium, i. e. vermillion, which is a colour at this day of great price and estimation, like as it was in old time; for the ancient Romans made exceeding great account of it, not only for pictures, but also for divers sacred and holy uses. And verily Verrius allegeth and rehearseth many authors whose credit ought not to be disproved, who affirm that the manner was in times past to paint the very face of Jupiter's image on high and festival daies with vermillion: as also that the valiant captains who rode in triumphant manner into Rome had in former times their bodies covered all over therewith; after which manner, they say, noble Camillus entered the city in triumph. And even to this day, according to that ancient and religious custom, ordinary it is to colour all the unguents that are used in a festival supper, at a solemne triumph, with vermillion. And no one thing do the Censors give charge and order for to be done, at their entrance into office, before the painting of Jupiter's image with minium." Yet Pliny does not say much in favour of the practice; for he adds—"The cause and motive that induced our ancestors to this ceremony I marvel much at, and cannot imagine what it should be." The Censors did but follow a vulgar taste to please the

vulgar, for whom no finery can be too fine, no colours too gaudy. However refined the Athenian taste, we know from their comedies they had their vulgar ingredient: there could be no security among them even for the continuance in purity of the genius which gave them the works of Phidias and Praxiteles; nor were even those great artists perhaps allowed the exercise of their own noble minds. The Greeks had no permanent virtues—no continuance of high perceptions: as these deteriorated, their great simplicity would naturally yield to petty ornament. They of Ellis, who appointed the descendants of Phidias to the office of preserving from injury his statue of Jupiter Olympius, did little if they neglected to secure their education also in the principles of the taste of Phidias. The conservators would in time be the destroyers; and simply because they must do, and know not what to do. When images—their innumerable idols—were carried in processions, they were of course dressed up, not for veneration, but show. We know that in very early times their gods were carried about in shrines, and, without doubt, tricked up with dress and daubings, pretty much as are, at this day, the Greek Madonnas. Venus and Cupid have descended down to our times in the painted Madonna and Bambino. Whatever people under the sun have ever had paint and finery, temples, gods, and idols have had their share of them. We need no proofs, and it is surprising we have so few with respect to the great works of the ancients, that these corruptions would take place. It is in human nature: barbarism never actually dies; it is an ill weed, hard entirely to eradicate, and is ready to spring up in the most cultivated soils. The vulgar mind will make its own Loretto; imagination and credulity want no angels but themselves to convey anywhere a "santa casa;" nor will there be wanting brocade and jewels, the crown and the peplos, for the admiration of the ignorant. Are a few examples, if found and proved, and of the best

* "Circumlitio."—See Mr. Henning's evidence before Committee of House of Commons on the preservation of stone by application of hot wax penetrating the stone, and his mode of using it, similar to the encaustic process.

times—which is not clear—to establish the theory as good in taste, or in any way part of the intention of the great sculptors? If authorities adduced, and to be adduced, are worth anything, they must go a great deal farther. Take, for instance, a passage from Pausanias, lib. ii. c. 11: Καὶ Ὑγείας δ' ἴσι κατὰ ταυτὸν ἀγάλμα οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲ τοῦτο ἰδοῖς ραδίως, οὕτω, περιεχούσιν ἀντὶ κῆμαι τε γυναικῶν ἀπὸ κείρουται τῇ θεῷ, καὶ ἐσθλῆς Βαβυλωνίας τελευτώνες.—“And after the same manner is a statue of Hygeia, which you may not easily see, it is so completely covered with hair of the women who have shorn themselves in honour of the goddess; and also with the fringes of the Babylonish vest.” Here, surely, is quite sufficient authority for Mr. Jones to procure ample and variously-coloured wigs for the Venus de Medicis, and other statues, and to order a committee of milliners to devise suitable vesture. Images of this kind were mostly made of wood, easy to be carried about; and were often, doubtless, made likest life, for the deception as of the real presence of a deity. The view of art was lost when imposture commenced. Mr. Jones admits that the Greek sculptors did not intend exact imitation, but his theory goes so close to it, it would be difficult to say where it stops short. Indeed, he had better at once go the whole way, or we may better say, “the whole hog,” with bristle brushes, for when he has got rid of the “*prejudice*” in favour of white marble, his spectators will be satisfied with nothing less than wax-work.

We remember hearing, in a remote village, the consolation one poor woman gave another—“Look up to them pretty angels, with their lovely black eyes, and take comfort from ’em.” These were angels’ heads in plaster, round the cornice, which the church-wardens, year after year, with the official taste and importance of the Roman Censors, had caused to be so painted when, as they announced on a tablet, they “beautified” the church. Of late years we have been removing the whitewash from our cathedrals, thicker, by repetition, than Mr. Owen Jones’s prescribed coats of stucco. Should his theory prevail, we shall be again ashamed of stone; white-lime

will be restored until funds shall be found for stucco, inside and out, as preparation for Mr. Jones’s bright blue and unmitigated vermilion and gold. It is frightful to imagine Mr. Owen Jones and his paint-pot over every inch of Westminster Abbey, inside and out.

Let us take a nearer view of the historical evidence. We are told, “Ancient literature abounds with references and allusions to the practice of painting and dressing statues. Space prevents their being copiously cited here.” We venture to affirm, that the lack of existence is greater than the lack of space, if by ancient literature is meant the best literature—the literature contemporary with the works of the great sculptors. There were poets and historians—can any quotation be given at all admissible as evidence? It is extraordinary that the advocates for the theory, if it were true, can find no passages in the poets. Is there nothing nearer than what Plato puts into the mouth of Socrates? “Let it be remembered that Socrates was the son of a sculptor, and that Plato lived in Athens, acquainted with the great sculptors and their works; then read this passage, wherein Socrates employs by way of simile the practice of painting statues—‘Just as if, when painting statues, a person should blame us for not placing the most beautiful colours on the most beautiful parts of the figure—inasmuch as the eyes, the most beautiful parts, were not painted purple but black,—we should answer him by saying, Clever fellow, do not suppose we are to paint eyes so beautifully that they should not appear to be eye.’—PLATO, *De Repub.*, lib. iv. This passage would long ago have settled the question, had not the moderns been preoccupied with the belief that the Greeks did not paint their statues; they therefore read the passage in another sense. Many translators read ‘pictures’ for ‘statues.’ But the Greek word *ἀνδρίας* signifies ‘statue,’ and is never used to signify ‘picture.’ It means statue, and a statuarius is called the maker of such statues—*ἀνδριαντοποιός*. (Mr. Davis, in Bohn’s English edition of Plato, avoids the difficulty by translating it ‘human figures’).”—Mr. Lloyd, in his remarks upon this passage, confesses

that it does not touch the question concerning the painting the flesh, but refers to the eyes, lips, and ornaments. We object not to admit more than this, and, as we have before observed, that certain images, mostly of wood, were painted entirely, excepting where clothed; and, for argument's sake, admitting that Socrates alluded to these common images, if we may so speak, the ancestors of our common dolls, should we be justified in building a theory subversive of all good taste upon such an ambiguity? For nothing is here said of marble statues; and there is nothing to show that marble statues are meant. The writer in the "Apology" says, with an air of triumph, that *Ἀνδρία* always means statue, and never picture; but these were figures, that he would call statues, of wood and of clay, and of little value—a kind of marketable goods for the vulgar, as we have already shown. But if the writer is determined to make them marble statues, and of the best, he might certainly have made his case the stronger; for when he says, and truly, that Socrates was the son of a sculptor, he forgets that Socrates was himself a sculptor,—and some have supposed him to have been a painter also, but Pliny is of another opinion. The three Graces in the court before the Acropolis of Athens were his work; and it is probably to the demands these Graces made upon his thoughts the philosopher alluded in his dialogue with Theodote the courtesan. She had invited him to her home; he excused himself that he had no leisure from his private and public affairs,—“and besides,” he adds playfully, “I have φίλοι—female friends—at home who will not suffer me to absent myself from them day or night, learning, as they do from me, charms and powers of enticement.”* So that we may suppose him to have been no mean statuary. Yet, considering that his mother followed the humble occupation of a

midwife, and that consequently his father was not very rich, it may not be an out-of-the-way conjecture to suppose that the family trade may have had its humbler employments, of which the painting images may have borne a part. Ships had their images as well as temples, and we know that the ship's head was “*Μυρτιάφης*.” The custom has descended to our times. But we are not to take the word put by Plato into the mouth of Socrates—*ἀνδριαντας*—necessarily in the highest sense, and imagine he speaks of such works as those of Phidias or Praxiteles. Although the Greeks did distinguish the several words by which statues were understood, they were not very nice in the observance of the several uses. *Ἀνδριαντας* may have been applied to any representation of the human figure.† *Ἀνδριαντοποιός*, says the Apologist, was a statuary—so may have been said to be *Ἀνδριαντολάτης* the modellist in clay or wax; but neither word is used by Socrates—simply *Ἀνδριαντας*, (images). There is not a hint as to how, or with what materials, they were made. The scholiast on the passage in Aristophanes respecting the work of Socrates (the Graces), makes a distinction between *ἀνδριαντας* and *αγαλματα*—noticing that Socrates was the son of Sophroniscus, *λιδεύς*, with whom he took his share in the polishing art, adding that he polished *ἀνδριαντας* *λιδίνους* *ἐλατίζε*, and that he made the “*αγαλματα*” of the three Graces. Now, let *ἀνδρίας* be a statue, or human figure, of whatever material, and grant that some such figures had painted eyes, and probably partially coloured drapery, possibly the whole body painted—what then? they might have been low and inferior works. Who would think, from such data, of inferring a habit in the Greek sculptors of painting and plastering all their marble statues—asserting too, so audaciously, that we the moderns have, and not they, a prejudice in

* In the *Clouds*, Aristophanes makes Socrates swear by the Graces—*σφῶς γε καὶ αὐτὰς χάριτας*—twitting him, as the scholiast remarks, upon his former employment, alluding to his work of the Graces.—*Clouds*, 771.

† “*Inter statuas Græci sic distinguunt teste Philandro ut statuas Deorum vocent εἰδωλα; Heroum ζεῦνα; Regum ἀνδριαντας; Sapientum ἐκκελα; Bene-meritorum βρεντα; quod tamen discrimen auctoribus non semper observatur.*”—Hoffman's *Lexicon*.

favour of white marble? But Mr. Lloyd, in his note on this passage, with respect to Socrates (*vide* "Apology"), admits that it is no evidence of the colouring the flesh. "The passage is decisive, as far as it goes, but it does not touch the question of colouring the flesh. It proves that as late as Plato's time it was usual to apply colour to the eyes of statues; and assuming, what is not stated, that marble statues are in question, we are brought to the same point as by the Eginetan marbles, of which the eyes, lips, portions of the armour and draperies, were found coloured. I forget whether the hair was found to be coloured, but the absence of traces of colour on the flesh, while they were abundant elsewhere, indicates that, if coloured at all, it must have been by a different and more perishable process—by a tint, or stain, or varnish. The Eginetan statues, being archaic, do not give an absolute rule for those of Phidias. The archaic Athenian bas-relief of a warrior, in excellent preservation, shows vivid colours on drapery and ornaments of armour, and the eyeballs were also coloured: here again there is no trace of colour on the flesh." But notwithstanding that no statue has been found with any trace of colour in the flesh, and not satisfied with Mr. Lloyd's commentary, Mr. Owen Jones seeks proof and confirmation of the sense of the quotation from Plato, in a caution given by Plutarch, thus mistranslated: "It is necessary to be very careful of statues, otherwise the *vermilion* with which the ancient statues were coloured will quickly disappear." What kind of care is necessary? Plutarch uses the word *γέωσις*, which means more than care—that a polishing or varnishing is necessary (if, as we may presume, they would preserve the old colouring of an archaic statue), because, not perhaps of the quick fading of the vermilion, as translated by Mr.

Lloyd, but the vermilion *σάβρις*—effloresces; or, as we should say, comes up dry to the surface, leaving the vehicle with which it was put on. However, let the passage have all the meaning Mr. Owen Jones can desire, it relates only to certain sacred figures at Rome, not in Greece, and which may have been, for anything that is known to the contrary, figures of sacred geese. How do these quotations show the practice of Phidias? In the first place, Plato, who narrates what Socrates said, was nearly a century after Phidias, and Plutarch nearly six hundred years after Phidias. On every account the authority of Plato would be preferable to that of Plutarch, who kept his school at Rome, and was far more fond of raising questions than of affording accurate information.* Mr. Owen Jones, however, in the impetuosity of his imaginary triumph, outruns all his given authorities to authorities not given. He says: "There are abundant notices extant which illustrate it (the painting of statues). One will suffice. The celebrated marble statue of a Bacchante by Scopas is described as holding, in lieu of the Thyrsus, a dead roebuck, which is cut open, and the marble represents living flesh." We willingly excuse the blunder of the living flesh of a dead roebuck, ascribing it solely to the impetuosity of the genius of Mr. Owen Jones, which, plunging into colouring matter, would vermilionise the palest face of Death. If paint could "create a soul under the ribs of death," he would do it. He must greatly admire the old lady's dying request to—

"Put on this cheek a little red,
One surely would not look a fright when dead."

We know not where to lay our hand upon the original account of this statue of the Bacchante of Scopas; but if it says no more than the

* We do not presume to be critical upon the Bœotian schoolmaster's Greek; but no modern student would take him for an authority in prosody. He says the impetuosity of the genius of Homer hurried him into a false quantity in the first line of the *Iliad*, in the word *Θαῖ*. Plutarch was forgetful of the rule of a *pyrum* in the vocative. His prejudice is sufficiently shown in his essay *On the Malignity of Herodotus*, whom he disliked, because the historian did not speak over favourably of the Bœotians. "Plutarch was a Bœotian, and thought it indispensably incumbent on him to vindicate the cause of his countrymen."—Bælon's *Herod.*

Apologist says for it—that the marble represented “living flesh”—it does not necessarily imply colour. Here is a contradiction: if it be meant that by “living flesh” the colour of living flesh was represented—for that must be the argument—there must have been an attempt towards the exact imitation of nature. “In the first place,” says Mr. Owen Jones, arguing against the suggestion of coloured and veined marble having been used, “veins do not so run in marble as to represent flesh. In the second, unless statues were usually coloured, such veins, if they existed, would be regarded as terrible blemishes, and the very things the Greeks are supposed to have avoided—viz., colour as representing reality—would be shown.” Does Mr. Owen Jones here admit that this exact imitation by colour was not usual? If so, as the words imply, what becomes of his quotation of the words of Socrates with regard to colouring the eyes? And further, upon what new plea will he justify his colouring the Parthenon frieze—not only the men and their cloaks, but the horses—so that the latter exactly resemble those on the roundabouts on which children ride at fairs? We suppose he meant the men to have a natural colour, and the horses also—a taste so vile, that we are quite sure such a perpetration would have shocked Phidias out of all patience. And if not meant for the exact colour, what can he suppose they were painted for?—as, to avoid this semblance of reality, the Greeks, according to him, should have painted men and horses vermillion or blue, or any colour the farthest from reality, the contrary to the practice of Mr. Owen Jones—and that he should have painted them vermillion he immediately shows, by quoting Pausanias, where he describes a statue of Bacchus “as having all those portions not hidden by draperies painted vermillion, the body being of gilded wood.” What has this to do with marble statues? But he seems not to understand the hint given by his commentator, Mr. Lloyd, “that the statue was apparently ithyphallic, and probably archaic”—a well-known peculiarity in statues of Bacchus. Not having,

however, such a specimen in marble, he is particularly glad to find one of gypsum, “ornamented with paint,” nothing more probable, and for the same reason that the wooden one was painted vermillion.

“But colour was used, as we know,” says Mr. Owen Jones; “and Pausanias (*Arcad.*, lib. viii. cap. 39) describes a statue of Bacchus as having all those portions not hidden by draperies painted vermillion, the body being of gilded wood. He also distinctly says that statues made of gypsum were painted, describing a statue of Bacchus γυψῶν περιημένον, which was—the language is explicit—ornamented with paint, (περικειμένην γράφῃ.)” These are statues of Bacchus, and, as the Apologist is reminded by his commentator, Mr. Lloyd, “apparently ithyphallic,” and therefore painted red. The draperies are the assumption of the writer; he should have said ivy and laurel. Mr. Owen Jones, to render his examples “abundant,” writes statues in the latter part of the quotation, whereas the word in his authority, Pausanias, is singular. We stay not to inquire if γράφῃ here means paint, though, speaking of another statue, Pausanias uses the verb and its congenial noun in another sense—“ἐνὶ γράμματι ἐνδύσθῃ γράφῃναι.” We the more readily grant it was painted vermillion, because it was a Bacchic statue; and grant that it was seen by Pausanias. We daresay it was ancient enough; but for any proof we must not look to Pausanias, who lived at Rome 170th year of the Christian era;—and here it must be borne in mind, that of the innumerable statues spoken of by that writer, of marble and other materials, the supposed painted are a very few exceptions. Not only does he speak of marble, without any mention of colouring, but of its whiteness. In this matter, indeed, the exceptions prove the rule of the contrary. Before we proceed to the examples taken from Virgil—weak enough—let us see if there may not be found something nearer the time of Phidias than any authorities given. Well, then, we have an eyewitness, one who must not only have seen the statues of Phidias, but probably conversed with Phidias him-

self—Æschylus. If such statues as he speaks of were painted generally, and as a necessary part of their completion, could he have brought into poetic use and sentiment their vacancy of eyes? It is a remarkable passage. He is describing Menelaus in his gallery full of the large statues of Helen. It is in the "Agamemnon:"

Εμφρόων γὰρ κλοουσῶν
"Εχθεται χάρις ἀνδρί.
"Οὐράτων δ' ἐν ἀχνησίαις
"Ερβει πᾶσ' Ἀφροδίτα.

There was no "speculation in those eyes." The eyes were not painted certainly; as the poet saw the statues in his mind's eye, so had he seen them with his visible organs. The charm of love was not in them, because the outward form of the eye was only represented in the marble. The love-charm was not in those "vacancies of eyes." Schütz has this note upon the passage: "Quamvis nimirum eleganter fabricatæ sint statuae, carent tamen oculis, adeoque admirationem quidem excitare possunt amore non item."

These lines of the poet Æschylus, repeated before an acute and critical Athenian audience, would have been unintelligible, and marked as an egregious blunder, if the practice of painting statues, or even their eyes alone, had been so universal as it is represented in this "Apology." Can there be a more decisive authority, than this of the contemporary Æschylus? It is certainly a descent from Æschylus to Virgil; but we follow the Apologist.

"Marmoreusque tibi, Dea, *versicoloribus*
alis
In morem pictâ stabit Amor pharetrâ."

The writer, by his italics, is, we think, a little out in grammar, connecting "in morem" (because it was customary) with "*versicoloribus alis*,"—and in his translated sense of the passage, with "*pictâ pharetrâ*" also. This is certainly making nothing of it, by endeavouring to make the most of it. "In morem" may more properly attach itself to "stabit;" if not, to the wings or painted quiver,—not, in construction, to both; at any rate, Virgil, though Heyne reproves him for his bad taste, had here a prejudice in fa-

vour of marble, for "Amor" shall be marble—that is the first word, and first consideration. In the next quotation Virgil, as provokingly, sets his heart upon marble—nay, smooth polished marble—and the whole figure is to be entirely of this smooth marble; but he gratifies Mr. Jones by "scarlet"—the colour of colours, vermilion—and thus so reconciles the Polychromatist to the marble, as to induce him to quote the really worthless passage:—

"Si proprium hoc fuerit, levi de marmore
tota
Puniceo stabis suras evincta cothurno."

It is not of much moment to the main question what statue one clown should offer to Diana, in return for a day's hunting, or the other to a very different and far less respectable deity, whom he has already made in vulgar marble, *pro temp.* only, and whom he promises to set up in gold, though simply the "custos pauperis horti."

"Nunc te marmoreum pro tempore fecimus; at tu
Si fœtura gregem suppleverit, aureus esto."

The poetical promises exceeded the clown's means; neither Diana, nor the deity, odious to her, saw the promises fulfilled. The Apologist is merely taking advantage of a poetical license, a plenary indulgence in non-performance. It is quite ridiculous to attempt to prove what Phidias and Praxiteles must have done, by what Virgil imagined. But as Mr. Owen Jones delights in such *quasi* modern authorities, we venture to remind him of the bad taste of Horace, who loved the Parian marble; and to recommend him to consider in what manner white marble is spoken of by as good authority, Juvenal, who introduces it as most valued in his time—white statues.

"Et jam accurrit, qui marmora donet
Conferat impensas. Hic nuda et candida
signa,
Hic aliquid præclarum Euphranoris et
Polychæti."

It may be as well to quote also what he says in reference to waxing statues:—

"Propter quæ fas est genua incernere Deorum."

Upon which we find in a note—"Con-

sueverant Deorum simulacra cera illinire (the old word of dispute) ibidemque affert illud Prudentii, lib. i., contra Symonachum,—

—'Saxa illita ceres
Viderat, unguentoque Lares humescere
nigros.'

And in Sat. XII., "Simulacra, intentia cerâ."

We have already treated of this custom of waxing the statues, and given the recipe of Pliny, to which we revert for a moment, because the advocates for the colouring theory insist that *illitia*, *linita*, *illinere*, *linire*, all of one origin, are words applicable to painting. Pliny says,—we quote from Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*,—after showing how the wax should be melted and laid on, "It was then rubbed with a clean linen cloth, in the way that naked marble statues were done." The Latin is—"Sicut et marmora nitescunt." The writer in the Dictionary speaks as to the various applications of the encaustic process, to paint and to polish: "Wax thus purified was mixed with all species of colours, and prepared for painting; but it was applied also to many other uses, as polishing statues, walls, &c."

Lucian, who died ninety years of age, 180th of the Christian era, although he relinquished the employment of a statuary, and followed that of literature, had certainly an excellent taste in art. His descriptions of statues and pictures prove his fondness and his knowledge. What he says of the famous Cnidian Venus of Praxiteles is very remarkable. After admiring the whiteness of the marble and its polish, he praises the ingenuity of the artificer, in so contriving the statue as to bring least in sight a blemish in the marble, (a very common thing, he adds). It would not have required this ingenuity in the design, if Praxiteles had intended his statue to be painted, for the paint would have covered the stain in the marble wherever placed. We may learn something more from Lucian. In his "Images," wishing to describe a perfect woman, he will first represent her by the finest statûes in the world, selecting the beauties of each. It is

in a dialogue with Lycinus and Polystratus. "Is there anything wanting?" asks Polystratus, after mention of these perfect statues. Lycinus replies that the colouring is wanting. He therefore brings to his description the most beautiful works of the best painters. Enough is not done yet; there is the mind to be added. He therefore calls in the poets. Here, then, we have statuary, painter, and poet, each by their separate art to portray this perfect woman. He does not describe by painted statues, but by pictures. Had painting statues been universal, as pretended, Lucian must have seen examples, and his reference to pictures would have been unnecessary. If it be argued that the paint had worn off, that argument will tell against the Polychromatists, for it at least will show that, in an age when statues were esteemed, the barbarity of colouring was not renewed.

In his "Description of a House," he says, "Over against the door, upon the wall, there is the Temple of Minerva in relief, where you may see the goddess in white marble, without her accoutrements of war." The painter, it may be fairly conjectured, painted inside on the wall of the house, the common aspect, and the white marble statue.

In his "Baths of Hippias," he mentions "two noble pieces of antiquity in marble of Health and Æsculapius." Nor does he omit noticing paint, and that vermilion—but where is it? "Then you come to a hot passage of Numidian stone, that brings you to the last apartment, glittering with a bright vermilion, bordering on purple."

According to Mr. Owen Jones's theory, all these exquisite works in white marble are to be considered as unfinished; if they have not been handed over to the painter, they should be now. Why did Phidias and Praxiteles so elaborate to the mark of truth their performances? The reader will be astonished to learn the reason from Mr. Owen Jones. It was from the necessity of the subsequent finish by paints!

"People are apt to argue that Phidias never could have taken such pains to study the light and shade of this bas-relief, if the fineness of his work-

manship had had to be stopped up when bedaubed with paint." It is astonishing that not a glimmering of common sense was here let in upon the work of Phidias, while the whole light of his understanding showed the effect of his own handiwork on the plaster; for he, in that case, says, "But when the plaster has further to be painted with four coats of oil-paint to stop the suction, it may readily be imagined how much the more delicate modulations of the surface will suffer." Does he suppose that the eyes of Phidias, and of people in that age, were blind to the suffering of these nice modulations from the stucco, or over-coats of paint? But why did Phidias so finish his works?—Hear the polychromatic oracle. "Now, people who argue thus have never understood what colour does when applied to form. The very fact that colour has to be applied, demands the highest finish in the form beneath. By more visibly bringing out the form, it makes all defects more prominent. Let any one compare the muscles of the figures in white with the muscles of those coloured, and he will not hesitate an instant to admit this truth. The labours of Phidias, had they never received colour, would have been thrown away; it was because he designed them to receive colour, that such an elaboration of the surface was required." This is the most considerable inconsiderate nonsense imaginable. Common sense says, that one even colour, or absence of colour, gives equal shadows, according to the sculptor's design; but if you colour portions of the same work differently, the unity of shadows will be destroyed, for shadows will assimilate themselves to the various colourings, be they light or dark. This necessity of colouring would impose such a task upon the sculptor, so complicate his work and design, and so bring his whole mind into subservience to, or certainly co-operation and consultation with, the painter, that no man of genius could submit to it; for it is the characteristic of genius to have its exercise in its own independent art. The assertion of this effect of colour, by Mr. Jones, is untrue in fact, and if he could make it true, would so complicate, and at the same time degrade,

the statuary's art, that in the disgust of its operation it would be both out of the power, and out of the inclination, of men to pursue it. Will the people of England take Mr. Owen Jones's reproof? To them the labours of Phidias have hitherto been thrown away, for they have only as yet seen his works in white marble—in fact, unfinished. In this state Mr. Jones thinks they have been very silly to admire them at all—and how they came to admire them who can comprehend? they have no colourable pretext for their admiration. Not only have the labours of Phidias been "*thrown away*,"—but, what is more galling to this age of economists, some forty thousand pounds of our good people's money have been thrown away too. What is left to be done? Simply what we have often done before—throw some "*good money after the bad*," and constitute Mr. Owen Jones Grand Polychromatist-plenipotentiary, with competence of salary and paint-pots, and establish him for life, and his school for ever, in the British Museum. It is well for him and for them the innocent marbles have no motion, or the very stones would cry out against him, and uplift their quiescent arms to smash more than his paint-pots.

And here let us be allowed to remark of Mr. Owen Jones's colouring, having been thoroughly disgusted at the Crystal Palace, that he is as yet but in the very elements of the grammar of colour. He has gone but a very little way in its alphabet. He has practised little more than the A B C—that is, the bright blue, the bright red, the bright yellow. But the alphabet is much beyond this. What of their combinations? These are so innumerable that, as if in despair of their acquirement, he puts his whole trust in the blue, red, and yellow, so that the very object of colour, variety, is missed, and the eye is wearied and irritated in this Crystal Palace with what may be called, in defiance of the contradiction of the word, a polychromatic monotony. His theory of colour stops short at the beginning—it is without its learning. The sentiments of colours are in their mixtures, their relative combinations, and ap-

propriate applications, and we venture to suggest to other Polychromatists, besides Mr. Owen Jones, that the grammar of colouring, if learned properly, will lead to a mystery which the blue, red, and yellow, of themselves the A, B, C of the art, are quite insufficient to teach. The study is by none more required than our painters in glass; nor are some of our picture-makers, as our Academy exhibitions show, without the need of a little learning. We scarcely ever see a modern window that does not exhibit a total ignorance of colour. The first thing that strikes the eye is a quantity of blue, for it is the most active colour, and it is given in large portions, not dissipated as it should be—then reds, and as vivid as may be—and yellows. Attempt at proper effect, such as the *genius loci* requires, there is none. With the unsparing use of these three unmitigated colours only, we do not see why decorators should be called Polychromatists at all; they should style themselves Trichromatists. But of Mr. Owen Jones's polychromatic theory and practice, do not let him so slander the tasks of the ancients as to pretend that he has it from them, if by the ancients he means those artists of good time. They delighted in white marble, "*nuda et candida signa*,"—the naked and the white. The pretence that he had it from them, is as the

"Painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire
wen."

The grandsire never took it; the naked Pict never had it. And yet the directors of this Crystal Palace have taken Mr. Owen Jones's word for it. They have inconsiderately, and with the worst taste, delivered up the Palace into Mr. Jones's hands. We dread his being put into any other palace, for he evidently longs to be stuccoing and daubing the real marbles. "The experiment cannot be fairly tried, till tried on marble"—and he looks to a wide area, ample verge, and room enough, "and in conditions of space, atmosphere, &c., similar to those under which the originals were placed." We however owe it to Mr. Owen Jones's candour in admitting a note by Mr. Penrose,

which vindicates the character of this odious marble. Thus speaks Mr. Penrose: "An extensive and careful examination of the Pentelic Quarries, by the orders of King Otho, has shown that large blocks, such as were used at Athens, are very rare indeed. The distance, also, from the city is considerable: whereas there are quarries on Mount Hymettus at little more than one-third the distance (and most convenient for carriage), which furnish immense masses of dove-coloured marble, much prized, it would seem, by the Romans (Hor., ii. 18), and inferior in no respect but that of colour to the Pentelic. It could, therefore, only have been the intrinsic beauty of the latter material that led to its employment by so practical a people as the Athenians." It will occur to the reader to ask if there is not here something like a proof that they did not intend this Pentelic marble to be painted; for it is manifest, under the stucco-and-painting theory, the dove-coloured of Hymettus would have answered all purposes. But Mr. Owen Jones triumphs over his own candour. He sees nothing in the admission of this note of Mr. Penrose; he takes it up, he exhibits it, merely for the purpose of throwing it down and trampling upon it. He gives it a scornful reply.—*Reply* in large letters. It is a curious one, for, like the boomerang, it flies back upon himself, and gives his own arguments a palpable hit. The reader may remember how he had asserted that "the Athenians built with marble because they found it almost beneath their feet." In his oblivious reply, he discovers that the Athenians used it because it was a great way off from their feet; nay, that the worst part of the matter was, that it was no farther off from their feet. He uprises in reverential dignity, to reprove "our present ideas of economy." "I do not think that, with our present ideas of economy, we are able to appreciate the motives of the Athenians in choosing their marble from the Pentelic quarries, in preference to those of Mount Hymettus. We must remember that the Greeks built for their gods; and the Pentelic marble, by presenting greater difficulties in its acquisition, may have been a more precious offering." Mr.

Jones thus offers two contradictory motives on behalf of the Athenians—one must be given up. It would be strange in so few pages that a writer should so contradict himself, if we did not bear in mind with what ingenuity a theory will invest its own pertinacity. Surely no man on earth will believe that the Athenians, either by any extraordinary devotion* they showed towards their gods in the time of Pericles, or by an unheard of folly (for they were a practical people), chose the one quarry in preference to the other, for no other reason than its greater cost and difficulty.

We are referred to the evidence of Mr. Bracebridge, produced before the committee of the Institute, which Mr. Jones says settles the point "as far as regards monumental sculpture." The evidence is, that in the winter 1835-6, an excavation, to the depth of twenty-five feet, was made at the south-east angle of the Parthenon. "Here were found many pieces of marble, and among these fragments parts of triglyphs, or fluted columns, and of statues, particularly a female head, which was painted (the hair is nearly the costume of the present day)." It is quite an assumption that the spot of this excavation was the place where "the workmen of the Parthenon had thrown their refuse marble." There is no proof whatever that these fragments were even of the age of the Parthenon; even if they may be supposed so to be, we presume that, as works of art, they are worthless, for they are called refuse, and most likely had nothing to do with the work of the Parthenon. We believe at the same time was found the very beautiful fragment in relief, the Winged Victory, of which but very few casts were taken. One of these we have just now seen, and doubt not its being of the age of Phidias. This is white marble, and we have never heard that it has any indication of having been painted. If Mr. Owen

Jones could prove to us that the whole Parthenon, with all its statues, showed certain indications of paint, we still have not advanced to any ground of fair conclusion; for, in the want of contemporary evidence—(we cannot call anything yet adduced evidence)—we are left to conjecture that the daubing and plastering were the work of a subsequent age, or ages, when ornament encroached upon and deteriorated every art in Greece, whether dramatic, painting, or sculpture. "Pliny and Vitruvius both repeatedly deplore the corrupt taste of their own times. Vitruvius (vii. 5) observes, that the decorations of the ancients were tastelessly laid aside, and that strong and gaudy colouring and prodigal expense were substituted for the beautiful effects produced by the skill of the ancient artists."—(Smith's *Antiquities*.)

We pay little attention to what has been said by the writers quoted regarding Acrolithic or Chryselephantine statues, whether of the best or lowest character. Whatever they were, they have perished, and there is nothing left for modern barbarism to restore. We have looked chiefly to undoubtedly good genuine marble—white marble statues, and reliefs of the best times, of such as are to be seen and admired, unadorned, in our British Museum. "It is the custom of all barbarous nations to colour their idols," says the writer of the historical evidence. We perfectly assent to this, and believe we shall ourselves be a very barbarous nation whenever the statues in that Museum shall be plastered with stucco, or painted over with four coats of vermilion or any other colour. Barbarous nations have painted, and do so still, not only their idols but themselves. Our Picts, with their woad colouring, may have emulated the peculiar beauty of blue-faced baboons. We dispute not the point that Greece, as well as every other country, at some period of its

* The "devotion"—the estimation in which the Athenians held their gods, at the very time of their building magnificent temples, and of their highest perfection in art, we may fairly gather from their dramatic performances. If Zeus himself was treated with little reverence, other deities to whom they erected statues fared worse. Bacchus is exhibited on the stage as a coward—Hercules as a glutton.—*Vide* Aristophanes and Euripides. So much for the motives invented for the Athenians by Mr. Jones. Had such motives been appealed to, not a drachma would have been obtained.

much more than the meagre evidence adduced must be required, in any degree to damage the long-established opinion that statues should not be painted, and that white marble has undeniable, and, for the purpose of the statuary, perfect beauty. The audacious attempt in the Crystal Palace, and the assumptions of the "Apology," might lead to the worst taste, to retard and not to advance art. And while we see simultaneously set up a foolish and dangerous principle to govern our national collections in painting, and probably sculpture, assumed with too much apparent authority, we fear the introduction of monstrosity in preference to beauty, and the consequence in oblivion of what is good in art, and the encouragement of a practice of all that is bad.

If the reader, unsatisfied with the damage inflicted in these pages upon the facts assumed by Mr. Owen Jones in his "Apology," and his conclusions upon them, would desire to see further arguments adduced from the necessities which originated the various styles of basso, alto, and mezzorelievo,—showing that they all presupposed one even colourless, or at least unvariegated plane, as the surface upon which they were to be executed, and how and why these three—the basso, alto, and mezzo—have each their own proper principles, in which they differ from each other—how they were invented for the very purpose of doing that which, if painting the marble had been contemplated, would have been unnecessary—how, in fact, they are in their own nature independent of colour, regulated by principles of light and shade, with which colour would detrimentally interfere—we would recommend to his attentive reading the short yet complete treatise on the subject, by Sir Charles Eastlake, being No. 7, in his admirable volume, *The Literature of the Fine Arts*. He proves by the characters of the three styles, and by the wants they were invented to supply, and the diversity of design which they require, that "the Greeks, as a general principle, considered the ground of figures in relief to be the real wall, or whatever the solid plane might be, and not to represent air as if it was a picture." As Mr. Jones's experiments

are made on relievi, a little study of their nature and distinctions is at this moment very desirable.

If Mr. Jones colours the horses brown and grey, the faces of the riders flesh colour, and marks their eyes, and reddens their lips, and draperies their bodies after patterns out of a tailor's book—it is quite absurd to say that the Greeks never intended exact imitation. In what he has done every one will recognise the attempt to portray exact nature in colour. Upon this principle, and establishing a contempt of white marble, there is but one more step to take, to set up offensive wax-work above the art of the statuary in marble. Sculpture is an appeal to the imagination, not to the senses. That which attempts to deceive disgusts by the early discovery of the fraud. Indeed, it is a maxim in sculpture that a certain unnaturalness in subordinate accompanying objects is to be adopted, to show that a comparison with real nature is not intended. "If imitation is to be preferred," says Aristotle, "which is least adapted to the vulgar and most calculated to please the politest spectators, that which imitates everything is clearly most adapted to the vulgar, as not being intelligible without the addition of much movement and action, as bad players on the flute turn round, if they would imitate the motion of a discus." Paint to the statuary is what all this motion is to the flute-player. Whoever mutilates what is great and good in art, and would persist in so doing, after reproof, ought to pay the penalty of his folly. We would not be too severe in the punishment of offenders in taste, but should rejoice to see one of a congenial kind put in practice, one very mild for such an offence as this of statue painting—the tarring and feathering the perpetrators, plasterers, and bedaubers, principals and coadjutors. Upon Mr. Owen Jones's principle, the "ex uno omnes," and his making a confirmed summer of one swallow, though we entirely deny the existence of this one *rara avis*, a white marble statue painted, he and his company ought not to object to the punishing process, for more culprits have been known to have been

tarred and feathered than are even the pretended specimens of painted marbles on record. We would, out of consideration for the peculiar taste of the decorators, mitigate the punishment, by allowing the received proportion of Mr. Jones's blue and vermillion to be mixed with the tar.

Besides, as fine feathers make fine birds, and choice may be made of the brightest colours, it would be a fine sight, and one that would very much take the fancy of the public, to see the Polychromatists stand materially and bodily plastered, stuccoed, coloured, tarred and feathered, in the Crystal Palace, in their own glory or shame, as they may be pleased to take it, as living specimens of colouring interferences, to the infinite amusement of all beholders, and a caution to modern decorators. They would be pleased in one respect, for, beyond a question, the white statues would be quite neglected, the "prejudice" in favour of white marble would quite give way, and even the city wonders, Gog and Magog, would be no longer visited.

The reader will think it time to draw to a conclusion; it will be most satisfactory if he deems the case too clear to have required so much discussion, and that

"*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*"

But before we lay down the pen, we would not have it supposed that we are not sensible both of the merits and advantages of the Crystal Palace. It ought to be, and doubtless will be, the means of improving the people, and affording them rational amusement. There has been a little too much bombast about it, as a great college for the education of the mind of the people—too much eulogistic verbiage, which sickens the true source of rational admiration. It will improve, because it will amuse; for good amusement is education both for head and heart. The best praise it can receive is, that it is a place of

permanent amusement, than which nothing could be devised more beautiful and appropriate for those who mainly want such relief from the toils and cares which eat into life. We could wish the Archbishop of Canterbury had not consented to let the Church of England be dragged in triumph behind the car of a commercial speculation. It was in bad taste at its opening—and Mr. Owen Jones's colouring is another specimen of bad taste—but "*non paucis maculis.*" We sincerely hope it will succeed in all respects, though we ventured not to join the Archbishop in his prayer. In fact, it is too great in itself for unnecessary display at the ushering in which was worse than ridiculous—it made that which should be most serious in that place an offence and a falsity. The reader may be amused by an inauguration of quite another kind—one of poetry by anticipation. We summon, then, our oldest poet, to celebrate as *afar off*, for coming time, our newest Crystal Palace and its wonders, in

CHAUCER'S DREAM

OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

"As I slept, I dreamt I was
Within a temple made of glass,
In which there were more images
Of gold standing in sundry stages,
In more rich tabernacles,
And with jewels more pinnacles;
And more curious portraitures
And quaint manieres of figures
Of gold work than I saw ever.
There'saw I on either side,
Straight down to the door wide,
From the dais many a pillar
Of metal that shone out full clear.

Then gan I look about I see
That there came entering in the hall,
A right great company withal,
And that of sundry regions,
Of all kinds of conditions,
That dwell on earth beneath the moon,
Poor and rich.
Such a great congregation
Of folke as I saw roam about,
Some within, and some without,
Was never seen, nor shall be no more."

THE SECRET OF STOKE MANOR: A FAMILY HISTORY.

PART IV.

CHAPTER VI.—CHARLEMONT.

"La vertu, dans le monde, est toujours poursuivie."—MOLIERE.

THE people swayed and hummed in the road, with strange burnished chequers cast over their very visages as they pressed against the gorgeous gates, thrown open towards each other, so as to form a double impromptu palisade across the highway, and locked as well as steadied by inward props; through the bars of each side-wicket could be seen a scarlet-clothed Swiss sentinel, his musket shouldered, as he paced to and fro, grimly though carelessly contemplating all. But scarce was there time to take in the seeing ere a louder trumpet-note sounded from among the trees, and two mounted trumpeters in orange liveries were seen to rise at speed on the brow of the avenue; till, amidst sudden silence, the whole array of a brilliant *cortège* rose up beyond them from a slope, glittering, indeed, yet pale and almost tarnished amidst the rich evening light, as it emerged through the cool forest chase. It was indeed the royal stag-hunt returning to Marly from the woods. Swiftly they came onward—the troop of chivalrous-looking gardes-du-corps, in sky blue and gold, scarlet velvet breeches, and white-plumed black hats, with ringing scabbards and glossy foam-flecked horses,—the carriages and riders, the sledge with the slain stag, and the chasseurs and stag hounds. But the procession appeared to go across in visionary swiftness between the reversed gates: there was but one glimpse of that single face, with its unfixed and solitary glance, its inscrutable air of calm, ere it had gone past, to a doubtful murmur of *Vive le Roi*, that was succeeded by a hubbub of sounds, with all the disagreeable pressure of a miscellaneous crowd, sometimes standing on the wheels, or leaning against the carriage-hood. Young Willoughby had torn off his hat with a 'hurrah!' which stultified all his previous British protestations.

A face was turned up from the confusion beneath, which, owing to the now neater attire of the possessor, Charles had not before observed: the village teacher had assumed coat and hat, bearing an umbrella of somewhat faded texture beneath his arm, and some workmen evidently assisted him to gain a more convenient position.

"Yes, I say, Father Pierre," gloomily observed one of the workmen, addressing the teacher, as if in reference to some previous remark, "there are plots!"

"Ah, it is no doubt undeniable," agreed that person, with reluctance, while he still turned an eye to the carriage, as if to apologise for being thrust up against it: "there are possibly plots. In that case it is only necessary to disconcert them, Monsieur Jacques."

"But it is exactly to do so, Monsieur Morin," said a quieter mechanic, "that, after earlier than usual dismissing the school, you were on the point to set off for Paris."

"Yes, half an hour ago, on foot, to the Club Breton, at the Palais Royal," continued a peasant beyond.

"Père Pierre had a plot also, you know," added some one else.

"Pardon me, Monsieur Robert—a plan," replied the teacher with his peculiar blandness, though his eye continued wandering sideways to the carriage: "to plot, my friend—it does not belong to the virtuous."

"But from a philosopher," rejoined the villager, "Monsieur Père Morin is about to become a man of action—he has a plan."

"Delayed by this beast of a barricade, which deranges everything," said his rougher neighbour, angrily.

"Monsieur Morin will, then, however, relate to us this plot which he counteracts," added the keen-eyed mechanic, with emphasis—"and the plan also. We shall perhaps be able

to assist him! It seems to me that M. Morin should have avoided being thrust on this side the barrier."

"Good!" responded Jacques, "we shall assist him! It is no doubt fortunate after all." The last riders had passed through, and the porters were coming with their keys to unlock the gates. The neighbouring chateau clock struck six with a cracked tone; and the great gates were slowly yielding, to allow time for the Swiss sentries to cross through. They came together to their usual place with a clash; the crowd poured each way between again, among the various country vehicles and market-carts, the passengers and riders, from or to the city, or the town of Versailles—for a few minutes in such sudden disorder as almost to hurl the bystanders from the carriage when it drove forward; save the young man, the teacher, who had held by it for security, and in the attempt to balance himself was urged so close as to seize the hood of the barouche, already in motion. An unaccountable repugnance shot from the young lady's look and attitude as she started back, extricating her shawl from the accidental clutch—till her heart reproached her next moment at his thorough expression of apology mixed with alarm, for Jackson drove furiously down-hill. She was in vain calling him to stop, when she saw her brother spring up quick as thought, look round, and hurl their unintentional fellow-passenger backward on the road.

"Drive on, Jackson," shouted Charles, triumphantly. "Serves him right—the very fellow's face that I detested!"

Panniered market-asses, hastening pedestrians and boys, alone mingled with their speed across the bridge, past the *chemin des affronteux*, into Charlemont; the sudden howl of indignation from the groups behind them had died away.

"What on earth is the matter with you, Jackson?" called out the lad, starting up again, as they reached about the middle of the village street; "why don't you drive on? Never mind watering your horses!"

"They've got a couple of farm-wagons and some hampers right across the way, sir," replied Jackson, turning

about from his box, with an undertone as much from misgiving as respect.

A shadowy mass blocked up the passage before them, looking vague in the dusk. It was opposite the door of a shabby *auberge* or village inn, with the sign of the Fleur-de-lis. Charles stood up to call out in French, and a gendarme in coarse blue uniform advanced to the side of the carriage, civilly enough, as if to answer his inquiries.

"You have injured a respectable person, it is said, monsieur," was the reply of the functionary, in a lowered voice—"a man of influence in the place here."

"Wilfully, too, it seems!" added a villager, sharply, and turning to the crowd, which in a few seconds gathered about the speakers.

"Yes, yes—our schoolmaster—a philosopher—an estimable man—M. Morin!" was the general response, rising to a climax: "see him there, assisted by every one to reach the spot!"

The figure of Morin by that time became obvious, in fact, near the door of the tavern, supported by workmen and peasants, while the blood trickled down his cheek, and he limped on one foot, seeming more confused than hurt. The concern of the ladies was extreme; young Willoughby alone remained obstinately cool as the excitement increased; he assumed the chief part with great self-possession, and distinctly imputed the fault to the aggrieved individual, expressing quite as plainly, though in rather indifferent French, his doubts as to the seriousness of the injury.

The landlord of the auberge, a beetle-browed man in a striped cowl and white apron, with an air between a cook and a butcher, had hovered behind, looking on with apparent attempt at moderation among the bystanders. "Yet monsieur will scarcely refuse to apologise to M. Morin?" inquired he, thrusting his sinister visage nearer.

"If you only hand me your purse, mother," was Charles's answer to Lady Willoughby's anxiety, "you'll soon see what's wanted!"

"Monsieur!" exclaimed he, drawing back from the boy's offer with an offended look, "you insult me!"

In the indignant noise which ensued, apologies would have been unavailing; but at the appearance of another gendarme pushing up, Charles Willoughby seated himself, turned his shoulder on the rabble, and contented himself with explaining matters to the official beside him, into whose palm he had easily enough slipped the rejected coin. It produced no apparent increase of deference in the man's stiff civility; but he exchanged a few prompt words with his comrade, who took out a stump of pencil and a scrap of paper, put the end of the first into his mouth, and rested the latter on the carriage-wheel, looking up [imperturbably for further particulars. An authoritative word or two from the other, as he raised his voice, and glanced from the throng to the obstacles in the street, on the other side of which market-drivers from Paris were grumbling, served to restore a degree of order. "Yes, Martin, it will be sufficient," he loudly observed to his companion, "to take notice of the passports. Attention then, Martin!"

"Monsieur will exhibit the passports," said the sergeant in the same tone, as he turned again to the carriage. Charles Willoughby looked blank, though he mechanically felt for them in his pocket, and inquired at Jackson, at Mrs. Mason, at all the party, looking below the cushions and beneath the seats. It was to no purpose; he had to admit that they were not forthcoming; a gentleman of the party, who would no doubt directly appear, had happened to have them in his pocket. The gendarmes stood up, and looked to each other significantly; the one put up his paper and pencil, with a shrug of his shoulders; the other addressed himself with a rigid air of regret to the carriage.

"It will be necessary to descend, mesdames et monsieur," he said firmly. "until the affair can be adjusted. No, monsieur," he rejoined in a lower voice to Charles, who was hinting at a further *douceur*, "impossible—a bribe!—and in the circumstances. *But the thing is doubtless a mere*

bagatelle, which M. le Maire will very soon arrange at his chateau."

"Yes! yes! Live justice!" screamed the gathered village, male and female, boys, girls, and children, down to the very crowing of the infant in arms, the excitement of poodles on the thresholds, the rousing up of fowls going early to roost above the doorways inside the dingy cottages.

"But, M. le Gendarme," interposed the injured Morin himself, calmly, "I entertain no resentment against monsieur."

"Only a complaint, M. Morin," said the sergeant, with dignity. "It must be attended to. Besides that, the passports, which concern the State, are wanting. It is far more important." The mob shrieked applause; even showing symptoms of disapprobation against their outraged teacher, who was silenced.

"Well, then, gendarme," said young Willoughby, still contemptuous, except to the lawful authorities beside him, "what do you mean by our getting down? Can you not take us at once to your mayor? This is not his chateau, I suppose?"

"Impossible, monsieur," was the unruffled answer, "as M. le Comte has this afternoon gone to his hotel in Paris, and the commissary of the commune resides at some distance. It is by favour, I assure you, monsieur, that you are not conducted there, or to the guardhouse of the district—which, of course, was impossible in the case of mesdames your companions." The affable sergeant of police bowed towards the ladies. "At the auberge here, however, of the *Fleur-de-lis*, they will enjoy very superior accommodation with M. Grostête, who is the landlord. He is even an artist; the *ménage*, too, of madame, the hostess, is admirable."

With regard to the prolongation of the dilemma, the village mob found an evident luxury in it, appearing to balance oddly enough between the wildest rage and looks of murmured interest; as if, the more struck they were with the youth's blunt, spirited manner, the mother's obvious distress, and the young lady's pale, startled air, through her veil and out of her simple straw-hat, with her governess's ill-maintained fastidious-

ness, the more unwilling the whole audience grew to lose hold of these, but would fain have been wrought up to extract something more tragic by way of sequel. The young man who had been the occasion of all, first relieved the party from their difficulty: Morin had fixed his light-blue eyes upon the ground, and raised them thoughtfully as he moved forward to the chief gendarme.

"But fortunately, M. le Sergeant," said he, in a thin, distinct voice, "it seems to me that I am capable of readjusting this affair here."

"And how?" inquired the police-officer over his shoulder, as he drew himself up with an air of additional authority.

"M. le Maire has this evening gone to Paris?" continued the teacher, with composure.

"Yes, I witnessed his departure, since I had the honour to receive M. le Comte's instructions," answered the functionary, in more immovable certainty than before.

"I was aware of it," said Morin, mildly, "because this morning, through the intendant of his estate, M. le Comte condescended to inform me of it."

"Ah, you were informed of it, M. Morin!" said the gendarme, with a slight air of surprise, putting his thumb to his chin, and looking somewhat cautious. "Well?"

"And M. le Comte will not only be in Paris to-night," said the schoolmaster, "but to-morrow also, since he has affairs of more importance to transact. Therefore it would be necessary to convey Monsieur the young Englishman to the commissary at Marly."

"Peste! I did not know that though!" ejaculated the gendarme, letting fall his hand. "But you are right. It is only to the commissary at Marly, then, that we can resort." And grim indifference returned to the faces of the gendarmes, as they shrugged their shoulders.

"But it was exactly to see M. le Comte that I was about to proceed, when disabled," continued Pierre Morin, modestly, while he indicated his misfortune by a slight movement of the leg. The gendarmes stared at each other half incredulously.

"Eh? Père Pierre?" interrupted two or three voices; and the rough workman shouldered in, turning a dully suspicious glance from his begrimed visage to Morin's, and adding, "It was to the Cloobbe Breton—the Palais Royal, I thought?"

"To disconcert a plot?" exclaimed several others.

"By a plan?" was the vivacious chorus of many together.

The young schoolmaster bowed. "Certainly, M. Jacques," he said, with an unruffled smile, to the workmen, "since, thanks to the designs of some relatives, it is to the club that M. le Comte would have gone to-night as an auditor. He is still young—his ideas, though philosophical, are timid—it happens that he would have heard our boldest and least elegant orators, who watch with such a noble jealousy the division which is prolonged in the States-General by the privileged orders. I have studied the character of M. le Comte—he would have been deterred—his eloquence as our deputy to the Third Estate would not only have disgraced us at Charlemont here, but have given force to the opinions of others who would ruin all. There was, in short, a diabolical snare spread for him."

An indignant murmur ran through the crowd, as they glanced to each other in alarm. The gendarmes rather appeared puzzled.

"Ah *dâme*!" broke out the superior of the two; "but how is it that you are acquainted with all this, M. le Maitre-d'école?"

"It is simple, M. le Sergeant," replied Morin, calmly. "The message I received to-day, through M. le Comte's intendant, informed me, that as a correspondent of the Club, as an advocate for the right-to-absorb of the Third Estate, I was about to be dismissed from my school—unless, indeed, on the assurance, before M. le Comte's departure, of confining my views to the elementary instruction for which I was placed there." It was with difficulty he could proceed, for the violent uproar of surprise and resentment. "I was silent," he at length continued: "at your usual wish I read aloud the journal of yesterday. I received the fresh message left for me, that till nine, M. le Comte

would be at his hotel in Paris, for the convenience of his intendant's communications from the chateau here, before visiting, for the first time, this club. It was the proof of a determination still postponed by M. le Comte. I remained unmoved, while mingling with the concourse to the gates yonder—without taking advantage of the last messenger to Paris—but resolved the more, as I perceived the nature, the causes of this proceeding. Had I publicly explained my intention, M. le Comte might have been unjustly accused by you—my motives in personally reaching Paris might have been misinterpreted. I was even aware that to intelligence—to integrity—to virtue—the whole world is about to become a school!”

At the modest attitude, the unconscious air, touched only by a slight twinge of suffering from his foot, with which their teacher announced his private sacrifice to principles, the whole audience were struck mute; their admiration seemed to struggle silently with dismay. “For me, on the contrary,” he pursued, recovering himself by the help of his faded pocket-handkerchief, “had I gained Paris by eight, resorting straight to the Palais Royal before the admission of strangers to the club, I should have obtained the right of the tribune,—permitted after nine to speak, I would have publicly expressed the sentiments most congenial to me, which resemble his own,—without seeming to address myself to him, without his expecting it, I astonish him by my boldness, my disregard of private considerations. I expose, next, the motives of those who entangle him,—I paint the future which dawns on us so slowly,—I should at once have convinced him, my friends—and have retained my school, my position—the relation to my fellow-villagers, which I value—the power to consult their wishes, their necessities!”

“It is the plan! Excellent! Yes, the plan of Père Morin!” ejaculated a dozen hearers in delight.

Monsieur Morin's countenance had worked with animation, his gestures had grown quicker in accompaniment; and the hushed crowd burst into a scream of approbation, broken only into separate yells as the nearest bystanders

looked from his face to his disabled foot, from his foot to the deepened blue of the sky, and thence to the offending carriage.

“Yes, it is too late, my friends,” admitted he, composing himself. “As it is, however, by myself accompanying Monsieur the young Englishman, before nine, to the hotel of M. le Maire, I should equally gain the object, without having presumed to request an interview, which would have been denied me. I relieve Monsieur and his friends from a *contretemps*, while observing the law. I detain M. le Comte, at a critical moment, from a danger to his views—in the act of myself confirming them! It is not yet eight—we have still an hour, useless on foot, when lame—that is, if perhaps Monsieur would not object to one's occupying a seat beside his coachman?”

“It is reasonable!” exclaimed fifty voices. “M. Morin is right—yes! yes! *Sa-cr-r-ré!* do they object?”

The young Frenchman looked quietly and calmly, though with an air of dignity, to Charles Willoughby, who for a moment scarcely comprehended his meaning, or the drift of the whole discussion. Brightening up next instant, however, his eye gave a quick response. “Ah, of course!” he said, springing to assist the teacher up; “certainly, Monsieur Morin—with all my heart; here, let me give you a hand!” The perplexed gendarmes looked to each other inactively, the innkeeper and his wife alone gloomed on their door-steps; while, as the injured schoolmaster was helped by the very offender himself to mount the dickey beside Jackson, the villagers grew absolutely ecstatic in their applause; the foremost agitators in the crowd were the first to begin dragging the obstacles aside. “Monsieur Jackson, my friend,” called out young Willoughby, in his most scrupulous French, somewhat to the surprise, doubtless, of that grim worthy, while a sudden gleam of enjoyment twinkled once more in the youth's eye, “you will favour me by using the utmost exertions to arrive in time for Monsieur Morin!” He deliberately opened the carriage-door again, took down the steps, and leisurely stepped in, two or three officious pairs of hands

contending which should set all to rights behind him. He took off his cap as he stood, and bowed with profound gravity to the crowd. "That's to say, Jackson," added he in English, "all right—drive on like mad!"

And as Jackson whipped his tedious beasts like a man devoid of all mercy, the creaking barouche rattled off; accompanied by half the crowd, by noisy curs, frightened poultry, and confused shadows from the trees and houses, till they jolted across the other bridge, and rolled out clear into the broad light of evening. All at once, after some silent meditation, Charles tapped the shoulder near him, and the Frenchman turned his face with a slight start.

"I say, Mossure Moreng," observed Charles, with more than his customary force of pronunciation, "I am sorry you got hurt, though."

"The apology of Monsieur is accepted," was the cold answer, as the young man quietly turned away again towards the smoke of Paris before them.

"Oh, it is not an apology," said Charles, leaning over, "but I own we are much obliged to you. Such a set of rascally *cauaille*, to be sure! 'Twas ingenious enough, that story of yours,—so far as I understood it! But where are we to take you to keep it up? Into town? Or perhaps you would prefer being dropped at the first comfortable inn!"

"I do not comprehend you, Monsieur," replied the teacher of Charlemont, in evident surprise; "it is to the hotel of M. le Count de Charlemont that we shall go—in Paris."

"And where is that?" asked the youth, drumming with his small cane on his toe.

"In the Faubourg St. Germain, Monsieur—near the Quai Voltaire," said Morin.

"Why, I should say it was two or three miles out of our way, then," rejoined Charles, discontentedly. "Well—what after that? Do we finish there—eh?"

"I am unaware of the result, naturally, Monsieur," answered the schoolmaster. "In the case of Monsieur, it will probably be an inconsiderable fine, which the clerk of M. le Maire will no doubt regulate according to law. But for the coincidence,

it would have been impossible to extricate Monsieur from that affair there—it was important that I should reach Paris: there is no favour to one or the other—only a compromise."

"By George!" uttered the boy, staring, "you do not mean to say that long rigmarole account of yours was true?"

The Frenchman betrayed equal amazement. "Is it, then, possible, Monsieur," said he, "that you doubt it—that you imagine these things not to exist precisely—not to bear themselves as I have stated!" Charles surveyed him coolly. "Think you, Monsieur," continued the other, with some vehemence, "that one could at all events deceive one's neighbours, who are aware of every circumstance—who will to-morrow demand of me the result! The police—who confide in my position, my character! No, Monsieur—it is *truth* that has happened to involve, as to extricate you—truth, by which France is at this moment so animated—by which we here are at the instant surrounded, controlled!"

Young Willoughby whistled slightly as he eyed him. "Oh?" was the careless rejoinder. "But for my part, I feel no inclination to trouble your worthy mayor. The whole thing is a humbug. What if I merely refuse to go, Mister Morran—indeed, if I have you set down beside the first *fiacre*, with your fare paid to the driver?"

"You do not comprehend this France here, Monsieur," said the village teacher, blandly, as he let a voluntary gaze of his colourless eyes rest on Charles. "She burns to support the law—to assist it. At a moment they are summoned to its aid—they are roused to complete it the more perfectly—they exaggerate. Besides, even in your house, by to-morrow, you would be traced. The offence would have become enhanced. It is owing to the sublime passion for the philosophical—the consistent, Monsieur!"

The boy eyed Morin with a useless frown; he had turned away. Looking about, and thinking, with a singular sense of antipathy, for which he could scarce find sufficient grounds, Charles sat mute; he began to feel as if, much though he despised this Mo-

rin, he would never be got rid of till some serious issue came of it in the end. But they reached the barrier, not yet closed—passed through, recognised and unquestioned; for to enter Paris seemed always easier than to get out of it; and rattled along the *chaussée* through close streets of a dingy faubourg. Much as it was out of their way, yet, to be finally rid of Monsieur Morin and his case, no course seemed secure but to drive straight to the authority he indicated. At the Rue de St. Roche, accordingly, in the aristocratic suburb, they at length drew up before a high old house in the row of stately mansions, where lacqueys lounged about the balustraded door-steps and huge *portes-cochères*, and the upper casements began to glow with light. "It is the Hotel St. Mirel," said the village teacher, as he began with difficulty to get down. He waited quietly for the young gentleman to follow him, and they went up the steps together.

The carriage had not stood waiting many minutes before Charles Wiloughby reappeared alone. His face was bright with satisfaction.

"What an absurd affair, after all," said he, contemptuously: "it cost about ten minutes and as many shillings. An old clerk at a table in an antechamber took down the statements on each side. Of course I allowed the facts; and it seems there's an exact understood price tacked to every sort of assault in France, from a push to a kick, according to the quality of the parties; and if the fellow had pushed me, it would have cost him about double. There were two or three gentlemen talking in an inner room, who all came out together in riding-boots and coats—though which was which, one could hardly see against the large windows this time of night. I only fancy it was the Count that bowed to me, rather a young man, I should say—and looked at Morin rather sharply, giving a slight sort of nod; then he said something to the clerk, who told me I was fined half a louis-d'or, besides the five francs for his own fee, which

he pocketed very graciously, getting up and putting off his spectacles. I only waited another minute to see if I could catch out that Morin somewhere, as soon as the Count called him aside in a hurry to the inner room; but I must say everything seemed to agree well enough with the fellow's harangue at the village—his schoolmastership was evidently in danger—till all at once the Count came out again to tell the other gentlemen he could not go somewhere with them that evening. I believe the one was some celebrated actor at the theatre—which was he the footman couldn't tell—and the other a *dook*, as John of course expressed it!"

"Why, that footman was *English*, then!" said Rose, gravely.

"Of course. As lazy a selfish dog, with his plump looks and his languid impertinence, as you'd see in all May Fair—old Jackson there's a Roman by comparison—but somehow it refreshed one. I couldn't help giving him my last half-crown, he fawned so about my hat and cane, as if to do something—and as for the coin, he examined it like a portrait. After that Morin, you know, anything's pleasant that one's accustomed to! We're well quit of him. Happily, by the by, they forgot about the passports, and don't even know my name. Being lame—if it's not a sham—why, I fancy the fellow could scarce do otherwise than stay at the Count's, down stairs with John!"

Charles's mother gently reproved him for the violence he had used, and his sister said he was very hard-hearted. But the carriage turned the corner near the Rue Debilly; and as they drew up at their own gate, Mr. Thorpe, bareheaded, followed by Sir Godfrey, came eagerly out. They had been getting very anxious indeed. The tutor had missed the Baronet, whom business had detained a little later than his expectation, so that he had left the city by a different barrier, then had turned, fancying the carriage already past; while Mr. Thorpe had ridden nearly all the way home alone, then back, till he met Sir Godfrey.

CHAP. VII.—THE DILIGENCE OF SIR GODFREY.

"*Norfolk.* '— We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running—'
"*Buckingham.* '— by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know—'"

SHAKESPEARE.

The Baronet had no sooner written his necessary correspondence that forenoon, and conveyed it, almost as necessarily, with his own hands to the post-office at the British Embassy, than he had turned bridle again toward the Quais, to ride in the direction of the Cité, where it seemed that, after all, the intended legatee of his brother had only exchanged one obscure place of abode for another—48 Rue Chrétienne, au cinquième, in fact, for au septième, num^o 80, Rue de la Vierge. He found himself ere long plunged into the centre of that strange heart of a no less strange quarter. He had no sooner found the number he was in search of, than a couple of little sharp-eyed, old-faced *gamins*, engaged in some game of chance in a doorway, were ready to hold his horse, with a jealousy of each other which was a guarantee for their joint fidelity.

It was an insecure-looking old pile, which might yet have seemed a sort of city in itself; compressed back, as it appeared, and almost held up between others less elevated, though of greater prominence and somewhat more respectable appearance, to the vast height of at least seven storeys: the general outer door stood fixedly open, and the cord which held it so, conducting by staple and pulley along the low entrance-passage, as through the arch of a cellar, turned in on one side to a dark little den, half lighted by a cooking-lamp and partly from a back-yard covered with rank grass and all sorts of rubbish, with an old wooden pump in the midst, to which the passage itself led through. Here an old woman, the portress, sat in a crazy leathern arm-chair that had been gilded once; she was busy trying to boil something by the lamp, and talking in a cross voice to herself, her cat, or some one else not visible to Sir Godfrey; her old features were sour

enough, probably from the rheumatism which controlled her motions; but at his appearance and inquiries she became sufficiently alert and communicative, curseying at every sentence and trying to nod her head obsequiously, with the utmost eagerness to do anything in the matter of Suzanne Deroux, whom she knew so well, and who was so deserving—who, indeed, was never from home, except to go to mass on saints' days at Notre Dame. There was the low fawning cunning and curiosity of old age, joined to the practised manner of some quondam servant, in the portress's desire that he should be saved the flight of stairs, down which, where it wound up from opposite her lodge, came but the dull glimmer of daylight in some high window: her little girl, however, whom she had screamed for over and over again, between fits of coughing and fresh suggestions to the visitor, at last appeared with her pitcher from the pump, to be angrily despatched upstairs as a guide to Madame Peltier. That was the appellation expected by the daughter and the son-in-law—the portress informed him—for they were proud, and respected their mother to an extreme—though, properly, it seemed Madame had no right to that title, not having been married—and doubtless, the marriage even of her daughter must at best have been *à la Jacques*, since nowadays it was so with all workmen—who had nothing, of course, to inherit or to leave. As for this worthy Suzanne, though she seemed to affect to be religious, her frugality, so unavoidable—her simplicity, which was almost hopeless, did not entitle her—nothing but her misfortunes could entitle her—to such respect.

The portress's little niece had already preceded him to the floor in

nurse (*nourrice-à lait*)," was the unembarrassed answer—"for the infant which perished along with its mother and the other persons. She had remained a considerable time, since it was sickly. My mother had been a peasant, you see, Monsieur."

She proceeded further of her own accord with an evident view to the point of business.

"My mother was certainly entitled to this pension, notwithstanding her indifference to it—her refusal, I believe," said the young woman, looking for a moment at the elder, who had listlessly turned again to the sunlight. "Her wound, which was shocking, confined her for weeks to the hospital—her lover, my father, who up to that time had still admired her, and who was in the family of a nobleman, returned, indifferent to her fate, with his master to the provinces, where his friendship for her had arisen. As for her own infant, my brother, whom at the risk of her own life she had remained to save—its arm was indelibly scorched, almost destroyed by the flames which pursued her. She ultimately relinquished it with apparent unconcern, to the man who had rescued them by a ladder at the window—an Englishman, a servant who had arrived with Monsieur Vilby, and whose eccentricity made him desire to adopt it. She has neither heard of, nor seen her son, my brother, since. She has never seemed even to wish it, Monsieur. Certainly—my mother is weak in mind."

In most of this account the thread was easily traceable; the baronet recalled to mind some vague connection of his brother's late huntsman, Griffiths, or "Welsh Will," as he was called, with the fatal incidents—he had heard his son Francis talk years before of a boy about Stoke, whom the huntsman's vixen wife persecuted and kept out of doors. He had been sent to some business, so far as Sir Godfrey remembered, through Mr. Heskeith. The baronet stated as much to the people before him.

"Thou'rt wrong, though, Jeanette," said the son-in-law again, with the same side-tone, irrespective of their visitor's presence, rather through a dull incapability to acknowledge it than from intention; "she grieves for him. When thou'dst say,

remember, during the sharp winter, thou wert glad thy brother's mouth was not here, did she not groan—and when the fine time came again, while thou wert so apt to taunt us about her son being grown English, she swung herself and wept! You feel it, you wish your son back here, *Marraine* (godmother), do you not?"

The elder woman turned from the light to him with a start and a stare; perhaps it was the bright sunshine that made her face seem faded beside it, especially where the scar-mark ran: she looked, to the stranger's eye, almost ghastly, as she replied, in a less cracked and tremulous voice than before—"Holy Virgin, yes! You will send—you will take care of—ah!" And as she stopped, perplexed and troubled, the moisture sprang from her dull-blue eyes into tears; she passed one hand about the disfigured place; she seemed nearer clearness of speech on the subject than hitherto, as if that had been a master-spring to her scattered memories.

"My good woman," said the baronet soothingly, as he stepped nearer, into the recess where her easy-chair stood—"My good Madame Deroux—if you wish your son to return to you, it shall be managed, of course! You will see him, I hope, grown up and prosperous, as well as able to assist you! It would, no doubt, have been a burden before! She or you could scarcely recognise him now, however," he added aside to the daughter, in an under tone.

"It is easy enough, Monsieur," was the careless answer, without any responsive depression of voice, "since the arm would not lose such a mark, more than my mother's visage—added to the loss of the little finger. I was too young to remember it, you see—but the washerwoman who kept us both, and who used privately to bring the child at intervals to my mother, leaving it for the night—she had again seen it after its recovery, and lodged along with us afterwards till her death."

Suzanne Deroux had felt hastily for something beneath the bosom of her dress, and at length drew it forth; a thin gold cross with black beads which she kissed with fervour, then began eagerly to whisper and mutter some scraps of prayer, that might

have been Latin, or *patois*, or both; at each bead that fell from her fingers her face seemed growing calmer.

"She is quite well in other respects, Monsieur," continued the daughter, turning impatiently from her; "she still eats like a peasant, she sleeps soundly, she prefers bright colours for her dress to go to mass and confession. As for that, she is so superstitious, that when we were about to starve, she would not permit her little cross there to be pledged, nor the dress in which she must frequent Notre Dame—it was not she who suffered, you see, but we—who endeavoured to conceal it from her that we endured so much!"

A look of mild reproach was cast by Suzanne towards her daughter, while her lips still moved.

"Well, well, Jeannette, going to these affairs pleases her," said the young boot-closer, with the cub-like leaning to his mother-in-law which appeared through his uncouth exterior.

"It is the priests who frighten her," went on his partner, her back towards him, in perfect indifference to his remarks; "her confessor, who makes her tremble at the supposition of crimes"—

"Of which she is innocent!" observed the son-in-law behind, in the same disregarded way—"sacré nom! Jeannette is wrong about my mother-in-law," he added, looking awkwardly for a moment, at Sir Godfrey. "If you would not call her Madame Deroux—it confuses her ideas—it is Madame Peltier she likes strangers to call her—do you not, Mairaine?"

An air of childish pleasure spread over the old woman's features, and she nodded graciously, and smiled.

"See how she loves the child, too, Jeannette!" said he, as the infant stretched its shapeless arms and legs from the maternal bosom, where it had at length ceased to feed, towards the grandmother's bright kerchief and white coif, that basked in outer sunshine. She put out her hands to receive it, and, with an aspect of complete satisfaction, began dandling the child towards the window, chirping to it like a bird, or buzzing like a bee; while the slatternly Jeannette applied a careless touch to the disorder of her dress.

"Peltier is the name of Jeannette's father, it seems," resumed the bootmaker more confidentially than before, coming nearer the visitor; "though for that—I and Jeannette do not mind such ceremony—do we, Jeannette? We are fond of each other, you see." The disdainful glance which he received from his female companion was sufficiently sharp-tempered to make the fondness on her side doubtful.

"Do you not see that you infest Monsieur with your absurd remarks!" said she angrily, when the pin had been taken from her mouth, on which her attire greatly depended; "and he must naturally wish to escape from a habitation so unworthy of him—favour me by being silent, or going out." The bootmaker retreated towards his original place again, while his abler partner, with an intelligence and quickness of apprehension, as well as a collectedness, which might have done credit to a higher station, proceeded to take up the thread of their visitor's business with them.

There was one precaution which she requested him to afford them—a signed paper in his handwriting, to account for their possession of the money, and state the ground of its being given, in case of any accident meanwhile from the police. And while the bootmaker was absent in search of ink-bottle and pen from some neighbour, Sir Godfrey turned, for the first time, from beside the elder woman's chair in its recess, towards the attic casement which appeared as fascinating to her as to her charge.

"My mother is still a peasant, Monsieur," remarked the younger woman, apologetically; "she is never weary of admiring Paris!—Paris, with which she has so little to do—of which she knows nothing—which has kept us so long miserable!"

A strange thrill of very novel feeling ran through Sir Godfrey as he pressed nearer, and looked. He almost shrank back with an emotion of awe, the sight was so unexpected, in such extreme contrast to that mean abode, from beside the unmeaning vacancy of the elder woman's pleasure, the infant's crowing sounds and motions, the repugnance he felt for the others, and his own engrossing thoughts: otherwise, on Willoughby's

single-minded, straight-forward, unimpassioned character, with a very dormant fancy and but tardy movement of association, it might have struck with slight impress. Immense and startling from that height, indeed, was the prospect; nor the less so, that here and there some huge pile of neighbouring chimneys, some tower-top, or a wreath of lazy smoke, broke it up close at hand with a vividness of light and shade, or a distinctness of detail, that was thrust on the eye. Here a sunny perspective of roof, garret-window, and chimney, ruddy at the top against blue air, with basking cats, and blooming pots, and garments hung to dry, that fluttered cheerfully, where the population of the upper world of Paris, the boulevards of its canaille and its unknown, showed their faces in the sun,—there a vast surging sea of slates, tossed hither and thither into tower, steeple, and shadowy dome, pierced by dusky gulfs and glooms—while midway ran out a dull thread of the Seine into a bridge, and broke forth beyond in dazzling splendour, where the reflection of the houses blended with the substance, so that all there seemed shattered and dripping in silver and gem-like radiance—with visionary structures lifted farther off among unsubstantial bowers, up to the sun's viewless glory where he stood high in a blaze of light, as if clothed with a great mantle of indistinctness, and contemplated the vast city. Far beneath him floated the Hospital's golden dome: the softened roar and clamour of Paris rose clear to the open attic casement, with sharper noises from close below it; one saw straight through an uninterrupted space, down upon streets and openings, quays, square, and garden-terrace, in a distinct bird's-eye view, alive with the motion of minute citizens; scarce could it have been thought that the regal whiteness of the rich Louvre was so near, and the tilted pavilion-roofs of the great, gaunt, high-chimneyed Tuileries. The various stages and storeys of inhabitants descended beyond sight, as to abysses that were bottomless. The air felt clearer than elsewhere, and the sky seemed nearer in its blue purity. It was all such a *spectacle as might have absorbed the*

faculties of a prophet; indeed the thought could not but have struck a mind used to interpret its own consciousness, of how slightly human distinction might weigh, and in what trivial account they would result, could magnificence so beyond the furniture of palaces be familiar, or often accessible. With the English baronet, it was rather the sudden perception of what vast concerns were going on the while, under necessity to be sustained, round about the particular affairs of his own business or experience: added to which came emphatically enough that strange sense, sometimes resembling the superstitious, of time gigantically pressing on to destiny—when with a hurtling, heaving sound before it, and a crash that made all the chimneys vibrate, the hard walls clang, the roofs rattle, and the windows tingle and ring, the clock of Notre Dame, hard by, sent out its first stroke of the hour. The elder woman let the child sink in her lap, gravely crossing herself at every stroke; here and there, outside, a face could be seen turned to it involuntarily. The bootmaker, setting down the writing-materials he had procured after a somewhat long absence, appeared to hear with a savage grin and gleam of satisfaction, whether still caused by the money or by later news; he nodded his head to each long, artillery-like stroke, rolling and reverberating away among the piles of the Cité and St. Louis, and made a whistling noise of pleasure as he looked, till it was done.

"And now, my good woman," said Sir Godfrey, when he had written the required paper, with an order for the money, "let me bid you farewell." He took Suzanne's shrivelled hand, and she made a motion to rise up, with decorous gravity. There was a confused murmur of gratitude, as if appealing to her daughter for fuller explanation; but he saw her eyes moisten again, silently, when he said he would cause the means to be taken for at least enabling her son to communicate with and assist her. Suzanne Deroux shook her head, she seemed almost to groan; while the same wavering feebleness of mind again turned her to the window and the child. It appeared doubtful

whether she really had a distinct notion who Sir Godfrey was, or what relation he bore to her former master.

"Are you aware," he added apart, to the daughter, ere turning to the staircase, "whether your mother ever expressed any idea as to the cause of the fire in the house—if it was accidental or otherwise?" The answer was in the negative.

"Or on what floor—her master's apartments, or some other?" No. Her mother was talkative enough, sometimes, and she believed she knew little of it, and remembered yet less.

"There was no other circumstance, then, of any importance, in the matter, which they were acquainted with?" None, she reluctantly said, after a minute's reflection; and it was evident that, if it had been otherwise, she would have been eager enough to make the most of it: even the touch of English gold might have no power to make such a woman as Jeannette Deroux feel any sort of genial emotion, but it had at all events given the light of unsatisfied cupidity to her hard grey Normandy eye. Sir Godfrey descended alone, to find the urchins beginning rather to dread the impience of their charge.

The recent interview, making known little of any additional importance, at least convinced Sir Godfrey of the judiciousness of a step he had hitherto disliked, so long as it seemed possible that unexpected facts might appear from it—an examination for himself, namely, of the original record by the police, whose reputation for exactitude and acuteness was so proverbial. It now, indeed, assumed the air of a somewhat superfluous measure, when through all he had heard from these people, with no motive or means for deception, there did not show the slightest trace of anything unlike other disasters of the kind—of anything equivocal, anything suspicious. It was chiefly, therefore, with the wish for complete reassurance, and final dismissal of the unwelcome subject, that he turned again, on his way homeward, to the chief bureau of police which he had previously passed. He found prompt attendance there, on producing his passport, and the required volume, from

under the head of "Conflagrations Domestiques," soon lay open on a high desk before him at the point he was in search of, while the inspector turned the leaves slowly, reading aloud the passages he indicated, and which the peculiar style of French calligraphy did not tend to render lucid.

The record of nineteen years ago had been made under a different monarch, according to the laboriously prolix system of M. de Sartines, especially when any foreign subject was concerned; and it extended over many of the large pages, betraying by its faint-brown ink how considerable an interval had elapsed. It set out with the alarm being brought past midnight to the residence of the commissary in the Quartier faubourg St. Germain, that a house on the Quai d'Orcau was in flames, and the endeavours made to arrest them, as well as to succour the inhabitants, who had been driven to the garret windows, and were attempting to pass to the contiguous roofs; it stated the narrow escape of a maid-servant from a front window of the first floor, where the whole of the apartments were full of smoke, by the aid of a gendarme with a ladder too short to allow him to enter—and of a woman in her night-dress, whose shrieks had first given the alarm, but who had disappeared; till she returned to a corner window with a child in her arms, actually pursued by a bursting flame, but rescued by a man on the top of a wall which abutted there on a manufactory canal flowing at a right angle into the Seine—also of the English gentleman, the tenant of the first floor, who had at first made his way from the street into the basement, out of a fiacre which had brought him from the theatre, but who reappeared half drenched, and panting for breath, amidst the play of the fire engines. The state of the February night was described as being very dark before the occurrence, with a high wind blowing up the river, where, from the tide, and a period of unusual rain, the water of the Seine made the canal overflow, rising almost to a level with its bridges, yet affording the greater facilities for the jets from the fire-engines, which succeeded ultimately in saving the adjoining structures, and the sheds of the tobacco-manufactory

adjacent, with the lower part of the house itself. The situation of the house was also minutely given to the very contiguity of the two poplar trees growing outside the wall, up from the canal, but by which the *pompeurs* had found it impossible to climb in their heavy accoutrements—the height of the wall on that side, and the manner in which the end of the house arose like a continuation of it towards the quay, rendering it apparently impossible, even when one had gained the top of the wall, to reach at all near the solitary first-floor window, in the middle, and higher up. Then followed a detail of the various occupants of the three floors and garrets—on the basement, the proprietor, a widower, elderly and of avaricious habits, whose warehouse of furniture filled three apartments, his sleeping chamber being a closet attached—his clerk, an old man who lived in a fourth apartment with his wife, both acting as porters: above, the family of Monsieur Vilby, the Englishman, consisting at that time of himself, his wife, and infant son, a young female attendant, a child's nurse, and the man-servant or butler of M. Vilby: on the third story and in the attics, a banker's head-clerk, with his wife, her maid, and three young children—a journalist, a painter, and an actor, living together—a single young man, of no profession, (though calling himself a poet), supposed subject to harmless fits of lunacy, inhabiting an attic where he was known frequently to lock himself in. Of these there had perished—the old proprietor himself, M. Canrobert, in whose apartment the fire was supposed to have originated, since he warmed himself only in bed, while supping alone, by candle-light—and the portress, whose husband, luckily for him, had chanced to be absent on business of his master's,—the remains of both being still distinguishable if only from the place of their discovery: the English lady, Madame Vilby—her infant, at first supposed to have been the one saved by the nurse, but found afterwards to have perished in her embrace, although the charred and mingled debris of the whole upper storeys fallen from above rendered it difficult to distinguish one mass of human substance from another: the man-servant

of the English gentleman, at one time imagined identical with the person so active on the wall;—also others, above, who were enumerated. Then succeeded the depositions of the various individuals in evidence.

“*Victorine Tronchet*, fille-de-chambre to the late Madame Vilby, declared that before ten o'clock her mistress signified an intention to sit up for monsieur, who had gone to a theatre at some distance, and that she might retire. Retired to bed, accordingly, in a closet adjoining the nurse's room—saw the nurse, as she thought, carry out the child as usual to her mistress—imagined, while half asleep, or dreamt, that her mistress herself afterwards passed through the room, stooped over the bed with the child in her arms, and disappeared. But knew nothing further until awoke by the suffocating vapours. Could read—but did not sit up in bed with a candle, perusing romances. There was a lamp always burning on the floor of the nurse's room. Was not aware, that night, of the nurse having her own child in the house. Believed her mistress to be ignorant of it. Could not tell why her mistress did not herself suckle the child—knew nothing of such affairs. Did not know that Madame's voice had been brilliant—had heard her mistress sing to a musical instrument, when M. Vilby was at home. M. Vilby had returned home that day, unexpectedly, from England. He went to the theatre, accompanied only by M. Adolphe, his servant,—perhaps because Madame had a headache. They used frequently to go to the theatre. Had heard that a new actress of celebrity would perform. The man-servant, M. Adolphe, returned early with some message to Madame, and retired up the outside stairs to his attic at the top of the house.”

“The examination of the stranger who had been so active was made through an interpreter. Stated his name to be Guillaume Greefeeze. Was not a native of England, but of Wales. Knew nothing of the fire, except that having followed M. Vilby's hackney-coach from the theatre, he smelt smoke, and saw immediately the fire lick out (*se lécher*) through the front-windows, when the doors

below were burst open—heard shrieks at the further end—leapt down by the canal, to climb the wall,—saw suddenly, by the light of the fire, a woman in white at the window a little above—thought she had fallen down inside, till she came back, holding out a child and calling to him. Succeeded in getting to the window by help of the barred outside shutter on that side, which swung with him, however—found it impossible to get either of them down to the wall, which did not come near enough towards being under the window—without firmly fastening the outer edge of the shutter to a staple already there. Refused to leave the woman as she seemed to wish—signed to her to hold the child fast—tore down one end of the window curtain, which held firm—made her slip herself down after him in the fold of the curtain, while he held the end firm with one hand, catching the shutter by the other. On the top of the wall, which was luckily broad enough to hold them, the woman seemed to faint away, so as nearly to drag them off, when they would have fallen into the canal—shouted for assistance then—before that, all the firemen and the crowd were in front, making a noise—with the pumping, the sound of the fire and wind, and the falling of the roof, it was useless. They were seen by chance, when the woman and child were carried to the hospital. Afterwards assisted at the pumps till the end!

“The evidence of this witness was extracted with difficulty, by fragments, in spite of a somewhat sullen and cynical air, almost cunning. He frequently used the eccentric phrase ‘for reasons of his own.’ It was thought proper, from these and other suspicious circumstances, to detain him in the meanwhile.

“The statement of the nurse, Suzanne Deroux, was taken formally by her bed-side, in a ward of the Hotel Dieu, where the fever from her injuries continued, while it was doubtful whether her sight would again become perfect. As for her child, whose arm had suffered, hopes had only begun to be entertained of its recovery. ‘Was a native of Normandy, unmarried. Had two children—a girl of four, and the young child which she

had left with a neighbour, to obtain support by nursing that of Madame Vilby. Had obtained the assistance of the portress in having her own child brought to her privately, at intervals, that she might still contribute to its health. Had thought it pining, as her neighbour was a Parisian—was very healthy herself, being originally a peasant—but was not allowed to go out, except with the child of Madame Vilby in the daytime, accompanied by her or a servant. On the night of the fire, had had both the children with her—and as usual, conveyed that of Madame Vilby to her bed-chamber, to be seen by her while awake. Did not see Madame Vilby after that, but fell asleep holding her own child in her arms to lull an uneasiness it showed—while that of Madame Vilby, which was younger, slept soundly at the other side of the large bed. ‘The suffocating smoke, and the shrieks of Victorine, the fille-de-chambre, made her rise bewildered, seizing the child which she felt clasping her and again uttering complaints. She rushed to the nearest window, which would not open—that of the opposite room, however, yielded, admitting a gust of wind by which the smoke appeared to explode beyond into flame, and showing a man attracted by her cries to the adjoining wall. Confessed that her recollection of the other infant had not till then returned—that her instinct urged her to return only for her own, which she had let fall when attempting to open the first window—that she ran to search the bed, however, in vain—concluded that Victorine or some one else had snatched the child immediately from the side of the bed. Caught up her own infant from the floor where she had dropped it, and after both had been for a moment on fire from the partition of the room, was rescued by the window. Did not yet know whether any one had perished. Was certain the fire had not begun in the nursery, from the lamp on the floor—having distinctly recollected awaking in complete darkness—the lamp must have been overturned, extinguished, or taken away. Acknowledged, of her own accord, that in secretly obtaining her own infant she had committed a crime. Always slept soundly at night, hav-

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

Madrid, 14th August, 1854.

DEAR EBONY,—My last letter was dated immediately after the first circulation in Madrid of a document, which had a most important effect on the fate of the military insurrection, that soon grew into a popular revolution. You will remember that after the action of Vicálvaro, on the 30th June, the insurgent generals drew their forces southwards, still lingering, however, within a few leagues of Madrid, as if in hopes that the capital would make a demonstration in their favour. But Madrid remained tranquil—almost indifferent; and every post brought accounts of similar apathy in large provincial towns, on whose rising in arms O'Donnell and his friends had doubtless reckoned. A few small bodies of troops and some armed civilians repaired to the insurgent banner; there were trifling disturbances in the Huerta of Valencia; a daring partisan, one Buceta, surprised the slenderly garrisoned but strongly situated town of Cuenca. But these incidents were unimportant; without co-operation on a far larger scale, it was evident the insurrection was a failure, and that O'Donnell and his little army, isolated in the midst of a population which seemed to have lost all spirit (even that of revolt), must soon either make for the frontier, or risk an action with the greatly superior forces concentrating to oppose them. But O'Donnell had a card in reserve, which he was perhaps unwilling to play, but yet was resolved to risk before abandoning the game as lost. In a proclamation, dated from Manzanares, a town nearly half-way on the road from Madrid to Granada, and whither a division under General Blaser was proceeding, although slowly, to operate against him, he issued a declaration in favour of the National Guard, of provincial juntas, and of the assemblage of the Cortes, in which the nation, through its representatives, should fix the basis of its future government. The effect of this profession of faith was soon seen. So long as the generals had limited themselves to invectives against Sartorius

and his colleagues, and against the system of corruption and immorality they had fostered into a monstrous development, the nation had remained inactive, because it saw no assurance of gain in a mere change of men, and because no prospect was held out to it of a complete change of system. But when O'Donnell spoke out, and threw himself frankly into the arms of the popular cause, he had not long to wait for backers. On the 15th, 16th, and 17th July, Valencia, Valladolid, Barcelona, Zamora, and, most important of all, Saragossa, declared against the government, and the fall of the ministry was inevitable. On the morning of the 17th, Madrid received the double intelligence of some of these *pronunciamientos*, and that the Sartorius cabinet was out. It was understood that General Cordova, a statesman without talent, and a general without resolution, was to head the new ministry, to which end he had long been intriguing, currying favour with the King-consort, and with a less legitimate influence at court. There was to be a bull-fight on the afternoon of Monday the 17th July—the first fight that had been permitted since O'Donnell's insurrection; and it became known in the morning that Cordova and his friends intended getting up a small *emeute* or demonstration, when, between seven and eight o'clock, the streets should be thronged with the ten or twelve thousand spectators issuing forth from the bull-ring. The intention of this was doubtless twofold—to let off a little of the popular steam, and to give an air of popularity to the incoming ministry. But Cordova and his advisers had not sufficiently felt the pulse of the people, or duly estimated the possible results of so imprudent a manifestation. It was like exploding fireworks in a powder-magazine; and the moment selected made the trick still more hazardous. On the sultry evening of a burning July day, when several thousand men of the middle and lower classes should just have quitted the spectacle which

excites them to the utmost, and habituates them to bloodshed, to raise, in the streets of Madrid, even the simulacra of a riotous banner, and that at a time when the people were galled by a long period of oppression and misrule, and when an insurrectionary army was in the field, was surely an act of as self-destructive madness as ever a doomed and blinded man was afflicted with. Early in the day, one or two leaders of the liberal party in Madrid had spoken to me of the proposed demonstration, and had intimated their intention of being on the watch to improve it, should circumstances turn favourably for their views. Evening came, and the bull-fight took place; after it, as usual, the streets were crowded, especially the Puerta del Sol and adjacent thoroughfares. It was about eight o'clock when the first symptoms of disturbance were apparent. Numerous groups were formed in the streets, and parties of men marched through them at a rapid pace, shouting *vivas* for liberty, and down with the ministry. The resignation of the ministry, I must observe, had not yet been officially published, but it was well known to have been accepted, and that, as far as the Cabinet went, Spain was in an interregnum. This was the moment chosen by General Cordova for the farce which was to prove a tragedy. I was reminded, as I watched the proceedings of the night, of the Italian robber story, in which a party of practical jokers, and very *mauvais plaisants*, having gone out with corked faces and leadless pistols to frighten some friends abroad on a picnic, suddenly find amongst them the chocolate visages, fierce whiskers, and blunderbusses charged to the muzzle of the genuine brigand and his band, and heartily deplore the sorry plight in which their folly has put them. So it was in Madrid on the 17th July.

The armed police, up to that evening so numerous that nowhere could you walk ten yards without encountering them, were withdrawn from the streets; the soldiers were all in their quarters—the very sentries had disappeared; the main guard, which mounts at a large solid building on the Puerta del Sol, used by the minis-

try of the interior, but best known as the *Principal* (chief guard-house), had closed the strong gates of the edifice, and gazed listlessly through the windows at the movements of the mob. Every precaution was taken to avoid collision between the authorities and the harmless rioters who were to carry out Cordova's plan. But its execution had scarcely begun when the mockery was turned into earnest—so much so, that I am still at a loss to explain, except by the confusion consequent on a change, and the real absence for some hours of all government in Madrid, the want of any opposition to the insurgents. At first, however, the disturbance was a mere riot, although it soon grew into a political revolt. The bands of men that roamed the streets, with shouts, sticks, and a few with arms, presently began to seek modes of actively employing themselves. Long before the hour (between ten and eleven o'clock), at which, as I afterwards ascertained, the Progresista chiefs in Madrid had decided on an outbreak, the people were busily at work. Before nine o'clock they repaired to two public offices where they knew there were arms—the house of the political governor and the town-hall—and, without opposition from the municipal guards they found there, got possession of between seven hundred and eight hundred muskets. These were regularly served out to the people by the leaders of the movement; and soon, on the Puerta del Sol, an immense crowd, in great part armed, besieged the doors of the *Principal*. The soldiers within had their orders not to oppose the people, but they did not think proper to admit them into their guard-house. Hard by was an enclosure of planks, placed round some of the demolitions going on in the Puerta del Sol (a flagrant job of Señor Sartorius), and there were also beams from the falling houses. Planks and beams were seized by the mob, piled against the doors of the *Principal*, and set on fire. The dry wood, parched by the summer sun of Madrid, burned like straw. There was danger of the whole building being consumed. The military evacuated it, and the mob took possession. It would have saved a great deal of

fighting, and not a few lives, if they had kept it when they once held it; but, as I have already shown, there was a want of organisation at this early period of the night, and no definite intention, on the part of the masses, of accomplishing a revolution. Even up to eleven or twelve o'clock that night, many persons not inexperienced in such movements thought that the disturbance was a mere popular effervescence—the expression of the joy and relief felt by the people at being rid of their tyrants—and by no means anticipated the serious events that were to grow out of it. The Principal was abandoned by the people, and again occupied by troops. Meanwhile, at other points, the mob was actively mischievous, or, I should perhaps rather say, it actively employed itself in revenging its wrongs on the authors of much of its misery. Below a window, in one of the most frequented and central thoroughfares of Madrid, which I occupied at intervals during the great part of that evening, the passage of strong bodies of the people continued. A great many weapons were now to be seen amongst them—muskets, fowling-pieces, blunderbusses, antiquated firearms of all kinds. At the same time the great majority were unarmed; but their blood was up, their will was strong, and their hands were ready for anything. That night was so full of events that few thought of looking at watches, and I cannot therefore give you the hour at which incidents occurred, or set them down in the exact order of their occurrence, especially as I often changed my place between the hours of eight and two, making excursions into different parts of the town, but frequently returning to the window before mentioned, which, as headquarters and central post of observation, was an excellent position. One of the first acts of violence committed was an attack on the house of Don Luis Sartorius, Conde de San Luis, a man whose name will ever be pre-eminently infamous in the annals of political crime. On their way to his house the people got a ladder, set it against the front of the Principe theatre, which had been endowed when he was in office, and broke to pieces a stone

over the entrance on which his name was carved. On reaching his residence they turned his furniture, pictures, and valuable library into the street, and made a bonfire of them. I know of literary amateurs who, on hearing of this, hurried to the spot, hoping to rescue some of the rare and curious books he was known to possess; but their efforts were in vain; the people would allow nothing to be taken away, everything was for the flames. At first the second floor of the house was respected, but presently it was known that it had lately become the residence of Esteban Collantes, the minister of public works, who had sent in, it is said, only a few days before, twelve thousand dollars' worth of furniture. After Sartorius, Collantes, Domenech, minister of finance, and Quinto, the civil governor, were the three men in Madrid most detested by the people. Collantes was the *gamin*, the mischievous scapegrace, of the San Luis cabinet, devoid alike of dignity, morality, and common decency. The discovery that he abode above his chief colleague was a godsend to the enraged mob, and his chattels quickly shared the fate of those of Sartorius. Similar destruction proceeded at the houses of the renegade liberal Domenech, of the Marquis de Molins, minister of marine, of Count Vista-hermosa, who had commanded under General Blaser at the action of Vicalvaro, and who was then following up with a division of O'Donnell's retiring forces; and at those of the well-known capitalist, Salamanca, and of Count Quinto, the *alcalde-corregidor*, and governor of Madrid. At these two last houses, especially, great destruction of property took place. Rich furniture, pictures of high value, plate, costly ornaments, jewels (especially at Salamanca's), to the amount of many thousands of pounds, valuable papers, government securities, and even, it is said, bank notes and coin, were destroyed by fire. There is reason to believe, however, that some of the more portable of these things, particularly the jewels, were stolen—not, as I believe, by the people, who, throughout the whole revolution, set an example of honesty and disinterestedness—but by the professional thieves, who are always on the look-out

upon such occasions, and by servants in some of the houses attacked, who, knowing where their masters kept their most precious effects, had great facilities for purloining them. A friend of Salamanca's went to his house to rescue some valuable papers, and also, if possible, some jewels of great price, which were in an iron chest under a bed. Amongst these jewels was a diamond of remarkable beauty, whose history is rather curious. It had been given, set in a ring, by Count Montemolin, to an attached and faithful follower of his and his father's fortunes. This gentleman afterwards desired to dispose of the stone, retaining the ring as a memorial, and addressed himself, with this object, to a well-known London jeweller. The jeweller advised him to retain the gem, for that, being of a most unusual size, he should have difficulty, if he bought it, in selling it again—should, perhaps, have to cut it down, &c. &c., and ending by naming a sum, which he acknowledged to be less than its value, as the most he could afford to give for it. The offer was accepted. Señor Salamanca afterwards paid £3000 for it. This ring, with other valuable jewellery and a number of unset stones—worth altogether many thousand pounds—were in the iron chest. Salamanca's friend reached the house, secured the papers, and went to the chest. It was open and empty.

Meanwhile the people continued in motion in almost every part of the town. It was by no means the rabble that were abroad and stirring; many persons of the better classes were active in promoting the tumult. In the streets the leaders could be heard consulting together, and planning whither they should proceed. One party went to the Saladero prison to release the political captives detained there; another strong band, including general officers and persons of note and rank, repaired to the town-hall, appointed a committee, and drew up a representation to the Queen, which was delivered to her by a deputation. She promised to give it favourable consideration. Before this time there had been movements of troops in the town, but no hostilities. Towards two in the morning, however, a decided change took place in the

aspect of affairs, and firing commenced at two points. After the deputation had returned from the palace, and reported the result of its mission (amongst other things, the Queen had expressed her earnest desire that there should be no effusion of blood), the committee, which was soon to be a junta, exhorted the crowd assembled in the square of the town-hall to return home and await the result of what had been done. They were disposed to do this, when in the Calle Mayor several companies of infantry opened fire upon them. This roused their indignation and anger, and thenceforward a struggle was inevitable. About the same time as those volleys were fired there was an affray around the princely mansion, or as it is usually called the palace, of Queen Christina. There, too, the people had assembled (throughout the night, "Death to Christina!" had been one of the most frequently repeated cries), had stoned and smashed the windows, forced their way into the house, thrown out furniture and valuables, and lit an immense bonfire with them—finally setting fire to the house itself. The scene presented by the triangular plaza in front of the dowager-queen's residence was striking enough. The wild figures and furious activity of the insurgents—amongst whom were not a few women inciting the men to mischief—contrasted with the passive attitude of a small body of infantry, which tranquilly looked on at the proceedings of the mob. At last, when a considerable portion of the furniture of the right wing was blazing in the plaza, making it as light as day, and illuminating the half-curious, half-frightened physiognomies that peered from the windows of the neighbouring houses, the handful of troops were reinforced by two companies, which at once fired on the people. Two or three volleys cleared the plaza; a tolerable number of persons were killed and wounded. There was firing at about the same time in other parts of the town—in the Calle Mayor, as already mentioned—and skirmishing between the troops and people, the latter of whom had begun to assume the offensive; and from that moment it was pretty evident that a sharp conflict

was at hand. But it was not yet fairly engaged in, owing to the absence of orders for the military, and of leaders and organisation for the mob. A new and most unsatisfactory ministry, with General Cordova and the Duke of Rivas at its head, had been appointed, but could not be said to have as yet assumed command. And there was also mistrust as to the extent to which the troops might be depended upon to act against the people. On the other hand, the movement had commenced so suddenly, and so many incidents had filled the few hours that had since elapsed, that nothing like method had as yet been introduced into the proceedings of the insurgents. On the 18th there was a good deal of desultory fighting, and in several places severe conflicts took place; but few barricades were thrown up, and the skirmishing was chiefly from street corners, and from the doors of houses. It was easy to see that the inhabitants of Madrid sympathised with the revolution, and wished well to the insurgents. In many places, when these were hard pressed, and compelled to run, doors were seen suddenly to open to receive them, and again were quickly closed. The insurgents were as yet but imperfectly armed. You might see groups of half a dozen standing at the corner of a cross street, with perhaps two muskets or fowling-pieces amongst them, the others having sticks and swords—the latter often strange old-fashioned weapons, that looked as if they had belonged to the middle ages, and picked out of a curiosity-shop. These gentry would protrude their heads into the main thoroughfare, and watch the favourable moment for a shot at some military post or passing picket. If the shot drew pursuit upon them, they were off into the doors of neighbouring houses, like rabbits into their burrows, or else away through a labyrinth of lanes to harass some other point. A glance at a map of Madrid, if you chance to have one at hand, will show you how well adapted this most irregularly built capital is to the operations of a body of insurgents perfectly acquainted with its intricacies. The uneven surface—the *town being built on a collection of small hills*—the narrow crooked streets, jumbled together without any

sort of order or system—the numerous small squares or open places, in passing over which troops are liable to find themselves under a cross fire from half a dozen different corners—the whole configuration of Madrid, in short, greatly favours its inhabitants when they choose to rise in arms against the garrison. Amongst the most remarkable events of the 18th was the desperate fight maintained by the people against a body of gendarmes, who, all old soldiers, defended themselves with signal valour, but were finally overcome, some of them killed, and the rest disarmed. These gendarmes, or civil guards, as they are here called, were in some sort the Swiss guards of the Madrid July revolution—equally firm in duty and discipline, and almost equally odious to the people, whom they punished pretty severely, and who did not always give them quarter, when vast superiority of numbers at last gave them the advantage which they certainly would not have had in more equal conditions of force. One of the most dashing things done by the insurgents on the 18th was clearing the Plaza del Progreso (one of the larger squares in the heart of the town) with the bayonet, after firing had for some time gone on. The soldiers were fairly driven out by the civilians, and the square and adjoining streets were quickly converted into a fortress, into which there was little probability of the military again penetrating. On the afternoon of the same day a number of lives were uselessly sacrificed, owing to the recklessness and vindictive spirit of a retired officer, a friend of Cordova's. This person, although no longer in the army, obtained command of a couple of guns, some infantry, and a few dragoons, and, proceeding to the Calle Atocha, one of the principal streets of Madrid, opened a heavy fire of artillery and musketry, firing round shot into the houses, and grape down the street. He did a great deal of damage—some of it to private houses in which no insurgents were or had ever been—killed a few persons, most of them persons who had nothing in the world to do with the insurrection, but who were sitting, inoffensive and terrified,

in their houses—lost thirty or forty of his own men, and finally cleared a few hundred yards of street. But this was small gain to the cause he defended, for the insurgents he drove away merely changed their place, and when he departed they returned to contemplate the ravages he had committed in the dwellings of peaceable citizens, and to go forth upon the morrow more embittered than ever to the fight.

It was the 19th, however, that was by far the most important and interesting day of the revolution. The aspect of the night that preceded it was very singular. The day had been hot and bright, as usual in Madrid at this season, and from early in the morning until half-past eight at night the firing had been incessant and frequently very sharp in one or other part of the town. When night fell, the noise and glare were suddenly succeeded by profound silence and darkness. There was no moon; except in a very few streets not a lamp was lit, and the inhabitants received hints to show no lights in their windows. The streets, which during the latter part of the afternoon had been little frequented, owing to the numerous shots that were flying (the soldiers, in some places, firing on every civilian they got sight of), were now almost deserted. There was something very strange and alarming in the complete stillness and gloom prevailing in this densely peopled capital, which in ordinary times is all bustle and blaze until midnight or later. Looking from a first floor window, nothing was to be seen, except now and then a dark figure gliding stealthily along or darting across the street; but, on venturing out, you soon saw that the people were neither idle nor off their guard. They were in groups behind their barricades—which began to be numerous, although few of them were as yet of a formidable aspect. Meanwhile the revolutionary junta was sitting at the house of Sevillano the banker, a wealthy man, of liberal politics, who had been an object of suspicion and persecution to the Sarratorius government. A depot of arms was ordered to be formed there, a well-organised system of defence was

decided upon, the barricades were ordered to be strengthened and new ones to be made. Within two or three hours after daybreak on the 19th, there were hundreds of barricades in Madrid, many of them of great height and strength. The town presented a most singular spectacle. The whole of its central portion, with the exception of the Principal, which was garrisoned and stoutly defended by a few companies of grenadiers, was soon in the hands of the insurgents. These displayed astonishing activity and readiness of resource. Everything was converted into means of offence or defence. Those of the inhabitants who took no part in the fray, yet did all they could to assist those who did. The enthusiasm was general. In the street in which I that morning found myself, there were several barricades. Most of these were commenced after five o'clock. As soon as the neighbours saw two or three men at work, raising the pavement with picks and crowbars, they hastened to supply them with materials, running out of their houses with empty boxes, dilapidated furniture, and old matting. When mattresses were asked they were freely given, and many hundreds of them were used in the barricades. A patriotic carpenter, nearly opposite to where I was stationed, who usually occupies his time in making coffins for the dead and trunks for the living, brought out of his yard some heavy boards, of great length, which extended completely across the street, and formed an excellent skeleton for a barricade. Before eight in the morning, the firing had begun on all points, and the bullets were singing through the streets in every direction. Besides defending their positions and attacking those of the military and civil guards—who had taken possession of houses here and there in the districts occupied by the people, and held them with great tenacity—the insurgents busied themselves in various other ways, completing and strengthening the barricades, collecting arms, making cartridges, preparing the houses for defence in case the soldiers forced their foremost defences. Quantities of paving-stones were taken up to the roofs and higher floors

fighting, and not a few lives, if they over the
had kept it when they once held it; but, as I have already shown, there was a want of organisation.

early period of the night, finite intention, on the masses, of accomplishment. Even up to o'clock that night, inexperienced in thought that the mere popular expression of the people—and by serious of it.

by the troop the I sh en on B f
one steady dame, crimson with excitement, who bore in her brawny arms a basket of supplies to a barricade then under fire, express her determination, should the troops get into the street, to shower upon their devoted heads the whole of her kettles and crockery. When a thrifty housewife comes to such extremes as this, it is evident her blood is up. But the forced loan imposed by Sartorius had come home to the pockets of the lower classes of tax-payers, and had greatly exasperated the women.

I profess to send you mere sketches of the revolution—not its history, which the newspapers have already in great measure supplied—and therefore I do not consider myself bound to trace all its events, but limit myself chiefly to what I saw. An artist who should have perambulated Madrid during the 19th and 20th July would have found abundant and striking subjects for his pencil. Feverish activity was the characteristic of the first day, armed and vigilant repose of the second. Repose from fighting, but not from toil, for, although there was a cessation of hostilities—the Principal having surrendered (not, however, until the afternoon of the 20th, when its garrison was literally starved out), the whole town, with the exception of a few barracks and buildings at its extremities, being in the possession of the insurgents, and the Queen having sent for Espartero, which was all that Madrid asked—the insurgents were still mistrustful, and in no way relaxed their watchfulness. The melody of arms amongst them—particularly on the 19th, for on the 20th they were better supplied with muskets—

Many had at the terre. Many had muskets, which they used thereby greatly improving the point; others had pistols, of tremendous length and most antiquated construction. There were not a few trabucos to be seen. These are tremendous blunderbusses, wide at the mouth, which scatter a handful of postas (large slugs), or carry a ball full four times the size of a musket-ball. Here is a man with a curved scimitar, which must have been handed down to him from some Moorish ancestor, bound to his waist by a bit of old sash; yonder, on a door-step, out of the exact range of fire, but the bullets striking from time to time the balcony above her head, sits a woman playing with a dagger, which she looks quite capable of using. I write only what I myself observed. On the morning of the 20th I walked round many of the barricades when their defenders were breakfasting. One group had got a guitar for a table. It rested on the knees of a circle, and supported their bread and sausage. There was great sobriety; during the whole of the revolution I saw no case of drunkenness.

I leave you to imagine the alarm and confusion at the palace during all this time. The poor, feeble, helpless Queen was distracted by many counsellors. Her evil genius, the Duchess of Rianzares, was at her elbow, urging her to resist to the utmost; for Maria Christina well knew that, if her daughter yielded to the revolution, she herself would have to quit Spain or do penance. She neglected to do the first until it was too late, and must now submit to the second. Then, however, aided by such bad advisers as Roncali, Cordova, Gandara, she excited the Queen to resist and fight, or, if necessary, to fly from Madrid and plant the royal standard elsewhere. There were about 3000 soldiers in and near the palace, in the Retiro gardens, and in two or three barracks—every day the palace cooks provided dinner for 3500 mouths;—these troops, which included a powerful artillery, were to form the nucleus of a force speedily to be assembled, and which was to crush the revolution. A civil war might in this way have been

brought about, but the universal spirit of opposition to the Queen, and of indifference—if not dislike—to the dynasty, that the Spaniards have since shown, sufficiently proves that it would not have been of long duration; and its end would inevitably have been the ejection of Isabella II. from her dominions. It was written, however, that the misguided Sovereign should have another chance of retaining the crown to which she has done so little honour. If there were some persons at court who desired to see her leave Madrid for a fortified place—or for any place where she would not be exposed to the pressure of that revolution which they dreaded—there were others who dissuaded her from departure, and even resolutely opposed and forbade it. The ladies of honour, the officers of the halbardiers—that corps which in 1841, under the command of General (then Colonel) Dulce, so stoutly and successfully resisted an attack upon the palace—protested that the Queen should not leave; and one of the former went so far as to seek an interview with a well-known liberal and promoter of the revolution, and to inform him of what was planning. The Marquis of Turgot, the French ambassador, being consulted, advised the Queen by all means to remain where she was. Even the Queen's husband, poor, feeble, ill-treated Don Francisco de Assis, showed spirit in the cause of prudence, and vehemently protested against her removal from Madrid. Then came—from Saragossa, the eastern stronghold of Spanish liberalism—not Espartero, as was expected, but a messenger, bearing the conditions on which the man of the day, whom all demanded and desired, would come to Madrid. The exact contents of these conditions have not transpired, but, from what has since passed, we may presume that they were tantamount to giving Espartero almost unlimited power, and that, by accepting them, the Queen bound herself to be guided in every respect by him and the cabinet he should form. Few hours were passed in deliberating whether or no they should be accepted, but those were hours of storm and strife within the palace. The wicked, finding their

projects ruined and their power gone, fell out amongst themselves. There are strange stories of what then occurred, especially between the Queen, her husband, and her mother; of high words and bitter recrimination, and even of blows struck and swords drawn. The exact truth is difficult to ascertain, for scandal, very rife in Madrid, has distorted it into various forms; but I believe there is no doubt that Christina, furious at seeing her daughter about to accept conditions most unpalatable to herself, suffered her Italian blood to move her to unbecoming violence. On the other hand the King, reflecting how much of the unpopularity and difficulty that now overwhelmed his wife was due to the boundless cupidity and unscrupulous manœuvres of the Duchess of Rianzares and her husband, is said to have vented his indignation on the latter, and even to have drawn a sword upon him.

The ten days that elapsed between the summons sent to Espartero and his arrival at Madrid, were days of much anxiety, and even of serious apprehension. The Junta governed, but its authority was not strong, and there was danger of excesses by the democratic and turbulent population of the low quarters of Madrid. The greatest danger was of an attack on Queen Christina's house. For two or three days this was seriously talked of. The people were bent upon burning it. To do this would have been to entail the destruction of a street that runs at the back of the dowager's palace, and one side of which forms part of the same block; probably, also, the destruction of the British Embassy, which is separated from it but by an interval of a few feet. Fortunately, things occurred to distract the attention of the people, and no attempt was made to carry out the imprudent design. The only acts of violence that had to be deplored were the shooting of three or four obnoxious persons belonging to the secret police. One of these was the infamous Francisco Chico, the chief of that institution, who certainly richly deserved the fate he met, for he had committed many and heinous crimes. A strict watch was kept for the ex-ministers, and had they been caught, in those

first moments of excitement and fury, when the people were still hot from the fight, they assuredly would have been killed.

To keep the people employed, the temporary authorities rather encouraged the building and strengthening of barricades. The Spanish nation has been so often cheated out of the results of its insurrections, and has so repeatedly beheld a half-effected revolution converted into a reaction, that it was determined this time to guard against such delusions and disappointments. Such, at least, was the case in Madrid. Under a broiling sun, they toiled as if life and death depended on their exertions. Most of the barricades, at first constructed of very heterogeneous materials, and without much regard to symmetry, were taken down, and rebuilt of paving-stones and earth. The operation was a great nuisance. The town was continually in a cloud of dust; passage through the streets, obstructed by these temporary fortifications, was extremely slow; at night one risked breaking his legs by tumbling into holes, or his shins by stumbling over huge blocks of stone and other building materials. The result of all this labour and inconvenience was, that, by the 25th of July, Madrid contained upwards of two hundred and eighty barricades of the first magnitude, each one of which was the centre of (on an average) eight or ten smaller redoubts and defences. Besides stones, of which the principal parapets were chiefly composed, the materials used were bricks, tiles, bags of sand, beams, mortar, diligences, private carriages, carts, and furniture. On the first days of the revolution, it was curious to observe how, in the haste and enthusiasm of the moment, good and even handsome furniture was taken out into the street by its owners to be knocked to pieces in the barricades. Flags and streamers adorned them all, and at nearly every one, raised upon altars covered with coloured cloths, were portraits of Espartero—horrible caricatures, many of them, but nevertheless the objects almost of adoration on the part of the people. After nightfall there were lights placed round these portraits, which in some

instances were accompanied by others of O'Donnell, Dulce, and latterly (but only in a few cases) of the Queen, and music of every kind, from excellent bands down to a single cracked guitar; played behind the barricades, in front of which the people assembled in crowds. The revolution, serious enough at first, had now become a sort of festival. The people were too unsettled to return to their customary occupations; business of all kinds was suspended; the streets were continually crowded with men of the lower orders, armed, idle, but very well-conducted; whilst the better classes, to whom, now that the preliminary object of the revolution (the placing of Espartero at the head of affairs) was gained, the whole thing was an intolerable nuisance, longed for the arrival of the man whose presence alone would content the multitude, and restore Madrid to its normal condition.

At last he came, and certainly his reception was a triumph. The road was lined with people for miles without the town. The military and civil authorities went out to meet him as far as the *Venta* of the Holy Ghost, half a league from Madrid. The garrison was formed up on the right hand outside the Alcala gate, and the National Guard on the left. His approach was announced by a general peal of all the church bells of Madrid. There were triumphal arches, and every balcony in the town was draped with coloured hangings. But the glorious part of the ovation was the unmistakable and irrepressible joy of the people, and their demonstrations of affection. The whole population of Madrid was either outside the town or in the streets. Women of all classes abounded in the crowd, and were vehement in the welcome they gave to the popular hero. His carriage could hardly proceed for the people that thronged around it, eager to touch his hand or even the skirt of his garment. This continued the whole of the way to the palace, which is at the opposite extremity of the town to that at which he entered, and all the way back to Espartero's temporary residence near the Puerta del Sol. The Duke de la Victoria is far too warm-hearted a man not to be

deeply moved by such a reception, and I saw him more than once wipe the tears from his eyes.

The good effects of Espartero's presence in Madrid were soon apparent. Confidence returned, and in a short time we got rid of the barricades. There was more difficulty in disarming that portion of the population unfit to be trusted with arms, but this too was effected by advertising for their purchase. Thereupon musket and carbine, rifle and blunderbuss, came quickly into store. The ministry which Espartero formed did not at first give general satisfaction to the liberal party, for the political views of some of its members were at least doubtful; but soon its prompt and judicious measures won it good opinions. Its first and greatest difficulty was the Queen-mother. On this point the people would not give way, or listen to reason. A few words from Espartero had sufficed to make them remove their beloved barricades, but with respect to Maria Christina they were inexorable. Armed men beset the gates of the town and the avenues to the palace, and swore she should not depart till she had rendered an account of her stewardship, and refunded at least a part of her plunder. Night after night, and till past daybreak, Espartero and the ministers, and the veteran patriot San Miguel—who, after rendering immense services to the cause of order during the revolution, had been appointed captain-general of the province—remained at the palace, anxious to effect the departure of the Dowager Queen. But when she could have gone she would not; and when she would, it was no longer possible. At first her escape might have been managed, had she consented to go off quietly in a post-chaise, without state or many attendants. But this did not suit her. She had two enormous diligences at her daughter's palace, to convey herself and her family, her suite and her baggage. And on the night that she might have gone, she made various difficulties, like a person who was being forced to go instead of one whose safety depended on speedy flight. She seems to have been completely infatuated, and she dallied and lingered until it was too

late. It became impossible to remove her from Madrid without a serious collision with the people. The systematic, persevering, and determined manner in which they kept watch was attributed to higher instigations than that of their ordinary chiefs. It was said, with what degree of truth it is impossible to ascertain, that they were prompted and directed by persons in authority, who thought it unfair that the cause of so much evil to Spain should be allowed to escape with her spoil to live luxuriously in a foreign land. O'Donnell was mentioned as one of those who would gladly see justice done on the unscrupulous and heartless Duchess of Rianzares. The character of that general renders this not unlikely; but there is no proof of it, and it is a mere report. What is certain is, that Espartero, whose fault it is to be too easy and forgiving, rather than severe and vindictive, was very desirous to get the Queen-mother away—possibly not only out of pity and consideration for her daughter, but because he felt that her detention in Spain would be an additional embarrassment to his government. He did not conceal his opinion of her; he would not even have seen her, had she not, one night, after he had repeatedly refused her an interview, abruptly entered a room where he and the other ministers were assembled with the Queen. But he would have facilitated her departure. Amidst her delays, pretensions, and indecision, the moment passed, and even his power and influence were insufficient to secure her exit from Spain without a combat and a sacrifice of life; or, at the least, without deeply offending the people, and imperilling the tranquillity of Madrid—not of the whole country. When things came to this, persons at the palace proposed various plans for escape in disguise. Such escape was not easy, for the people rigidly scrutinised all who left the palace, and armed parties outside the town examined every vehicle that passed. It is said that some one proposed to Christina to disguise herself as a black woman (there are a great many negroes in Madrid), and answered for her escape if she would do so, but that she refused, on account of two remarks

first moments of even when the people the fight, they a been killed.

To keep the temporary arranged the bu of barrica has been a results of repeated volition that it guard appoi the ing, der of of w v i

her throne, already slipping from un-
der her—and her crown, whose bright-
ness is so grievously dimmed by the
humiliation her errors have brought
upon her. It seems incredible that
a sovereign should be found suffi-
ciently wanting in pride to put pen-
it to such a manifesto—as was sign-
ed by Isabella II. on the 26th July
last. Doubtless nothing less would
do; but surely most princes—or they
are meaner than the world believes
them—would have preferred abdicat-
tion to so humbling themselves. In
that notable proclamation, she com-
pletely cried *pocetti*, promised better
behaviour, and protested her entire
adherence to Espartero's political
principles. Since he has been here,
her conduct towards him has been
such as to make it appear miraculous
how she ever managed to do without
him. She constantly requires his
presence, and, notwithstanding the
immense deal of business he has to
attend to, he is obliged to go daily to
the palace. Doubtless she has not
yet quite recovered from the alarm of
the revolution, and looks upon Espar-
tero as her best safeguard. I will
not attribute any covert or perfidious
motive to a sovereign who has suffer-
ed severely for her errors, and has
pledged herself to amendment. But
it would be very desirable to separate
her from her mother, whose intriguing
spirit will never be at rest so long as
there is life in her body, and a possi-
bility of her working evil. She
continues at the palace, instead of
being sent away from Madrid, and
guarded in some castle or royal resi-
dence. Of course, there are difficul-
ties in the way of removing her, and it
seems cruel to separate her from her
daughter, from whom, perhaps, before

The Spanish Revolution
her she have she may be separated for ever.
The But the paramount consideration is
the welfare of Spain; and, moreover,
in reality, the links that bind the two
ladies to each other are of a less ten-
der nature than may be supposed, or
would seem natural. Christina, it is
well known, has never loved this
daughter, whom she shamefully ne-
glected, and, it may almost be said,
wilfully corrupted, with a view to
place upon her throne the Duchess of
Montpensier. She has that influence
over Isabella which long habit, and
the ascendancy of a strong mind over
a weak one, naturally give to her.
And probably the Queen hangs more
than ever upon her mother, now
that her lover has been sent away,
and her palace cleared of that crew of
supple courtiers, ready for any base
subserviency or corrupt complaisance,
who have so long infested it. "It is
absolutely necessary," the venerable
San Miguel is reported one day to
have said to the Queen, "that the
Señor de Arana should go on a mis-
sion to Ciudad Rodrigo. There he
will be very near to Portugal, and
may easily pass into that country." This
caused instant anxiety and alarm.
"You answer to me for his life,"
was the reply. "It runs not the slightest
risk," said the old general, and so the
thing was arranged. The favourite de-
parted, and is perhaps already as com-
pletely forgotten by the person most in-
terested in retaining him here as he ap-
pears to be by everybody else. He is not
likely to be recalled, as long as Espartero
is in power, and it is to be hoped he will
not be replaced. The clearance of the
court was left for the Duke de la
Victoria, who assumed the office of
governor of the palace, and speedily
dismissed the titled and embroidered,
but impure, crowd that haunted its
halls and avenues.

Availing myself of the roving and
desultory license conceded to the
letter-writer, I step back a few weeks
to note some small but not uninter-
esting circumstances, which I find I
have omitted to mention. When
O'Donnell's outbreak occurred, not
only were the civil guards removed
from their duty on the roads and con-
centrated in the capital, and at other
points, to act in bodies as troops

against the insurgents and against the people, but the numerous police of Madrid became too much engrossed by their political avocations to heed the ordinary objects of their solicitude. The proper regulation of the streets was neglected, and a prodigious swarm of beggars, emerging from their habitual lurking-places, spread itself over the town. The streets were infested by the most revolting deformities. The least disagreeable section of the mendicant mob was that consisting of the blind men, who, always numerous in Madrid, were now apparently in redoubled strength. There is an independent spirit amongst these *ciegos*, and they seldom beg, but poke their way about with a big stick, or are led by a friend, and sell newspapers, flying sheets, and extraordinary supplements. Since the revolution there has been much work for them, and from seven in the morning until late at night one hears their discordant cries, consisting generally of the names of new newspapers, (many have been started within the last month), the *Esparterista*, the *Independencia*, the *Sentinela del Pueblo*, or of the announcement of the "latest news from the palace," "the departure of the *tia Cristina*," or "the life of the robber Sartorius,"—all for two *cuartos*, or one halfpenny. It were unjust to these benighted dispensers of intelligence to class them amongst the beggars, although they certainly are a nuisance, owing to their straightforward manner of perambulation, which compels everybody to keep out of their way who does not desire to have their heavy feet stamped upon his, or their protruded stick thrust against his shins. But the blind are quite agreeable and ornamental compared with the maimed, the diseased, the shrivelled, the distorted, who lie under walls and upon the staircases of public buildings, station themselves at street corners, ride about on donkeys, and everywhere disgust you with their nauseous presence, and pester you with their piteous whine. The Spaniards are charitable—that is to say, they are great alms-givers—and this of course encourages street-begging. There are places of refuge and humane establishments in Madrid whither all destitute persons have a

right to repair—whither, indeed, it is the duty of the police to compel them to betake themselves. But for some time past it can hardly be said that there has been any police in this capital; and I assure you that a walk through it is anything but a gratification, either to the eyes or the olfactories. It is full of strange, complicated, and most unfragrant odours, to which the puzzled and tortured nose involuntarily and in vain attempts to ascribe an origin. And it is plentifully besprinkled with objects that should never be seen out of an hospital. Here, seated or squatted on the pavement of one of the most crowded thoroughfares, is a wretch with an arm shrivelled to the bone; here another whose leg grows up behind his back, his foot appearing over his shoulder. Here is an unfortunate creature who almost reminds us of the days when lepers sat by the road-side and implored alms. A little farther on a man, in an old soldier's coat, displays the hideous stump of his amputated leg; and in this narrow passage we run up against a boy leading a donkey, on which is stretched, upon his belly, a shapeless mass of humanity, his limbs naked, and every one of them in some way or other distorted and deformed. And here—haunting the narrow court that leads to the post-office, and whose asphalt pavement, most injudicious in this climate, grows sticky and stinking beneath the beams of the August sun—is a tall young fellow without any arms at all, who, in the names of many saints, entreats pity upon a *pobre joven*, unable to work, and expects you to put your coppers into his waistcoat pocket. As if political revolutions and vagabond music had some mysterious connection, the number of street bands, Italian harp-players, organ-grinders, and guitar-strummers, that have deafened us during the last six weeks, is something extraordinary. It was noticed by persons here that on one particular day, early in July, all these itinerant professors disappeared, and it was inferred that an outbreak was close at hand. But either the musicians had been falsely alarmed, or a general feast or fast held by them was the cause of the suspension of their hostilities against the tympanum of

ing prevailing here, and of a probable move in the right direction. The liberals all declare the existing concordat to be doomed, and if the Pope opposes the great alterations that will be made in the present system, and which will doubtless include the expulsion of the Jesuits, and a great reduction in the hierarchical establishment in Spain, it is by no means impossible that the whole fabric of papal interference will be swept away, and that Spain will have the Spanish church as France has the Gallican.

There still are certainly considerable difficulties in the way of the union of the two crowns and countries. In the first place, is it sure that the King of Portugal would accept the arduous task of governing Spain? Would it be wise of him to exchange his present humble but safe and respectable position amongst the sovereigns of Europe for one certainly much more exalted, but also infinitely more arduous, and even dangerous? Admitting, however, that he made up his mind to this, how would the Portuguese like the plan? Waiving the question of national antipathies, to which exaggerated weight has been given, how would Portuguese pride endure that Portugal should be absorbed in Spain, even whilst giving her a king? And what would they say to the loss of the valuable smuggling trade of which Portugal is now the depôt, and which is carried on through her ports and territory? If there be not a customs union, there can be no real union between the countries. It is not likely, however, that Portugal will long benefit in the way it now does by the absurd Spanish tariff, of which a reform is inevitably approach-

ing. That tariff is doomed by the increasing good sense of the nation and by the example of others, and its existence can be a question only of time. There are other difficulties, such as the fusion of the two debts and the election of one capital (is Madrid or Lisbon to be sacrificed?) but it is thought that all these things might be reconciled and arranged in a satisfactory manner. It is hoped France would not object, and England's co-operation and aid are reckoned upon—as they are admitted to be indispensable. The Iberian monarchy, with Pedro V. on the throne and an English princess for his wife—such is the dream of many here. That at least a part of it may be realised, is certainly not improbable. And I have reason to know that such a plan has occurred, some years since, to persons in high places, not in this country, whose influence, if steadily and perseveringly applied, would go far towards carrying it out. No time could be more favourable for that than the present, when England and France are bound in close alliance and cordial amity, and when Spain is thoroughly disgusted with the dynasty that has so long misruled her.

There is much more to be said on this subject of a change of dynasty, but for the present I must conclude, for here is the middle of the month; and moreover writing long letters with the thermometer at fever-heat is almost too much exertion. And so, for at least another moon, I quit the complicated question of Spanish politics, and bid you a hearty farewell.

VEDETTE.

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VOL. LXXVI.

SPECULATORS AMONG THE STARS.

PART II.

Whatever we talk, Things are *as they are*—not as we grant, dispute, or hope; depending on neither our affirmative nor negative.*—JEREMY TAYLOR.

LET us bear in mind the above passage, pregnant with solemnising reflection, while dealing with the question before us; always remembering that it is one purely speculative, however interesting, however exciting, to imaginative persons; but to weak and superficial ones—to those of unsettled opinions—capable of becoming mischievous.

The state of that question is exactly this: The heavenly bodies around us, some or all of them, are, or are not, in point of fact, the abodes of intellectual and moral beings *like ourselves*—that is, be it observed, consisting of body and soul. That there are other and higher orders of intelligent existence, both the Christian and the mere philosopher may, and the former must, admit as an article of his "creed;" but what may be the mode of that

existence, and its relations to that physical world of which we are sensible, we know not, and conjecture would be idle. That beings like ourselves exist elsewhere than here, is not revealed in Scripture; and the question, consequently, for us to concern ourselves with is, whether there nevertheless exist rational grounds for believing the fact to be so. The accomplished and eminent person who has so suddenly started this discussion, has, since his *Essay* appeared,† and in strict consistency with it, emphatically declared—"I do not pretend to disprove a plurality of worlds; but I ask in vain for any argument which makes the doctrine probable. And as I conceive the unity of the world to be the result of its being the work of one Divine Mind, exercising creative power according to His own Ideas; so it

Of the Plurality of Worlds; an Essay. Also a Dialogue on the same subject. Second Edition. Parker and Son, 1854.

More Worlds than One, the Creed of the Philosopher, and the Hope of the Christian. By Sir DAVID BREWSTER, K. H., D. C. L. Murray, 1854.

The Planets: Are they Inhabited Worlds? Museum of Science and Art. By DIONYSIUS LARDNER, D. C. L., Chapters i., ii., iii., iv. Walton and Maberly, 1854.

* *Works*, vol. xi. p. 198 (Bishop Heber's edition). The following is the entire sentence of which the above is the commencing section: "Whatever we talk, things are as they are—not as we grant, dispute, or hope; depending on neither our affirmative nor negative, but upon the rate and value which God sets upon things."

† *Dialogue*, p. 37.

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seems to me not unreasonable to suppose that man, the being which can apprehend, in some degree, those Ideas, is a creature unique in the creation." But what says Sir David Brewster, speaking of the greatest known member of our planetary system, Jupiter?

"With so many striking points of resemblance between the Earth and Jupiter, the unprejudiced mind cannot resist the conclusion, that Jupiter has been created, like the Earth, for the express purpose of being the seat of animal and intellectual life. The Atheist and the infidel, the Christian and the Mahomedan, men of all creeds, nations, and tongues, the philosopher and the unlettered peasant, have all rejoiced in this universal truth; and we do not believe that any individual who confides in the facts of astronomy seriously rejects it. If such a person exists, we would gravely ask him, for what purpose could so gigantic a world have been framed?" *

I am such a person, would say Dr Whewell, and I declare that I cannot tell why Jupiter was created. "I do not pretend to know for what purpose the stars were made, any more than the flowers, or the crystalline gems, or other innumerable beautiful objects. . . . No doubt the Creator might make creatures fitted to live in the stars, or in the small planetoids, or in the clouds, or on meteoric stones; but we cannot believe that he *has* done this, without further evidence." †—And as to the "facts of astronomy," let me patiently examine them, and the inferences you seek to deduce from them. Besides which, I will bring forward certain facts of which you seem to have taken no account.

As we foresaw, Dr. Whewell's *Essay* is attracting increased attention in all directions; and, as far as we can ascertain the scope of contemporaneous criticism hitherto pronounced, it is hostile to his views, while uniformly recognising the power and scientific knowledge with which they are enforced. "We scarcely expected," observes an accomplished diurnal London reviewer, ‡ "that in the middle of the nineteenth century, a serious attempt would have been made to re-

store the exploded ideas of man's supremacy over all other creatures in the universe; and still less that such an attempt would have been made by any one whose mind was stored with scientific truths. Nevertheless, a champion has actually appeared, who boldly dares to combat against all the rational inhabitants of other spheres; and though as yet he wears his vizor down, his dominant bearing, and the peculiar dexterity and power with which he wields his arms, indicate that this knight-errant of nursery notions can be no other than the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge."—The reviewer falls, it appears to us, into a serious error as to the sentiments of Dr. Whewell, when charging him with requiring us "to assume that, in the creation of intelligent beings, Omnipotence must be limited, in its operations, to the ideas which human faculties can conceive of them: that such beings must be men like ourselves, with similar powers, and have had their faculties developed by like means." In the very passage cited to support this charge, Dr. Whewell will be found thus exactly limiting his proposition so as to exclude so impious and absurd a supposition:—"In order to conceive, on the Moon, or on Jupiter, a race of beings intelligent *like man*, we must conceive their colonies of men, with histories resembling, more or less, the histories of human colonies: and, indeed, resembling the history of those nations whose knowledge we inherit, far more closely than the history of any other terrestrial nation resembles that part of terrestrial history."§ In the passage which we have quoted in the preceding column, Dr. Whewell expressly declares, as of course he could not help declaring, that the Creator no doubt might make creatures fitted to live on the stars, or anywhere; but the passage misunderstood by the reviewer, appears to us possessed of an extensive significance, of which he has hastily lost sight, but which is closely connected with that portion of the author's speculations with which we briefly dealt in our last number, especially that which regards

* *More Worlds than One*, p. 59.

† *Daily News*.

‡ *Dialogue*, pp. 5, 6.

§ *Essay*, p. 120.

Man as a being of progressive* development. To this we shall hereafter return, reminding the reader of the course of Dr. Whewell's argument as thus far disclosed—namely, that man's intellectual, moral, religious, and spiritual nature, is of so peculiar and high an order, as to warrant our regarding him as a special and unique existence, worthy of the station here assigned him in creation. Intellectually considered, man "has an element of community with God: whereupon it is so far conceivable that man should be, in a special manner, the object of God's care and favour. The human mind, with its wonderful and perhaps illimitable powers, is something of which we can believe God to be mindful:† that He may very reasonably be thus mindful of a being whom he has vouchsafed to make in his own Image, after his likeness—the image and likeness of the awful Creator of all things.

"The privileges of man," observes Dr. Whewell, in a passage essential to be considered by those who would follow his argument,‡ "which make the difficulty in assigning him his place in the Vast Scheme of the universe, we have described as consisting in his being an *Intellectual, Moral, and Religious* creature. Perhaps the privileges implied in the last term, and their place in our argument, may justify a word more of explanation. . . . We are now called upon," proceeds the Essayist, after a striking sketch of the character and capacity of man, especially as a spiritual creature, "to proceed to exhibit the Answer which a somewhat different view of modern science suggests to this difficulty or objection."

—"The difficulty§ appears great either way of considering it. Can the earth alone be the theatre of such intelligent, moral, religious, and spiritual action? Or can we conceive such action to go on in the other bodies of the universe? . . . Between these two difficulties the choice is embarrassing, and the decision must be

unsatisfactory, except we can find some further ground of judgment. But this, perhaps, is not hopeless. We have hitherto referred to the evidence and analogies supplied by one science, namely, Astronomy. But there are other sciences which give us information concerning the nature and history of the Earth. From some of these we may perhaps obtain some knowledge of the place of the Earth in the scheme of creation; how far it is, in its present condition, a thing unique, or only one thing among many like it. Any science which supplies us with evidence or information on this head, will give us aid in forming a judgment upon the question under our consideration."

Thus the Essayist reaches the second stage of his inquiry, entering on the splendid domain of GEOLOGY. To this great but recently consolidated science Dr. Chalmers made no allusion in his celebrated "Discourses on the Christian Revelation, viewed in connection with the Modern Astronomy,"|| which were delivered in the year 1817, nearly thirty-seven years ago: and then he spoke, in his first Discourse, of Astronomy as "the most certain and best established of the sciences." Dr. Whewell, however, vindicates the claims of Geology, in respect of both the certainty and vastness of her discoveries, in a passage so just and admirable, that we must lay it before our readers.

"As to the vastness of astronomical discoveries, we must observe that those of Geology are no less vast: they extend through time, as those of Astronomy do through space; they carry us through millions of years—that is, of the earth's revolutions—as those of Astronomy through millions of the earth's diameters, or of diameters of the earth's orbit. Geology fills the regions of duration with events, as Astronomy the regions of the universe with objects. She carries us backwards by the relation of cause and effect, as Astronomy carries us upwards by the relations of geometry. As Astronomy steps

* *Ante*, p. 300, No. cccclxvii.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 134–136.

‡ *Essay*, p. 202.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 137.

|| One or two of these "Discourses," all of which were delivered in the Free Church, Glasgow, at noon on the week day, were heard by the writer of this paper, then a boy. He had to wait nearly four hours before he could gain admission as one of the crowd, in which he was nearly crushed to death. It was with no little effort that the great preacher could find his way to the pulpit. As soon as his fervid eloquence began to stream from it, the intense enthusiasm of the auditory became almost irrestrainable; and in that enthusiasm the writer, young as he was, fully participated. He has never since witnessed anything equal to the scene.

on from point to point of the universe by a chain of triangles, so Geology steps from epoch to epoch of the earth's history by a chain of mechanical and organical laws. If the one depends on the axioms of geometry, the other depends on the axioms of causation.

But in truth, in such speculations, Geology has an immeasurable superiority. She has the command of an implement, in addition to all that Astronomy can use; and one for the purpose of such speculations, adapted far beyond any astronomical element of discovery. She has, for one of her studies,—one of her means of dealing with her problems,—the knowledge of life, animal and vegetable. Vital organisation is a subject of attention which has, in modern times, been forced upon her. It is now one of the main parts of her discipline. The geologist must study the traces of life in every form—must learn to decipher its faintest indications and its fullest development. On the question, then, whether there be, in this or that quarter, evidence of life, he can speak with the confidence derived from familiar knowledge; while the astronomer, to whom such studies are utterly foreign, because he has no facts which bear upon them, can offer, on such questions, only the closest and most arbitrary conjectures, which, as we have had to remark, have been rebuked by eminent men as being altogether inconsistent with the acknowledged maxims of his science.”*

Before we proceed to state the singular and suggestive argument derived from this splendid science,† we may apprise the reader that Dr. Whewell's primary object is to show, that even “supposing the other bodies of the universe to resemble the earth, so far as to seem, by their materials, forms, and motions, no less fitted than she is to be the abodes of life, yet that, knowing what we know of Man, we can believe the earth to be tenanted by a race who are the *special* objects of God's care.”‡ The grounds for entertaining, or rather impugning, that supposition he subsequently deals with after his own fashion in Chapters VII., VIII., IX., X.; but the two with which we are at present concerned are the

fifth and sixth, respectively entitled, as we intimated in our last Number, “Geology,” and “The Argument from Geology.”

The exact object at which this leading section of the Essay is aimed is, in the Essayist's words, this:—“A complete reply to the difficulty which astronomical discoveries appeared to place in the way of religion:—the difficulty of the opinion that Man, occupying this speck of earth but as an atom in the universe, surrounded by millions of other globes larger, and to all appearance nobler, than that which he inhabits, should be the object of the peculiar care and guardianship of the favour and government of the Creator of all, in the way in which religion teaches us that he is.”§

What is that “complete reply?” The following passage contains a key to the entire speculation of the Essayist, and deserves a thoughtful perusal:—

“That the scale of man's insignificance is of the same order in reference to time as to space. That Man—the Human Race from its origin till now—has occupied but an atom of time as he has occupied but an atom of space.” . . . “If the earth, as the habitation of Man, is a speck in the midst of an infinity of space, the Earth, as the habitation of Man, is also a speck at the end of an infinity of time. If we are as nothing in the surrounding universe, we are as nothing in the elapsed eternity; or rather in the elapsed organic antiquity during which the Earth has existed, and been the abode of life. If Man is but one small family in the midst of innumerable possible households, he is also but one small family, the successor of innumerable tribes of animals, not possible only, but actual. If the planets may be the seats of life, we know that the seas, which have given birth to our mountains, were so. If the stars may have hundreds of systems of tenanted planets rolling round them, we know that the secondary group of rocks does contain hundreds of tenanted beds, witnessing of as many systems of organic creation. If the Nebulæ may be planetary systems in

* *Essay*, pp. 193, 194.

† In the “*Dialogue*,” Dr. Whewell states that it was not till after the publication of his “*Essay*” that he became acquainted with the fact of the coincidence of his views, on the subject of Geology, with those of Mr. Hugh Miller, in his “*First Impressions of England*,” with reference to astronomical objections to Revelation.

‡ *Ibid.*, chap. vii., § 1, p. 206.

§ *Ibid.*, chap. vi., § 27, p. 190.

the course of formation, we know that the primary and transition rocks either show us the earth in the course of formation, as the future seat of life, or exhibit such life as already begun.

"How far that which Astronomy thus asserts as possible, is probable—what is the value of these possibilities of life in distant regions of the universe, we shall hereafter consider; but in what Geology asserts, the case is clear. It is no possibility, but a certainty. No one will now doubt that shells and skeletons, trunks and leaves, prove animal and vegetable life to have existed. Even, therefore, if Astronomy could demonstrate all that her most fanciful disciples assume, Geology would still have a complete right to claim an equal hearing—to insist on having *her analogies* regarded. She would have a right to answer the questions of Astronomy, when she asks, How can we believe this! And to have her answer accepted."*

We regret that our space prevents our laying before the reader the masterly and deeply interesting epitome of geological discoveries contained in these two chapters. The stupendous series of these revelations may be thus briefly indicated:—That countless tribes of animals tenanted the earth for countless ages before Man's advent; that former ocean-beds now constitute the centres of our loftiest mountains, as the results of changes gradual, successive, and long continued; that these vast masses of sedimentary strata present themselves to our notice in a strangely disordered state; that each of these rocky layers contains a vast profusion of the remains of marine animals, intermingled with a great series of fresh-water and land animals and plants endlessly varied—all these being different, not only in species, but in kind!—and each of these separate beds must have lasted as long, or perhaps longer, than that during which the dry land has had its present form.

The careful prosecution of their researches has forced on the minds of geologists and naturalists "the general impression that, as we descend in this long staircase of natural steps, we are brought in view of a state of the earth in which life was scantily mani-

fest, so as to be near its earliest stages."†

In the opinion of the most eminent geologists, some of these epochs of organic transition were also those of mechanical violence, on a vast and wonderful scale—as it were, a vast series of successive periods of alternate violence and repose. The general nature of such change is vividly sketched by the Essayist, in a passage to which we must refer the reader.‡ When, continues the Essayist, we find strata bearing evidence of such a mode of deposit, and piled up to the height of thousands and tens of thousands of feet, we are naturally led to regard them as the production of myriads of years; and to add *new* myriads, as often as we are brought to new masses of strata of the like kind; and again to interpolate new periods of the same order, to allow for the transition from one group to another.§

The best geologists and naturalists are utterly at fault, in attempting to account for the successive introduction of these numerous *new species*, at these immense intervals of time, except by referring them to the exercise of a series of distinct Acts of Creation. The chimerical notion of some natural cause effecting a transmutation of one series of organic forms into another, has been long exploded, as totally destitute of proof: and the "doctrine of the successive CREATION of species," says the Essayist, "remains firmly established among geologists."|| There is nothing known of the cosmical conditions of our globe, to contradict the terrestrial evidence for its vast antiquity as the seat of organic life,"¶ says Dr. Whewell: and then proceeds thus, in a passage which is well worth the reader's attention, and has excited the ire of Sir David Brewster:—

"If, for the sake of giving definiteness to our notions, we were to assume that the numbers which express the antiquity of these four periods—the present organic condition of the earth; the tertiary period of geologists which preceded that; the secondary period which was anterior to that; and the primary period which preceded the secondary—were on the same

* Essay, pp. 191, 192.

§ Ibid., p. 154.

† Ibid., p. 148.

|| Ibid., p. 166.

‡ Ibid., pp. 151, 152.

¶ Ibid., p. 155.

scale as the numbers which express these four magnitudes :—The magnitude of the earth ; that of the solar system compared with the earth ; the distance of the nearest fixed stars compared with the solar system ; and the distance of the most remote nebulae compared with the nearest fixed stars,—there is, in the evidence which geological science offers, nothing to contradict such an assumption. And as the infinite extent which we necessarily ascribe to space allows us to find room, without any mental difficulty, for the vast distances which astronomy reveals, and even leaves us rather embarrassed with the infinite extent which lies beyond our furthest explorations ; so the infinite duration which we, in like manner, necessarily ascribe to past time, makes it easy for us, so far as our powers of intellect are concerned, to go millions of millions of years backwards, in order to trace the beginning of the earth's existence—the first step of terrestrial creation."

To return, however, to the course of the argument. We hear the oppressed observer asking, as he reasons this "long staircase of natural steps" which had brought time down to the mystic origin of animal existence ; his eye dimmed with its efforts to "decipher," in the picturesque language of Sir David Brewster, "downwards, the pale and perishing alphabet* of the Chronology of Life"—WHERE, ALL THIS WHILE, WAS MAN ?

Were Europe at this moment to be submerged beneath the ocean, or placed under a vast rocky stratum, what countless proofs would present themselves to the exploring eyes of remote future geologists, of the existence of both Man and his handiwork !—of his own skeleton, of the products of his ingenuity and power, and the various implements and instruments with which he had effected them !

The rudest conceivable work of human art would carry us to any extent backward, but it is not to be found ! Man's existence and history incontestably belong to the existing condition of the earth ; and the Essayist now addresses himself to the two following propositions :—

First, That the existence and history of man are facts of an Entirely Different Order from any which ex-

isted in any of the previous states of the earth.

Secondly, That his history has occupied a series of years which, compared with geological periods, may be regarded as very brief and limited.

Here opens the "Argument from Geology"—and with it Chapter VI.

That the existence of man upon the earth is an event of an order quite different from any previous part of the earth's history ; and that there is no transition from animals to MAN, in even his most degraded, barbarian, and brutish condition, the Essayist demonstrates, with affecting eloquence, and with great argumentative power. No doubt there are kinds of animals very intelligent and sagacious, and exceedingly disposed and adapted to companionship with man ; but by elevating the intelligence of the brute, we do not make it become that of the man ; nor by making man barbarous, do we make him cease to be man. He has a capacity, not for becoming sagacious, but *rational*,—or rather he has a capacity for PROGRESS, in virtue of his being rational.

After adverting to Language, as an awful and mysterious evidence of his exalted endowments, and felicitously distinguishing instinct from reason, the Essayist observes that we need not be disturbed in our conclusions by observing the condition of savage and uncultivated tribes, ancient or modern—the Scythians and Barbarians, the Australians and Negroes. The history of man, in the earliest times, is as truly a history of a wonderful, intellectual, social, political, spiritual creature, as it is at present.† The savage and ignorant state is not the state of nature out of which civilised life has everywhere emerged ; their savage condition is one rather of civilisation degraded and lost, than of civilisation incipient and prospective. And even were it to be assumed to be otherwise, that man, naturally savage, had a tendency to become civilised, that TENDENCY is an endowment no less wonderful than those endowments which civilisation exhibits.

When, however, we know not only

* *More Worlds than One*, p. 52

† *Essay*, p. 188.

what man is, but what he *may become*, both intellectually and morally, as we have already seen; when we cast our mind's eye over the history of the civilised section of our race, wherever authentic records of their sayings and doings exist, we find repeated and radiant instances of intellectual and moral greatness, rising into sublimity—such as compel us to admit that man is incomparably the most perfect and highly endowed creature which appears to have ever existed on the earth.

"How far previous periods of animal existence were a necessary preparation of the earth as the habitation of man, or a gradual progression towards the existence of man, we need not now inquire. But this, at least, we may say, that man, now that he is here, forms a climax to all that has preceded—a term incomparably exceeding in value all the previous parts of the series—a complex and ornate capital to the subjacent column—a personage of vastly greater dignity and importance than all the preceding line of the procession."*

If we are thus to regard man as the climax of the creation in space, as in time, "can we point out any characters," finally asks the Essayist, "which may tend to make it conceivable that the Creator should thus distinguish him, and care for him—should prepare his habitation, if it be so, by ages of chaotic and rudimentary life, and by accompanying orbs of brute and barren matter? If man be thus the head, the crowned head, of the creation, is he worthy to be thus elevated? Has he any qualities which make it conceivable that, with such an array of preparation and accompaniment?"—the reader will note the sudden introduction of these elements of the question, the "*accompanying orbs*,"—"he should be placed upon the earth, his throne? Does any answer *now* occur to us, after the views which have been presented to us? That answer," continues the Essayist, "is the one which has been already given:" the transcendent intellectual, moral, and religious character of man—such as warrants him in believing that God, in very deed,

is not only mindful of him, but *visits* him."†

This may be, the objector is conceived to say; but my difficulty haunts and harasses me: that, while man's residence is, with reference to the countless glistening orbs revealed by Astronomy, scarcely in the proportion of a single grain of sand to the entire terraqueous structure of our globe, I am required to believe that the Almighty has dealt with him, and with the speck in which he resides, in the awfully exceptional manner asserted in the Scriptures. Let us here remind the reader of a coarser, and an insolent and blasphemous, expression of this "difficulty," by Thomas Paine, already quoted:—‡

"The system of a plurality of worlds renders the Christian faith at once little and ridiculous, and scatters it in the mind like feathers in the air: the two beliefs cannot be held together in the same mind." With such an opponent Dr. Whewell expressly states that he has no concern; he deals with a "'difficulty' felt by a friend:" wishing "rather to examine how to quiet the troubled and perplexed believer, than how to triumph over the dogmatical and self-satisfied unbeliever."

"Let the difficulty," he says, "be put in any way the objector pleases."

I. Is it that it is unworthy of the greatness and majesty of God, according to our conception of Him, to bestow such peculiar care on so SMALL A PART of His creation?§

But a narrow inspection of the atom of space assigned to man, proves that He *has* done so. He has made the period of mankind, though only a moment in the ages of animal life, the only period of Intelligence, Morality, Religion. If it be contrary to our conception of Him, to suppose Him to have done so, it is plain that these conceptions are wrong. God has not judged as to what is worthy of Him, as we have presumed to judge. He has deemed it worthy of Himself to bestow upon man this special care, though he occupy so small a portion of TIME:—why not, then, though he occupy so small a portion of SPACE?

* *Essay*, pp. 198–199.

† *Ante*, p. 289.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 203.

§ *Essay*, p. 194.

II. Is the difficulty this:—That supposing the earth, alone, to be occupied by inhabitants, all the other globes of the universe are WASTED?—turned to NO PURPOSE?*

Is "waste" of this kind to be considered unsuited to the character of our Creator? But here again we have the like "waste" in the occupation of this earth! All its previous ages, its seas and its continents, have been "wasted" upon mere brute life: often, apparently, on the lowest, the least conscious forms of life:—upon sponges, coral, shell-fish. Why, then, should not the seas and continents of other planets be occupied with life of this order, or with no life at all? Who shall tell how many ages elapsed before this earth was tenanted by life at all? Will the occupation of a spot of land, or a little water, by the life of a sponge, a coral, or an oyster, save it from being "wasted?" If a spot of rock or water be sufficiently employed by its being the mere seat of organisation, of however low and simple a type,—why not, by its being the mere seat of attraction? cohesion? crystalline power? All parts of the universe appear pervaded by attraction, by forces of aggregation and atomic relation, by light and heat: why may not these be sufficient, in the eyes of the Creator, to prevent the space from being "wasted," as, during a great part of the earth's past history, and over vast portions of its mass in its present form, they are actually held by Him to be sufficient? since these powers, or forces, are all that occupy such portions. This notion, therefore, of the improbability of there being in the universe so vast an amount of "waste" spaces, or "waste" bodies, as is implied in the notion that the earth alone is the seat of life, or of intelligence, is confuted by matter of fact, existing, in respect of vast spaces, waste districts, and especially waste times, upon our own earth. The avoidance of such "waste," according to our notions of waste, is no part of the economy of creation, so far as we can discern that economy in its most certain exemplification.

III. Is the difficulty this:—That

giving such a peculiar dignity and importance to the earth is CONTRARY TO THE ANALOGY OF CREATION?†

This objection, be it observed, *assumes* that there are so many globes similar to the earth, and like her revolving,—some accompanied as she is, by satellites,—on their axis, and that therefore it is reasonable to suppose the destination and office of all, the same;—that there are so many stars, each, like our sun, a source of light, probably also of heat; and that it is consequently reasonable to suppose their light and heat, like his, imparted, as from so many centres of systems, to uphold life;—and that all this affords strong ground for believing all such planets, as well those of our own as of other systems, inhabited like our planet.

But the Essayist again directs the eye of the questioner to the state of our own planet, as demonstrated by Geology, in order to show the precariousness, if not futility, of supposing such an analogy to exist. It would lead us to a palpably false conclusion—viz., that during all the vast successive periods of the Earth's history, that Earth was occupied with life of the same order—nay, even, that since the Earth is now the seat of an intelligent population, it must have been so in all its former conditions. For it was then able, and adapted, to support animal life, and that of creatures pretty closely resembling man† in physical structure. Nevertheless, if evidence go for anything, the Earth did not do so! "Even," says Dr. Whewell, "those geologists who have dwelt most on the discovery of fossil monkeys, and other animals nearest to man, have not dreamed that there existed, before him, a race of rational, intelligent, and progressive creatures."‡ Here, however, he is mistaken, as we shall presently see Sir David Brewster revelling in such a dream. As, then, the notion that one period of time in the Earth's history must resemble another in the character of its population, because it resembles it in physical conditions, is negated by the history of the Earth itself; so the notion that

* *Essay*, p. 195.

† *Ibid.*, p. 196.

‡ *Even of monkeys, there have been found fossil remains.*

§ *Essay*, p. 197.

one part of the universe must resemble another in its population, because it has a resemblance in physical conditions, is negatived, as a law of creation. Analogy really affords no support to such a notion.

IV. Nay, continues Dr. Whewell,* we may go further: instead of the analogy of creation pointing to such entire resemblance of similar parts, it points in the opposite direction: it is not entire resemblance, but universal difference, that we discover: not the repetition of exactly similar cases, but a series of cases perpetually dissimilar, presents itself: not constancy, but change—perhaps advance; not one permanent and pervading scheme, but preparation and completion of successive schemes:—not uniformity, and a fixed type of existences, but progression and a climax.

Viewing the advent of Man and what preceded it, it seems the analogy of nature that there should be inferior, as well as superior, provinces in the universe, and that the inferior may occupy an immensely larger portion of Time than the superior. Why not, then, of Space?

"The earth was brute and inert, compared with its present condition; dark and chaotic, so far as the light of reason and intelligence are concerned, for countless centuries before man was created. Why then may not other parts of creation be still in this brute and inert and chaotic state, while the earth is under the influence of a higher exercise of creative power? If the earth was for ages a turbid abyss of lava and of mud, why may not Mars or Saturn be so still? . . . The possibility that the planets are such rude masses, is quite as tenable, on astronomical grounds, as the possibility that the planets resemble the earth, in matters of which astronomy can tell us nothing. We say, therefore, that the example of geology refutes the argument drawn from the supposed analogy of one part of the universe with another; and suggests a strong suspicion that the force of analogy, better known, may tend in the opposite direction."†

We have now gone through a large portion, embracing two of the three sections into which we had divided

this startling *Essay*; presenting as full and fair an account of it as is consistent with our limits. Though the author professes that he "does not pretend to disprove the Plurality of Worlds, but to deny the existence of arguments making the doctrine probable," his undisguised object is to assign cogent reasons for holding the opposite to be the true doctrine—the Unity of the World. What has gone before is, moreover, on the assumption that the other bodies of the universe are fitted, equally with the Earth, to be the abodes of life. Before passing on, however, to the remaining section of the *Essay*, which is decidedly hostile to that assumption, let us here introduce on the scene Dr. Whewell's only hitherto avowed antagonist, Sir David Brewster.

Though it is impossible to treat otherwise than with much consideration, whatever is published by this gentleman, we must express our regret that he did not more deliberately approach so formidable an opponent as Dr. Whewell, and, as we are compelled to add, in a more calm and courteous spirit. We never read a performance less calculated than this *Essay*, from its modesty and moderation of tone, and the high and abstract nature of the topics which it discusses with such powerful logic, and such a profusion of knowledge of every kind, to provoke an acrimonious answer. It is happily rare, in recent times, for one of two philosophic disputants, to speak of the other's "exhibiting an amount of knowledge so massive as occasionally to smother his reason;"‡ "ascribing his sentiments only to some morbid condition of the mental powers, which feeds upon paradox, and delights in doing violence to sentiments deeply cherished, and to opinions universally believed;"§ characterising some of his reasonings as "dialectics in which a large dose of banter and ridicule is seasoned with a little condiment of science;"|| and an elaborate argument, of great strength and originality, whether sound or not, as "the most ingenious, though shallow piece

* *Essay*, p. 198.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 199, 200.

‡ *More Worlds than One*, p. 237, (we quote from the first edition).

§ *Ibid.*, p. 230.

|| *Ibid.*, p. 240.

of sophistry, which *we* ! (Sir David Brewster) have encountered in modern times ;”* referring his “theories and speculations to no better a feeling than a love of notoriety.”† It is not to be supposed that Sir David was not perfectly aware who his opponent was,‡ which occasions extreme surprise at the tone adopted throughout *More Worlds than One*. In his preface, he explains as a cause of his anger, that he found that “the author” of the *Essay*, “under a title calculated to mislead the public, had made an elaborate attack upon opinions consecrated, as Sir David had thought, by reason and revelation,”—that the author had not only adopted a theory (the Nebular) so universally condemned as a dangerous speculation, “but had taken a view of the condition of the solar system calculated to disparage the science of astronomy, and throw a doubt over the noblest of its truths.” We dismiss this topic with a repetition of our regret, that so splendid a subject was not approached in a serener spirit ; that greater respect was not shown by one of his contemporaries for one of the most eminent men of the age ; and that sufficient time was not taken, in order to avoid divers surprising *maculæ* occurring in even the composition, and certain rash and unguarded expressions and speculations.

If Dr. Whewell may be regarded as (*pæc tanti viri* !) a sort of Star-Smasher, his opponent is in very truth a Star-Peopler. Though he admits that “there are some difficulties to be removed, and some additional analogies to be adduced, before the mind can admit the startling proposition ; that the Sun, Moon, and all the satellites, are inhabited spheres” —yet he believes that they are : || that all the planets of their respective systems are so ; as well as all the single stars, double stars, and nebulae, with all planets and satellites

circling about them !—though “our faltering reason utterly fails us !” he owns,¶ “when called on to believe that even the *Nebula* must be surrendered to life and reason ! Wherever there is matter *there must be life* !” One can by this time almost pardon the excitement, the alarm rather, and anger, with which Sir David ruefully beheld Dr. Whewell go forth on his exterminating expedition through Infinitude ! It was like a father gazing on the ruthless slaughter of his offspring. Planet after planet, satellite after satellite, star after star, sun after sun, single suns and double suns, system after system, nebula after nebula, all disappeared before this sidereal Quixote ! As for Jupiter and Saturn, the pet planets of Sir David, they were dealt with in a way perfectly shocking. The former turned out, to the disordered optics and unsteady brain of the Essayist, to be a sphere of water, with perhaps a few cinders at the centre, and peopled “with cartilaginous and glutinous monsters—boneless, watery, pulpy creatures, floating in the fluid ;” while poor Saturn may be supposed turning aghast on hearing that, for all his grand appearance, he was little else than a sphere of vapour, with a little water, tenanted, if at all, by “aqueous, gelatinous creatures—too sluggish, almost to be deemed alive—floating in their ice-cold waters, shrouded for ever by their humid skies !” But talk after this of the pensive Moon ! “She is a mere cinder ! a collection of sheets of rigid slag, and inactive craters !” This could be borne no longer ; so thus Sir David pours forth the grief and indignation of the Soul Astronomic, in a passage fraught with the spirit, and embodying the results of his whole book, and which we give, as evidently laboured by the author with peculiar care.

“Those ungenial minds that can be brought to believe that the earth is the

* *More Worlds than One*, p. 202.

† *Ibid.*, p. 199.

‡ In fact, in a note to page 247, Sir David thus slyly alludes to those “conjectures” of Dr. Whewell in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, to which we have referred (*ante*, pp. 290, 291):—“A very different opinion is stated by Dr. Whewell, in his *Bridgewater Treatise* ;” adding, after citing the passages, “the rest of the chapter, ‘*On the Vastness of the Universe*,’ is well worthy of the perusal of the reader, and forms a striking contrast with the opinions of the Essayist.”—This is perfectly fair.

§ *More Worlds than One*, p. 98.

|| *Ibid.*, p. 108.

¶ *Ibid.*, p. 166.

only inhabited body in the universe, will have no difficulty in conceiving that it also might have been without inhabitants. Nay, if such minds are imbued with geological truth, they must admit that for millions of years the earth was without inhabitants; and hence we are led to the extraordinary result, that for millions of years there was not an intelligent creature in the vast dominions of the universal King; and that before the formation of the protozoic strata, there was neither a plant nor an animal throughout the infinity of space! During this long period of universal death, when Nature herself was asleep—the sun, with his magnificent attendants—the planets, with their faithful satellites—the stars in the binary systems—the solar system itself, were performing their daily, their annual, and their secular movements unseen, unheeded, and fulfilling no purpose that human reason can conceive; lamps lighting nothing—fires heating nothing—waters quenching nothing—clouds screening nothing—breezes fanning nothing—and everything around, mountain and valley, hill and dale, earth and ocean, all meaning nothing.

‘The stars

Did wander darkling in the eternal space.’

To our apprehension, such a condition of the earth, of the solar system and of the sidereal universe, would be the same as that of our own globe if all its vessels of war and of commerce were traversing its seas with empty cabins and freightless holds; as if all the railways on its surface were in full activity without passengers and goods; and all our machinery beating the air and gnashing their iron teeth without work performed. A house without tenants, a city without citizens, present to our minds the same idea as a planet without life, and a universe without inhabitants. Why the house was built, why the city was founded, why the planet was made, and why the universe was created, it would be difficult even to conjecture. Equally great would be the difficulty were the planets shapeless lumps of matter, poised in ether, and still and motionless as the grave. But when we consider them as chiselled spheres, and teeming with inorganic beauty, and in full mechanical activity, performing their appointed motions with such miraculous precision that their days and their years never err a second of time in hundreds of centuries, the difficulty of believing them to be without life is, if possible, immeasurably increased. To conceive any one material globe,

whether a gigantic clod slumbering in space or a noble planet equipped like our own, and duly performing its appointed task, to have no living occupants, or not in a state of preparation to receive them, seems to us one of those notions which could be harboured only in an ill-educated and ill-regulated mind—a mind without faith and without hope: but to conceive a whole universe of moving and revolving worlds in such a category, indicates, in our apprehension, a mind dead to feeling and shorn of reason.”

“It is doubtless possible,” observes Sir David, however, a little further on,† as if with a twinge of misgiving, “that the Mighty Architect of the universe may have had other objects in view, incomprehensible by us, than that of supporting animal and vegetable life in these magnificent spheres.” Would that Sir David Brewster would allow himself to be largely influenced by this rational and devout sentiment! His book is, on the contrary, crammed with assertions from beginning to end, and of a peremptory and intolerant character unknown to the spirit of genuine philosophy.

The Essayist, however, is not incapable of quiet humour; and the following pregnant passage is at least worthy to stand side by side with that which we have just quoted from his indignant and eloquent opponent:—

“Undoubtedly, all true astronomers, taught caution and temperance of thought by the discipline of their magnificent science, abstain from founding such assumptions upon their discoveries. They know how necessary it is to be upon their guard against the tricks which fancy plays with the senses; and if they see appearances of which they cannot interpret the meaning, they are content that they should have no meaning for them, till the due explanation comes. We have innumerable examples of this wise and cautious temper in all periods of astronomy. One has occurred lately. Several careful astronomers, observing the stars by day, had been surprised to see globes of light glide across the field of view of their telescopes, often in rapid succession, and in great numbers. They did not, as may be supposed, rush to the assumption that these globes were celestial bodies of a new kind, before unseen, and that, from the peculiarity of their appearance and movement, they were probably inhabited by beings of a peculiar kind. They pro-

* *More Worlds than One*, pp. 180, 183.

† *Ibid.*, p. 185.

ceeded differently. They altered the focus of their telescopes, looked with other glasses, made various changes and trials; and finally discovered that these globes of light were the winged seeds of certain plants, which were wafted through the air, and which, illuminated by the sun, were made globular by being at distances unsuited to the focus of the telescopes!"*

Before proceeding to give our readers some idea of the mode in which Sir David Brewster encounters Dr. Whewell, let us offer a general observation concerning both these eminent gentlemen. While the latter exhibits throughout his *Essay* a spirit of candour and modesty, without one harsh expression or uncharitable insinuation with reference to the holder of doctrines which he is bent upon impugning with all his mental power and multifarious resources; the former, as we have seen, uses language at once heated, uncourteous, and unjustifiable; especially where he more than insinuates that his opponent, whose great knowledge and ability he admits either deliberately countenances doctrines tending really to Atheism, or may be believed "ignorant of their tendency, and to have forgotten the truths of Inspiration, and even those of Natural Religion."† To venture, however circuitously, to hint such imputations upon an opponent whom he had the slightest reason to suspect being one of such high and responsible academic position, is an offence equally against personal courtesy and public propriety; as we think Sir David Brewster would, on reflection, acknowledge. Both Dr. Whewell and Sir David Brewster must excuse us, if, scanning both through the cold medium of impartial criticism, their speculations, questions, or assertions appear to us disturbed and deflected by a leading prepossession or foregone conclusion, which we shall indicate in the words of each.

DR. WHEWELL.—"The Earth is really the largest Planetary body in the Solar system; its domestic hearth, and the Only World [i. e. collection of intelligent creatures] in the Universe."‡

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.—"Life is almost a property of matter. . . . Wherever there is Matter, there must be Life:—Life physical, to enjoy its beauties; Life Moral, to worship its Maker; and Life Intellectual, to proclaim His wisdom and His power. . . . Universal Life upon Universal matter, is an idea to which the mind instinctively clings. . . . Every star in the Heavens, and every point in a nebula which the most powerful telescope has not separated from its neighbour, is a sun surrounded by inhabited planets like our own. . . . In peopling such worlds with life and intelligence, we assign the cause of their existence; and when the mind is once alive to this great Truth, it cannot fail to realize the grand combination of infinity of life with infinity of matter."§

The composition of Sir David Brewster, though occasionally too declamatory and rhetorical, and so far lacking the dignified simplicity befitting the subjects with which he deals, has much merit. It is easy, vivid, and vigorous, but will bear retrenchment, and lowering of tone. As to the substantial texture of his work, we think it betrays, in almost every page, haste and impetuosity, and evidence that the writer has sadly under-estimated the strength of his opponent. Another feature of *More Worlds than One*, is a manifest desire, *provocare ad populum*—a greater anxiety, in the first instance, to catch the ear of the million, than to convince the "fit audience, though few." Now, however, to his work; and, as we have already said, on him lies the labouring oar of proof. All that his opponent professes to do, is to ask for arguments "rendering probable" that "doctrine" which Sir David pledges himself to demonstrate to be not only the "hope" of the Christian, but the *creed* of the philosopher: as much, that is, an article of his belief, as the doctrines of attraction and gravitation, or the existence of demonstrable astronomical facts.

He commences with a brief introduction sketching the growth of the belief in a plurality of worlds—one steadily and firmly increasing in strength, till it encountered the rude shock of the

* *Essay*, ch. vii. sec. 17, p. 221.

† *More Worlds than One*, p. 248

‡ *Essay*, chap. x. sec. 10, pp. 308, 309; chap. xii. sec. 1, p. 359.

§ *More Worlds than One*, pp. 178, 179.

Essayist, whose "very remarkable work" is "ably written," and who "defends ingeniously his novel and extraordinary views:" "the direct tendency of which is to ridicule and bring into contempt the grand discoveries in sidereal astronomy by which the last century has been distinguished." In his next chapter, Sir David discusses "the religious aspect of the question," representing man, especially the philosopher, as always having pined after a knowledge of the scene of his future being. He declares that neither the Old nor the New Testament contains "a single expression incompatible with the great truth that there are other worlds than our own which are the seats of life and intelligence;" but, on the contrary, there are "other passages which are inexplicable without admitting it to be true." He regards, as we have seen, the noble exclamation of the Psalmist, "What is man," as "a positive argument for a plurality of worlds;" and "cannot doubt" that he was gifted with a plenary knowledge of the starry system, inhabited as Sir David would have it to be. Dr. Chalmers, let us remark, in passing, expressed himself differently, and with a more becoming reserve: "It is not for us to say whether inspiration revealed to the Psalmist the wonders of the modern astronomy," but "even though the mind be a perfect stranger to the science of these enlightened times, the heavens present a great and an elevating spectacle, the contemplation of which awakened the piety of the Psalmist"—a view in which Dr. Whewell concurs. Sir David then comes to consider the doctrine of "Man, in his future state of existence, consisting, as at present, of a spiritual nature residing in a corporeal frame." We must, therefore, find for the race of Adam, "if not for the races which preceded him!"* "a material home upon which he may reside, or from which he may travel to other localities in the universe." That house, he says, cannot be the earth, for it will not be big enough—there will be such a "population as the habitable parts of our globe could not possibly accommodate;" wherefore, "we can

scarcely doubt that their future abode must be on some of the primary or secondary planets of the solar system, whose inhabitants have ceased to exist, like those on the earth; or on planets which have long been in a state of preparation, as our earth was, for the advent of intellectual life." Here, then, is "the creed of the philosopher," as well as "the hope of the Christian." Passing, according to the order adopted in this paper, from the first chapter ("Religious Aspect of the Question"), we alight on the seventh, entitled "*Religious Difficulties*." We entertain too much consideration for Sir David Brewster to speak harshly of anything falling from his pen; but we think ourselves justified in questioning whether this chapter—dealing with speculations of an awful nature, among which the greatest religious and philosophical intellects tremble as they "go sounding on their dim and perilous way"—shows him equal to cope with his experienced opponent, whom every page devoted to such topics shows to have fixed the DIFFICULTY with which he proposed to deal, fully and steadily before his eyes, in all its moral, metaphysical, and philosophical bearings, and to have discussed it cautiously and reverently. We shall content ourselves with briefly indicating the course of observation on that "difficulty" adopted by Sir David Brewster, and leaving it to the discreet reader to form his own judgment whether Sir David has left the difficulty where he found it, or removed, lessened, or enhanced it.

Dr. Whewell, in his *Dialogue*, thus temperately and effectively deals with this section of his opponent's lucubrations:—

"His own solution of the question concerning the redemption of other worlds appears to be this, that the provision made for the redemption of man by what took place upon earth eighteen hundred years ago, may have extended its influence to other worlds.

"In reply to which astronomico-theological hypothesis three remarks offer themselves: In the first place, the hypothesis is entirely without warrant or countenance in the revelation from which all our knowledge of the scheme of redemption is derived; in the second place, the

* *More Worlds than One*, p. 18.

events which took place upon earth eighteen hundred years ago, were connected with a *train of events in the history of man*, which had begun at the creation of man, and extended through all the intervening ages; and the bearing of this whole series of events upon the condition of the inhabitants of other worlds must be so different from its bearings on the condition of man, that the hypothesis needs a dozen other auxiliary hypotheses to make it intelligible; and, in the third place, this hypothesis, making the earth, insignificant as it seems to be in the astronomical scheme, the centre of the theological scheme, ascribes to the earth a peculiar distinction, quite as much at variance with the analogies of the planets to one another, as the supposition that the earth alone is inhabited; to say nothing of the bearing of the critic's hypothesis on the other systems that encircle other suns."

"In freely discussing the subject of a Plurality of Worlds," says Sir David, "there can be no collision between Reason and Revelation." He regrets the extravagant conclusion of some, that the inhabitants of all planets but our own, "are sinless and immortal beings that never broke the Divine Law, and enjoying that perfect felicity reserved for only a few of the less favoured occupants of earth. Thus chained to a planet, the lowest and most unfortunate in the universe, the philosopher, with all his analogies broken down, may justly renounce his faith in a Plurality of Worlds, and rejoice in the more limited but safer creed of the anti-Pluralist author, who makes the earth the only world in the universe, and the special object of God's paternal care."† He proceeds, in accordance with "men of lofty minds and undoubted piety," to regard the existence of moral evil as a necessary part of the general scheme of the universe, and consequently affecting all its Rational Inhabitants.‡ He "rejects the idea that the inhabitants of the planets do not require a Saviour; and maintains the more rational opinion, that they stand in the same moral relation to their Maker as the inhabitants of the earth; and seeks for a solution of the difficulty—how can there be inhabitants in the planets, when God had

but One Son, whom He could send to save them? If we can give a satisfactory answer to this question, it may destroy the objections of the Infidel, while it relieves the Christian from his difficulties."§ . . . "When our Saviour died, the influence of His death extended backward, in the Past, to millions who never heard His name; in the Future, to millions who never will hear it . . . a Force which did not vary with any function of the distance.¶ . . . Emanating from the *middle* planet of the system."

—The *earth* the *middle* planet of the system? How is this? In an earlier portion of his book (p. 55), Sir David had demonstrated that "our earth is neither the *middle* [his own italics] planet, nor the planet nearest the sun, nor the planet furthest from that luminary; that therefore the earth, as a planet, has no pre-eminence in the solar system, to induce us to believe that it is the only inhabited world. . . . *Jupiter* is the *middle* planet (p. 55), and is otherwise highly distinguished!" How is this? Can the two passages containing such direct contradictions have emanated from the same *scientific* controversialist?—To resume, however:

—"Emanating from the middle planet of the system, why may it not have *extended to them all*, . . . to the Planetary Races in the Past, and to the Planetary Races in the Future? . . . But to bring our argument more within the reach of an ordinary understanding"—he supposes our earth split into two parts! the old world and the new (as Biela's comet is supposed to have been divided in 1846), at the beginning of the Christian era! ¶—"would not *both fragments* have shared in the beneficence of the Cross—the penitent on the shores of the Mississippi, as richly as the pilgrim on the banks of the Jordan? . . . Should this view prove unsatisfactory to the anxious inquirer, we may suggest another sentiment, even though we ourselves may not admit it into our creed. . . . May not the Divine Nature, which can neither suffer, nor die, and which,

* *Dialogue*, pp. 62–64.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 138.

† *More Worlds than One*, p. 131.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 139.

† *Ibid.*

¶ *Ibid.*, p. 140.

in our planet, *once only clothed itself in humanity, resume elsewhere a physical form, and expiate the guilt of unnumbered worlds?*" *

We repeat, that we abstain from offering any of the stern strictures which these passages almost extort from us.

He proceeds to declare himself incompetent to comprehend the Difficulty "put in a form so unintelligible" by the Essayist—that of a kind of existence, similar to that of men, in respect of their intellectual, moral, and spiritual character, and its *progressive* development, existing in any region occupied by other beings than man. He denies that Progression has been the character of the history of man;† but rather frequent and vast retrogressions ever since the Fall; and asks "which of these ever-changing conditions of humanity is the *unique* condition of the Essayist—incapable of repetition in the scheme of the Universe?" ‡ Why may there not be an intermediate race between that of man and the angelic beings of Scripture, where human reason shall pass into the highest form of created mind, and human affections into their noblest development?—

"Why may not the intelligence of the spheres be ordained for the study of regions and objects unstudied and unknown on earth? Why may not labour have a better commission than to earn its bread by the sweat of its brow? Why may it not pluck its loaf from the bread-fruit tree, or gather its manna from the ground, or draw its wine from the bleeding vessels of the vine, or *inhale its anodyne breath from the paradise gas of its atmosphere?*" §

And Sir David thus concludes the chapter:—

"The difficulties we have been considering, in so far as they are of a religious character, have been very unwisely introduced into the question of a Plurality of Worlds. We are not entitled to remonstrate with the sceptic, but we venture to doubt the soundness of that philosopher's judgment who thinks that the truths of natural religion are affected by a belief in planetary races, and the reality of that Christian's faith who considers it

to be endangered by a belief that there are other Worlds than his own."

This last paragraph induces us to go so far as to doubt whether Sir David Brewster has addressed his understanding deliberately, to the subject to which so large a portion of the most elaborate reasonings of Dr. Whewell have been directed.

Sir David does not quarrel with the Essayist's account of the constitution of man; and we must now see how he deals with the Essayist's arguments drawn from Geology.

Sir David "is not disposed to grudge the geologist even periods so marvellous" as "millions of years required for the formation of strata, provided they be considered as merely hypothetical;" and admits that "our seas and continents have nearly the same locality, and cover nearly the same area, as they did at the creation of Adam;" but demurs to the conclusion that the earth was prepared for man by causes operating so gradually as the diurnal change going on around us. "Why may not the Almighty have deposited the earth's strata, during the whole period of its formation, by a *rapid* precipitation of their atoms from the waters which suspended them, so as to reduce the period of the earth's formation to little more than the united generations of the different orders of plants and animals constituting its organic remains? Why not still further shorten the period, by supposing that plants and animals, requiring, in our day, a century for their development, may in primitive times have shot up in rank luxuriance, and been ready in a few *days!* or months! or years, for the great purpose of exhibiting, by their geological distribution, the progressive formation of the earth?" ||

These questions, of which a myriad similar ones might be asked by any one, we leave to our geological readers; and hasten to inform them, that in involuntary homage to the powerful reasonings of his opponent, Sir David Brewster is fain to question the "inference that man did not exist during the period of the

* *More Worlds than One*, pp. 141–142.

† *Ibid.*, p. 152.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 153.

† *Ibid.*, p. 151.

|| *Ibid.*, pp. 44–47.

earth's formation;" * and to suggest that "there may have existed intellectual races in present unexplored continental localities, or the immense regions of the earth now under water!" — "The future of geology may be pregnant with startling discoveries of the remains of intellectual races, even *beneath* the primitive Azoic † formations of the earth! . . . Who can tell what sleeps beyond? Another creation may be beneath! more glorious creatures may be entombed there! the mortal coils of beings more lovely, more pure, more divine than man, may yet read to us the unexpected lesson that we have not been the first, and may not be the last of the intellectual race!" ‡ Is he who can entertain and publish conjectures like these, entitled to stigmatise so severely those of other speculators — as "inconceivable absurdities, which no sane mind can cherish — suppositions too ridiculous even for a writer of romance!" This wild license given to the fancy may not be amiss in a poet, whose privilege it is that his "eye in a fine phrenzy rolling" may "give to airy nothing a local habitation, and a name:" — but when set in the scale against the solemnly magnificent array of facts in the earth's history established by geology, may be summarily discarded by sober and grave inquirers.

The Essayist's suggested analogy between man's relation to time and to space appears to us not understood, in either its scope or nature, by Sir David Brewster. At this we are as much surprised, as at the roughness with which he characterises the argument, as "the most ingenious though shallow piece of sophistry he has ever encountered in modern dialectics." The Essayist suggests a comparison between the numbers expressing the four magnitudes and distances, — of the earth, the solar system, the fixed stars, and the nebulae — and the numbers expressing the antiquity of the four geological periods "for the sake of giving definiteness to our notions."

Sir David abstains from quoting these last expressions, and alleges that the Essayist, "quitting the ground of analogy," founds an elaborate argument on the mutual relation of an atom of time and an atom of space. The "argument" Sir David thus presents to his readers, the capital and italic letters being his own: "That is, *the earth, the ATOM OF SPACE, is the only one of the planetary and sidereal worlds that is inhabited, because it was so long without inhabitants, and has been occupied only an ATOM OF TIME.*" § "If any of our readers," he adds, "see the force of this argument, they must possess an acuteness of perception to which we lay no claim. To us, it is not only illogical; it is a mere sound in the ear, without any sense in the brain." This is the language possibly befitting an irritated Professor towards an ignorant and conceited student, but hardly suitable when Sir David Brewster is speaking of such an antagonist as he cannot but know he has to deal with. It does not appear to us the Essayist's attempt, or purpose, to establish any arbitrary absolute relation between time and space, or definite proportions of either, as concurring or alternative elements for determining the probability of a plurality of worlds. But he says to the dogmatic astronomical objector to Christianity, Such arguments as you have hitherto derived from *your* consideration of SPACE, MULTITUDE, and MAGNITUDE, for the purpose of depressing man into a being beneath his Maker's special notice, I encounter by arguments derived from recent disclosures concerning another condition of existence — DURATION, or TIME. Protesting that neither Time nor Space has any true connection with the subject, nevertheless I will turn your own weapons against yourself. My argument from Time shall at least neutralise yours from Space: mine shall involve the conditions of yours, fraught with their supposed irresistible force, and falsify them in fact, as forming premises whence may be deduced derogatory inferences con-

* *More Worlds than One*, p. 47.

† Azoic signifies those primary rocks which contain no traces of organic life, no remains of plants or animals.

‡ *More Worlds than One*, p. 52.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 206.

cerning man. The Essayist's ingenious and suggestive argument is intended not to prove an opinion, but *to remove an objection*; which, according to the profound thinker, Bishop Butler, is the proper office of analogy. It is asked, for instance, *how* can you suppose that man, such as he is represented to be, occupies only an immeasurably minute fraction of existing matter? and it is answered, I find that man occupies only an immeasurably minute fraction of elapsed time: and this is, to me, an answer to the "*How*," as concluding improbability. *How* is balanced against *How*: Difficulty against difficulty: they neutralise each other, and leave the great question, the great reality, standing as it did before either was suggested, to be dealt with according to such evidence as God has vouchsafed us. We, therefore, do not see that the Essayist is driven to say, as Sir David Brewster alleges he is, either that because man has occupied only an atom of space, he must live only an atom of time on the earth; * or that because he has lived only an atom of time, he must occupy but an atom of space. In dismissing this leading portion of the Essayist's reasonings, we shall say only that we consider it worthy of the attention of all persons occupied in speculations of this nature, as calculated to suggest trains of novel, profitable, and deeply interesting reflection.

Thus far the Essayist, as followed by his opponent, on the assumption that the other bodies of the universe are fitted, equally with the earth, to be the abodes of life. *But are they?* Here we are brought to the last stage of the Essayist's speculations—What physical evidence have we that the other abodes of the Solar System, besides the Earth, the Fixed Stars, and the Nebulæ, are structures capable of supporting human life, of being inhabited by Rational and Moral Beings?

The great question, in its physical aspect, is now fully before us: Is there

that analogy on which the pluralist relies?

For the existence of Life several conditions must concur; and any of these failing, life, so far as we know anything about it, is impossible. Not air, only, and moisture, but a certain temperature, neither too hot nor too cold, and a certain consistence, on which the living frame can rest. Without the other conditions, an atmosphere alone does not make life possible; still less, prove its existence. A globe of red-hot metal, or of solid ice, however well provided with an atmosphere, could not be inhabited, so far as we can conceive. The old maxim of the logicians is true: that it requires *all* the conditions to establish the affirmative, but that the negative of any *one* proves the negative.

First, as to the smallest tenants of our system, the thirty† planetoids, some of which are certainly no larger than Mont Blanc.

Sir David Brewster dare not venture to suggest that they are inhabited, or in any condition to become so, any more than meteoric stones, which modern science regards as masses of matter, moving, like the planets, in the celestial spaces, subject to the gravitating attraction of the Sun; the Earth encountering them occasionally, either striking directly upon them, or approaching to them so closely that they are drawn by the terrestrial attraction, first within the atmosphere, and afterwards to the earth's surface.‡ Here our Essayist gives a thrust at his Pluralist opponent not to be parried, asking him why he shrunk from asserting the planetoids and meteoric stones to be inhabited? If it be because of their being found to be uninhabited, or of their smallness, then "the argument that they are inhabited because they are planets fails him."§

"There is, then," says elsewhere the wary Essayist,|| "a degree of smallness which makes you reject the supposition of inhabitants. But where does that de-

* *More Worlds than One*, pp. 206, 207.

† A thirtieth planetoid was discovered by Mr. Hind since the publication of the second edition of the *Essay*.

‡ LARDNER, *Museum of Science and Art*, vol. i. p. 156.

§ *Dial.*, p. 60.

|| *Ibid.*, p. 28.

gree of smallness begin! The surface of *Mars* is only one-fourth that of the Earth. Moreover, if you allow all the planetoids to be uninhabited, those planets which you acknowledge to be probably uninhabited far outnumber those with regard to which even the most resolute Pluralist holds to be inhabited. The majority swells every year; the planetoids are now thirty. The fact of a planet being inhabited, then, is, at any rate, rather the exception than the rule; and therefore must be proved, in each case, by special evidence. Of such evidence I know not a trace!"

We may add, also, that Dr. Lardner, vouched for by Sir David Brewster, as we shall soon see, to be a thoroughly competent witness, gives up the planetoids as seats of habitation for animal life.*

Let us now, would say our Essayist, proceed on our negative tour, so to speak, and hasten to pay our respects to the Moon, our nearest neighbour, and whose distance from the Sun is admitted to adapt her, so far, for habitation.† If it appear, by strong evidence, that the Moon is not inhabited, then there is an end of the general principle, that *all* the bodies of the solar system are inhabited, and that we must begin our speculation about each with this assumption. If the Moon be not inhabited, then, it would seem, the belief that each special body in the system is inhabited, must depend upon reasons specially belonging to that body, and cannot be taken for granted without these reasons.‡ Now, as to the Moon, we have latterly acquired the means of making such exact and minute inquiries, that at the meeting of the British Association at Hull last year, Mr. Phillips, an eminent geologist, stated that astronomers can discern the shape of a spot on the Moon's surface, only a few hundred feet in breadth. Passing by, however, the

Essayist's brief but able account of the physical condition of this satellite of ours, we will cite the recent testimony of one accredited by Sir David Brewster § as "a mathematician and a natural philosopher, who has studied, more than any preceding writer, the analogies between the Earth and the other planets." Dr. Lardner, who, in the third volume (published since our last Number appeared) of the work placed at the head of this article, thus concludes his elaborate account of the Moon, as now regarded by the most enlightened astronomers—after proving it to be "as exempt from an atmosphere as is the utterly exhausted receiver of a good air-pump!"

"In fine, the entire geographical character of the moon, thus ascertained by long-continued and exact telescopic surveys, leads to the conclusion that no analogy exists between it and the earth which could confer any probability on the conjecture that it fulfils the same purposes in the economy of the universe; and we must infer that whatever be its uses in the solar system, or in the general purposes of creation, it is not a world inhabited by organised races such as those to which the earth is appropriated."||

We must leave Sir David and Dr. Lardner to settle their small amount of differences together; for Sir David will have it that "the moon exhibits such proofs of an atmosphere that we have a new ground from analogy for believing that she either has, or is in a state of preparation for receiving, inhabitants;"¶ whom, "with monuments of their hands," he "hopes may be discovered with some magnificent telescope which may be constructed!"** And he is compelled to believe that "all the other unseen satellites of the solar system are homes to animal and intellectual

* *Museum*, &c., vol. i. p. 64.

† P. 233. Her distance from us is 240,000 miles; and our Essayist, by the way, tells us (chap. x. § 7) that "a railroad-carriage, at its ordinary rate of travelling, would reach her in a month." We should not like to travel by the Lunar Express, but should prefer the parliamentary train, and hope, starting from the Hanwell station, to get to the terminus in a couple of years or so. Good Bishop Wilkins intended to be taken up by birds of flight trained for the purpose. When the Duchess of Newcastle asked him where he intended to bait by the way, he answered, "Your Grace is the last person to ask me the question, having built so many castles in the air!"

‡ *Essay*, p. 272.

§ Pp. 80, 81.

|| *Museum*, &c., vol. iii. p. 48.

¶ P. 108.

** P. 24.

life.”* The Essayist would seem not to have deemed it necessary to deprive the sun of inhabitants; but our confident Pluralist will not surrender the stupendous body so easily. His friend Dr. Lardner properly regards it “as a vast globular furnace, the heat emitted from each square foot of which is seven times greater than the heat issuing from a square foot of the fiercest blast-furnace: to what agency the light and heat are due, no one can do more than conjecture. According to our hypothesis, it is a great ELECTRIC LIGHT in the centre of the system;”† and “entirely removed from all analogy with the earth”—“utterly unsuited for the habitation of organised tribes.”‡ Nevertheless Sir David believes that “the sun is richly stored with inhabitants”—the probability “being doubtless greatly increased by the simple consideration of its enormous size”—a “domain so extensive, so blessed with perpetual light;” but it would seem that “if it be inhabited,” it is probably “occupied by the highest orders of intelligence!”§ who, however, are allowed to enjoy their picturesque, and, it must be owned, somewhat peculiar, but doubtless blessed position, only by peeping every now and then through the sun’s spots, and so “seeing distinctly the planets and stars,”—in fact, “large portions of the heavens!”|| Perhaps it may be thought that this is not a very handsome way of dealing with such exalted beings!

The Essayist has now our seven principal sister planets to deal with—the two *infra*-terrestrial, Mercury and Venus, and the five *extra* terrestrial—Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune;—and as to all these, the question continues, do they so resemble the earth in physical conditions, as to lead us safely to the conclusion that they resemble it in that other capital particular, of being the habitations of intellectual and moral beings? Here, be it observed, that every symptom of unlikeness which the Essayist can detect, greatly augments the burthen of proof incumbent upon his opponents.

When it was discovered that the old planets in certain important particulars resembled the earth, being opaque and solid bodies, having similar motions round the sun and on their own axis, some accompanied by satellites, and all having arrangements producing day and night, summer and winter, who could help wondering whether they must not also have inhabitants, reckoning and regulating their lives and employments by days, months, and years? This was, at most, however, a mere guess or conjecture; and whether it is now more probable than then, depends on the intervening progress of astronomy and science in general. Have subsequent discoveries strengthened or impugned the validity of the conjecture? The limits of our system have been since vastly extended by the discovery of Uranus and Neptune; and the planetary sisterhood has also increased in number by thirty little and very eccentric ones.

Now, as to NEPTUNE, says the Essayist, in substance, what reason has a sensible person for believing it peopled, as the earth is, by human beings—i. e. consisting of body and soul? He is thirty times further than we are from the sun, which will appear to it a mere star—about the size of Jupiter to us; and Neptune’s light and heat will be nine hundred times less than ours!¶ If it, nevertheless, contain animal and intellectual life, we must try to conceive how they get on with such a *modicum* of those useful elements!

But have we general grounds for assuming *all* the planetary bodies inhabited? Beginning with the moon, we have encountered a decided negative. If any planet, however, have sufficient light, heat, clouds, winds, and a due adjustment of gravity, and the strength of the materials of which organisation consist, there *may* be life of some sort or other. Now we can measure and weigh the planets, exactly, by the law of gravitation, which embraces every particle of matter in our system, and find the mass of our earth to be only five-times heavier than water. Compar-

* *Museum*, &c., vol. iii. p. 109.

† *More Worlds than One*, pp. 97, 101.

‡ P. 112.

§ Pp. 99, 100.

¶ *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 63.

¶ *Essay*, p. 278.

ing it with JUPITER—the bulk of which is 1331 times greater than that of the Earth—his density is, as a whole, only a quarter of that of the Earth—not greater than it would be as a sphere of water; and he is *conjectured* to be such, and the existence of his belts to be lines of clouds, fed with vapours raised by the sun's action on such a watery sphere—the lines of such clouds being of so steady and determined a character, in consequence of his great rotatory velocity. Equal bulk for equal bulk, he is lighter than the Earth, but of course much heavier altogether; and as he is five times the Earth's distance from the Sun, he must get a proportionally smaller amount of light and heat, and even that diminished by the clouds enveloping him to so great an extent. What a low degree of vitality, and what kind of organisation must animal existence possess, to suit such physical conditions, especially with reference to gravity, which, at his surface, is nearly two and a half times that of the Earth! Boneless, watery, pulpy inhabitants of the cold waters; or they may be frozen so far as to exclude the idea of animal existence; or it may be restricted to shallow parts in a planet of ice.* But if this be so, to what end his gorgeous array of satellites?—his four moons? “Precisely the same,” answers our pertinacious Essayist, “as the use of our moon during the count-

less ages before man was placed on the earth; while it was tenanted by corals, madrepores, shell-fish, belemnites, the cartilaginous fishes of the old red sandstone, or the Saurian monsters of the lias. With these *differences*, it is asked, what becomes of analogy—of resemblances justifying our belief that Jupiter is inhabited like ourselves?

To this answers Sir David Brewster—Jupiter's great size “is alone a proof that it must have been made for some *grand* and *useful* purpose:” it is flattened at its poles; revolves on its axis in nearly ten hours; has different climates and seasons; and is abundantly illuminated, in the short absence of the sun, by its four moons, giving him, in fact, “perpetual moonlight.” Why does the sun give it days, nights, and years? Why do its moons irradiate its continents and seas? Its equatorial breezes blow perpetually over its plains? To what purpose could such a gigantic world have been framed, unless to supply the wants, and minister to the happiness, of living beings? Still, it is admitted,† “that certain objections or difficulties naturally present themselves.” The distance of Jupiter from the sun precludes the possibility of sufficient light and heat from that quarter, to support either such vegetable or animal life as exists on the earth; the cold must be very intense—its rivers and seas must be tracks and fields of ice.‡

* *Essay*, p. 281, 289.

† Brewster, p. 60.

‡ To descend, for a moment, to details. Sir David Brewster will not allow himself to be driven to elect between the icy or watery constituency of Jupiter. He declares direct experiment to have proved that it is neither; that if Jupiter were a sphere of water, the light reflected from his surface, when in his quadratures, must contain, as it does *not*, a large portion of polarised light; and if his crust consist of mountains, precipices, and rocks of ice, some of whose faces must occasionally reflect the incident light at nearly the polarising angle, the polarisation of their light would be distinctly indicated. The Essayist, in his *Dialogue*, “doubts whether the remark is applicable; for Jupiter's watery or icy mass must be clothed in a thick stratum of air, and aqueous vapour, and clouds. But even were the planet free from clouds, the parts of the planet's surface from which polarised light would be reflected, would be only as points compared with the whole surface; and the common light reflected from the whole surface would quite overwhelm and obliterate the polarised light.”—*Dial.* p. 64. We cite this as a sample of the ingenuity of both disputants, in a point of scientific contact. Whether Sir David's conjectural polarised light be or be not thus obliterated, in our view the item in dispute is quite lost in the general question, and the great principles on which its solution depends. If driven to elect between ice and water, asks Sir David playfully, “may we not, upon good grounds, prefer the probable ice to the possible water, and accommodate the inhabitants of Jupiter with very comfortable quarters, in huts of snow and houses of crystal, warmed by subterranean heat, and lighted with the hydrogen of its waters, —“*cinders not wholly deprived of their bitumen!*”—Pp. 236, 237. The answer *would be obvious*.

But it may be answered, that the temperature of a planet depends on other causes—the condition of its atmosphere, and the internal heat of its mass—as is the case with our earth; and such “may” be the case in Jupiter; and, “if” so, may secure a temperature sufficiently genial to sustain such animal and vegetable life as ours; yet, it is owned, it cannot “increase the feeble light which Jupiter derives from the sun;” but an enlargement of the pupil of the eye, and increased sensibility of the retina, would make the sun’s light as brilliant to Jovians as to us.* Besides, a brilliant phosphorescent light “may” be excited in the satellites by the sun’s rays. Again, the day of ten hours may be thought insufficient for physical repose; but, it is answered, five hours’ repose are sufficient for five of labour. “A difficulty of a more serious kind,† however, is presented by the great force of gravity on so gigantic a planet as Jupiter;” but Sir David gives us curious calculations to show that a Jovian’s weight would be only double that of a man on the earth.

Struck by such a formidable array of differences, when he was in quest of resemblances only,

“Alike, but, oh! how different!”

Sir David rebukes the sceptic for forming so low an opinion of Omnipotent Wisdom, as to assume that “the inhabitants of the planets must be either men, or anything resembling them:—is it,” he asks, “necessary that an immortal soul should be hung upon a skeleton of bone, or imprisoned in a cage of cartilage and skin? Must it see with two eyes, and hear with two ears, and touch with ten fingers, and rest on a duality of limbs? May it not rest in a Polyphemus with one eyeball, or in an Argus with a hundred? May it not reign in the giant forms of the Titans, and direct the hundred hands of Briareus?‡ The being of another world may have his home in subterranean cities, warmed by central fires; or in crystal caves, cooled by ocean tides; or he may float with the Nereids upon the deep; or mount upon wings as eagles; or

rise upon the pinions of the dove, that he may flee away, and be at rest!” §

Let us pause at this point, and see how the question stands on the showing of the respectively imaginative and matter-of-fact disputants themselves. Sir David Brewster, being bound to show that analogy forces us to believe Jupiter inhabited, is compelled to admit a series of signal discrepancies in physical condition; expecting his opponent, in turn, to admit such a series of essential alterations, both of inert matter and organisation, as will admit of what?—*totally different* modes of animal and intellectual existence—so different, as to drive a philosopher into the fantastic dreams in which we have just seen him indulging. Not so the Essayist, a master of the Inductive Philosophy. He does not presume impudently to limit Omnipotence; but reverently owns His power to create whatever forms and conditions of existence He pleases. But when it is asserted that He has, in fact, made beings wholly different from any that we see, “he cannot believe this without further evidence.” ¶ And on this very subject of the imaginary inhabitants of Jupiter, he says, after reading what his heated and fanciful opponent had advanced,—“You are hard,” he makes an objector say, “on our neighbours in Jupiter, when you will not allow them to be anything better than ‘boneless, watery, pulpy creatures.’” To which he answers, “I had no disposition to be hard on them when I entered upon these speculations. I drew, what appeared to me, probable conclusions from all the facts of the case. *If the laws of attraction, of light, of heat, and the like, be the same there as they are here, which we believe to be certain, the laws of life must also be the same; and, if so, I can draw no other conclusions than those which I have stated.*” ¶¶

Says the Essayist, I know that my Maker can invest with the intellect of a Newton, each of

“The gay notes that people the sunbeams;” but before I believe that he has done so, give me reasonable and adequate evidence of so wonderful and sublime

* Brewster, p. 61. † Ibid., p. 62. ‡ Ibid., pp. 65, 66. § Ibid., pp. 68, 69.
¶ Dial., p. 6. ¶¶ Ibid., p. 23.

a fact; or I must believe in any kind of nonsense that any one can imagine.

The planet Jupiter affords a fair sample of the procedure of the Essayist and his opponent, with reference to all the other primary planets of the Solar system. From Mercury, in red-hot contiguity to the Sun, to Neptune, which is at thirty times the Earth's distance from it, and from which as we have seen it derives only *one nine-hundredth* part of the light and heat imparted to ourselves by the Sun,—Sir David Brewster will have all inhabited, and the physical condition of each correspondingly altered to admit of it: central heat, and eyes the pupils of which are sufficiently enlarged, and the retina's sensibility sufficiently increased, to admit of seeing with nine hundred times less light than is requisite for our own organs of sight! "Uranus and Neptune," concludes the triumphant Pluralist*—nothing daunted by the overwhelming evidences of physical difference of condition—"are *doubtless*"—with the Sun—"the abodes of Life and Intelligence; the colossal temples where their Creator is recognised and worshipped—the remotest watch-towers of our system, from which his works may be *better* studied, and his glories *more easily* described!"

Why, with such elastic principles of analogy as his, stop short of peopling the Meteoric Stones with rational inhabitants? whom, and whose doings, as in the case of the Moon, "some magnificent" instrument, yet to be constructed, may discover to us?

Thus much for the planets,—before quitting which, however, we may state that according to Dr. Lardner, about as staunch a Pluralist as his admirer Sir David Brewster, a greater rapidity of rotation, and smaller intervals of light and darkness, are among the characteristics distinguishing the group of major planets from the terrestrial group. He also adds that another "striking distinction" is the comparative lightness of the matter constituting the former. The density of Venus, Mars, and our earth, is

nearly equal—about the same as that of ironstone; while the density of the thoroughly-baked planet Mercury is equal to that of gold. "Now it appears, on the contrary," he continues, "that the density of Jupiter very little exceeds that of water; that of Uranus and Neptune is exactly that of water; while Saturn is so light, that it would float in water like a globe of pine wood. . . . The seas and oceans of these planets must consist of a liquid far lighter than water. It is computed that a liquid on Jupiter, which would be analogous to the terrestrial oceans, would be three times lighter than sulphuric ether, the lightest known liquid; and would be such that cork would scarcely float in it!"†

Commending these trifling discrepancies to Sir David's attention, while manufacturing his planetary inhabitants in conformity with them, shall we now follow his flight beyond the solar system, and get among the Fixed Stars? Here we are gazing at the Dog-Star! "I allow," says a pen-sive objector to the Essayist,‡ "that if you disprove the existence of inhabitants in the planets of our system, I shall not feel much real interest in the possible inhabitants of the Sirian system. Neighbourhood has its influence upon our feelings of regard,—even neighbourhood on a scale of millions of miles!"

Here our Pluralist is quite at home, and evidently in great favour. The stars twinkle and glitter with delight at his gleeful approach, to elevate them into moral and intellectual dignity, and at the same time, perhaps, select "some bright particular" one, to be hereafter distinguished as the seat of his own personal existence; whence he is to spend eternity in radiating astronomical emanations throughout infinitude.

"Then, unembodied, doth he trace,
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
A Thing of Eyes, that all survey,
A Thought Unseen, yet seeing all!"§

He stands in the starry solitude, waving his wand, and lo! he peoples

* *Dial*, p. 76.

† *Museum*, &c., vol. i. p. 35.

‡ *Dial*, p. 23.

§ *Lorn Byron—Hebrew Melodies*. "The philosopher will scan," says Sir David, at the close of his eloquent Treatise, "with a new sense, the lofty spheres in which 'to study.'"—P. 259.

each glistening speck with intellectual existence, with the highest order of intelligence, as in the case of that little star, the sun, which he has quitted. Now as to these same *FIXED STARS*, we can easily guess the steps of Sir David's brief and satisfactory argument. If the stars be suns, they are inhabited like our sun; and if they be suns, each has its planets, like our sun; and if they have planets, they are inhabited like our planets; and if they have satellites like some of ours, they are also inhabited. But the stars *are* suns, and they all have planets, and at least some of these planets, satellites; therefore, all the fixed stars, with their respective planetary systems, are inhabited (q. e. d.). Here are Sir David's words:—"We are compelled to draw the conclusion that wherever there is a sun, there must be a planetary system; and wherever there is a planetary system, there must be Life and Intelligence."* This is the way in which, it seems, we worms of the earth feel ourselves at liberty to deal with our Almighty Creator: dogmatically insisting that every scene of existence in which He may have displayed His omnipotence, is but a repetition of that particular one in which we have our allotted place! As if He had but one pattern for Universal Creation! Only one scheme for peopling and dealing with infinitude! O, that the *clay* should think thus of *Him that fashioneth it!*"† Forgetting, in an exulting moment of blindness and presumption, His own awful words, *My thoughts are not as your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways. For as the Heavens are higher than the Earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts!*‡

We are now, however, about to people the Fixed Stars. The only proof that they are the centres of planetary systems, resides in the assumption that these Stars are *like the Sun*; and as resembling him in their nature and qualities, so having the same offices and appendages:—independent sources of light, and thence probably of heat; therefore having

attendant planets, to which they may impart such light and heat,—and these planets inhabitants living under and enjoying those benign influences. Everything here depends on this proposition, that the Stars are like the Sun; and it becomes essential to examine what evidence we have of the exactness of their likeness.§ In the Preface to his Second Edition, the Essayist, whose scientific knowledge few will venture to impugn, boldly asserts that "man's knowledge of the physical properties of the luminaries which he discerns in the skies, is, even now, *almost nothing*;" and "such being the state of our knowledge, as bearing on the doctrine of the plurality of worlds, the time appeared to be not inopportune for a calm discussion of the question,—upon which, accordingly," he adds, "I have ventured in the following pages." In the same Preface he has ably condensed into a single paragraph his views on the nature and extent of our present knowledge on the subject of the Fixed Stars.||

In the opening of the chapter devoted to this subject (ch. viii.), he admits "the special evidence," as to the probability of these stars containing, in themselves, or in accompanying planets, inhabitants of any kind, "is, indeed, slight, *either way*."

As to Clustered and Double stars, they appear to give us, he says, but little promise of inhabitants. In what degree of condensation the matter of these binary systems is, compared with that of our solar system, we have no means whatever of knowing; but even granting that each individual of the pair were a sun like ours in the nature of its material, and its state of condensation, is it probable that it resembles our Sun also in having planets revolving about it? A system of planets revolving about, or among, a pair of Suns, which are at the same time revolving about one another, is so complex a scheme [apparently], so impossible to arrange in a stable manner, that the assumption of the existence of such schemes, without a vestige of evidence, can hardly require refutation. No

* Pp. 164, 165.

§ Essay, p. 244.

† Isaiah, xiv. 9.

‡ Isaiah, lv. 8, 9.

|| Pp. vii. viii.

doubt, if we were really required to provide such a binary system of Suns with attendant planets, this would be best done by putting the planets so near to one Sun that they should not be sensibly affected by the other; and this is accordingly what has been proposed. For, as has been well said by Sir John Herschell, of the supposed planets in making this proposal, "unless closely nestled under the protecting wing of their immediate superior, the sweep of the other Sun in his perihelion passage round their own, might carry them off, or whirl them into orbits utterly inconsistent with the existence of their inhabitants." "To assume the existence of the inhabitants, in spite of such dangers, and to provide against the dangers by placing them so close to one Sun as to be out of the reach of the other, though the whole distance of the two may not, and as we know in some cases does not, exceed the dimensions of our solar system, is showing them all the favour which is possible. But in making this provision, it is overlooked that it may not be possible to keep them in permanent orbits so near to the selected centre. Their Sun may be a vast sphere of luminous vapour, and the planets plunged into this atmosphere may, instead of describing regular orbits, plough their way in spiral paths through the nebulous abyss of its central nucleus.*

In dealing with the Single Stars, which are, like the Sun, self-luminous, can they be proved, like him, to be definite dense masses? [*His density is about that of water.*] Or are they, or many of them, luminous masses in a far more diffused state, visually contracted to points through their immense distance? Some of those which we have the best means of examining are one-third, or even less, in mass, than he: and if Sirius, for instance, be in this diffused condition, though that would not of itself prevent his having planets, it would make him so unlike our Sun, as much to break the force of the presumption that he must have planets as he has. Again: As far back as our knowledge of our Sun extends,

his has been a permanent condition of brightness: yet many of the fixed stars not only undergo changes, but periodical, and possibly progressive changes:—whence it may be inferred, perhaps, that they are not, generally, in the same permanent condition as our Sun. As to the evidence of their revolution on their axis, this has been inferred from their having periodical recurrences of fainter and brighter lustre; as if revolving orbs with one side darkened by spots. Of these, five only can be at present spoken of by astronomers† with precision. Nothing is more probable than that these periodical changes indicate the revolution of these stellar masses on their axis—a universal law, apparently, of all the large compact masses of the Universe, but by no means inferring their being, or having accompanying planets, inhabited. The Sun's rotation is not shown, intelligibly, connected with its having near it the inhabited Earth. In the mean time, in so far as these stars are periodical, they are proved to be, not like, but *unlike* our Sun. The only real point of resemblance, then, is that of being self-luminous, in the highest degree ambiguous and inconclusive, and furnishing no argument entitled to be deemed one from analogy. Humboldt deems the force of analogy to tend even in the *opposite* direction. "After all," he asks,‡ "is the assumption of satellites [attendant planets] to the fixed stars, so absolutely necessary? If we were to begin from the outer planets, Jupiter, &c., analogy might seem to require that all planets have satellites:—yet this is not so with Mars, Venus, Mercury;" to which may now be added the thirty Planetoids—making a much greater number of bodies that have not, than that have satellites. The assumption, then, that the fixed stars are of exactly the same nature as the Sun, was originally a bold guess; but there has not since been a vestige of any confirmatory fact:—no planet, nor anything fairly indicating the existence of one revolving round a fixed star, has ever hitherto been discerned;—and the subsequent discovery of nebulae;

* *Essay*, pp. 243, 244.

† See them specified, p. 251.

‡ *Cosmos*, iii. 373.

binary systems; clusters of stars; periodical stars; of varied and accelerating periods of such stars,—all seem to point the other way: leaving, though possibly facts small in amount, the original assumption a mere guess, unsupported by all that three centuries of most diligent, and in other respects, successful research, have been able to bring to light. All the knowledge of times succeeding Copernicus, Galileo, and Kepler, (who might well believe the stars to be in every sense suns); among other things, the disclosure of the history of our own planet, as one in which such grand changes have been constantly going on; the certainty that in by far the greatest part of the duration of its existence it has been tenanted by creatures entirely different from those which give an interest, and thence a persuasiveness, to the belief of inhabitants in worlds appended to each star; the impossibility of which appears, in the gravest consideration of transferring to other worlds such interests as belong to our race in this world;—all these considerations, it would seem, should have prevented that old and arbitrary conjecture from growing up, among a generation professing philosophical caution and scientific discipline, into a settled belief. Finally, it will be time enough to speculate about the inhabitants of the planets which belong to such systems, as soon as we shall have ascertained that there are such planets,—or that there is one such.*

In the *Dialogue*, written after the first edition of the "Essay" had appeared, the Essayist greatly strengthened the position for which he had contended in it, by an important passage containing the results of the eminent astronomer *M. Struve's* recent examination of double stars, and the result of his elaborate and comprehensive comparison of the whole body of facts in stellar astronomy. Among the brighter stars, he arrives at the conclusion, that every FOURTH such star is physically double; and that a completed knowledge of double stars may prove every THIRD bright star to be physically double! And in the case of stars of inferior magnitude,

that the number of insulated stars, though indeed greater than that of such compound systems, is nevertheless only three times, perhaps only twice as great. Thus the loose evidence of resemblance between our Sun and the fixed stars becomes feebler the more it is examined; and the assumption of stellar planetary systems appears, when closely scrutinised, to dwindle away to nothing.†

Now, to so much of the foregoing facts and speculations as are contained in the *Essay*, from which we have faithfully and carefully extracted the substance, in order that our readers may judge for themselves, Sir David Brewster answers, in effect, and generally in words, thus:—

The greatest and grandest truth in astronomy, is the motion of the solar system, advancing with all the planets and satellites in the heavens, at the rate of fifty-seven miles a second, round some distant invisible body, in an orbit of such inconceivable dimensions, that millions of years may be required for a single orbit. When we consider that this centre must be a sun with attendant planets like our own, revolving in like manner round our sun, [?] or round their common centre of gravity, the mind rejects, almost with indignation, the ignoble sentiment that Man is the only being performing this immeasurable journey—and that Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, with their bright array of regal train-bearers, are but as colossal blocks of lifeless clay, encumbering the Earth as a drag, and mocking the creative Majesty of Heaven. From the birth of man to the extinction of his race [!] the system to which he belongs will have described but an infinitesimal arc in that grand cosmical orbit in which it is destined to move. This affords a new argument for the plurality of worlds. Since every fixed star must have planets, the fact of our system revolving round a similar system of planets, furnishes a new argument from analogy; for as there is at least one inhabited planet in the one system, there must for the same reason be one in the other, and consequently as many as there are systems in the Universe.‡ Thus our system

* Ch. viii., *passim*. † *Dial.*, pp. 20–23. ‡ *More Worlds than One*, Ch. vi., *passim*.

is not absolutely fixed in space, but is connected with the other systems in the Universe.

The Fixed Stars are suns of other systems, whose planets are invisible from their distance, as are ours from the nearest fixed star. Every single star shining by its own native light is the centre of a planetary system like our own—the lamp that lights, the stove that heats, and the power that guides in their orbits, inhabited worlds like our own. Many are double, with a system of planets round each, or the centre of gravity of both. No one can believe that two suns would be placed in the heavens, for no other purpose than to revolve round their common centre of gravity. It is “highly probable,” that our Sun is one of a binary system, and has at present an unseen partner; and we are “entitled to conclude” that all the other binary systems have at least an inhabited planet: wherever there is a self-luminous fixed or movable Sun there must be a planetary system; and wherever there is a planetary system, there must be life and intelligence.*

Apart from the assertion of his cardinal principle with which we are familiar, namely, that since our Sun has an inhabited planet, all others must; and also that all planets must be inhabited;—the argumentative value of these two chapters seems to lie in this, that they annihilate one of the Essayist's points of *unlikeness* between our Sun and other Fixed Stars, inasmuch as it, together with so many of them, is one of a binary system: wherefore what is true of it, is true of them, *et vice versa*. He bases this proposition, viz., that our Sun is one of a binary system, on “high probability,” from “the motion of our own system round a distant centre.”† The great truth of this motion, he says, the Essayist “has completely misrepresented, foreseeing its influence on the mind as an argument for more worlds than one.”‡ What the Essayist had said on the subject, was this:§ he speaks of “the attempt to show that the Sun, carrying with it the whole solar system, is

in motion; and the further attempt to show the direction of that motion;—and again, the hypothesis that the Sun itself revolves round some distant object in space.” These minute inquiries and bold conjectures, he says, “cannot throw any light on the question, whether any part besides the earth *be inhabited*: any more than the investigation of the movements of the ocean and their laws can prove or disprove the existence of *marine plants and animals*. They do not, on that account, cease to be important and interesting objects of speculation, but they do not belong to our subject.” As to the Sun's motion, we are bound to say, that the Astronomer Royal has recently declared that “every astronomer who has examined the matter carefully, has come to the conclusion of Sir William Herschell, that the whole solar system is moving towards a point in the constellation Hercules.”¶ Before quitting this part of the subject, we may state that the Essayist, in his second Preface,‡ points out the insecure character of astronomical calculations as to the amount of absolute light ascribed to some of the fixed stars. It has been estimated that the illuminating power of *Alpha Centauri* is nearly double that of the Sun, placed at that distance, which is two hundred thousand times as far off as is the Sun; but Sir John Herschell will not concur in more of the calculation than attributes to the star the emission of *more* light than our Sun. Surely the critical and precarious character of such calculations should not be lost sight of by candid inquirers, but incline them to scan somewhat closely any pretensions tinged by astronomic dogmatism.

One immense step more, however,—and it is our last, brings to “the outskirts of creation,” as the Essayist calls it,—the *Nebula*: and here we find him once more confronted by his indefatigable and implacable opponent. We must therefore take our biggest and best mental telescope to behold these two Specks intellectual, so far off in infinitude, wrangling about

* *More Worlds than One*, Ch. viii., *passim*.

† *Ibid.*, p. 119.

§ *Essay*, p. 257.

¶ *Pp.* ix. x.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 164.

|| *Lect. on Astron.*, 2d edit. (1849.)

a faint cloud vastly further off than themselves. Do you see how angry one of them looks, and how provokingly stolid the other? 'Tis all about the nature of that same cloud, or Nebula; and if we could only hear what they said, we might catch a chord or two of the music of the spheres! The Essayist is required, by his brother speck, to believe that the faintly-luminous patch at which they are gazing—a thousandth part of the visible breadth of our own Sun—contains in it more life than exists in as many such systems as the unassisted eye can see stars in the heavens on the clearest winter night:—a view of the greatness of creation so stupendous, that the astounded speck, the Essayist, asks for a moment's time to consider the matter. "We are entitled to draw the conclusion," says the other, "that these *Nebulæ* are clusters of stars, at such an immense distance from our own system, that each star of which they are composed is the sun or centre of a system of planets; and that these planets are inhabited—like our Earth, the seat of vegetable, animal, and intellectual life:"* that all the *Nebulæ* are resolvable into stars; and appear as *Nebulæ* only because they are more distant than the region in which they can appear as stars.† The conclusion, however, at which the Essayist arrives, after an elaborate examination of evidence, and especially of the latest discoveries in this dim and distant region by Sir John Herschell and the Earl of Rosse, is—that "*Nebulæ* are vast masses of incoherent or gaseous matter, of immense tenuity, diffused in forms more or less irregular, but all of them destitute of any regular system of solid moving bodies. . . . So far, then," he concludes, "as these *Nebulæ* are concerned, the improbability of *their* being inhabited appears to amount to the highest point that can be conceived. We may, by the indulgence of fancy, people the summer clouds, or the beams of the aurora borealis, with living beings of the same kind of substance as those bright appearances themselves; and in doing so, we are not making any bolder as-

sertion than when we stock the *Nebulæ* with inhabitants, and call them, in that sense, inhabited worlds."‡ The Essayist contends that the argument for the vastness of the scheme of the Universe, suggested by the resolution of the *Nebulæ*, is found to be untenable:—inasmuch as the greatest astronomers now agree in believing *Nebulæ* to have distances of the same order as Fixed Stars. Their filmy appearance is a true indication of a highly attenuated substance: so attenuated as to destroy all probability of their being inhabited worlds. With this opinion as to the tenuity of *Nebulæ* agrees the absence of all *observed* motion among their parts; while the extraordinary spiral arrangement of many of them, proves that nevertheless many of them really *have* motion, and suggests modes of calculating their tenuity, and showing how extreme it is. "It is probable," said Lord Rosse, in a paper which we ourselves heard him read not long ago, from the chair of the Royal Society, "that in the *Nebular* systems, motion exists. If we see a system with a distinct spiral arrangement, all analogy leads us to conclude that there has been motion; and that if there has been motion, that motion still continues." . . . "Among the *Nebulæ*," he says, "there are vast numbers much too faint to be sketched or measured with any prospect of advantage: the most powerful instruments we possess showing in them nothing of an organised structure, but merely a confused mass of nebulosity, of varying brightness."§ The Essayist makes powerful use, moreover, of Sir John Herschell's celebrated observation of the Magellanic Clouds, lying near the South Pole; exhibiting the coexistence, in a limited compass, and in indiscriminate position, of stars, clusters of stars, *nebulae* regular and irregular, and nebular streaks and patches, things different not merely to us, but in themselves: *nebulae* side by side with stars and clusters of stars; nebulous matter resolvable, close to nebulous matter irresolvable;—the last and widest step by which the dimensions of the Universe have

* *More Worlds than One*. p. 176.

† *Essay*, pp. 235-236.

‡ *Essay*, p. 211.

§ *Dial.*, p. 18.

been expanded, in the notions of eager speculators, being checked by a completer knowledge, and a sager spirit of speculation.* In discussing such matters as these, he finely observes—"It is difficult to make men feel that so much ignorance can lie close to so much knowledge; to make them believe that they have been allowed to discover so much, and yet are not allowed to discover more."†

In alluding to the Nebulæ, as subjects of our most powerful telescopic observation, the Essayist speaks in a tone of sarcasm concerning the "*shining dots*,"—the "*lumps of light*" which are rendered apparent amidst them: asking, what are these lumps? (1.) How large? (2.) At what distances? (3.) Of what structure? (4.) Of what use?—adding, he must be a bold man who undertakes to answer the question, that each is a Sun with attendant systems of planets. Sir David, exceedingly irate, says, "We accept the challenge, and appeal to our readers:"—(1.) The size of the dot, or lump, is large enough to be a Sun. (2.) He cannot answer this for want of knowing 'the apparent distance between the centres of the dots.' (3.) Like our Sun—"It will consist of a luminous envelope, enclosing a dark nucleus." (4.) Of no conceivable use, but to give light to planets, or to the solid *nuclei* of which they consist." In his turn, he asks the Essayist—what is the size, distance, structure, and use of the dots, upon his hypothesis? The Essayist, he observes, is silent;‡ but in his Essay, he had said, distinctly enough, "Let us not wrangle about words. By all means let these dots be stars, if we know about what we are speaking: if a star mean, merely, a luminous dot in the sky. But that these stars shall resemble, in their nature, Stars of the First Magnitude, and that such stars shall resemble Our Sun, are surely very bold structures of assumption, to build on such a basis. Some nebulæ are resolvable into distinct points: but what would it amount to? That the substance of all nebulæ is not continuous; separate, and

separable into distinct luminous elements:—nebulæ are, it would then seem, as it were of a curdled or granulated texture; they have run into *lumps* of light, or been formed originally of such lumps." And then follow some very ingenious and refined speculations, into which we have not space to enter; and indeed we may be well content with what we have done, having travelled from a tolerable depth in the crust of our own little planet, past planet after planet, star after star, till we reached the nebulous "outskirts of creation;" accompanied by two Mentors of Infinity,—whispering into our ear—one, that life, animal, intellectual, moral, was swarming around us at every step; the other, that that life ceased with our own Earth, as far as we were able to detect its existence, and giving us very solemn and mysterious reasons why it should be so.

Our Essayist, however, is not exhausted by the efforts he has made in his destructive career. If he be a "proud setter down" of cosmological systems, he determines, in turn, to be a "putter up;" and so presents us with his own *Theory of the Solar System*; and an explanation of the mode in which all appearances in the Universe beyond may be reconciled with it. "It may serve," he says, "to confirm his argument, if he give a description of the system which shall continue and connect his views of the constitution and peculiarities as to physical circumstances of each of the planets. It will help us in our speculation, if we can regard the planets as not only a collection, but a scheme;—if we can give not an Enunciation only, but a Theory. Now, such a SCHEME, such a THEORY, appears to offer itself to us."§ The scope of this scheme, or theory, is, as we some time ago saw, to make our earth, in point of astronomical fact and reality, the largest Planetary Body in the solar system; its domestic hearth; the only part of the frame revolving round the Sun which has become a "WORLD." We must, however, make short work of it.

* *Essay*, p. 214.

† *More Worlds than One*, p. 215.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 216.

§ *Essay*, p. 298.

The planets exterior to Mars—especially Jupiter and Saturn—appear spheres of water, or aqueous vapour. The Earth has a considerable atmosphere of air and of vapour; while on Venus or Mercury—so close to the sun—we see nothing of a gaseous or aqueous atmosphere; they and Mars differing little in density from the earth.

THE EARTH'S ORBIT, according to the Essayist's theory, is THE TEMPERATE ZONE OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, where only the play of hot and cold, moist and dry, is possible. Water and gases, clouds and vapours, form, mainly, the planets in the outer part of the solar system; while masses, such as result from the fusion of the most solid materials, lie nearer the Sun, and are found principally within the orbit of Jupiter. After a further exposition of his "theory," the Essayist observes that it agrees with the nebular hypothesis, so FAR as it applies to the *Solar System*; exactly, and very sternly, repudiating that hypothesis as it applies to the Universe in general.* "If we allow ourselves," says he, "to speculate at all on physical grounds respecting the origin of the Earth, the hypothesis, that it has passed through a fluid and a gaseous condition, does not appear more extravagant than any other cosmogonical hypothesis: not even if we suppose that the other bodies of the Solar System have shared in the like changes. But, that all the stars and the nebulae have gone, or are going through, a series of changes such as those by which the Solar System has been formed,—the nebular hypothesis, as it applies to the *Universe* in general, is precisely the doctrine which I here reject, giving my reasons."†

The whole of the Chapter devoted to "the Theory of the Solar System" is distinguished by remarkable ingenuity and originality. It is, however, that entitled *the Argument from Design*, which, independently of all connection with the speculations of the author as already laid before our readers, is worthiest of consideration, by all interested in Natural Theology. It touches many topics which must have

occupied the profoundest thoughts of mankind, and touches them with the utmost caution and delicacy. In the 34th Section will be found a passage of singular boldness and imaginative eloquence; but liable, in our opinion, to serious misconception, and susceptible of misrepresentation—by those, at least, who are either unable, or indisposed, to weigh the entire chapter, and ascertain its real value and tendency. Some expressions have startled us not a little, when reflecting that they relate to the possible mode of action of Omniscient Omnipotence; and we shall be gratified by seeing them vindicated or explained in the next edition of his "Essay."

Each of our speculators closes his book with a chapter devoted to "The Future." The ideas of Sir David concerning the duration of the human race upon the earth (which Inspiration tells us is so awfully uncertain, and will be cut short suddenly—in a moment—in the twinkling of an eye), seem to be curiously definite; for we have seen that in his sixth chapter he states that "from the birth of man to the extinction of his race, the Solar System to which he belongs will have described but an infinitesimal arc in that grand cosmical orbit in which it is destined to move." Without pausing to ask who told him this, let us intimate, that in his final chapter he says that the scientific truths on which depends the plurality of worlds are intimately associated with the future destiny of man: he turns to the future of the sidereal systems, as the hallowed spots in which is to be spent his immortal existence. Scripture has not spoken articulately of the future locality of the blest; but Reason has combined the scattered utterances of Inspiration, and with an almost oracular voice declared that the Maker of the worlds will place in *these* the beings of his choice. In what region, reason does not determine; but it is impossible for a man, with the light of Revelation as his guide, to doubt for a moment that on the celestial spheres his future is to be spent in lofty inquiries; social intercourse; the renewal of domestic ties; and in the service of his Almighty benefactor. The Christian's future,

* *More Worlds than One*, p. 315, and note.

† *Ibid.*, p. 315.

not defined in his creed, enwrap in apocalyptic mysteries, evades his grasp: it is only Astronomy that opens the mysterious expanse of the Universe to his eye, and creates an intelligible paradise in the world to come: wherefore, says Sir David, we must impregnate the popular mind with the truths of natural science; teaching them in every school, and recommending, if not illustrating, them from every pulpit: fixing in the minds and associating in the affections, alike of age and youth, the great truths in the planetary and sidereal universe, on which the doctrine of More Worlds than One must respectively rest—the philosopher scanning with a now sense the sphere in which he is to study; and the Christian the temples in which he is to worship.—Such, in his own words, is Sir David Brewster's final and authoritative exposition of the CREED of the philosopher, and the HOPE of the Christian:—of such a nature are to be the *new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness*; and such, henceforth, as he has indicated, becomes the duty of the Christian teacher in the Family, in the School, in the Pulpit! So absolutely and irrefragably, it seems, are demonstrated the stupendous facts of astronomical science on which this Creed and this Faith depend: so unerring are our telescopes and other instruments, that he who does not receive this "Creed" is no philosopher, nor he who rejects the "Hope" a Christian. But, in the mean time, how inconceivably embarrassing to such a philosopher, and to such a Christian, is the possibility that many, or a few years hence, such immense improvements may be made in telescopes, or in other modes of acquiring a knowledge of the celestial structures, as to demonstrate to the sense, as well as reason, of us impatient and presumptuous tenants of the earth, that the planets are *not* inhabited! that the fixed stars are not suns, and have not a planet a-piece—no, not even a solitary planet among them! Thus rendering our astounded and dismayed philosopher homeless and creedless, and the Christian helpless and hope-

less;—the former one of those who *professing themselves to be wise become fools*;* the latter, *likened unto a foolish man which built his house upon the sand*.†

The "Future" of the Essayist is of a different kind, and adumbrated with becoming humility and diffidence. "I did not," he says, "venture further than to intimate, that when we are taught, that as we have borne the image of the Earthy, we shall also bear the image of the Heavenly, we may find, in even natural science, reasons for opening our minds to the reception of the cheering and elevating announcement."<‡

We have now placed before our readers the substance of the arguments for and against a plurality of worlds, so far as developed in the essays of Dr. Whewell and Sir David Brewster. The former is a work so replete with subtle thought, bold speculation, and knowledge of almost every kind, used with extraordinary force and dexterity, as to challenge the patient and watchful attention of the most thoughtful reader; and that whether he be, or be not, versed in astronomical speculations. Great as are the power and resources of the author, we detect no trace of dogmatism or arrogance, but, on the contrary, a true spirit of fearless, but patient and candid, inquiry. It is a mighty problem of which he proposes a solution, and he does no more than propose it: in his Preface declaring that, to himself at least, his arguments "appear to be of no small philosophical force, though he is quite ready to weigh carefully and candidly any answer which may be offered to them."

We feel grateful to the accomplished Essayist for the storehouse of authentic facts, and the novel combination of inferences from them, with which he has presented us; and we are not aware that he has given us just reason to regret confiding in his correctness or candour. And in travelling with him through his vast and chequered course, we feel that we have accompanied not only the philosopher and the divine, but the gentleman: one who, while manifestly knowing

* *Romans*, i. 22.

† *Matthew*, vii. 26.

‡ *Dialogue*, p. 74.

what is due to himself, as manifestly respects his intelligent reader. In several of his astronomical assumptions and inferences we may be unable to concur, particularly in respect of the nebulous stars. We may also well fault at expressing a decisive "Aye" or "No" to the great question proposed by him for discussion, on scientific grounds, and independently of Scriptural Revelation; yet we acknowledge that he has sensibly shaken our opinion as to the validity of the reasons usually assigned for believing in a plurality of worlds. He remorselessly ties us down to EVIDENCE, as he ought to do; and all the more rigorously, because the affirmative conclusion, at which many heedless persons are disposed to jump, is one which, if well founded, occasions religious difficulties of a grave character among the profoundest and perhaps even devoutest thinkers. To suppose that Omnipotence may not have peopled already, or contemplate a future peopling of the starry spheres with intelligent beings, of as different a kind and order as it is possible for our limited faculties to conceive, yet in some way involved in physical conditions, altogether inexplicable to us, would be the acme of impious presumption. When we look at Sirius, in his solitary splendour in the midnight sky, pouring forth possibly fifty times the light and heat of our sun, upon a prodigiously greater planetary system than our own, it is natural to conjecture whether, among many other possibilities, it may be the seat of intelligence, perhaps of a transcendent character. Here the imagination may disport itself as it pleases: yet we shall feel ourselves compelled—those who can think about the matter—to own, that our imaginations are, as it were, "cabined, cribbed, confined," by the objects and associations to which we are at present restricted; and as the late eminent Prussian astronomer, Bessel, observed, those who imagine inhabitants in the moon and planets, "supposed them, in spite of all their protestations, as like to men, as one egg to another." But when we proceed further, and insist on likening these supposed inhabitants to our-

selves, intellectually and morally, then it is that both philosophy and religion concur in rebuking us, and enjoining a reverent diffidence. We have probably read as much on these subjects as many of our readers, and that with deep interest and attention; but we never met with so cogent a demonstration as is contained in this Essay, of the theological difficulties besetting the popular doctrine of a plurality of worlds. Had God vouchsafed to tell us that it was so, there would have been an end to the matter, and with it all difficulty would have disappeared, to one whose whole life, as the Christian's ought to be, is one continued act of faith; but God has thought fit to preserve an awful silence concerning his dealings with other scenes of physical existence: while He has as distinctly revealed that of spiritual beings whose functions are vitally connected with man, as he exists upon the earth, the subject of a sublime economy, which, we are assured by Inspiration, that *the angels desire to look into*. The Christian implicitly believes that there is a HEAVEN, where the presence of the adorable Deity constitutes happiness, to the most exalted of His ministers and servants, perfect and ineffable: happiness is which He has solemnly assured us that we may hereafter participate: *for since the beginning of the world, men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside Thee, what He hath prepared for him that waiteth for Him.** This, our Maker has told us; he has not told us the other, nor anything about it: no, not when He visited the earth, unless we can dimly see such a significance in the words, "In my Father's house (*oikia*) are many mansions (*monai*): if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place (*tabern*) for you." The word *monai* is used twice in the New Testament, and in the same chapter:† in the verse already quoted, and in the 23d—"If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode (*monhai*) with him." Here are the three words in the same verse, *oikia*, *monai*, *mones*. In my Father's

* Isaiah, lxiv. 4; 1 Cor. ii. 9.

† John, xiv. 2, 23.

house there are *many* *places*, many places of *abode*. Heaven is the *ouria*, our common place, and it has many subdivisions, room enough for angels, as well as for the spirits of just men made perfect. It is possibly an allusion to the temple, God's earthly house, which had many chambers in it. But who shall require us to believe that this *mon* was a star, or planet? It may be so, it may not; there can be no sin in a devout mind conjecturing on the subject; but the Essayist does not meddle with these solemn topics: confining himself to the physical reasons for conjecturing, with more or less probability, that the stars are habitations for human beings. We take our leave of him with a quotation from his Dialogue, couched in grave and dignified terms:—

"U. But your arguments are merely negative. You prove only that we do not know the planets to be inhabited.

"Z. If, when I have proved that point, men were to cease to talk as if they knew that the planets *are* inhabited, I should have produced a great effect.

"U. Your basis is too narrow for so vast a superstructure, as that all the rest of the universe, besides the earth, is uninhabited.

"Z. Perhaps; for my philosophical basis is only the earth—the only known habitation. But on this same narrow basis, the earth, you build up a superstructure that other bodies *are* inhabited. What I do is, to show that each part of your structure is void of tenacity, and cannot stand.

"It is probable that when we have reduced to their real value all the presumptions drawn from physical reasoning, for the opinion of planets and stars being either inhabited, or uninhabited, the face of these will be perceived to be so small, that the belief of all thoughtful persons on this subject will be determined by moral, metaphysical, and theological consideration."*

"More Worlds than One" will not, we are constrained to say, in our opinion, add to the well-earned reputation of Sir David Brewster. It is a hasty and slight performance, entirely of a popular character; and disfigured throughout, not only by an overweening confidence and peremptoriness of assertion, but by tinges of per-

sonality and outbursts of heat that are indeed strange disturbing forces in a philosophical discussion. Dr. Whewell's Essay is a work requiring, in a worthy answer, great consideration; and we do not think that "More Worlds than One" evidences a tithe of such consideration. Nor does Sir David show a proper respect for his opponent; nor has he taken a proper measure of his formidable proportions as a logical and scientific disputant, one who should be answered in a cold and exact spirit; or it were much better to leave him alone. Sir David must forgive us if we quote a sentence or two from devout old John Wesley, a man who had several points of greatness in him:—

"Be not so *positive*, especially with regard to things which are neither easy, nor necessary to be determined. When I was young, I was sure of everything. In a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half so sure of most things as before. At present, I am hardly sure of anything, but what God has revealed to me! . . . Upon the whole, an ingenious man may easily flourish on this head. How much more glorious is it for the great God to have created innumerable worlds than this little globe only!

. . . Do you ask, then, what is This Spot to the great God? Why, as much as millions of systems. GREAT and LITTLE have place with regard to us; but before Him, they vanish away!"†

Fontenelle has much to answer for, if we may judge from what has been said concerning the extent and nature of the influence he has exercised on thoughtless minds. That flippant but brilliant trifler, Horace Walpole, for instance, declared that the reading Fontenelle had made him a sceptic! He maintained, on the supposition of a plurality of worlds, the impossibility of any revelation! That the reception of this opinion was sufficient, with him, to destroy the credibility of all revelation!‡ This ground he has, if this report be true, the honour of occupying with Thomas Paine.

Let us, however, think and speak and act differently, remembering fearfully, how often the *wisdom of this world is foolishness with God*. Is it, indeed, consistent with even mere

* Dialogue, p. 42. † Wisdom of God in the Worlds of Creation, vol. iii. p. 265.

‡ Monthly Magazine, A. D. 1798—art. "Walpoliana."

worldly wisdom, on the ground of an assumption with regard to inhabited planets, to reject a belief founded on direct and positive proofs, such as is the belief in the truths of Natural and Revealed Religion?

"Newton," says Dr. Chalmers, in his discourse on the Modesty of True Science, "knew the boundary which hemmed him. He knew that he had not thrown one particle of light on the moral

or religious history of these planetary regions. He had not ascertained what visits of communication they received from the God who upholds them. But he knew that the fact of a Real Visit to THIS PLANET had such evidence to rest upon that it was not to be disposed by any aerial imagination." Let this noble and devout spirit be in us: both Faith and Reason assuring us, that we stand, in Scriptural Truth, safe and immovable, like a wise man, which built his house upon a rock.*

KING OTHO AND HIS CLASSIC KINGDOM.

THE actual condition of Greece is a disgrace to the political civilization of Europe. There is hope for the Othoman Empire, for the Turks are sensible that they have much to learn; but for the kingdom of Greece there is no hope, unless the modern Hellenes lay aside the self-conceit which induces them to boast of their superior orthodoxy when the question relates to their practical ignorance. Englishmen and Russians, despots and demagogues, princes and people, Europeans and Americans, all agree in pronouncing King Otho's kingdom a satire on monarchical institutions, constitutional legislation, and central administration. The valour and patriotism displayed by the Albanians of Suli and Hydra, and by the Greeks of Messolonghi and Psara, were the theme of well-merited praise, and were rewarded by liberal gifts of money and other supplies from the friends of Greece in Germany, Switzerland, France, England, and the United States of America. Greece has great obligations to the people of Western Europe, whom she now stigmatises as hostile Latins. It was the voice of the people that moved the Cabinet of London to take the initiative in the negotiations which caused the battle of Navarino, and conferred on Greece the rank of an independent kingdom by the treaty of 1832.

No political experiment during the present century—fruitful as the period has been in producing new States—excited higher expectations

or warmer wishes for its success. Twenty-two years have now elapsed since Greece became a kingdom under the sceptre of Prince Otho of Bavaria. He was then a minor, and he was selected to fill the new throne more for his father's merits than from any promise of superior talent in his own person. King Louis of Bavaria loved art, and his want of political capacity and military power removed any feelings of jealousy on the part of the greater powers in Europe to the addition thus made to the dignity of the house of Wittelsbach. King Otho was known to be a youth of very moderate attainments; but his natural deficiencies being fortunately united to an amiable disposition, it was expected that he would prove a docile monarch, and listen to good counsellors. It has proved otherwise. His limited capacity has not been more remarkable than his obstinacy and perverseness in following a line of policy which has inflicted serious injury on Greece. Notwithstanding a natural love of justice, and a good moral character, his misgovernment has degenerated into corruption, though it has not assumed a character of systematic tyranny. On the whole, his incapacity to perform the duties of his station, and his silly eagerness to assume the appearance of being a despotic sovereign, while he was unable to make any use of the greater part of the prerogatives willingly conceded to him by his subjects, have made him a very apt regal type of the anarchical and rapacious nation he

* Matthew vii. 24.

rules. The result is, that the hopes of ardent Philhellenes, the expectations of enthusiastic scholars, and the wishes of cautious statesmen, have all been utterly disappointed by the government of King Otho. More than this, while the King of Greece has shown himself a bad monarch, the Greeks have displayed extreme ignorance in all their attempts to supply his deficiencies. Instead of suggesting better principles for his guidance, they have become the steady supporters of his system whenever he condescended to purchase their support by places and pensions. It seems as if the Bavarian monarchy had infused a morbid lethargy into Rumanian society, so rapidly has the central administration of Athens quenched the fervour of patriotism throughout liberated Greece. The Albanian population has lost its valour and perseverance; the Greek has sunk back into that normal condition of rapacious imbecility which has characterised the Hellenic race ever since the time of Mummian.

The revolution which freed Greece from the Turkish yoke broke out early in the year 1821, so that the inhabitants of the kingdom have now enjoyed the advantages of political independence for thirty-three years. A generation has grown up to manhood in possession of a greater degree of freedom than is possessed by most of the continental nations of Europe. Municipal institutions existed, to some extent, under the Turks, and they acquired considerable importance during the revolutionary war. The fullest exercise of the liberty of the press has prevailed ever since the first year of the revolution. Nor has this liberty been greatly abused, though it has often been misused—a circumstance not to be wondered at in a country so torn by faction as Greece has been ever since she commenced her struggle for independence. This fact may be taken against the many views of the Greeks which our task to notice, but it is not evidence that the mass of the population is a basis of public opinion.

The extent of the influence of the

conception of George Canning's genius, and it received the sanction of the Duke of Wellington. After Canning's death, his enemies made it a subject of reproach. It is said that, when his statue was erected in Palace Yard, a royal duke, walking beside it with the late Lord Eldon, began to pour out a diatribe of harmless accusations against the honoured dead, which he summed up, saying, "He caused the battle of Navarin, Eldon, and he was not nearly so big as that statue;" to which the great Lord Chancellor, whose patience had been long tried, expanded his bushy eyebrows, and exclaimed, "No, truly—nor so green;" the statue being then, as some of our readers may remember, more remarkable for the verdant colour of its patent verdigris than for its size. Whether the battle of Navarin was absolutely necessary to save Greece from Ibrahim Pasha and his Arabs, may still admit of dispute; but unquestionably it was the battle of Navarin which did save Greece. When, however, the business of selecting a king, and of organising the institutions of a central administration on monarchical principles came to be performed, the genius of Canning was represented by the torpor of Aberdeen, and the sagacity of Wellington by the belligerent amenity of Palmerston.

The Russian sympathies of Capodistrias succeeded in delaying the final settlement of the Greek question, with the hope of placing Greece in a state of vassalage to the Czar. Lord Aberdeen combated the policy of the Corfiote feebly and unsuccessfully. He barely succeeded in preventing the execution of the Russian schemes, when the dagger of Marromichidis opened the way for making Greece an independent nation by the assassination of the Czar.

The Russian policy of the Czar, through the hands of the League of Nations, present King of Greece, and the Czar.

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by placing the currants, a most important product of the Morea, on the same footing as those of Zante, was a direct boon to the currant-growers of Achaia, a bounty on the cultivation of fruit in the Greek kingdom, a premium to commerce at Patras, and a considerable gift to King Otho's treasury. Lord Palmerston was Foreign Secretary during these changes, and we therefore request the public writers at Athens, when they think fit to reproach him for quarrelling with their beloved monarch, who they believe is ever ready to sacrifice his throne for their orthodoxy, to bear in mind that these measures have done more for the agricultural and commercial prosperity of Greece, than any which King Otho or the Greek Chambers have adopted since they freed themselves from foreign domination.

For nearly five years—that is, from the beginning of 1833 to the end of 1837—the Bavarians continued to waste the loan granted by the three powers, partly in large salaries to themselves, and partly in creating places and jobs for the Greeks, to induce the most influential and clamorous to consent to their mode of dissipating the public money. Notwithstanding this, there can be no doubt that Greece received some permanent benefit from the regency. The Greeks were not in a condition to establish an equitable system of laws. M. Maurer endowed the country with this invaluable boon. To him Greece owes its excellent judicial organisation, and its code of civil procedure. Whatever were the defects of M. Maurer as a statesman, he was an able legislator, practically conversant with every detail of legal administration. The judicial system he planted in Greece was so complete in all its parts, that it has become an element in the political civilisation of the kingdom; and it affords the strongest grounds of hope to those who look forward to the Greek nation as the instrument for extending political civilisation in the East. Count Armandsparg governed Greece much longer than M. Maurer, but his improvements were not so beneficial. He made court balls and political bribery national institutions.

During the whole of the Bavarian

domination, a well-filled treasury, a number of foreign officers and native councillors of state, political sycophants, dressed in handsome uniforms and speaking good French, a hired press, and a liberal distribution of King Otho's Order of the Redeemer of Greece, with its ribbon and star, to foreign diplomatists and English peers, concealed from Western Europe the discontent, civil wars, and brigandage that fermented in the little kingdom. The bands of robbers that infested Greece during this period became so numerous as to give their system of plunder the character of a civil war. In the year 1835, during the administration of Count Armandsparg, a body of about 500 brigands remained for more than a month levying contributions under the walls of Lepanto, in which it kept the garrison blockaded until relieved by a general from Athens with a strong detachment of Bavarian and Greek regular troops. These armed bands repeatedly resisted the central government, which drew all the money of the country to the capital without making any improvements in the provinces. Several foreign officers were charged with the task of re-establishing order. Generals Schmaltz, Gordon, and Church, each made a campaign against the brigands, who rendered Messenia, Etolia, Acarnania, Doris, and Phthiotis in turns the scene of their skirmishes with King Otho's troops. Besides this extensive system of brigandage, a regular civil war was caused in Maina by the same central rapacity and want of judgment on the part of the Regency. In Maina, the Bavarian troops were defeated, and a considerable number were compelled to lay down their arms.

During the whole of the Bavarian domination, the Greeks enjoyed the liberty of the press. M. Maurer placed the newspapers under some reasonable restraints, and Count Armandsparg made one or two feeble demonstrations against them, for he was timid in everything but emptying the Greek treasury. His attacks were easily repulsed, and the Greeks have the honour of retaining the liberty of the press by their own exertions, though they have hitherto not ren-

dered the privilege of much use to the nation. At length, in the month of December, 1837, the Chevalier Rudhart, the last Bavarian prime-minister, resigned his office, and from that time king Otho has governed his kingdom with Greek or Albanian prime-ministers. This office has been more than once held by men who could hardly read or write; but the individuals have invariably been persons of some mark in the factions that divide the place-hunters of Athens. The ignorance and want of education of his ministers, which is often made a reproach to King Otho, ought to be considered as a national disgrace, for the court would never have selected men so destitute of administrative knowledge, had they not possessed considerable influence and a numerous following.

Ever since the commencement of the year 1838, the Greeks have possessed a predominant influence in King Otho's cabinet. They are entirely responsible for the faults of his government from that time; for if the Greek ministers had used their power with a very little honesty, and one single grain of patriotism, they might have retained the direction of the internal administration in their own hands, and effected every improvement the nation could desire. Indeed, if they had ever shown a wish to improve the material condition of the population, it is probable King Otho would have given them his support in their endeavours. But when the King saw them intent only on profiting by office to enrich themselves and create places for their partisans, in order to perpetuate their tenure of office, he very naturally looked about for means to form a royal party, and thus render the court independent of the ministers. We shall soon explain to our readers how effectually his Hellenic Majesty accomplished this object. The Greek ministers never made any serious effort to diminish the weight of taxation, either by economy or by improving the barbarous manner in which the agricultural taxes are collected; they thought only of appropriating the national lands, and creating new places to reward their supporters. Instead of establishing

systematic regulations for securing a respect to seniority and merit in civil, judicial, and military appointments, they destroyed the system the Bavarians had established, and disposed of the highest offices in the most arbitrary and unprincipled manner. Judges have been appointed in violation of the law, and men have been made generals who had never served in a military capacity. Worthless politicians and intriguing secretaries were decorated with military titles in order to enrich them with high pay. These men may be seen at the balls in King Otho's palace, flaunting in vulgar embroidery, and imitating with Greek pertness the sumptuous Albanian dress and Mussulman gravity of the chiefs who filled the halls of Ali Pasha of Joannina. The Greeks alone have enjoyed the profits of the corruption which has reigned in the administration since the year 1838; they are consequently not entitled to throw the blame on foreigners.

In consequence of the misconduct of the Greek ministers and the servility of a council of state filled with official sycophants, the Greek government became such a scene of corruption, that the patience of all ranks was exhausted, and an attempt was made to reform the vicious system by a revolution in the year 1843. A representative chamber and an imitation of Louis Philippe's senate of officials, called in France a House of Peers, were constituted. The deputies were chosen by universal suffrage, but the election of the municipal authorities was left subject to the oligarchical restrictions imposed by the Regency. Ten years have now elapsed since the constitutional system was established, so that for ten years the Greeks have made their own laws and voted their own budgets. At the same time, the enjoyment of the fullest liberty of the press, and the existence of sixteen newspapers at Athens, have enabled every party and class to criticise the acts of the government with unrestrained license. If corruption and venality have been the leading features of political society in Greece during this period, it is evident that the nation has been a party to the abuses, from its refusal to punish the offenders. The mass of those whose

superior knowledge and rank have obtained for them the direction of public opinion in political matters, have sacrificed the interests of the nation to advance their own personal schemes of profit. The Greeks ought not to feel surprised at the low estimation in which they are now held. It is entirely their own fault. They have hawked about their nationality at Munich, Paris, and St. Petersburg, for illicit gains in a falling market at a very unpatriotic price.

Yet we collect from the newspapers published at Athens, that a considerable number of well-educated men of all parties, while they acknowledge the degraded state of their country, assert that the whole blame ought to be ascribed to the three protecting powers. Many of these patriots, it seems, are nevertheless in the receipt of large salaries from the public treasury; yet, though they feel that they are themselves destitute of the patriotism necessary to lighten the burdens of their country, they take the liberty of supposing that Lord Palmerston had the power of making all Greeks honest men by the magic of a protocol. We are not going to waste the time of our readers, as the Greek Senate and House of Representatives have wasted the resources of the country, by exposing the childishness of modern Greek political logic. If the descendants of Lucian's contemporaries can find relief in their present degradation, by swallowing any dose of vanity they can mix for themselves, we have no wish to deprive them of the solace. But we cannot refrain from advising them to try some other remedy to remove the evils that are undermining the national strength and character. Instead of seeking for apologies to excuse their vices, they had better commence reforming their vicious habits.

Nothing has so much retarded the progress of the Greek race as the inconceivable vanity and unbounded presumption of the class who make letters a profession. Those who believe in the unmixt purity of the Hellenic blood might cite this besotted pride, after two thousand years of national degradation, as a proof that the Greeks of the present day are *lineal descendants* of those who sold

their country to the Macedonians and the Romans, as they have lately attempted to sell it to the Russians. An admixture of foreign blood would probably have infused into the people a wish to look forward to a glorious future, instead of leaving them to gaze at a reflection of the past, distorted by their own senile visual orbits, at moments when action, not contemplation, is their business.

The strange manner in which the modern Greeks misrepresent history for the gratification of their national vanity, is well displayed in their ecclesiastical history. We will select one anecdote from the *History of the Patriarchs of Constantinople*, written by Malaxos, one of the Greek *logiatoi*, of the sixteenth century. His work was first published by Martin Crusius in his *Turco-Græcia*, and has lately been reprinted in the new edition of the Byzantine historians, in the course of publication at Bonn.

The Greeks are in the habit of boasting that their Church preserved their nationality under the Turks. Considering the subserviency of the great body of the Greek clergy during that period, and the readiness with which they acted as spies and policemen for the Othoman government, we own that we entertain a very different opinion. We think it would be nearer the truth to assert that the people, having perpetuated their existence by the toleration of their conquerors, preserved their nationality by their municipal organisation, and that this preservation of their nationality was the cause of their ecclesiastical establishment surviving. Mohammed II. reconstituted the patriarchate of Constantinople, after he had conquered the city, merely as a branch of the Othoman administration. Mr. Masson and other enthusiasts fancy they can discern Presbyterian doctrines in the Greek Church. It may be the case. We have heard that chemists find gold in strawberries; but the gold rarely sits heavy on the stomachs of those who eat strawberries, and we opine that the Presbyterian doctrines of the Greek Church never prevent its votaries from worshipping images. So, in the anecdote we are going to extract from the Patriarchal History, we find that the

Greeks regard violations of truth and honour as venial offences, if not absolutely meritorious acts, whenever they are supposed to have turned to the profit of their ecclesiastical establishment.

"During the reign of the Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent, when Toulphi Pasha was grand vizier,* the attention of the Sublime Porte was called to the circumstance that the duty of the caliph of the Mohammedan faith required the destruction of all places of worship belonging to Infidels in every city which the true believers had taken with the sword. Now, as Mohammed II. had taken Constantinople by storm, it was the sultan's duty to destroy all the Christian churches within the walls; and all the plagues and fires which had desolated the city, and which, it was observed, generally consumed more Turkish than Greek property, evidently arose from the Divine anger at the neglect of this important command of the Prophet. Sultan Suleiman was said to have consulted the mufti on the necessity of only tolerating places of worship for the Christians without the walls; and it was believed that the mufti had delivered a fetva, authorising the destruction of all the Greek churches in Constantinople. Sultan Suleiman then issued an order to his grand vizier, commanding him to carry the fetva into execution. At this time Jeremiah was patriarch of Constantinople.

"The patriarch heard the report, and, terrified at the news, mounted his mule, and hastened to the palace of the grand vizier, who received him with kindness. The two dignitaries discussed the matter of the sultan's order, and concerted together a mode of evading its execution. A meeting of the divan was held, at which the grand vizier made a public communication of the imperial decree to the patriarch Jeremiah. But the head of the Greek Church gravely observed that the circumstances of the mufti's fetva were not applicable to the city of Constantinople. He declared that before Mohammed II. entered Constantinople, the Emperor Constantine,

finding the place no longer tenable, had gone out of the city and presented the keys to the Sultan, who had admitted him to do homage as a subject for himself and the Greek people, before the gates were thrown open to admit the conqueror. On this ground he pleaded that all the concessions made by Mohammed II. to the patriarchs and to the Greek Church were lawful. Well might all the members of the divan wonder at this strange tale concerning the conquest of Constantinople. But many had received large presents from the patriarch, and many waited to hear the opinion of the grand vizier before pretending to doubt its accuracy. The grand vizier declared that the question was so important that it would be proper to adjourn the business to a grand divan on the following day.

"The report having spread among the whole population of Constantinople, that the Government intended to destroy all the Christian churches, every class of society was in movement. Long before the meeting of the divan, crowds of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews assembled at the Porte to hear the result of the deliberation. The whole space from the gate of the serai to the court of St. Sophia's was filled with the multitude. The Patriarch Jeremiah was waiting to be admitted to the divan, and soon after the members had taken their places he was summoned to enter. When he reached the centre of the hall, he made his prostrations to the assembled viziers, and then, standing erect, declared himself ready to answer for his church. All admired the dignity of his presence. His white beard descended on his breast, and the sweat fell in large drops from his forehead. The Greeks declared that he emulated the passion of Christ, of whose orthodox church he was the representative on earth. The archonts of the Greek nation stood trembling beside him.

"At length the grand vizier spoke. 'Patriarch of the Greeks, a fetva of our law has been delivered, and an order of the padishah has been issued, prohibiting the existence of any church

* This must evidently mean Loufti Pasha, who was grand vizier from A.D. 1539 to 1541.

in the cities which the true believers have conquered sword in hand. This city was taken by storm by the great Sultan Mohammed the conqueror. Therefore, let your priests remove all their property from the churches in their possession, and, after shutting them up, deliver the keys to our master's officers, that the churches may be destroyed.' To this summons the patriarch replied in a distinct voice, 'I cannot answer, O grand vizier! for what happened in other cities; but with regard to this city of Constantinople I can solemnly affirm that the Emperor Constantine Palaiologos, with the nobles, the clergy, and the people, surrendered it voluntarily to the Sultan Mohammed.' The grand vizier cautioned the patriarch not to assert anything which he could not prove by the testimony of Mohammedan witnesses, who were able to certify the truth of what he said. The patriarch immediately engaged to produce witnesses, and the affair was adjourned for twenty days.

"The Greeks were in great alarm. Everybody knew that the patriarch had engaged to prove a lie; so that the only hope of safety appeared to be in the perpetual adjournment of the question. To effect this, the wealthiest Greeks—Phanariotes and merchants—offered to supply the patriarch with the sums of money necessary to bribe the grand vizier and the members of the divan.

"But the Patriarch Jeremiah and the grand vizier Toulphi did not wish to admit any strangers into the secret of their proceedings. So the patriarch sent men of experience to Adrianople, who met agents of the grand vizier, and at last two aged Mussulmans were found who were willing for a large bribe to testify that the patriarch had spoken the truth. These witnesses were conducted to Constantinople, and presented to the Patriarch Jeremiah, who embraced them, and took care that they should be well fed, lodged, clothed, and carefully watched, until they appeared before the divan. When they had rested from the fatigues of their journey, they were conducted to the grand vizier, who spoke kindly to them, told them the patriarch was *his friend*, and exhorted them to give *their evidence without fear*.

"On the day appointed to hear the evidence, the Patriarch Jeremiah presented himself before the divan. The grand vizier asked if he was prepared to produce the evidence he had promised, and the Patriarch replied that the witnesses were waiting without to be examined.

"Two aged Turks were now conducted into the hall. Their beards were white as the purest snow, red circles surrounded their eyes, from which the tears fell incessantly, while their hands and feet moved with a continual tremor. The viziers gazed at them with astonishment, for two men so far advanced in years had never been seen before on earth standing side by side. They looked like two brothers whom death had forgotten. The grand vizier asked their names, and encouraged them by making some other inquiries. They replied that they were both about eighteen years of age when Constantinople was taken by the Sultan Mohammed the victorious. Since that time they knew that eighty-four years had elapsed, and therefore they were aware that they had reached the age of a hundred and two. They then gave the following account of the conquest of Constantinople:—

"The siege was formed by land and sea, and long and bloody engagements took place, but at last several breaches were made in the walls, and it was evident that the place would soon be taken. Preparations were making for a final assault, when the Emperor of the Greeks sent a deputation of his nobles to the sultan to demand a capitulation. The sultan, wishing to save the city from destruction, and to spare the blood of the true believers, granted the infidels the following terms of capitulation, which the witnesses pretended to remember with accuracy, because a copy had been publicly signed by the sultan and read aloud to the troops: 'I, the Sultan Mohammed, pardon the Emperor Constantine and the Greeks, and grant their petition to become my subjects, and live in peace under my protection. I allow the nobles to retain their slaves and property, and I declare that the people shall live free from all illegal exactions, and that their children shall not be taken to be enrolled

in the corps of janissaries.* This charter shall be binding on me and my successors for ever.' With this charter the Greek deputation returned to the emperor, who came out immediately, and falling on his knees before Mohammed the Second, presented to him the keys of the city. The sultan then raised Constantine, kissed him, and made him sit down on his right hand. For three days the two princes rejoiced together, and then the emperor led the sultan into the city.

"As soon as the members of the divan heard this account of the taking of Constantinople from the two old men who had witnessed the events, then drew up a report and transmitted it to sultan Suleiman. The sultan, convinced that everything must have happened as the old Mussulmans deposed, immediately ordered that the Christians should be allowed to retain possession of their churches, and that no man should molest the patriarch of the Greeks under any pretext."

Now, the whole of this tale is an absurd forgery. Moreover, the ignorance of the Greeks who framed it is even more extraordinary than their utter disregard for truth. The accomplished sultan, Suleiman the Magnificent, and the learned grand vizier, Loufti Pasha, are represented as stupid Turks, destitute of all knowledge of the history of the Othoman Empire. Greek vanity is flattered by an exhibition of the way in which Romæic genius nullifies the power of the padishah, by availing itself of the corruption in the Turkish administration. But the strangest feature in the fable is the moral obtuseness of the Hellenic mind, which solicits admiration for the frauds and falsehoods of their patriarch. The inventor of the tale had in all probability heard that Loufti Pasha was an Albanian by birth, but was ignorant of the fact that he was a man of learning. He could not have known that, when in exile at Demotika, Loufti wrote a history of the Othoman Empire, which is still preserved. Indeed, a comparison of the flourishing state of Turkish

literature with the degraded condition of Greek literature in the sixteenth century contrasts in a singular manner with the contempt displayed by the Greeks in their illiterate records for the accomplished and warlike Othomans. But the Greeks have always viewed the history of other nations through a mist of prejudices which has bewildered themselves far more than their enemies.

This anecdote presents a faithful picture of the Hellenic mind, and of Greek political and historical knowledge, three hundred years ago. We shall now endeavour to place before our readers an equally correct picture of their mode of thinking and acting at present.

The constitutional system of government has proved as complete a failure in Greece as the absolute monarchy which terminated at the revolution of 1843. Our description of the actual condition of the country will explain the particular causes which have corrupted the representative system and the central administration. The court of King Otho is really quite as much the predominant feature in the political condition of Greece as his palace is in the landscape at Athens. Both are great deformities in scenes of great interest. There is a grotesque mimicry of royal state at the monster palace of the little capital of liberated Greece. A marshal of the palace and a master of the ceremonies, a grand-maitresse, military and naval aides-de-camp, ordnance officers, ladies of honour, and young ladies-in-waiting, courtiers who cannot write, and courtiers who cannot ride; court carriages in a kingdom without mail-coaches; royal steam-yachts, but no packets even with oars; crosses, ribbons, and stars; salaries, places, and pensions;—everything which ruins a government, and nothing which enriches a people.

The power of the crown is great. It is supported by a civil list of one million of drachmas annually, in a state which has a net revenue of twelve. The enormous amount of this civil list may be estimated from the

* This passage may be admitted as a proof that the tribute of children was not regularly exacted from the population of the capital. The difficulty Mohammed the Second found in repeopling Constantinople explains the exemption.

facts, that the salaries of the Greek ministers are only twelve thousand drachmas a-year, and of the Greek senators only six thousand. Besides the influence which this exorbitant wealth confers on the monarch, he possesses still greater social influence, for the whole of the upper classes at Athens consist of paid officials, every one of whom is liable to lose his place at a word from King Otho, who, with very little exertion on the part of that royal memory on which kings pride themselves, may recollect every man who resides at his capital qualified to enter his palace. The desire of King Otho to extend his personal influence, and centralise power in his own hands is so great, that every individual who receives a public appointment, however insignificant, whether at Athens or in the provinces, is compelled to wait on his majesty to thank him for the favour, which he naturally pretends to consider as a reward for his attachment to the royal Bavarian, not as a reward for his services to Greece. King Otho has been an apt pupil of Louis Philippe in the political corruption that renders the constitutional system subservient to the royal power in a thoroughly centralised administration.

In one branch of political corruption King Otho may boast that he has outdone all European sovereigns. It is true, he found in the Hellenic mind a rich soil, but he may claim the merit of having worked it like a first-rate farmer. The local institutions to which the friends of Greece looked for a firm basis for liberal institutions, have in his hands been rendered the instrument for converting popular elections into royal nominations. When the Bavarian regency destroyed the communal system of Greece, they replaced it by municipalities of greater extent, and rendered the local authorities dependent on the Minister of the Interior. King Otho availed himself of the central control created by the municipal law, to make the mayor and local magistrates everywhere dependent on his personal favour. The mayors are now agents and spies of the court. This is effected in the following manner: By one of *those preposterous regulations, framed by statesmen to delude the people*

with a show of conferring on them free institutions, the nomination of the mayor is vested in the central government. An oligarchical college of electors selects three members of the municipality, and from these his majesty selects the most subservient to occupy the place. By availing himself skilfully of this absurd law, King Otho has filled the towns of Greece with magistrates entirely dependent on his will—men whom their fellow-citizens, if universal suffrage prevailed in the municipal elections of the mayors as it does in the more important elections of deputies to the legislature, would not allow to remain an hour in office. These nominees of the court are placed in possession of considerable salaries by the will of the central government, and as they are dependent on the court for their office, they act as its devoted agents. The consequence is, that King Otho is enabled to employ the funds of the Greek municipalities in maintaining a species of court policemen over the whole country. The influence thus gained may be estimated from the circumstance that upwards of two millions of drachmas are thus withdrawn from their legitimate use, in making roads and facilitating communications by land and water, and are devoted to pay a band of royal *shirri*. Many persons in England have felt astonished that a man of such moderate talents as King Otho could render such effectual service to Russia, as to agitate the whole of Greece by making an invasion of Turkey appear a national movement. But the fact is, that the power possessed by the central government through the municipalities is so great, that we have to thank the extreme incapacity of King Otho and the general corruption of the instruments he employed for rendering the attack on Turkey as inefficient as it proved. The King gave the signal for a general recruiting to aid the Russian cause, but his instruments in the provinces employed the opportunity in attending to their own interests, before giving themselves much trouble about making a diversion for the profit of the Czar or the Bavarian. King Otho on this occasion paid the usual penalty of those who work by corruption.

We must not blame King Otho too severely for making use of corrupt persuasion as an instrument of parliamentary government. The proceedings of our Ministers rise up before us as an apology for the Greek monarchy. A coalition of all the administrative talent of Britain cannot conduct the non-centralised government of the empire without a little local jobbery. Even Lord Aberdeen's own department publicly owns the necessity of throwing a few corrupt sopas to a hungry and restive body of Liberal representatives. In the Treasury report, recommending some reforms in our post-office, the following words will be found,—it seems a very plain statement of adherence to the principles on which King Otho influences the Greek municipalities: "My Lords (of the Treasury—i. e. Messrs. Aberdeen & Co.) are of opinion that it is for the *public interest* that the appointments should be made as at present by my Lords, after consulting, through the recommendation of the members for the county or town, the convenience and wishes of the population." Population in this sentence, we presume, means the class who usually job such matters, for we have never before heard it asserted that the mob was the best judge of administrative capacity.

The fact that a man so notoriously deficient in political wisdom as King Otho has succeeded in establishing a system, giving him a predominant influence over the Greeks, is a sad evidence of the extreme venality of Greek society; for there can hardly be a doubt that the Greeks suggested to their King the employment of the national resources in purchasing the service of individuals instead of devoting them to the improvement of the nation.

We have but few observations to make on the late treacherous attack of King Otho and his subjects on their neighbour and ally, the Sultan Abdul Medjid. There could not be an act of greater folly; and even amidst the incapable and cowardly exhibitions of modern times, it is the national movement which has been conducted in the most incapable and cowardly manner. Of the complicity of King

Otho there never was a doubt, in spite of the denials of the Greek and German press. The courts of London and Paris have refrained from giving publicity to all the documents which fell into the hands of the Turks proving this complicity, as it was not their wish to increase the embarrassments of the hour by declaring the throne of Greece vacant. Regarding the attack on Turkey, however, in the light of a diversion for the advantage of Russia, it might have rendered important assistance to the Czar. Had it been conducted with energy and ability, it might have inflicted a serious blow on the Othoman Empire. When King Otho violated the treaties to which he owed his throne, and appealed to force as the arbiter of his future relations with Turkey, he expected, not without some chance of success, to become master of the line of fortresses that defend the frontiers of Turkey towards Greece. Volo, Domoko, Arta, and Prevesa, were almost without garrisons; and it was only by the extreme incapacity of the Greek leaders, and the misconduct of those who invaded Turkey, that these fortresses escaped capture. The court of Athens acted on the conviction that the Russian army would force the Balkan in a few weeks, and appear before the walls of Constantinople without encountering any serious resistance. It consequently believed that it would not be in the Sultan's power to detach a force sufficient to protect Thessaly and Epirus. Once in possession of the fortresses which command these provinces, the King believed that England and France would be compelled to treat with him, and leave him in possession of the spoil. Fortunately for the Othoman Empire, both the Emperor Nicholas and King Otho are very bad generals. Both appear to have calculated that the armed rabble of Greeks in fustanello could perform the duties of an army. And King Otho now finds that he has sacrificed the most valuable portion of his subjects' commerce to Russian interests, without any advantage to his cherished scheme of making himself an absolute monarch.

The political morality of King

the social and political condition of the nation. We must commence by enumerating what the people have neglected to do. This will serve to show how great the difficulties now are in the way of improving the country. During the ten years of representative government which have now elapsed, the Greek deputies have made no systematic efforts to improve the condition of the agricultural population, though three-quarters of the inhabitants of Greece are chiefly dependent on agriculture for their subsistence. No attempt has been made to reform the barbarous method of collecting the land-tax in kind, which retains the population in the stationary condition into which it fell on the decline of the Byzantine Empire. The municipalities have been allowed to become the vehicles of court corruption, and no measures have been taken to enforce regular publication of their receipts and expenditure. No criminal statistics are published. Instead of appropriating annually a sum of money for the construction of roads, bridges, quays, and ferry-boats, which are so necessary in a mountainous and insular State, the national interests are sacrificed to the gains of individual senators and deputies. New places are annually created, and the trade of Greece is transferred to Austrian and French steam-companies. The greatest commercial advantages ever placed at the disposal of any people have been neglected by the Greek nation, and perhaps completely thrown away by their late devotion to Russia. Yet the Greeks, who see the number of foreign steamers daily increasing in their ports, boast with their usual childish vanity of their superiority over every other people in naval skill. They even throw out hints in their political writings that the real cause of Lord Palmerston's dissatisfaction with King Otho was founded on a reasonable jealousy of the Greek navy, and a patriotic fear lest the subjects of that monarch should deprive England of her commercial supremacy! Yet while boasting in this Hellenic strain, like true descendants of the contemporaries of Juvenal and Lucian, they have allowed the most profitable part of their own coasting trade to

pass into the hands of the Austrian Lloyd Steam Company.

A tendency to social and political disintegration is quite as much a characteristic of the population of liberated Greece as it was of ancient Hellas. National differences, municipal distinctions, local interests, class prejudices, and individual pretensions, divide the people.

The first great social division is one of race. Only about three-quarters of the population of the Greek kingdom consists of Greeks—the other quarter is composed of Albanians. These races rarely intermarry, and few Greeks ever learn the Albanian language; yet the Albanian race is rapidly acquiring political importance in the present condition of the Othoman Empire. It enjoys two immense advantages over the Greek race. Its geographical location concentrates the population, and offers a strong barrier against any foreign conquerors; while its military habits enable it to raise far larger and more efficient armies. It is also physically as much superior to the Greek as it is intellectually inferior. The bravest men and the most beautiful women in the Greek kingdom are of the purest Albanian blood, unadulterated with any admixture with the Hellenic race. Marko Botzaris, Miaoulis, and Konduriottis were Albanians. If the Albanians should, like their fellow-citizens the Greeks, become more eager to identify their existence with an ideal past than with a promising future, there is no reason for their being behind-hand in boasting. As descendants of the Macedonians, they may proudly vaunt that they have repeatedly conquered the Hellenes; and, as a section of the great Thracian people, they trace their origin to a mightier source than the Greeks. Consequently, if race is to become a determining cause in the formation of independent States, or even national representations, within the limits of the Othoman Empire, the warlike Albanians, in their inexpugnable mountains, are likely to assume a more important position than the commercial Greeks, dispersed in exposed seaports and defenceless islands. The application of ethnology to politics, which the Greeks have strongly advocated, is extremely likely to ope-

rate forcibly in preventing any considerable extension of their kingdom. A Greek empire would be an impossibility if a natural ethnological development were adopted as a basis for partitioning Turkey in Europe. The Vallachians, Selavonians, and Albanians are as able and willing to arrest the progress of the Greeks to-day, as the Thracians, Macedonians, and Epirots were in ancient times.

The next strongly-marked line of separation in the population of the Greek kingdom is that between the agricultural population and the inhabitants of the towns, whether the citizens live by orchard and garden culture, or by trade and foreign commerce. About three-quarters of the inhabitants of Greece live by agriculture; yet agricultural industry remains in the rudest state. The Bavarian Regency, the Greek king, and the representative Chambers, have hitherto done nothing to improve the condition of the agricultural class, nor to increase the produce of the country. The land which maintained one family four hundred years ago, will only maintain one family at the present day; the district which supported a thousand families under the Turks, can do no more under King Otho. The absurd fiscal arrangements concerning the collection of the land-tax in kind, prevent the peasantry from planting trees; so that in the richest plains devoted to the cultivation of cereals, the agricultural class is in the most miserable condition—as in the fertile districts of Thebes and Messenia. There is also no inducement to extend cultivation, as no roads exist; and a mule would, in a large part of Greece, eat its load of barley before it reached the nearest market. The agricultural class in Greece is poor, barbarous, and industrious; the population of the towns, on the other hand, is in easy circumstances, advanced in civilisation, and extremely idle. In no other country are coffee-houses so numerous or so well filled. The great number of persons living on places and pensions conferred by the central government, or receiving pay from the municipalities with no duty to perform, fills the streets of every town in Greece with an amount

of idle individuals which travellers view with wonder.

The third prominent feature in the social condition of the Greek population is the existence of a military caste called Palikars. These palikars are nothing more than the armed followers of certain military chiefs who have secured to themselves an acknowledged position and regular pay in the Greek kingdom. The palikars wear the Albanian dress, and pretend to be professional soldiers, though neither they nor their leaders know anything of military tactics or discipline. A small number only are composed of the survivors of the irregular troops of the revolutionary war. The greater part consist of idle young men who are incapable of learning a trade, and disinclined to submit to discipline. The utter uselessness of the palikars in military operations was displayed in the ease with which they were defeated and dispersed by Fuad Effendi. These armed bands, however, though they are useless against an enemy, are extremely dangerous to the native peasantry. They march about the Greek kingdom from one end to the other, living at free quarters on the villagers, and consuming annually as large a portion of the produce of the soil as is paid to the central government in the shape of land-tax. In some disturbances which took place in the island of Eubœa they were said to have consumed, in forced contributions from the agricultural population, nearly one-third of the whole annual produce of the island.

We do not intend to deny the services which the palikars rendered during the war against the Turks. In a defensive warfare against an undisciplined enemy like the Turks of 1821, or an ill-organized force like the Bavarians of 1833, they were very efficient. But against the French at Argos they were utterly useless, even though they had intrenched themselves in a manner which they fancied would give them a decided advantage over regular troops. The French carried all their positions with the bayonet, and the palikars soon fled in dismay. The revival of the system of palikarism is one of the many evils which Lord Palmerston's knavish protégé, Count Armandsporg, bequeathed

to Greece. M. Maurer had broken up the hordes of these children of anarchy in a very effectual manner, though perhaps with unnecessary violence and severity.

The object of Count Armanberg in restoring palikarism was to form for himself a military party. By the formation of troops enrolled under chiefs attached to his own person, he expected to be able to keep down public opinion in the provinces; while, by a lavish distribution of money and places, he knew he could silence it at Athens. The favoured captains were allowed to collect bands of armed followers, almost without any control on the part of the minister-of-war, and without the men or the officers being subjected to any discipline. In the provinces, these captains were intrusted with extraordinary powers, which they used for party purposes; and the palikars became an organ of the government for intimidating its opponents. The consequences of Count Armanberg's conduct were most injurious. Those captains who were unable to gain his good-will collected bands of armed men, or joined the brigands, and endeavoured to increase the number of their followers by levying black-mail on the peaceful agriculturists, in the hope that the government would eventually be compelled to purchase their services. Their calculation proved correct; and Count Armanberg ended by taking into his pay the very men against whom he had employed his generals.

King Otho adopted with delight the corrupt system of his regent, and even extended its application. He filled his palace with palikars, and neglected the regular troops. Men ignorant of all military service were intrusted with military command in the provinces, where their services were chiefly required to intimidate opposition, and secure the election of court candidates as deputies and mayors. Koletti, the favourite leader of the palikar class, became King Otho's favourite minister; and the influence of that worthless Vallachian Aspropotamite enabled the count to nullify the constitution of 1844. By the influence of the palikars, assisted, it is true, by own anti-constitutional love of

administrative despotism, Mavrocordatos was driven from the ministry, and King Otho re-established in absolute power, by the assistance of palikarism and municipal corruption.

The late invasion of Turkey could hardly have taken place, if it had not been in King Otho's power to launch these irregular bands against his neighbour's frontier; for, with all his folly and imprudence, he would not have ventured to march regular troops openly against the Sultan without a declaration of war. On the other hand, it was fortunate for Europe that the utter worthlessness of these undisciplined bands for all military operations, except the defence of mountain passes, prevented their capturing the frontier fortresses of Epirus and Thessaly, and enabled Fuad Effendi to defeat their army with so much ease at Peta. Never, certainly, did any troops make a more despicable military display than the palikars of Greece in their late attack on Turkey. While these invaders made their patriotism a pretext for plundering their unfortunate countrymen who were subjects of the Othoman Empire and devoted their chief attention to carrying off cattle and sheep belonging to Greeks and Christians, instead of attempting to storm the ill-fortified holes of the Turks, the Othoman troops displayed one of the highest characteristics in which the Greek race has always been deficient—a sense of duty. They bravely defended the posts committed to their care, and success crowned their good conduct.

We have now given an impartial account of the faults of King Otho, and of the political vices of the Greek nation; we will proceed to enumerate the virtues of the people with equal impartiality. The greatest enemies of the Greeks cannot deny that they possess a high degree of patriotism. Whatever its origin may be, and however much it may be disfigured by vanity, it is a great virtue, and produces abundant good fruit. The sums of money which have been employed by private individuals in the construction of churches and school-houses over all Greece, the liberal donations they annually remit to Athens for advancing the cause of education, the munificent presents of books, medals,

and philosophical instruments to the University and to the Observatory, and the immense contributions collected to aid the late impolitic attack on Turkey, all prove that, under a better government, and with good guidance, the patriotism of the Greeks might be rendered of great use in advancing the moral improvement and material prosperity of their country. But their patriotic feelings must be directed to the improvement of morality and religion before much good can be effected. The importance of private virtue is not sufficiently appreciated by the Greeks as a guarantee for political honesty. Individual character has more influence as an element of national strength and greatness, than the statesmen at Athens are inclined to believe. Without citing historical examples, we may remind them that a dispersed nation, mingled as the Greeks are with foreign races, is much more amenable to the public opinion of other nations, than a race pressed together in close geographical contiguity, and with which foreigners rarely communicate.

The industry of the Greeks is attested by their commercial activity, and by their laborious agricultural operations. The mass of the population, it is true, derive so little benefit from their toils, that we might pardon them if they were much idler than they are. Those who are most successful in commerce are compelled to expatriate themselves, which is always a great hardship to a Greek. Those who labour at the fields and dig the vineyards are unable to live in tolerable ease; for the want of roads prevents their finding a sale for their produce, and deprives them of the power of purchasing the luxuries they most eagerly desire.

Another honourable feature in Greek society is the good feeling displayed by the classes which live beyond the sphere of court and political influence. If a Greek is neither a courtier, a government official, nor a palikar, he is generally a tolerably honest man, and by no means a bad fellow, unless he be an Ionian or a Phanariot. We may mention an anecdote, which proves strongly the existence of virtue in the great mass of the labouring classes, even on that most delicate of

all subjects, honesty in paying taxes. When the Bavarians arrived in Greece, they had not time to take any strong measures for enforcing a very strict collection of the national revenues. The probable amount was estimated at four millions, but the revenues of the preceding year had not reached that sum. As it was necessary to leave much to the conscience of the people, Mr. Gladstone might have been satisfied with three millions and a half, with a few five-pound notes falling in from time to time from the remorse of defaulters. But the Greeks paid down seven millions within the year; and the experience of subsequent revenue returns proves that they must have paid the full amount to which government had any claim.

The state of the legal profession at Athens impresses strangers with a favourable opinion of the educated classes, when uncorrupted by the service of a corrupted central administration. The advocates form a body of well-educated men, whose professional gains render them independent of court influence, and whose talents and character give them great power over public opinion on judicial matters. Hence they exercise a salutary control over the minister of justice and the judges. This is doubly necessary, from the circumstance that the judges hold their offices only during the pleasure of King Otho, who has frequently removed those who have displeased him from office, or sent them into a dreary exile in some distant province in an inferior charge. The power of public opinion, as exercised by the bar, is consequently of great importance to insure some degree of equity in the courts, and control the general administration of justice in civil affairs; and it has been used in a manner highly honourable both to the Greek bar and to the national character.

There is another quality which the Greeks possess in a high degree, and which, if properly directed by a good government, would aid greatly in raising them from their present state of political degradation. This is their aptitude for public discussion. Concentrated as at present on state affairs, concerning which they are na-

turally quite ignorant, it becomes a mere waste of words. But if employed on their local and municipal affairs, concerning every detail of which they are fully informed, it would soon become the means of checking the corruptions of the court and of the central administration. This aptitude for public business enabled them to retain a large share in the local administration of their provinces under the Turks, and to organise the communal system to which we are inclined to attribute their success in the revolutionary war. The various central governments which followed one another in succession during the war with Turkey, never displayed much talent, nor enjoyed much influence over the people. The naval force, though admirably conducted by Miaoulis, was, in spite of the gallant deeds of Kanaris, inadequate to secure a decisive victory. The military force was without organization, powerless for attack, and extremely ill-directed. No general in Greece, native or foreigner, displayed any great military talent. In the navy, on the contrary, the name of Hastings, who first employed hot shot and shells from ship artillery, ranks justly with the glorious names of Miaoulis and Kanaris. The war on land was entirely supported by the indomitable perseverance of the people. Their political and military leaders weakened their powers of resistance by their intrigues, avarice, and incapacity, but the energy of the people never failed. Glorious examples are innumerable, though Mr. Tricoupi, the Greek historian of the war, has not the judgment to select them. Lord Byron describes their behaviour, in speaking of the Spaniards—

"Back to the struggle; baffled in the strife,
War! war! was still their cry—war, even to the knife!"

Messolonghi attests its truth.

The friends of Greece,—and she has still some sincere friends, in spite of all her faults—may look forward to her communal system and local attachments as a basis on which political order and national prosperity can be firmly established. But unless the restless activity of the people be *usefully occupied* in the management

of their local affairs, they will employ it, as at present, injuriously, in profiting by the corruption of the central government. The want of a proper sphere of energy for a large class of the population is evidently preparing Greece for a series of revolutions. A representative government and a free press, linked to a centralised administration, without the control of a municipal organization, tends naturally to revolution. To remove a parish grievance, it becomes necessary to overthrow a minister; and a very little experience in such countries reveals the secret, that it is easier to make a revolution than obtain a reform.

Such was the state of Greece when the French and English troops landed at the Piræus in the month of June, to prevent King Otho from throwing the country into a state of complete anarchy by his insane policy of assisting Russia. The Greeks, who had invaded Turkey, were already defeated, strong garrisons were already placed in all the Turkish fortresses on the Greek frontier, and a fleet of Turkish steamers commanded the Archipelago. The war had degenerated into a series of forays by land and piratical expeditions by sea, in which the Greeks carried off the cattle, and plundered the warehouses and barns of the subjects of the Porte. On the other hand, the Othoman government, unable to guard against these attacks, threatened to invade Greece, and occupy the richest islands of the Archipelago as a material guarantee for indemnity. The interference of the Allies was quite as necessary to defend the Greek people as the Turkish provinces. A change was of course immediately effected in the government. M. Alexander Mavrocordatos, then Greek minister at Paris, was appointed Prime Minister. The name of Mavrocordatos is well known to all who are acquainted with the history of the Greek revolution. His merits and defects are correctly stated in General Gordon's excellent work. General Kalergy, another distinguished name in Greek history, was intrusted with the war department. M. George Psyllas, who for the last ten years has stood forward as the only consistent supporter of liberal measures and communal interests in

the Senate, was named minister of Religion and Public Instruction. He is an Athenian, and represented Athens at the first National Assembly, held at the commencement of the revolution, when the constitution of Epidaurus was framed. These three men are undoubtedly the best men in Greece for the offices committed to them. But their colleagues are not so well selected. Kanaris is minister of the Marine—no braver nor more patriotic man breathes, but he is no better suited to be a minister than an archbishop. The other ministers are positively very ill chosen. M. Anastasios Londos, whose tergiversation and folly caused the quarrel with Great Britain in 1850, and the blockade of the Piræus, is Minister of Justice. He is as deficient in knowledge of law and judicial administration, as he has shown himself ignorant of the principles of political honesty, and destitute of sound judgment. The other individuals may be left nameless.

The only question of interest in Great Britain is, whether these ministers can do anything to improve the condition of the people, to establish a greater degree of security for life and property than now prevails, open new fields of commercial and agricultural industry, and make Greece an improving and prosperous country; for these changes alone can guarantee the tranquillity of the East.

The first step to be taken must be, to abolish the existing manner of collecting the tenth of the gross produce of the land, as a land-tax. There is no other means of getting quit of the numerous fiscal regulations which deprive the agricultural classes of the power of disposing of their labour in the way most conducive to their profit. The next thing is, to restore life and energy to the municipal system, and extend the independent sphere of action of the municipal authorities. The present Minister of the Interior is perhaps as well fitted to do this as he is to swallow a camel. The Greeks generally have shown that they are deficient in the temper and capacity requisite to conduct a central govern-

ment. They still want the experience necessary to give ordinary men a sense of the value of political honesty, and there is no possibility of their gaining it in any school but that of their own municipal practice. If they are incurably addicted to speculation, they had better commit their acts of dishonesty at home, where the exact amount of their frauds can easily be ascertained, and is sure to be made public. Palikarism must be utterly rooted out. General Kalergy has promptly commenced the work, which no man is so well able to complete. The army and navy must be reformed. A corps of pioneers must be formed to build bridges; steam-packets, and galleys with oars, must facilitate communications.

Now, is Alexander Mavrocordatos the man to do these things? We cannot say. He has always shown himself too much the slave of bureaucratic prejudices for us to feel any very firm confidence in his political views. Nevertheless, at this moment, he is the only Greek who possesses the political honesty and diplomatic experience necessary for preserving friendly relations with the allies of Turkey, and at the same time saving the national independence of his country: he has, therefore, our best wishes for his success.

The time is one of great difficulty. A mighty revolution has commenced in the East, which the Greek race has neither the energy nor the power to direct. If well and wisely governed, it may profit by the course of events; but if its national vanity force it into collision with any of the great actors in the scene, it may be brushed rudely aside, and sink back into the insignificant position it has held ever since the Franks conquered Constantinople and founded principalities in Greece in 1204. Hellenism and orthodoxy must yield to philanthropy and Christian civilization. To us the future is dark; but of one thing we are assured, that the occupation of Greece by the allied troops was absolutely necessary to enable any ministry to commence the task of improvement in the kingdom of Greece.

STUDENT LIFE IN SCOTLAND.

PART II.

EXEMPTION from the authority of the ordinary legal or correctional tribunals was one of the remarkable features of the ancient universities, and the relics of it which have come down almost to the present day in Scotland are very curious. The university was a state in itself, where the administrators of the ordinary authority of the realm had no more power than in a neighbouring independent republic. So jealously was this authority watched and fenced, that usually when the dispute lay between the liegemen of the university and those of the State—between gown and town—the university haughtily arrogated the authority over both. To be sure, it was very much the practice of the age to adjust rights and privileges by balancing one against another—by letting them fight out, as it were, every question in a general contest, and produce a sort of rude justice by the antagonism and balance of forces, just as in some Oriental states at this day the strangers of each nation have the privilege of living under their native laws; a method which, by pitting privilege against privilege, and letting the stronger bear down the weaker, saves the central government much disagreeable and difficult work in the adjustment of rights and duties.

So, in the middle ages, we had the ecclesiastical competing with the baronial interests, or the burghal or corporate with both. Nay, in these last there was a subdivision of interests, various corporations of craftsmen being subject to the authority of their own syndies, deans, or mayors, and entitled to free themselves from any interference in many of their affairs by the burghal or even the royal courts. Ecclesiastical law fought with civil law, and chancery carried on a ceaseless undermining contest with common law; while over Europe there were inexhaustible varieties of palatinates, margravates, regalities, and the like, enjoying their own separate *privileges and systems of jurisprudence. But over this Babel of autho-*

rities so completely established in France that Voltaire complained of changing laws as often as he changed horses, what is conspicuous is the homage paid by all the other exclusive privileges to those of the universities, and the separation of these grand institutions by an impassable line of venerated privileges from the rest of the vulgar world. Thus, the State conceded freely to literature those high privileges for which the Church in vain contended, from the slaughter of Becket to the fall of Wolsley. In a very few only of the States nearest to the centre of spiritual dominion, could an exclusive ecclesiastical jurisdiction extending to matters both spiritual and temporal be assented to; and France, which acknowledged the isolated authority of the universities, bade a stern defiance to the claims of the priesthood.

It can hardly be said that, invested with these high powers, the universities bore their honours meekly. Respected as they were, they were felt to be invariably a serious element of turbulence, and a source of instability to their respective governments. In the affairs of the League, the Fronde, and the various other contests which, in former days, as in the present, have kept up a perpetual succession of conflicts in turbulent Paris, the position to be taken by the students was extremely momentous, but was not easily to be calculated upon; for these gentry imbibed a great amount both of restlessness and capriciousness along with their cherished prerogatives. During the centuries in which a common spirit pervaded the whole academic body, the fame of a particular university, or of some celebrated teacher in it, had a concentrating action over the whole civilised world, which drew a certain proportion of the youth of all Europe towards the common vortex. Hence, when we know that there were frequently assembled from one to ten thousand young men, adventurous and high-spirited, contemptuous of the condition of the

ordinary citizen, and bound together by common objects and high exclusive privileges—well armed, and in possession of edifices fortified according to the method of the day—we hardly require to read history to believe how formidable such bodies must have proved.

An incident in the history of a wandering Scotsman, though but a petty affair in itself, illustrates the sort of feudal power possessed by the authorities of a university. Thomas Dempster, the author of *Etruria Regalis*, and of a work better known than esteemed in Scottish Biography, in the course of his Continental wanderings found himself in possession of power—as sub-principal, it has been said, of the college of Beauvais, in the university of Paris. Taking umbrage at one of the students for fighting a duel—one of the enjoyments of life which Dempster desired to monopolise to himself—he caused the young gentleman's points to be untrussed, and proceeded to exercise discipline in the primitive dorsal fashion. The aggrieved youth had powerful relations, and an armed attack was made on the college to avenge his insults. But Dempster armed his students and fortified the college walls so effectively that he was enabled, not only to hold his post, but to capture some of his assailants, and commit them as prisoners to the belfry. It appears, however, that like many other bold actions this was more immediately successful than strictly legal, and certain ugly demonstrations in the court of the Chatelain suggested to Dempster the necessity of retreating to some other establishment in the vast literary republic of which he was a distinguished ornament—welcome wherever he appeared. He had come of a race not much accustomed to fear consequences or stand in awe of the opinion of society. His elder brother had, among other ethical eccentricities—or, as they would now be justly deemed, enormities—taken unto himself for wife his father's cast-off mistress; and when the venerable parent, old Dempster of Muireask, intimated his disapproval of the connection, he was fiercely attacked by a band of the Gordon Highlanders, headed by his hopeful son. Defeated and put to

flight with some casualties, the heir hoisted the standard of an independent adventurer in Orkney, where, setting fire to the bishop's palace, he rendered the surrounding atmosphere too hot for him. He made his final exit in the Netherlands; and his conduct there must have been, to say the least of it, questionable, since his affectionate brother, whose conduct in Paris is the more immediate object of our notice, records that his doom was to be torn to pieces by wild horses. In such a family, flagellation would have little chance of being condemned as a degrading punishment, inconsistent with the natural dignity of man. Indeed, to admit the plain honest truth, the records of the Scottish universities prove to us that this pristine discipline was inflicted on its junior members; and it is especially assigned in Glasgow as the appropriate punishment for carrying arms. Local peculiarities of costume gave facilities for it in some instances, which were not so readily afforded by the padded trunk-hose and countless ribbon-points of the Parisian "swells" of Louis XIII.'s day. The Parisian aristocracy took serious umbrage at the conduct of Dempster; and he had to take his vast learning and his impracticable temper elsewhere.

This is a digression; but Thomas Dempster is a good type of those Scotsmen who brought over to us, from their own energetic practice, the observance of the Continental notions of the independence and power of the universities. His experience was ample and varied. He imbibed a tinge of the Anglican system at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. Besides serving and commanding in different colleges at Paris, he held office at Louvain, Rome, Douay, Tournay, Navarre, Toulouse, Montpellier, Pisa, and Bologna. A man who has performed important functions in all these places may well be called a citizen of the world. At the same time, his connections with them were generally of a kind not likely to pass from the memory of those who came in contact with him. He was a sort of roving Bentley, who, not contented with sitting down surrounded by the hostility of nearly all the members of one university, went about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he might attack and insult, and left be-

hind him wherever he went the open wounds of his sword, or of his scarcely less direful pen, scattered thickly around him. He was one of those who, as Anthony Arnaud said of himself, are to expect tranquillity only in a removal from that sublunary world in which, like pieces of clockwork wound up, they are doomed to a ceaseless motion during their vitality. Thomas Dempster has many sins to answer for, and at this day the most conspicuous of them is the cool impudence wherewith, in his *Historia Litteraria Gentis Sclorum*, he makes every man whose birthplace is not notorious, and whose name gives any excuse for dubiety, a Scotsman, as, for instance, Macrobius, who is claimed in virtue of his *Mac*, and in forgetfulness that his is a Greek name, signifying long-lived. Yet peace to our countryman's long dispersed ashes. He was a fine type of the fervent, energetic, brave, enduring national character; and the ungoverned waywardness of his career was an earnest of what his countrymen might achieve when a better day should dawn upon their poor distracted land.

But to return to the exclusive judicial authority of the universities, and the relics of the system found in Scotland,—we do remember that on the occasion of one of those great snowball *emeutes*, which at intervals of years make the Edinburgh students frantic, the police had entered the quadrangle of the College and captured some of their sacred persons. The occurrence was improved on by the students of Aberdeen—then in possession of an organ of no despicable ability, called the *Aberdeen Magazine*—who maintained that their own academical edifices were sacred from civic intrusion, and pointed the finger of scorn at their southern brethren, who submitted without rebellion to invasion by a body of glazed-hatted constables, under the leadership of a superintendent of police. It was said, in retaliation, that the reason why the universities of Aberdeen were exempt from the visitations of the police was because there was no force of police constables in the northern capital; and it was maintained that whenever they *should make their appearance there, they would pay no more respect to*

the precincts of the university than to those of the old privileged religious houses—whose boundaries, sacred some centuries ago from civic intrusion, are still set forth in the title-deeds of burghal estates. We know not how the matter may really stand, but we suspect that the broad-bonneted and broad-shouldered gentry who now make so curiously conspicuous a police in the streets of Aberdeen, are not sufficiently acquainted with the privileges of Marischal College to pay them the due deference.

Still we do find curious practical relics of the privileges of the universities. On the 19th of June, 1509, a general convocation—*congregatio generalis*—of the University of Glasgow was held in the chapter-house of the cathedral—the now venerable University edifices had not then been built. In that assembly solemn discussion was held upon certain momentous matters, the first and most important of which was a representation by the Chancellor and temporary Rector of the University that the exclusive jurisdiction and adjudication of causes—*jurisdictio causarumque cognitio*—were falling into desuetude, to the great prejudice of the University, and the no small diminution of its valuable privileges. The next notice that one finds in the *Records* is a few years later—28th March, 1522—but it is rather a conflict between the privileges of two of the universities than between the academic and the judicial authorities. In the general convocation of the University, Peter Alderstoun is accused of having served a citation from the Conservator of the Privileges (*Conservator Privilegiorum*) of the University of St. Andrews on a certain Mr. Andrew Smyth—the aristocratic spelling is older than we thought it had been in Scotland. The breach of privilege was aggravated by its occurring in the habitation of the Reverend David Kinghorn, Pensioner of Cross Raguel. The bailiff, or whatever else he might be, pleaded ignorance of the nature of the writ; but he was obliged, barehead, to seek pardon from the injured party. We find nothing more bearing on the question of the special university privileges, until, in the

year 1670, a sudden and singularly bold attempt appears to be made for their revival, a court of justiciary being held by the University, and a student put on trial on a charge of murder. The weighty matter is thus introduced:—

"Anent the indytmnt given in by John Cumming, wryter in Glasgow, elected to be Procurator-Fiscal of the said University; and Andrew Wright, cordoner in Glasgow, neirest of kin to umquhile Janet Wright, servetrix to Patrick Wilson, younger, gairdner there, killed by the shot of ane gnn, or murdered within the said Patrick his dwelling-house, upon the first day of August instant, against Robert Bartoun, son lawfull of John Bartoun, gairdner in the said burgh, and student in the said University, for being guilty of the said horrible crime upon the said umquhile Janet."*

A jury was impannelled to try the question. The whole affair bears a suspicious aspect of being preconceived to enable the accused to plead the benefit of acquittal; for no objection is taken on his part to the competency of the singular tribunal before which he is to be tried for his life; on the contrary, he highly approves of them as his judges, and in the end is pronounced not guilty. The respectable burgesses who acted as jurymen had, however, as it appears, their own grave doubts about this assumption of the highest judicial functions; and we find them in this curious little document, which we offer in full, expressing themselves with that cautious and sagacious scepticism which is as much a part of the national character as its ardour and enthusiasm.

"Patrick Bryce, chancellor, and remanent persons who passed upon the said inquest, before they gave in their verdict to the said court, desired that they might be secured for the future, lest they might be quarrelled at any time hereafter for going on, and proceeding to pass on an inquest of the like nature, upon ane warning by the officer of the said University; and that in regard they declared the case to be singular, never having occurred in the age of before to their knowledge, and the rights and privileges of the University not being produced to them to clear their privilege for holding of criminal courts, and to sit and cognosce upon crimes of the like nature; whereunto it was an-

swered by the Rector and his assessors that they opposed their being content to pass upon the said inquest *in initio*, and their making faith without controverting their privilege; but notwithstanding thereof, for their satisfaction and *ex abundanti gratia*, they declared themselves and their successors in office enacted, bound, and obliged for their warrandice of all cost, skaith, danger, and expenses they or ane or other of them should sustain or incur through the passing upon the said inquest, or whilk could follow thereupon, through the said University their wanting of their original rights or writs for clearing to them the privilege and jurisdiction in the like cases. Whereupon the said Patrick Bryce, as chancellor, for himself, and in name and in behalf of the haill remanent members of the said inquest, asked acts of court."†

Though we are not aware of any instance in Scotland where the academic tribunals have arrogated, since the Reformation, so high a power, it is not difficult to find other instances where exemption has been claimed, even at a later period, from the ordinary powers that be. Thus the *Glasgow Records* of the year 1721 bear that—

"The faculty, being informed that some of the magistrates of Glasgow, and particularly Bailie Robert Alexander, has examined two of the members of the University—viz., William Clark and James Macaulay, students in the Greek class—for certain crimes laid to their charge some time upon the month of February last, and proceeded to sentence against these students, contrary to and in prejudice of the University and haill members, do therefore appoint Mr. Gershom Carmichael, &c., to repair to the said magistrates of Glasgow, and particularly Bailie Alexander, and demand the cancelling of the said sentence, and protest against the said practice of the said bailie or any of the magistrates for their said practice, and for remeid of law as accords."‡

It was the principle, not the persons—the protection of their privileges, not the impunity of their students—that instigated the faculty on this occasion, since in their next minute they are found visiting William Clark and James Macaulay with punishment for heavy youthful offences. We offer no apology for quoting, on such an occasion, these scraps from

* *Glasgow Records*, ii. 341.

† *Ibid.*, p. 343.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 422.

technical documents. It appears to us that when they are not oppressively long, or too professional for ordinary comprehension, there is no other way of affording so distinct a notion of any very remarkable social peculiarity, such as we account the exclusive liability of the members of universities to their own separate tribunals to have been.

Although the Scottish universities never boasted of the vast concourse of young men of all peoples, nations, and languages, which sometimes flocked to the Continental schools, and thus with their great privileges created a formidable *imperium in imperio*—yet naturally there has existed more or less of a standing feud between the citizen class and the student class. The records before us show repeated contests by the authorities of universities, against an inveterate propensity in the students to wear arms, and to use them. The weapons prohibited by the laws of King's College, Aberdeen, are so varied and peculiar that we cannot venture to do their Latin names into English, and can only derive, from the terms in which they are denounced, a general notion how formidable a person a student putting the law at defiance must have been. But for the difference in the Latinity, one might suppose himself reading Strada's celebrated account of the weapons in the Spanish Armada.*

From some incidental causes, a slight tinge of the desperado habits, indicated by such restrictions, lingered around the Scottish universities, and perhaps was most loth to depart from that northernmost institution to which the prohibitions specially applied. The main cause of their continuance may be attributed to the exigencies of the anatomical classes which gradually attached themselves to the schools of medicine. In obtaining subjects there was a perpetual contest with unmitigable prejudices; and as in the smaller university towns there were few or no people who followed systematically

the trade of the resurrectionist, the students had to help themselves. It needed but the very fact of their having an occasional "subject" in the dissecting-room to expose them to an odious reputation, which no argument about the blessed results of the healing art, and the necessity of studying it in the structure of the human frame, could in the slightest degree mitigate. The feud thus caused was of a kind which widened as the progress of scientific acquirement enlarged the study of anatomy; and it seemed as if a permanent and deadly hostility against the progress of an essential science were daily deepening and widening, until public wrath, concentrated and accumulated, might be expected at last to burst on the devoted pursuit, and annihilate it. Though the students of anatomy were generally among those who had passed through the ordinary curriculum of studies, and no longer wore the distinguishing scarlet robe, yet their younger brethren were, not entirely without cause, mixed up in their misdeeds. Horrible stories of their waylaying children, and of their clapping plasters on the mouths of grown men met in lonely byways, which stopped the breath, and instantaneously extinguished life, were greedily believed, and founded tales capable of superseding *Bluebeard* and *The One-handed Monk* at the winter chimney-corner. Young lads in their early blushing scarlet were sometimes savagely assaulted, as if the poor innocents were ghouls in search of the horrible prey peculiar to their order. The public frenzy reached its climax on the revelation of the crimes of Burke and Hare. It almost as suddenly collapsed after the passing of the Anatomy Act, which removed from dissection that odium which previous legislation had factitiously imparted to it as part of the punishment of murder, and accompanied the change with special facilities for the obtaining of subjects. Hence more than twenty years have passed since the

* "*Gladia, pugiones sicas machæras rhomphæas acinaces fustes, præsertim si præferrati vel plumbati sint, veruta missilia tela sclopos tormenta bombardas balistas ac arma ulla bellica nemo discipulus gestato.*"—*Fausti Aberdonienses*, 242. The Glasgow list is less formidable: "*Nemo gladium pugionem tormenta bellica aut aliud quodvis armorum et telorum genus gestet; set apud præfectum omnia deponat.*"—*Instituta*, 49.

habits of our students were tainted by this incidental peculiarity, and its social effect must now be matter of tradition.

It can easily, however, be believed that the revolting preliminary which the votary of science had to undergo must have had an influence on his habits very far from propitious. The nocturnal expedition was occasionally joined by those who had not the excuse of scientific ardour, and thus the influence of the practice spread beyond the limits of the medical profession. The mysterious horrors surrounding the reputation of such a pursuit were not without a certain fascination to the young gowmsmen, and some of them were supposed placidly to cultivate rather than suppress charges which would have seriously alarmed their more knowing and practical seniors. Though there was thus a good deal of exaggeration and boasting both from without and from within, yet the practice did exist among the senior students, while at the same time an occasional junior, approved for his boldness and discretion, might be admitted to act a subordinate part in a "resurrectionising affair." Possibly he, if not the others, might find it necessary to employ some stimulant to brace his nerves for the formidable work in hand. Thus the adventure which provided the theatre of anatomy with the means of keeping a few students at hard work in one of the most important departments of human knowledge, had probably occasioned more than one night of fierce dissipation, and produced scenes which would have considerably astonished the good old aunts, deprecating the exhausting labours of their virtuous nephews in the nasty hospitals and that horrid dissecting-room.

The excesses which concentrated themselves around this solemn and cheerless pursuit, ramified themselves into others of a more fantastic and cheerful character. Probably it is all changed now; but they are not very old men who remember how the smaller university towns were subject to fantastic superficial revolutions. Trees, gates, railings, street lamps, summer-houses, shop signs, and other "accessories of the realty," as lawyers call them, disappearing or

changing places like the shifting of the side-slips in a theatre. Perhaps there may even be alive some who have witnessed or participated in such diversions. Is there any one who will admit participation in that transmutation which scandalised the bailie, by exhibiting his suburban mansion under the auspices of the national achievement, as "licensed to sell spirits, porter, and ale," just at the moment when the licentiate of the Red Lion was lamenting the disappearance of his insignia? Are none of those virtuous youths alive, who called next day to express their horror of the deed, and hold confidential communion with the bailie, thus obtaining access to his arsenal, and receiving the comfortable secret information—valuable for future conduct—that the blunderbuss, the musket, and the brace of pistols, were loaded with powder only, "but he wad warrant the scounreels wad get a fleg"? Who was it, we wonder, that on the myrmidons of justice coming to his chambers, under the well warranted suspicion that he possessed an extensive and varied collection of shop signs, had recourse to his incipient Scripture knowledge by an apt quotation in reference to those who seek what they do not succeed in obtaining? Is it probable that in any private neuks in old dwelling-houses there may exist relics of those prized museums not acquired without toil and risk—and exhibited with much caution only to trusted friends—which consisted mainly of watchmen's rattles and battered lanterns? Lives there yet one of that laborious group, who wished to illuminate the mansion of Professor Blane in proper style, and to that effect carried out a cluster of street lamps, and planted them all a-light in his garden, so encountering labour and risk with no better reward than a reflection on the professor's puzzled countenance when he should awaken and behold the phenomenon? *N.B.* Street lamps in those days were fed with oil, and were supported on wooden posts, which it was not difficult for a couple of strong youths to uproot.

But we are shocking the virtue and civilisation of the age by such queries.

They hint at practices which we believe to be entirely eschewed by the superior class of young gentlemen who now frequent our universities. If we have created a throb of terror in an amiable parent's breast, we humbly beg his pardon. He may take our word for it that his hopeful son is incapable of such pranks. This is mainly an antiquarian article, and the matter contained in it belongs more or less to the past, and is founded on document or tradition.

The semi-monastic foundations by which the students live under the discipline of colleges or halls, and assemble together at a common table, are indissolubly connected in English notions with the idea of a university. Yet the system arose as an adjunct to the original universities, and, as late inquirers have shown, the parasites have so overrun the parent stem that its original character is scarcely perceptible beneath their more luxuriant growth. The origin of these institutions is simple enough. When the great teachers brought crowds of young men together from all parts of Europe, the primary question was how they were to obtain food and shelter? and a second arose when these needs were supplied—how could any portion of the discipline of the parental home be administered to them among strangers? Certain privileges were given to the houses inhabited by the students, and streets and quarters sprung up for their accommodation, as we now see the rows of red-tiled cottages sprout forth like lichens around the tall chimney of a new manufactory. To prevent fluctuation, and preserve the academic character wherever it had once established itself, it was a frequent regulation that the houses once inhabited by students could be let to no other person so long as the rents were duly paid. We find traces of this expedient in the records of Glasgow, where there seems to have been great difficulty in accommodating the students of the infant university, on account of the extreme smallness of the town. Since the house once occupied by the student was thenceforth dedicated to his order, speculators were induced to build entirely *with a view to the accommodation of*

a certain number of young men living in celibacy, and they naturally imitated the example set them in the construction of monasteries. The edifice and its use thus suggested something like the monastic discipline—and, indeed, an establishment filled with young men, having their separate dormitories and common table, yet without any head or system of discipline among them, would have been a social anomaly of the most formidable character. The university required to give its sanction to the well ordering of the separate institutions thus rising around it. At the same time munificent patrons of learning left behind them endowments for founding such institutions, indicating at the same time the method in which the founders desired that they should be governed, and appointing a portion of the funds to form stipendiary allowances to office-bearers. So arose those great colleges and halls which in England have buried the original constitution of the university beneath them.

In the great Continental universities which contained separate colleges, these were more strictly under the central control. In Scotland, the wealth at the disposal of the academic institutions, and the numbers attending them, were never sufficiently great to encourage the rise of separate bodies, either independent or subordinate. The system of monastic residence and a common table was adopted under the authority of the university, but it is remarkable that while so many of the fundamental features of the original institution have been preserved, this subsidiary arrangement has totally disappeared. The indications of its existence, however, as they are preserved in the records, have naturally considerable interest as vestiges of a social condition which has passed from the earth.

In the *Glasgow Records* we have, of date 1606, a contract with Andrew Henderson touching the Boarding of the Masters and Bursars, commencing thus: "At Glasgow, the twenty-two day of October, the year of God Jm JVe and aucht yeares: it is appoyntit and aggreit betwix the parties following, viz., Mr Patrick Schairp, Principal of the Colloge of

Glasgow, and Regentes thairof, with consent of the ordinar auditouris of the said College compts, undersubscrivand on the ane part, and Andro Hendersoun, Burges of the said burgh on the uther part, in manner following." Having afforded this initial specimen of the document, we shall take the liberty of somewhat modifying the spelling of such parts of the "manner following," in quoting such portions of it as seem by their curious character to demand notice; and herein we may observe that we follow the example of a judicious Quaker we had once the pleasure of being made known to, who, after a solicitous desire to know the Christian name of his new acquaintance, with a few preliminary thee's and thou's—as much as to say, you see the set I belong to—afterwards ran into the usual current of conversation very much like a man of this world. Well, the document, with much precision, continues to say:—

"The manner of the board shall be this: At nine hours upon the flesh days—viz., Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday—the said Andrew shall prepare to the said masters, and others that pay as they pay, ane soup of fine white bread, or ane portion of cold meat, as best may be had, with some dry bread and drink. At twelve hours the said Andrew shall cover ane table in the hall of the said College, and shall serve them in brose, skink, sodden beef, and mutton, the best in the market, roasted mutton or veal, as the commodity of the season of the year shall serve, with a fowl, or the equivalent thereof, with good wheat bread, the best in the market, without scarcity, and 'gud staill aill, aucht or ten dayis auld, that sall be bettir nor the haill aill in the town,' and at supper suchlike. And on fish days the said Andrew shall furnish every aue in the morning, ane callour fresch eg, with sum cauld meit or milk and breid, and sum dry breid and drink; at noone, kaill and eggis, herring, and thrie course of fische, give thai may be had, or the equivalent thairof in breid and milk, fryouris with dry breid as of befor,' and at supper suchlike. The mess of the bursars, which immediately follows, must be given literatim: 'On the fleshe dayis, in the morning, everie

ane of thame, ane soup of ait breid and ane drink; at noone, broois with ane tailye of fresche beif, with sufficient breid and aill to drink; at evening, on the said manner, ane tailye of fresche beif to everie meiss. On fische dayis, breid and drink as in the flesche dayis; at disjoone, ane eg; at noone, eggis, herring, and ane uther course; at evening sicklike.'"

Probably such a bill of fare may dispel some notions about the sordid living of our ancestors, and the privations especially of those who dedicated themselves to a scholastic life. The existence of meagre days—or fish days, as they are called—in the year 1608, suggests explanations which we have not to offer. It would almost appear, however, that, at least in the dietary of the superior class, a fish day was one in which fish was added to a comfortable allotment of meat, instead of being substituted for it. Another contract occurs in the year 1649, varying little from "the said Andrew's," except in the addition of a few luxuries. The mess to be laid in the hall for dinner is to be "broth, skink, sodden beef, and mutton, the best in the market, with roasted mutton, lamb, veil, or hudderin, as the season of the year shall serve, with wheat bread and good stale ale; and at supper such like, with a capon or hen or the equivalent." The fish days continue to be distinguished less by the diminution of flesh—since there is to be two roasts in the day—than by the addition of fish. At supper there are to be sweetmeats and "stoved plumdamas," which may be interpreted stewed prunes. Another article there introduced is called "stamped kaile." The application of the participle is new to us, though, as every one ought to know, *kail* means broth, or what the French call *potage*; and a critic in such matter suggests that the word stamped may refer to the mashing of the materials. In the earlier of the contracts which we have referred to, the board-money was—for the master's table, £30 per quarter (Scots money, of course), and for the bursar's, £16, 13s. 3d. The value of money had so far risen that in the next period the sums were respectively £46 and £24. The master's table was frequented by the young

aristocracy of Scotland, apparently in as ample a proportion as those of England are now to be found at Oxford and Cambridge. Thus, in an inventory of occupied rooms, apparently in one floor, the aristocratic element has a decided preponderance in the nomenclature: "Lord James's chamber, Francis Montgomerie's chamber, Kilmarnock's chamber, Richard Elphinstone's chamber, George Smyth's chamber, James Fleming's chamber, Joseph Gill's chamber, James Simson's chamber."*

It is not perhaps generally known that the practice of a common table was continued in St. Andrews down to about the year 1820. In evidence before the University Commission in 1827, Dr. Hunter stated that "there were two public tables; one of them, the higher table, was attended only by boarders, and by the bursars on the Ramsay mortification; the board was high, and the entertainment altogether was better: the other was the bursars' table. The college was induced to contract with an economist or provisor to supply both tables; and if the boards fell short, or if the expense increased from the articles of subsistence being dearer than ordinary in any year, or exceeded the amount allowed by the contract, the College often compensated to him that loss." Having thus offered some notices of the collegiate system in its full vitality, and traced it to its last lurking-place, we cannot help giving a place to the significant reflections which have occurred to the editor of the *Glasgow Records* on the extinction of the system.

"In all the universities in Scotland, the old collegiate life, so favourable for scholastic discipline, has been abandoned. Perhaps the increasing numbers rendered living in college under the masters' eye inconvenient; though some modification of the systems of living in the universities and the great schools of England might meet the difficulty. The present academic life in Scotland brings the master and the student too little in contact, and does not enable the teacher to educate in that which is more important than scholastic learning, nor to study and train the temper, habits, and character. If the

alternative which has been chosen inferred that the student enjoyed the benefit of parental or domestic care when out of the lecture-room, the change might be less objectionable; but when we observe the crowds of young men brought from distant homes to our universities, living at large and altogether uncontrolled, except in the class-room, we may look back with some regret to the time when the good regent of a university, living among his pupils, came in the parent's place as well as the master's.

"But it was not only the discipline of the university that was benefited by the collegiate life. The spirit of fellowship that existed among young men set apart for the common object of high education, was, on the whole, favourable, though liable to exaggeration, and often running into prejudice. Nearly all that common feeling of the youth of a great university is gone. The shreds of it that are preserved by the dress, scarcely honoured in the crowded streets of a great city, and the rare occurrence of a general meeting of students, serve only to suggest to what account it might be turned for exciting the enthusiasm and raising the standard of conduct among the youth of Scotland. If such collections as the present, in revealing the old machinery of the scholar life, tend in any degree to the renewal of the bond of common feeling among the younger students, and of sympathy with their teachers, they will not be useless."

We were led towards the vestiges of the collegiate system by the observation, that while in England it had overshadowed and concealed the original outline of the universities, it had in Scotland disappeared, leaving the primitive institutions in their original loneliness. When we contemplate, with this recollection, the decayed remains of the older universities, it will be seen that they were not so inferior in wealth and magnificence to those of our neighbours, as the mass of collegiate institutions which these have gathered around the primitive university might lead one to suppose. Undoubtedly Christ Church and King's Chapel are fine buildings; but the remains of the chapels of St. Salvator at St. Andrews, and of King's College in Aberdeen, are not to be despised. Of the for-

* *Fasts Univ. Glasg.*, p. 548.

mer, alas! there are little more than the truncated walls and buttresses, with here and there a decoration to show what the edifice was when it stood forth in all its symmetry. Near the end of last century a suspicion was entertained that the roof was decayed and would fall. So groundless was the supposition, that after the workmen who were removing it had gone too far to recede, they found that they could not take it to pieces, but must first weaken its connection with the wall plates, and let it fall plump down. Of course it smashed to atoms nearly every interior ornament, and it just left enough of the marble tomb of its founder, Bishop Kennedy, to let us see what a marvellous group of richly-cut gothic work it must have originally been. Within it there were found, among other ornaments, a heavy silver mace of Parisian workmanship, wonderful as the tomb itself for the quaint intricacy of its workmanship.

The chapel of King's College has fared better. Like a modest northern wild-flower, its beauties are hidden from the common gaze of the peering tourist, but to the adepts who examine them they are of no ordinary character. From the difficulty of working the indigenous granite, and the cost of importing freestone, the Gothic builders of this district seem to have been frugal in their stone decorations, so that the glory of King's College consists in its interior woodwork of carved oak, worked in architectural forms, like fairy masonry. We question if there is anywhere a collection of specimens of Gothic fretwork more varied and delicate.

It is difficult to conceive anything more depictive of high and daring educational aspirations than the planting of this beautiful edifice in so distant a spot, as the place of worship of those students who were to flock to it from the wild hills and dreary moors of the north. Its founder was Bishop Elphinston, an ardent scholar, a traveller, and a frequenter of the Continental universities, who might rather have been expected, had he followed the dictates of his refined tastes instead of his conscientious convictions, and his zeal for the spread of learning, to have spent his days among the Continental scholars, than to have carried their learning across the

Grampians. The character of the foundation may be derived from the following abstract of the Bull of erection of 1495, prefixed to the Spalding edition of the *Fasti Aberdonienses*.

"Bull of Pope Alexander VI., issued on the petition of James IV., King of Scots, which sets forth that the north parts of his kingdom were inhabited by a rude, illiterate, and savage people, and therefore erecting in the City of Old Aberdeen a 'Studium Generale' and University, as well for theology, canon and civil law, medicine, and the liberal arts, as for any other lawful faculty, to be there studied and taught by ecclesiastical and lay Masters and Doctors, in the same manner as in the 'Studia Generalia' of Paris and Bologna, and for conferring on deserving persons the degrees of Bachelor, Licentiate, Doctor, Master, and all other degrees and honourable distinctions; conferring on William, Bishop of Aberdeen, and his successors, the office of Chancellor, empowering them, or, during the vacancy of the See, the Vicar deputed by the Chapter, to confer these degrees in all the faculties on such well-behaved scholars as shall, after due examination, be deemed fit by the Rector, Regents, Masters, or Doctors of the faculty in which the degree is sought; granting to such graduates full power of teaching in this or any other *studium*, without any other examination; giving power to the Chancellor or his Vicar, the Rector for the time, and the resident Doctors, with the assistance of a competent number of Licentiates in each faculty, and of circumspect scholars of the said *studium*, and of two of the King's Councillors at the least, to make statutes for the good government thereof: and conferring on the students and graduates thereof all the privileges and immunities of any other University. 10 February, 1494-5."

The character of the institution, and the extent to which it embodied the matured practices of the foreign universities, will be more amply understood by a document, dated a few years later, in the shape of a collegiate endowment by the Bishop, applicable, along with the foundation of a certain Duncan Scherar, to thirty-six members.

"Of the foresaid thirty-six persons, five to be Masters of Arts and Students of Theology, exercising the functions of the priesthood, and daily acting as readers and Regents in Arts, each having a stipend of ten pounds, four of them being

paid out of the lands and feu-duties assigned by the Bishop, and the fifth out of the foundation of the foresaid Duncan Scherar; thirteen to be scholars or poor clerks, fit for instruction in speculative knowledge, and whose parents cannot support them at scholastic exercises, twelve of them having each a stipend of twelve merks from the revenues of the said churches, with chambers and other college conveniences, and the thirteenth a stipend of five pounds from the foundation of the said Duncan Scherar; the five Students of Theology to be supported for seven years until they are licensed, and one of these, of sweet temper, to be selected by the Principal and Sub-principal to read and teach poetry and rhetoric to the other Students; and the Students in Arts to be supported for three years and a-half until made Masters; at the end of which periods, these Students of Theology and Arts, whether graduated or not, to be removed, and others instituted in their stead; the Principal, Canonist, Civilist, Mediciner, Sub-principal, and Grammarian, to be nominated by the Bishop and his successors, Chancellors of the University; the Students of Theology to be admitted by the Chancellor, and nominated by the Rector, Dean of Faculty of the Arts, Principal and Sub-principal; and the thirteen Scholars to be admitted in like manner, and nominated by the above parties and the Regent of Arts; of the thirteen Students in Arts, the two first to be of the name of Elphinstoun, who, after being graduated in Arts, shall be admitted among the Students of Theology, and three to be from the parishes of Aberlethnot, Glenmyk, Abirgerny, and Slania: all the members to have their residence within the College, except the Canonist, Mediciner, Grammarian, and Regent, who are to have mansees without the College; the Principal and the Students of Theology, after being made Bachelors, to read Theology every reading-day, and to preach six times a-year to the people; and the Students before being made Bachelors, to preach by turns in Latin in the Chapter of the College on every Lord's day and holiday throughout the year before all the Students; the Regents in Arts to give instruction in the liberal sciences, like the Regents of the University of Paris; and the Canonist, Civilist, Mediciner, to read in proper attire every reading-day, after the manner observed in the Universities of Paris and Orleans; the Rector or (if he be a member of the College) the Dean of the Faculty of Arts, and the Official of Aber-

deen, to visit the College once a year, and to mark defects in the persons and property of the College, an account of which shall be written by four persons, deputed for that effect, and presented to the Chancellor, who, with their advice, shall administer correction; a Procurator to be selected from the College by the Principal, Canonist, Civilist, Sub-principal, Cantor, and Sacrist, and to have for his pains, in addition to his stipend, five merks; eight Prebendaries, and four youths, accomplished in singing, to be in the College, and to celebrate matins, vespers, and mass, in surplices and black copes, in the presence of the members of the college; the first of these Prebendaries to be called the Cantor, and the second the Sacrist, each with a stipend of twenty merks; the other prebendaries (from among whom the Chancellor must appoint one who is a proficient on the organ) having sixteen merks, and each of the youths five merks. 17 September, 1505."

It is curious to mark how distinctly the traces of its French origin have remained in the northern University. In addition to some instances in the preceding article, it is worthy of notice that the Students, and even the common people, are still familiar with such words as *Bejant* and *Magistrand*.

Can our chubby friend there, who blushes as brightly as the fresh scarlet gown in which he has gone forth to attract the gaze, more spiteful than admiring, of the untogged schoolfellows whom he has left behind him, tell why he is called a *Bejant*?

Ducange tells us that *Beanus* means a new student who has just come to the academy, and cites the statutes of the University of Vienna, prohibiting all persons from cheating or overcharging the new-comers, who are called *Beani*, or assailing them with other injuries or contumelies. *Lambecius*, in the *Epistola Obscurorum*, finds *Beanus* in a monogram—"Beanus est animal nesciens vitam studiosorum." We come nearer the mark, however, in France, the *Bejauni* frequently occurring in *Bulleus's* massive History of the University of Paris. Thus, in the year 1314, a statute of the University is passed on the suppression of a number of the inexperienced youths, *qui vulgo Bejauni appellabantur*. Their complaint is an old and oft-repeated tale, common to

freshmen, greenhorns, griffins, or by whatever name the inexperienced, when alighting among old stagers, are recognised. The statute of the Universitas states that a variety of predatory personages fall on the newly arrived bejaune, demanding a *bejaunica*, or gratuity, to celebrate a *jocundus adventus*; that when it is refused, they have recourse to insults and blows; that there is brawling and bloodshed in the matter, and thus the discipline and studies of the University are disturbed by the pestiferous disease. It is thence prohibited to give any *bejaunica*, except to the bejaun's companions living in the house with him, whom he may entertain if he pleases; and if any efforts are made by others to impose on him, he is solemnly enjoined to give secret information to the procurators and the deans of the faculties.*

The etymology attributed to the word bejaune is rather curious. It is said to mean yellow neb—*béc jaune*—in allusion to the physical peculiarity of unfledged and inexperienced birds, to whose condition those who have just passed from the function of robbing their nests to the discipline of a University are supposed to have an obvious resemblance. "*Ce mot*," says the *Trevaux*, "*a été dit par corruption de bec jaune, per métaphore de oisons et autres oiseaux niais que on le bec jaune—ce qu'on a appliqué aux apprentis en tous les arts et sciences.—Rudis Tiro Imperitus.*" Yet in the same dictionary there are such explanations about the use of the words *begayer*, to stutter, and *begayement*, stuttering, as might, one would think, have furnished a more obvious origin than the ornithological. "*Les enfans*," we are told, "*begayent en apprenant à parler. Ceux qui ont la langue grasse begayent toute leur vie. Quand un homme a bû beaucoup il commence a begayer.*" But it is used also figuratively: "*Des choses qu'on a peine d'expliquer, ou de faire entendre—Ce commentateur n'a fait que begayer en voulant expliquer l'Apocalypse.*" Whatever were its remote origin, however, the term was in full use in the University of Paris, whence it passed to Aberdeen. We

have now shown our scarlet friend the reason for his being called a Bejant, but why the word should be corrupted into Benjie, and still more why he should be called a "Buttery benjie," are etymological problems which we no more pretend to solve, than the reason why his fellow freshman at Heidelberg is called a Leathery fox.

We could notice several other relics of ancient university phraseology still clinging round the usages of our humble institutions in Scotland. The Luration is still preserved as the apt and classical term for the ceremony of admission to a degree; and even Dr. Johnson, little as he respected any Scottish form, especially when it competed with the legitimate institutions of England, has given in his dictionary the word Laureation, with this interpretation attached thereto: "It denotes in the Scottish universities the act or state of having degrees conferred, as they have in some of them a flowery crown, in imitation of laurel among the ancients."

Elsewhere we are honoured in the same work with a more brief but still a distinctive notice. Among the definitions of "Humanity," after "the nature of man," "humankind," and "benevolence," we have "Philology—grammatical studies; in Scotland *humaniores literæ*." The term is still as fresh at Aberdeen as when Maimbourg spoke of Calvin making his humanities at the College of La Mark. The "Professor of Humanity" has his place in the almanacs and other official lists as if there were nothing antiquated or peculiar in the term, though jocular people have been known to state to unsophisticated Cockneys and other foreign persons, that the object of the chair is to inculcate on the young mind the virtue of exercising humanity towards the lower animals; and we believe more than one stranger has conveyed away, in the title of this professorship, a standing illustration of the elaborate kindness exercised towards the lower animals in the United Kingdom, and in Scotland especially.

A curious incidental matter calls us back to King's College and its connection with Paris. In his visit to

* *Hist. Univ. Paris*, iv. 266.

Scotland in 1633, Charles I. observed, or learned from his adviser, Archbishop Laud, who had more prying eyes, that the ancient formalities of the Scottish universities had fallen into disuse. It appears that his hopes of a restoration were chiefly centred in Aberdeen, where he knew that the Presbyterian spirit had its loosest hold, and he resolved to commence the work there. A curious royal letter to Patrick Forbes, Bishop of Aberdeen, and Chancellor of the University, drops mysterious hints about having "observed some things which we think fit to put in better ordour, which we shall do as we shall find cause." But in the mean time there is a very strong reprehension of the unacademic practice of sending the students "to the parish churches to service and sermon, and there sit promiscuously with the rest of the audience, which loses much of the honour and dignity of the Universities."

The cause of University restoration, after such a kingly hint, naturally received much local support; and at a sort of convocation of the University dignitaries at the Bishop's Palace on the 19th of December, 1634, some investigations were made to obtain materials "for re-establishing of this University in her jurisdiction, conservatorie, and privileges, according to her ancient rights granted thereoanent." Among the other methods of inquiry there is sent "a special letter to our native countryman and special good friend, Dr. William Davidson, Doctor of Physic, and resident in Paris in France, requesting him to deal, in name of the said University of Aberdeen, with the rector and University of Paris, for a just and perfect written double of the rights and privileges of that University of Paris, for the better clearing and setting in good order the rights and privileges belonging to this University of Aberdeen."*

A letter from Archbishop Laud is read to the meeting, showing that he was in communication with the restorers. "For the business which you have recommended to me," he says, "Dr. Gordon hath been with me,

and delivered me a copy of all those things which he hath to move the king. I have already spoken with his majesty about them, and shall continue to do him all the kindness I can to help on his despatch, and to show all the favour I can to the University."†

It would be interesting to know more than the printed documents show us of the projects then under discussion. Laud was a meddler with many things—in Scotland, unfortunately, with at least one too many. His activity in university matters it sufficiently known to fame in the Laudeian Code of Oxford. But it has been the fate of that system to be charged with a subversion of the fundamental principles of the English universities, while in Aberdeen the movement which its author seems to have directed was towards the restoration of the old Parisian model. The apparent difference, however, has been probably caused by unintended practical results in England—the object was doubtless the same in both cases.

Among the projects of King Charles with which his adviser of course interfered, was the union of King's and Marischal Colleges in Aberdeen. In fact, they are not only two colleges, but, in the literal sense of the term, two universities; and thus, according to the statistical distribution of these institutions, Aberdeen used to appear as well supplied with the commodity as all England. Between the two establishments, little more than a mile apart, there is, indeed, unfortunately, a gulf, wider than the mileage between Oxford and Cambridge. The one was founded before, the other after, the Reformation; and there were elements so distinct and repulsive in the spirit of the foundations, that nothing but great coercive force could bring the two into union.

King Charles, who was too apt to suppose that fundamental changes could be made by an Act of Visitation, or an Order in Council, professed to unite them, and called them, in conjunction, the Caroline University. But in reality they never were chemically fused into one. On the contrary, the documents connected

* *Pasti*, p. 400.

† *Ibid.*, 400.

with the nominal union, which at this juncture may perhaps be read with some interest, lead one to suppose that the two bodies of office bearers could hardly have met round the same table without kicking each other's shins. The senior institution exhibits itself as overbearing and dictatorial—the junior as sensitive to every slight. All latent hatreds seem to have sprung into vivid life on the command to be united in peace. The juveniles appear to have taken the matter up, and each college passes a law requiring that its students shall not insult the professors of the other,

—apparently with the same effect if not intention, as the Irish injunction *not to duck the bailiff in the horse-pond*. We wonder if the same thing is to be repeated in this day. We have heard it, indeed, maintained from a very grave authority, that nearly all things are possible save the fusion of these institutions; that it may have been easy to unite England and Scotland, or Great Britain and Ireland, but that the eternal laws of the universe show it to be impossible to unite the King's College and University of Aberdeen with the Marischal College and University thereof.

CIVILISATION.—THE CENSUS.

MY DEAR EUSEBIUS,—If you wonder at the speculations with which I have amused myself and bewildered all within reach of inquiry, remember what a celebrated phrenologist said, that I should never make a philosopher: you remarked, So much the better, for that the world had too many already. I am not sure that I was not piqued; and owing a little spite against these unapproachable superiors—philosophers—have rather encouraged a habit of posing them; and finding so many in this my experience inferior to the common-sense portion of mankind, I amuse myself with them and treat them as monkeys, now and then throwing them a nut to crack a little too hard for them. Wry faces break no syllogisms, so we laugh, and they gravitate in philosophy. What is civilisation? Is that a nut?—a very hard one, indeed. I, at least, cannot tell what it is, in what it consists, or how this *summum bonum* is to be attained; but I am no philosopher. I have taken many a one by the button, and plunged him head foremost into the chaos of thought, and seen him come out flushed with the suffocation of his dark bewilderment. Less ambitious persons will scarcely stay to answer the question—What is civilisation? The careless who cannot answer it, laugh and think they win in the game of foolishness. Perhaps no better answer can be given, and the laughing philosopher, after all, may be as

wise as the speaking one. A neighbour, who had been acquainted with the money markets, told me he did not exactly know what it was, but he thought his condition was indicated by the Three-per-cent Consols. An economist of the new school, who happened to be on a visit to him, preferred as a test “American bread-stuffs.” He argued that such stuffs were the staff of life, supported life, and were, therefore, both civilisation and the end and object of civilisation. My neighbour's son Thomas, a precocious youth of thirteen years of age, stepped forward, and said civilisation consisted of reading, writing, and arithmetic: upon this, a parish boy, the inspector's pet of the National School, said with rival scorn, “You must go a great deal farther than that—it is knowledge, and knowledge is knowing the etymology of cosmography and chronology.” I asked the red-faced plethoric Farmer Brown—“What's what!” quoth he, with a voice of thunder, and, like a true John Bull, stalked off in scornful ignorance. My next inquiry was of your playful little friend, flirting Fanny of the Grove, just entering her fifteenth year. “What a question!” said she, and her very eyes laughed deliciously—“the latest fashions from Paris, to be sure.” Make what you please of it, Eusebius; put all the answers into the bag of your philosophy, and shake them well together, your little friend's will have as good a chance as any of coming up

with a mark of truth upon it. The people that can afford to invent fashions must have a large freedom from cares. There must be classes who neither toil nor spin, yet emulate in grace, beauty, and ornament the lilies of the field. If you were obliged to personify civilisation, would you not, like another Pygmalion, make to yourself a feminine wonder, accumulate upon your statue every grace, vivify her wholly with every possible virtue, then throw a Parisian veil of dress over her, and—oh, the profanation of your old days!—fall down and worship her?

There is no better mark of civilisation than well-dressed feminine excellence, to which men pay obeisance. Wherever the majority do this, there is humanity best perfected. Homer teacheth that, when he exhibits the aged council of statesmen and warriors on the walls of Troy paying homage to the grace of Helen. The poet wished to show that the personages of his Epic were not barbarians, and chose this scene to dignify them. Ruminating upon the answer, "The latest fashions from Paris." What a mass of civilising detail is contained in these few words!—the leisure to desire, the elegance to wear, the genius to invent, the benevolent employment of delicate hands, the trades encouraged, the soft influences—the very atmosphere breathes the most delicate perfume of loves. It is not to the purpose to interpose that this Paris of fashion suddenly turned savage, and revelled in brutal revolution, sparing not man nor woman. It was because, in their anti-aristocratic madness, the unhappy people threw off this reverential respect, that the uncivilised portion slaughtered the civilised. It was a vile atheistical barbarism that waged war with civilisation. Think no more of that black spot in the History of Humanity—that plague-spot. Rather, Eusebius, turn your thoughts to your work, and fabricate, though it be only in your imagination, your own paradise, and she shall be named Civilisation. In case your imagination should be at this moment dull, rest satisfied with a description of an image now before me, which I think, as a personification, answers the question admirably; for

supposing it to be a portrait from nature, what a civilised people must they be among whom such a wonder was born—not only born, but sweetly nurtured, and arrayed in such a glory of dress. If you think this indicates a foolish extravagant passion know that this fair one must have "died of old age" some centuries before I was born. There she is, in all her pale loveliness, in a black japan-figured frame, over the mantelpiece of my bedroom at H—, where I am now writing this letter to you. Mock not, Eusebius; she is, or rather was, Chinese. I look upon her now as giving out her answer from those finely-drawn lips—"I represent civilisation." If I could pencil like that happy painter—happiest in having such uncommon loveliness to sit to him—I would send you another kind of sketch; it would be a failure. Be content with feeble words. First, then, for dress: She wears a brown kind of hat, or cap, the rim a little turned up, of indescribable shape and texture: the head part is blue; around it are flowers, so white and transparent, just suffused with a blush, as if instantaneously vitrified into china. Lovely are they—such as botanical impertinences never scrutinised. On the right side of this cap or hat two cock's feathers, perfectly white, arch themselves, as if they would coquet with the fairer cheek. You see how firm they are, and would spring up strong from the touch, emblems of unyielding chastity. The hair, little of which is seen, is of a chestnut-brown; low down on the throat is a broad band of black, apparently velvet, just peeping above which is the smallest edging of white, exactly like the most modern shirt-collar, fastened above, where it is parted, by a gold clasp. The upper dress is of a pink red, such as we see in Madonna-pictures; below this is a dark blue-green shirt-dress, richly flowered to look like enamel; over the shoulders a Madonna kerchief, fastened in a knot over the chest; it is of a clear brownish hue, such as we see in old pictures. The upper red dress does not meet, but terminates on each side with a gold border, of a pattern centre, with two lines of gold. Thus a rather broad space is left across the bosom, which in modern costume is

occupied by a habit-shirt; but such word would ill describe either the colour or the texture here worn; it is of a gossamer fabric, of a most delicately greenish white, diapered and flowered all over; nothing can be conceived more exquisite than this. It would make the fortune of a modern *modiste* to see and to imitate it. A clasp of elegant shape fastens skirt to upper dress; the sleeve of upper dress reaches only half-way down the arm; the lower sleeve is of the rich blue-green, but altogether ample. Attitude, slightly bent forward; over the left arm, which crosses the waist, is suspended a fruit-basket of unknown material, and finely patterned, brown in colour, in which are grapes and other fruit; expression, sweetly modest; complexion—how shall it be described? Never was European like it. It is finest porcelain, variegated with that under-living immortal ichor of the old divinities. Eyes clear-cut or pencilled, rather hazel in colour; back-ground, rock-work garden, rising to a hill, on which are trees—but such trees! Aladdin may have seen the like in his enchanted subterranean garden. Then there is a lake, and a boat on it, at a distance, with an awning. She is the goddess, or the queen, of this Elysium, which her presence makes, and has enchanted into a porcelain earth, whose flowers and trees are of its lustre.

Wherever, Eusebius, this portrait was taken, it was, and is, an epitome, an emblem of high civilisation. It speaks so plainly of all exemption from toil and care, of the unapproachableness of danger. There is living elegance in a garden of peace. It is, in fact, the type of civilisation. What! will the economist, the philosopher of our day, be ready to say, Civilisation amongst Chinese and Tartars! and that centuries perhaps ago. Civilisation is "The Nineteenth Century!" The glory of the Nineteenth Century is the Press. We are Civilisation. Very well, gentlemen; nevertheless it would be pleasant if you could exhibit a little more peace and quietness, a little less turmoil, a little more unadulterating honesty, a little less careworn look in your streets, as the mark of your boasted civilisation. You are

doing wonders, and, like Katerfelto with his hair on end, are in daily wonderment at your own wonders. You steam—annihilate space and time. You have ripped open the bowels of knowledge, and well-nigh killed her in search of her golden egg. You are full, to the throat and eyes, of sciences and arts. You are hourly astonishing yourselves and the world. Nevertheless, you have one great deficiency as to the ingredients that make up civilisation; you are decidedly too conceited; you lack charity; you count bygone times and peoples as nothing and no-bodies: yet you build a great Crystal Palace, and boast of it, as if it were all your own; whereas the whole riches of it, in the elegances of all arts, are imitations of the works of those bygone times and peoples. Who is satisfied with your model-civilisation? Eusebius, is not the question yet to be asked—What is it? in what does it consist? how is it to be obtained? True civilisation has no shams—we have too many, and they arise out of our swaggering and boasting: so that we force ourselves to assume every individual virtue, though we have it not. We are contemptuous; and contempt is a burr of barbarism sticking to us still, even in this "Nineteenth Century," a phrase in the public mouth glorifying self-esteem. I must, for the argument, go back to the Chinese lady in her narrow jappanned gilt frame. As I have drawn my curtains, Eusebius, at the dawn of day, and that placid beauty (though not to be admitted in any book of that name) has smiled upon me from lips so delicate, so unvoracious (did she pick grains of rice, like Amine in the Arabian tale?), I verily thought she must have lived in as civilised an age as ours. Yes—perhaps she was not very learned, excepting in Chinese romances, and very good learning that is: but neither you nor I, Eusebius, lay very great stress upon knowledge, nor call it "Power," nor think that happiness necessarily grows out of it. One evil of it is, that it unromances the age; and romance—why not say it!—romance is a main ingredient in true, honest, unadulterated civilisation. You would prefer being as mad as Don Quixote, and he gifted with his

romance, to being the aptest of matter-of-fact economists and material philosophers. Romance, then, springs from the generous heart and mind; methinks, Eusebius, you are progressing, and reaching one of the ingredients of this said desideratum, "Civilisation." As a people, it may be doubted if we are quite as romantic as formerly; if so, however we may advance in knowledge and sciences, we are really retrograding from the *summum bonum* of social virtues. I remember once hearing a celebrated physician, who knew as much as most men of mankind, their habits and manners, speak of an American "gentleman," adding, "and he was a savage." You can imagine it possible, that, in the presence and impertinence of Anglo-Saxon vulgarity, the grave and courteous demeanour of a so-called barbarian would be a very conspicuous virtue. I read the other day, in Prince's *Worthies of Devon*, a quaint passage to the point, which much amuses me for its singular expression. It relates to Sir Francis Drake, who, touching at one of the Molucca Islands, was, as the author words it, "by the king thereof, a true gentleman pagan, most honourably entertained." Of this "gentleman pagan" Prince adds, that he told General Drake, "that they and he were all of one religion, in this respect, that they believed not in gods made of stocks and stones, as did the Portuguese; and further, at his departure he furnished him with all the necessaries that he wanted." Yet, perhaps, some of the habits of such gentlemen pagans had been scoffed at by Europeans, and often met with worse usage than contempt. Whoever has no consideration for others, no indulgence for habits contrary to his own, though he may be born in nominally the most civilised nation under the sun, is really a barbarian. It was well said that, upon the accidental meeting of the finest dressed gentleman, with a powdered head, and a tattooed Indian, he who should laugh first would be the savage. The well-known story of the horror expressed by different people at the disposal of their deceased parents is curious, showing that opposite actions arise from the same feelings. In this case it was of filial piety. One party was asked if

he would bury his father in the earth! He was amazed at the question—shocked. Not for the world; as an act of piety, he would eat him. The other, asked to eat his father, was hurt and disgusted beyond measure. Let us be a little more even in our judgments, and speak somewhat kindly, if we can, of these gentlemen pagans all over the world. We may be often called upon to admire their disinterested heroism, even when lavished upon mistaken objects. Here is an example from the misnamed weaker sex—misnamed, for they are wonderfully gifted with fortitude. I have been reading of a poor young creature, widow of a chief among some cannibal race. She was to have been immolated, according to custom, at the burial of her husband. Her courage at the moment failed her: she was induced by, if I remember rightly, some good missionaries, to fly, and they protected her. In the night she repented of her irresolution, escaped, swam across a river, and presented herself for the sacrifice and the feast. Scholars, you read with love and admiration of Iphigenia at Aulis; her first reluctance; her after self-devotion; you have imagined her youth, her beauty, so vividly painted by the poet. Was Iphigenia more the heroine than this poor girl whom we are pleased to pass unhistoried as a savage? She gave herself up, not only to death, perhaps a cruel one, but with the knowledge that she would be devoured also that night. Iphigenia was certain of funeral honours, of immortal fame, and believed that her sacrifice would insure victory to her father and the Greeks. We have written exercises at school in praise of the suicide of Cato, whose act, in comparison with this poor savage's, was cowardice; more than that, we have been taught to mouth out with applause the blasphemy of the celebrated hexameter, "*Victrix causa Diis placuit sed victa Catoni*." Why should we not be a little more even in our judgments? The poor gentlemen pagans of the islands would cut as good a figure as heathen Cato, if their names and deeds could be turned into tolerable Latin, and passed off as of the classical age. Henley, in a letter to Swift, tells the speech of a farmer

who said, "If I could but get this same breath out of my body, I'd take care, by G—, how I'd let it come in again!" Henley makes the pithy remark, "This, if it was put into fine Latin, I fancy would make as good a sound as any I have met with."

I did not mean to induce a belief, Eusebius, that the Chinese excelled in the fine arts when I wrote down the description of the Chinese lady. The portrait had its peculiarities, and would not have been hung upon the line in the Royal Academy. I only chose it for its historical expression, which spoke of civilisation of manners, of security, and as containing in itself things which civilised people boast of. But there the argument is not very much in favour of this our "Nineteenth Century;" for the chiefest works of art in painting are of the *cinque cents*. It is not pretended that we have thrown into oblivious shade the masters of old celebrity; nor that we have made better statues than did Phidias and Praxiteles; nor excelled the Greeks in architecture; nor even the artist builders of the ages which we are pleased to style "Dark;" so that we have at least lost some marks of civilisation. Nay, to come to nearer times for comparison: It would be a hard thing for our swaggerers to find a dramatist willing to be taken by the collar, and contrasted face to face with the portraits of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, taking their plays as their representatives. There were worthies of a high romance in the civilised days of the "Glorious Gloriana." What marks of essential civilisation are visible in the comedies of Shakespeare—what delightful mixtures of the real and unreal—the mind springing from its own natural elasticity above the fogs and blight of worldly business, that ever tend to keep the spirits from rising! And why say comedies? Tragedies, too. How fresh is the atmosphere mankind seem then to breathe. Humanity is made loveable or dignified. If we might judge of civilisation from the works of writers of that age, we might be justified in pronouncing it most civilised, for it was governed by a vivid and romantic spirit. Take as contrast the literature of Queen Anne's boasted time. It is quite of another

spirit. There is a descending, a degradation of the whole mind. There begins visible worldliness. We see man taking his part in the affairs of the world for what he can get as an individual. There is a prominence of the business, and less made of the enjoyments of life. The commercial spirit predominating, which has since overwhelmed the imaginative faculties, and buried the better, the more civilized pleasures of life under the weight of avarice. We are, my dear Eusebius, too money-loving and money-getting to deserve the name of a thoroughly civilised people. Is a true and just perception of the fine arts a sign of civilisation? What is admired—what is eagerly purchased—what intellectual food do the purchases convey? Is the more visual organ gratified by the lowest element of the arts—imitation—or the mind's eye enlarged to receive and love what is great and noble? In one sense, undoubtedly, the art of living is better understood, because, the romance of life fading away, personal comforts and little luxuries become exigencies, and engross the thoughts, filling up the vacancies that romance has left. Shall I shock you, my dear Eusebius, if I add my doubts if liberty is either civilisation or a sign of it? Great things have been done in the world, where there has been little of it enough, as well as where there has been much. The fine arts are certainly not much indebted to it.

There is much in the question which yet remains to be considered. The questioner may well ask, as did the heathen philosopher on one more important, and of an infinite height and depth—another day of thought to answer it, and each succeeding day another still. Is civilisation that condition in which all the human faculties may be so continually exercised, as to make the more intellectual moral and religious being? when the plant humanity, like every other plant, shall by cultivation assume a new character and even appearance? I fear this condition necessarily implies a degradation also. For as in no state do the many reach the high standard, equality must be destroyed, so that inferiority will not only have its moral mark, but also its additional toil, far

above the share it would have supposing a state nearer equality.

But, then, it may be answered, the question is not about the many, but regards only examples, without considering number. Human plants may be exhibited of extraordinary culture and beauty—beauty that must be seen and admired—and, if so, imitated; and this law of imitation will draw in the many, in process of time, to improvement. Very true, Eusebius; and in a race naturally energetic, this imitation—while, on the whole, it will improve general manners—creates a social vice, affectation—which is vulgarity. The example of our Anglo-Saxon race is to the point—of wondrous energy, but in no race under the sun is vulgarity so conspicuous. If, then, the condition which forces all the human faculties to exertion be that of civilising tendency, does it follow that it is one of the greatest happiness? The history of the world says manifestly that it is not one of peace, of quietness, of content, of simplicity—alas! shall we say of honesty? For it must be confessed civilisation acts upon the mixed character which every man has, and therefore gives progression both to vice and virtue. Man is only made great by trials; difficulties promote energies. It is the law of preparation for this world and for the next. Long, steep, and arduous is the way to excellence. The verse of Hesiod brings to mind a passage of greater authority. The smooth and broad way, and ever-ready way, is not so good.

"Τῆς δ' ἀρετῆς ἰδρῶτα θεοὶ προπάριον ἐθήκαν.
Ἀθάνατοι, μακρὸς δὲ καὶ ὀρθὸς ὁμιος ἐν
δύτην,

Καὶ τρηχὺς πρῶτον ἐπὶν δ' εἰς ἄκρον ἵκηται
Πηλὴν δ' ἔπειτα πέλει, χαλεπὴ περ ἐῖσα."

—HESIOD.

Here we have toil, trouble, and a rough road.

Now for a little entanglement of the subject. Who will sit for this aspirant for all the virtues—for civilisation? I look up to the portrait of the Chinese lady, who first set my thoughts upon this speculation. Surely she never got that placid do-nothing look from any long habit of toil and trouble; she never worked hard. I

confess, Eusebius, as I question her, she does look a little more silly than I thought her. She never went the up-hill rough road. How should she? she was never shod for it; nay, were the truth told—for the painter has judiciously kept it out of sight—she had no proper feet to walk withal. They had been pinched to next to nothing. She never could have danced; would have been a sorry figure in a European ball-room; and in the way she must have stood, would have made but (as Goldsmith calls it) "a mutilated curtsey." It is hard to give up a first idea. I proposed her as an emblem of civilisation—and why not? She does not represent civilisation in its progress—in its work; but in its result—its perfection. For look at her,—she stands not up with a bold impudence, like Luxury in the "Choice of Hercules," puffed up and enlarged in the fat of pride, and redder and whiter than nature—a painted Jezebel. Quite the reverse. She is most delicately slender; her substance is of the purity of the finest China tea-cup. In fact, she seems to have been set up as the work of a whole nation's toil,—as a sign, a model, of their civilisation. They who imagined such a creature, and set her upon her legs—yet I can hardly say that, considering the feet—must have made many after the same model, or seen many; and exquisite must have been the manners of such a piece of life-porcelain.

Indeed, Eusebius, we have greatly mistaken these people, the Chinese. I will believe their own account of themselves, and that they were a polished people when the ancient Britons went naked, and painted themselves with woad. Besides, here is another picture at hand, clearly showing them to have been, as probably they are still, a sensible people, for they evidently agree with the wisest man who said, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Here they have pictured a school, and the pedagogue is flogging a boy, and he has a very legitimate rod. If this is not a mark of civilisation—for it, certainly leaves one, giving, as it were, a bottomry bond of future wisdom—I should like to know what is. Birch-buds are the smart-money of education, and won-

derfully improve the memory without touching the head, but reaching the brain by a harmless and distant sympathy. I am sure the Chinese must be a people well worth studying; and, with all our national conceit, we may learn a good deal from them. If we scatter them about with our artillery, and stick them upon bayonets, and despise them because they are innocent, or have been till recently, in the arts of destruction, who are the most savage—the slaughtered or the slaughterers? Are we to call war civilisation? Perhaps it may be the “rough way” it has to pass. Ask the Czar to answer the question. He will undoubtedly say that it is cutting the throats of the Turks and flicing their property; and he will show you one undoubted proof of the highest civilisation of modern times, consummate hypocrisy—committing murder by wholesale in the name of religion.

Shall I advance a seeming paradox? Civilisation is impeded by knowledge—that is, by the modern demand for it. The memory becomes crammed, till there be no room in the brain for legitimate thought to work in. Hence a bewildering, a confusion of other men’s ideas, and none of our own; a general perplexity, and little agreement among people in sentiment, for they have no time left to consider upon their differences. The world is overstocked with the materials of knowledge, and yet there is ever a demand for more. The time of man’s best wisdom was when he was not overburthened with books. Happy are scholars that so many of the classics are lost. Were all that have been written extant, the youth that should graduate in honours would be the miracle of a short time, and an idiot the remainder of his life. Then our own literature: it is frightful to see the bulky monthly catalogue of publications. Had I to begin the world, I should throw down the list in despair, and prefer being a literary fool, with a little common sense. Besides, the aspirant in education must learn all modern languages also. What a quantity! I made a note from a paper published, November 1851. Here is a quotation. A letter from Leipsic says—“The catalogue for the book fair of St. Michael has been just pub-

lished. It results from it that during the short space of time which has elapsed since the fair of Easter last, not fewer than three thousand eight hundred and sixty new books have been published in Germany, and that one thousand one hundred and fifty others are in the press. More than one-half of these works are on scientific subjects.” Mercy on the brains of the people!—they will be inevitably added. What with all this learning and reading, summing and analysing, and making book-shelves of themselves, they are retrograding in natural understanding, which ought to be the strong foundation of civilisation. And there is the necessity growing up of reading all the daily papers beside. Better, Eusebius, that the human plant should grow, like a cucumber, to belly, and run along the common ground, then shoot out such head-seed as is likely to come out of such a hotbed under a surfeit of dry manure. Verily it must shortly come to pass, that Ignoramus will be the wisest if not the knowingest among us. He may have common sense, a few flights of imagination unchoked with the dust of learning, or many wholesome prejudices, a great deal of honest feeling, and with these homespun materials keep his morals and religion pure, and, walking in humbleness, reach unawares the summit of civilisation. If you think him an imaginary being, wed him to the Chinese Purity in the Japan frame, and no one will write the epithalamium so happily as my friend Eusebius. I might here have ended my letter, rather expecting to receive a solution to the great question than pretending to offer one. But having written so far, and about to add a concluding sentence, I received a visit from our matter-of-fact friend B., whom people hereabout call the Economist General: he is a professed statist, great in all little things. He is always at work, volunteering unacceptable advices and schemes to boards of guardians and the Government. I told him I was writing to you, and the subject of my letter.—“Then,” said he, “I can assist you. The census nowly come out is the thing. In that you will learn everything. You will, in fact, find civilisation depicted scientifically. I will send it to you.” We conversed an hour;

I promised to read his census return in the course of the day. He smiled strangely, but said nothing. I soon understood what the smile meant, when I saw a labouring man take out of a little cart a huge parcel, which upon opening I found to contain the Census in nineteen volumes or books, varying in shapes and sizes, some of which being very bulky, I judged to contain heavy matter. The idea of reading over and digesting the Census in an afternoon appeared now so ridiculous that I could not refrain from laughing myself. Nineteen books to examine in an afternoon! It was evident there would be six months' toil, and as many hands as Briareus wanted to turn over the leaves; to say nothing of the number of heads to hold the matter. What horsepower engine in the brain to work up a digested process equal to the task! I was, however, being somewhat idle, curious to see what could have made our friend such an enthusiast; I therefore looked into some of the books—became interested—read more and more, though in a desultory manner. It was wonderful to see society so daggerreotyped in all its phases. What could have given rise to so much varied ingenuity?—What schemes, what contrivances for getting at everything! the commissioners must have been Titans in ingenuity. Was it the necessity of the case that induced so much elaboration? I have read that the cost of the Census exceeds £120,000. That accounts for it. Eusebius; such a sum is not to be clutched without some inventive powers. Our friend thinks the Census will help to solve the question of civilisation; so pray borrow the volumes of an M. P. If you cannot get at the marrow of the thing you want, you will find much for after speculation. There is something frightful, Eusebius, in the idea that no class of men, no individuals, can henceforth escape the eye of this

Great Inquisitor-General—a Census commission. There is no conceivable thing belonging to man, woman, or child that may not come under the inspection, and be in the books, of this great Gargantuan Busybody. In truth, he was born a gigantic infant in 1801. Hermes, in the Homeric hymn, leaped out of his cradle upon mischievous errands almost as soon as born: so did our big Busybody. Ere he was six months old he took to knocking at people's doors, and running* away. He soon grew bolder, stood to his knock, and asked if Mr. Thompson did not live there. Then he had the trick of getting into houses like the boy Jones, and counted the skillets in the scullery, the pap-dishes in the nursery, turned over the beds in the garrets, and booked men and maids who slept in them before they could put their clothes on. With a thirst for domestic knowledge, he insisted upon knowing who were married and who not. He would burst in upon a family at their prayers, and note what religion they were of. He would know every one's age, condition, business, and be very particular as to sex female, why they married or why they lived single; he could tell to a day when any would lie in. The most wonderful thing was the paper case he carried with him wherever he went. It would have made Gargantua himself stare with astonishment, for it is said, upon competent authority, to have weighed "nearly forty tons." This paper case contained particulars noted down of every one's possible concerns. He had another at home, in which he kept circulars for distribution, demanding further information. It was said to be bigger still;† as he grew robust and bold, of course it took more to feed Busybody. It is almost incredible what a number of the people's loaves he ate up in one year; but that there is the baker's bill to vouch for it, no one would believe it. The quantity of food required for

* There was an attempt to enforce returns upon religious and educational statistics, but in the words of the Report, "It was, however, considered doubtful whether, upon a rigid construction, the Census Act rendered it compulsory upon parties to afford information upon these particulars; and the inquiry was, therefore, pursued as a purely voluntary investigation."—Report, No. 1.

† "The weight of the schedules, blank enumeration-books, and other forms despatched from the Central Office, exceeded fifty-two tons."—Report, No. 1.

himself and his numerous retainers has already made him look about with some anxiety to foist upon the country a scheme for sure agricultural statistics, to ascertain the number of loaves to the acre. It cannot be said of him, as of many, that his eye is bigger than his belly, for the former cannot as yet see "bread-stuffs" enough to fill the latter. Besides, he has quite an army to maintain of officials, enumerators, and registrars, who all, after the manner of benchers, must eat their way into the universal knowledge required of them. Such is Busybody. In my afternoon nap, I have dreamed of him, Eusebius, and offer you this description of him—his birth, life, habits, and manners—as by a dreaming intuition I received them. What think you of the monster? As perilous a beast as the Wooden Horse of Troy.

"*Inspectura domos, venturaque desuper urbi.*" It would not be surprising if Irish mothers, when they find that all their babes are registered, age and sex noted down, were to take into their heads that they are to be fattened; and Swift's scheme, which a popular author has unwisely characterised as serious cannibalism, is at length to be realised, and thus Bigmouth of the old fair and puppet-show will appear as Busybody-General. Perhaps the "King of the Cannibal Islands," since we have taught him to read and write, will avail himself of this new registration system; for with him all is alike meat in the market. I have been reading an account of such a people's doings, and find the only difference between human and other is, that the former is sold as "long pig," the other short pig.

I mentioned the ingenuity displayed in the Census—turn to the maps and diagrams. You will see a map of England and Wales, shaded so that the depth of colour shall denote the density of the population: there are figures also to tell the number of persons to a square mile, and towns and cities are represented by round dots, larger or smaller, according to the number of inhabitants. It is a very curious and pretty plaything; but of what imaginable use? It is like the shadowing on the maps of the moon. *London looks awful—a horrible black*

pit—and must give children, who will be delighted with the plaything, a notion that our great metropolis must be a sink of iniquity. Cobbett's notion of the "great wen" was by no means agreeable; to make it such a black pit of destruction is far less flattering. There are diagrams also showing, by the closeness of dots, the density of population at various periods. It was certainly a very ingenious contrivance of the inventor, for the enlargement and continuance of his work and employment; in a matter, too, where, at first view, so little was required to be done. If not more profitable, it at least provides as much amusement as Diogenes afforded when he rolled his tub about, to show that he must be busy. The inventor was, however, wiser than the philosopher; for the philosopher aimed at satire only, the inventor of the maps and diagrams at pay and profit. Everything should nowadays be turned into the channel of education; it might be suggested to the educational purveyors, and to masters and inspectors of schools, who stand a chance of wanting something to teach, to have these maps and diagrams printed cheaply on thick or board paper, that, even in their recreation hours, the scholars may learn something, and the favourite "game of goose," of ominous name, be profitably superseded. The two diagrams of London, the one for the year 1801, the other 1851, may serve quite as well as the "Chinese puzzle" to exercise growing or dull memories, having a like advantage of not burthening the mind, already too full, with any useful knowledge whatever. For instance, it will be quite sport to learn by heart that, as to the density of London in 1801, "on an average, there were nearly 394 square yards of land to every person, 2784 square yards to every inhabited house." As to proximity in 1801, that, "on an average, the mean distance from house to house (inhabited) was nearly 57 yards; from person to person 21 yards." That, as to density in 1851, "on an average, there were nearly 160 square yards of land to every person; 1234 square yards to every inhabited house." As to proximity, that in 1851, "on an average, the mean distance from house to house

(inhabited) was nearly 38 yards; from person to person 14 yards." So that every person is approaching his neighbour in person, but not probably in love or liking, so rapidly, as that he has already seven yards of the area of his liberty taken from him since 1801. It will be comfortably and philosophically answered, that most of those who enjoyed that liberty in 1801, more than half a century ago, cannot complain, for they are now silent, and in less space, that of six feet by four; and that the present generation easily accommodate themselves in less space, having the better liberty of making more noise. These are the trifles, the games, and the plays that amuse children six feet high. Let them by all means roll about their tub in the streets, if they will remain contented with their sport and their wages. They have, however, we may both of us surmise and fear, done far less innocent work. It is not pleasant to know that the pure, chaste secrecy of your house has been invaded, taken possession of, and is no longer exclusively yours; that you are in name or in number, as No. 1 or No. 2, put away in a pigeon-hole somewhere in that black pit you have seen in the map, to be drawn out, one of these days, at the will of any impertinent official, and further questioned, perhaps, as the phrase is, *squeezed*, when anything is to be got out of you. You may have a commission sent down to your house, and take possession of it, for some scrutiny or other, while you are taking your morning walk; on your return, you will find two or three commissioners have coolly taken your joint off the spit, and are politely drinking your health out of your choicest sherry; and as an excuse of extraordinary business, question you about the age and property of your great-grand-mother deceased. How do you or I know what use will be made of all these registered particulars about us? It would be far pleasanter to be let alone. I have an antipathy to curious questioning people. Dr. Franklin, when he came to a strange place, knowing the inquisitive disposition of the people, used to say at once, "My name is Benjamin Franklin; I come from such a place, and am going to such a place;

age so and so, and on such business; and now let me have out a horse." I should for one like to compound with this scrutinising government, on condition of exemption from place in their books, to put out weekly posted to my door the names, ages, and sex of every inmate, with a diary of their employments the six days; requesting not to be called to account for my time on the hallowed seventh. There is no chance of such a composition being accepted on their part; for you will see, Eusebius, there is nothing they are so busy about as to know what religion you are of. There is a separate book for this very purpose; nay, they go farther—they have superseded all known authorities in these matters, and have dictated what shall be your creed, giving you only a latitude of "Churches"—such they call every denomination in their Report presented to Parliament, and her Majesty, who as yet happily has recognised but one Church of England, in which matter the Report is undoubtedly at variance with the fundamental law of the Constitution, and passes a kind of insulting suggestion upon her Majesty's highest prerogative, her very crown and dignity. This is a matter for other consideration; the religious Report must be examined; I only see at present, and note the fact, that the Church of England is put down as but one of the sects.

"Increase and multiply" was at the beginning, and from the beginning to this day is, the Divine command. Some would infer that there must be a blessing attending obedience to it, others would in part abrogate the law, and, with Malthus, admit no crowding at the bountiful table which nature supplies. The presumption fairly is, that as security to life and happiness is the main cause of increase; viewing this world only, such increase must be a great good, and it implies advancement in civilisation, which possibly may not be ill defined as the art of promoting life and happiness. It includes moral advancement. But the beneficence of our Maker allows us to look beyond this world. Hence, the awful thought, and the responsibility incurred by its increase of population, is an increase of immortal souls. There is a depth in this argument beyond my

scope. It is a curious fact which this Census shows. In 1801, the population of Great Britain was 10,578,956; in 1851, it had reached 20,959,477. Thus the population has nearly doubled in fifty years. But further, "The population of the United Kingdom, including the army, navy, and merchant-seamen, was 21,272,187 in 1821, and about 27,724,849 in 1851; but in the interval 2,685,747 persons emigrated, who, if simply added to the population of the United Kingdom, make the survivors and descendants of the races within the British Isles, in 1821, now 30,410,595."

Perhaps, Eusebius, you never considered that you have only right and title to a certain limited area, to live and breathe in, in this your beloved country. Your area is becoming more circumscribed every day. People are approximating fearfully. You may come to touch very disagreeable people; at present you are only a few yards apart. There are two things, according to this Census, threatening you—"density" and "proximity." For "density" a French writer proposes "specific population after the analogy of specific gravity," so that if there be an accelerating ratio, you may be run in upon and crushed by your neighbours, after the annihilating principle of some of our railroads. I remember when a boy hearing an old gentleman make a curious calculation, equalising rights to the air we breathe. He came to the conclusion that a man who smoked tobacco took up more room in the atmosphere than he had any right to. This, now that we are so rapidly approximating, ought, you will think, to come under the consideration of the Legislature. See your danger—"the people of England were on an average one hundred and fifty-three yards asunder in 1801, and one hundred and eight yards asunder in 1851." Thus the regular goers, the world-walkers, are coming in upon you; but there are some as erratic as comets, whose contiguity you will dread. I say this is your danger, for you do not suppose such infinite pains would have been taken, and such vast expense incurred, merely out of idle curiosity to give you this information. *Perhaps it is kindly meant to give you a hint that your room would be pre-*

ferred to your company. "Tempus abire tibi est." More than this—not only persons, but houses are encroaching upon each other. "The mean distance apart of their houses was three hundred and sixty-two yards in 1801, and two hundred and fifty-two yards in 1851." You see, then, you must not only set yourself in order to depart, but you must "set your house in order," also. It is really astonishing that the Census Commission should have taken such a world of trouble in making calculations which, at first sight, look so puerile; we must only conclude, that somehow or other the labour is as much worth the hire, as the labourer is worthy his hire.

I dare to say, among your ignorances, you are ignorant of this, that the British Isles are at least five hundred in number. "Five hundred islands and rocks have been numbered, but inhabitants were only found and distinguished on the morning of March 31, 1851, in *one hundred and seventy-five* islands, or groups of islands." I cannot very well tell what is meant by "*distinguished*," but you will perceive that there is a chance, if you fear the "*crushing density and proximity*," of escape to one of these islands, as yet uninhabited, where you may exist without contact or contagion, as a very "*distinguished*" individual. You may be another Alexander Selkirk, and "monarch of all you survey," and have the honour of a distinction, in the next census, now enjoyed by a lone lady. You will be enumerated as, and as solely taking care of, number one. There are British isles that have each but two inhabitants. "Little Papa" has but one—a woman; and "Inchcolm one solitary man." What think you of this "last man" and this "last woman," each upon his or her "*ultima Thule*?" The motherless man-hating woman, in contempt of the parental name, alone treading under foot "Little Papa." The "solitary man," if, as is likely he be, brutish, may live out of the fear of a recent Act of Parliament. For if he disdains the marital luxury, he cannot be punished for beating his wife.

The writer of these statistics, aware that there is a good deal of dry matter, prudently sprinkles it with a little salt-water poetry. Thus, as a kind of pre-

face to these British islands, he says, "The Scandinavian race survives in its descendants round the coasts of the British Isles, and the soul of the old Viking still burns in the seamen of the British fleet, in the Deal boatmen, in the fishermen of the Orkneys, and in that adventurous, bold, direct, skilful, mercantile class, that has encircled the world by its peaceful conquests. What the Greeks were in the Mediterranean Sea, the Scandinavians have been in the Atlantic Ocean. A population of a race on the islands and the island coast, impregnated with the sea, in fixing its territorial boundaries would exhibit but little sympathy with the remonstrating Roman poet, in his Sabine farm over the Mediterranean :

'Nequidquam Deus abscedit
Prudens oceano dissociabili
Terras, si tamen impleo
Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.' "

A writer or compiler of statistics should ride his own hobby. Pegasus is hard mouthed to his hand; if he attempts the use of the curb, he is thrown, and thus is sure to be run away with. So here he has got quite beyond the ground of matter-of-fact. By the Vikings' soul in the British seamen—the burning soul too—he declares himself of the Pythagorean philosophy, quite gratuitously; and in the following sentence carries his transmigration notions to a strange but practical conclusion, for he tells us of a race "*impregnated with the sea*," imaging sailors' mothers and wives as mermaids—that is, previous to the marine and marital alliances; by which unaccountable flight of poetic diction, I presume, he means only that the sea was rather a rough nursing-mother: and how could he imagine that such an untutored race over read, or could read, a syllable of what Horace wrote? Doubtless, he must have been weary, counting up these five hundred mostly barren islands, and, coming in the list to "*Rum*," it must have made for him a comfortable suggestion; and in consequence, a pretty stiff tumbler set all his ideas at once afloat, and poetically, "*half seas over*" among the islands, steering, however, steadily, as he was bound towards Mull Port, and the more pleasant hospitality of its 7485

inhabitants. Having descended from this marine Pegasus, the author proceeds in his statistics.

The number of inhabited houses in Great Britain in 1801 amounted to 1,870,476; in 1851, to 3,648,347: these contained 4,312,388 families—persons, 20,816,351. Thus it is seen that the number of houses since 1801 is nearly doubled. How commonly we boast, Eusebius, of things that have passed away! You hear it now often said that an Englishman's house is his castle, the garrison of which has been hitherto supposed to be known only to himself. There has been an idea that not only the master, but all down to the very scullion, are ready to stand with spits and skillets to keep out unwelcome invaders; whereas the truth is, as shown in this Census, that the castle has its government inspector, who notes down and registers the numbers, ages, names, sexes, and occupations of every individual the said castle contains. Houses are a very nice tangible property for the convenience of government taxation; by judicious scrutiny, of which the Census Commission provides ample means, it will be easily ascertained what each family has to live upon; or, what is quite the same thing for the getting the taxation, what on "an average" the Commissioners may think the said family ought to have to live upon; thus the income-tax is facilitated in computation and collection. These are surely encroachments, that, by little and little, are domineering over the subjects' liberty. There are other Acts of Parliament also which affect this liberty in the "castle;" some general, some local. In few places can a man make alterations in his building, inside or out, without an application for consent, and of course a fee to some commissioner or other. If he succeeds, there is a further penalty upon his improvements, though they may have been required for the very health of his family. He has, through this Census scrutiny, to pay a tax upon his improvements, nor is he allowed any deduction for repairs. This Englishman's castle, then, you see, is as much besieged as Bomarsund! At first it was pretty well thrown out of its own windows

by the window-tax, and is always at the mercy of commissioners, whether it shall or shall not be turned out of doors. Many a one is there that has a ten-pound battery playing upon it all the year round. If, weary of watching your besiegers, you turn yourself out of house, and live a rambling, roving life how you can, you will not so easily escape; you will have an inspector after you with note-book and ink-horn, and you will be booked and pigeon-holed for further use when wanted. "Finally, there is the population sleeping in barns, in tents, and in the open air, comprising, with some honest, some unfortunate people out of employment, ~~and~~ temporarily employed, gypsies, beggars, strollers, vagabonds, vagrants, outcasts, criminals. The enumeration of the houseless population, unsettled in families, is necessarily imperfect, and the actual number must exceed the 18,249 returned: namely, 9972 in barns, and 8277 in the open air." The poor strollers! why should they be stigmatised and classed with vagabonds, vagrants, outcasts, and criminals? Are they not following their lawful vocation, and doing something, as it is hoped they are, towards civilising the people through legitimate amusement? Is the compiler of these statistics a descendant of the old Puritans, and still retaining an unwarrantable prejudice? It were better he had the charity of the chimney-sweeper boy, who remonstrated with a brother sweep, who pointed his finger at Garrick in the streets, and said, "There be one of the player-folk." "Don't say so," said the discreet one, "for thee dostn't know what thee and I may come to." But I know, as you rather patronise gypsies, you will be pleased to hear that one tribe of them baffled the officials. "It is mentioned in one instance that a tribe of gypsies struck their tents, and passed into another parish in order to escape enumeration."

The great king whom we read of in history, who, in the excess of his felicity, thought it needful to have a flapper appointed to remind him every day that he was mortal, though he *was made the example of many a*

theme in our school days, I look upon now as a very silly fellow. I have often heard you express your dislike of any impertinent *memento moris*—you have even thought it irreligious, and unthankful for present good; and tending to chill the life blood, the little that is left in the old, and to throw a wet blanket over the cheerfulness of the young, out of which cheerfulness elastic manhood is to spring, and to take upon itself to do the manly responsible duties of life vigorously. I repeat that you have always maintained, that to thrust a *memento mori* in every man's face, or to carve it upon his walking stick is irreligious, because it is essential unthankfulness.

It is not pleasant, certainly, to have one's days numbered by other people, and sent to you in circulars. I knew one of these life calculators; a clergyman called to condole with him on the recent death of his wife. All he could get from him was partly a submission to a necessity, and partly a congratulation that death had not taken him. "Yes, sir," said he, "if A does not die, in all probability B will; and if neither A nor B die, C must." You will be indignant, but your philosophy will have the pleasure of its indignation, if I pointed out to your notice Busybody's table of mortality. When last he knocked at your door, and booked your age, did his eyebrows arch with surprise? Eusebius, that look meant to tell you that you had no right whatever at that moment to be alive. He longed to filch your name out of his pigeon-hole of life. You are a hale man, and will, I hope, doing so much good as you do, outlive a couple of censuses yet. Have your eye upon Busybody when he next appears; not like Death, with one of his warnings, but ready to receive a certificate of burial. There is a table showing how very few who were alive in 1801 are now living, and so on, at every succeeding census. "By the English Life Table it is shown that the half of a generation of men of all ages passes away in *thirty years*, and that more than three in every four of their number die in half a century." But I pass by this unwe-

come subject—nor will I be the one to say to you or to any man, "Proxi-mus ardet, Ucalegon." Let Ucalegon's house escape if it can.

It is more agreeable to contemplate births than deaths. There is something very curious in that hidden law which evidently regulates the proportion of the sexes to each other. It has been commonly thought that the males have exceeded the females, in order to make allowance for the greater waste of life to which the males are subject by wars and the elements. But the facts show the contrary. "The number of the male population of Great Britain was 10,386,048, of the female population 10,735,919; the females exceeded the males by 349,871: and the males at home were 10,223,558; consequently the females exceeded by 512,361 the males in Great Britain. To every 100,000 females the males were 96,741, including 1538 males abroad, the exclusion of whom leaves 95,203 males at home. The excess of females over males was nearly the same proportionally in 1801 and 1851. Thus, in 1801, to every 100,000 males there were 103,353 females; in 1851, the females were 103,369 to the same number of males. The proportion in both periods was nearly 30 males to 31 females." It may be inferred from this that there is rather a greater waste of female life than of male. It would be worth while to ascertain how long this excess has been found to have taken place; I am inclined to suspect that the unhealthy employments of young women, to so large an extent, may have been the cause; for it seems to be the law of nature to make a supply for the greater waste. Humanity requires a strict scrutiny into the healthy or deleterious employments of young women, especially in our manufacturing districts, to account for this excessive supply, that as far as is possible some remedial measures may be adopted. That all is regulated by a law of Providence, there can be no doubt in any mind. My present knowledge of the Census is entirely confined to the Report No. 1 of 1851. I shall look to the second Part for an elucidation of this problem.

It is surprising, however, on the whole, to see how evenly the sexes

are balanced; it would be a speculation not uninteresting to see what causes may have induced occasional variations. Thus speaks the Report:

"The sexes have apparently increased at different rates in certain decennaries, but the average annual rates of increase through the whole period have been so nearly the same (males 1.328, females 1.329 per cent.) as to cause a slight difference only in the third decimal place, and have differed little from $1\frac{1}{2}$ annually. The decennial rates of increase were, males 14.108, females 14.111." The "law of population," as it relates to proportion of sexes, is a mystery. No human polity can provide for that. It is plain to see, however, that there is a wise, benevolent, superintending power which makes and maintains the law in a just equilibrium. Whether people shall marry or no may depend on human laws and civil institutions; whether due encouragement be given, or the reverse.

We learn from Herodotus that among the Sauromatæ, a people in the northern parts of Europe and Asia, the women dressed in the habits of men, and, like them, engaged in battle; that none were allowed to marry till she shall first have killed her man. Hence it happened, we are further told, that many died old maids, never having been able to fulfil the conditions. How any population could be kept up under the existence of such a law, no one now can question the historian. I suppose, from the necessity of the case, that a reform was demanded, and more peaceful marriages were the first-fruits of a free trade. It must have been an adventurous thing for a man to marry a woman who had once killed her man to obtain one husband; he might have lived in continual fear that she might kill a second man to have another husband.

It appears that marriage, though it is nominally free, is under restriction; were it otherwise, the increase of population would be far greater. "In ordinary times a large proportion of the marriageable women of every country are unmarried." The writer might have spared his ink; but he adds; "And the most direct action on the population is produced by their

entering the marriage state." As one example may serve a general purpose, the Census gives that of the south-eastern division, comprising Surrey, Kent, Sussex, Hants, and Berks, in which "the number of women of the age of 20, and under 45, amounted at the last Census to 290,209, of whom 169,806 were wives, and 120,403 were spinsters or widows. 49,997 births were registered in the same counties during the year 1850, or 10 children were born in 1850 to every 58 women living in 1851." It is to be presumed that among matrimonial chances every lot is a prize. The difficulty of a choice, where multitudes assemble, maintains a law of hesitation—of indecision—by which it happens that celibacy becomes wise, and is fond of repeating the philosopher's advice as to the time to marry: if young, not yet; if middle-aged, wait; if old, never. Let us see how the reverse operates where the choice is very limited. St. Kilda, in the parish of Harris, is 70 miles away from the mainland in the Western Hebrides; the population is 110—48 males, 62 females; 32 families in 32 houses. "There are 19 married couples on the island, 2 widowers, 8 widows. *Five unmarried men, 5 unmarried women of the age of 20 and under 46.*" One would imagine these had only to meet and to marry. Five is no great choice; the greater haste, you would suppose, to take a partner. Is the solution to be found in this extraordinary fact, that there is no clergyman to unite the couples resident on the island? The five couples must wait; and as the clergyman on the mainland may hesitate to go 140 miles to marry one couple, he is probably waiting for all five to come to a decision. It must have been some such unfortunate place as St. Kilda which supplied the wit to the epigrammatist upon the question of marriages ceasing elsewhere, the priest asserting that women are not to be found there; the reply being—

"Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest."

"On St. Kilda," says the Census, "there is a manse and a church, but no medical man—no clergyman resident on the island."

Will the world be better, Eusebius, for all these statistics; will civilisation be one jot advanced, by *registering* our tailors as well as their pale-tots?—by knowing how many tinkers there are in the world to mend our kettles? They will, be sure of it, trudge about just the same, and do their work as badly or as well as before. All trades will be governed by their own instincts, without the least difference; unless, indeed, statistics take a more useful turn, and fix their stigma upon the adulterators of goods. We may have reason to say something in favour of the Scrutinizer-General, when he can tell us where the wines called port are manufactured that never came from Portugal, and who make them; who adulterates our drugs, so that people are dying for lack of the genuine; who, in fact, poison all we eat and drink, and put devils-dust on our backs for woollen cloth. It is very little to the purpose to have the number of thieves and rascals that infest the world, if the Augean stable of crime is left uncleansed. If dishonesty should ever be driven out of common trades, which it has so notoriously infected, a great thing would be done; and we might bear with a grateful quietude more numbering and registering of us and all our concerns than we quite like; although it surely is not necessary for this to carry on such espionage as this Census contains. Perhaps even its absurdity is dangerous, for it induces people to fix their minds upon that, not upon its ulterior purposes. While men are laughing at things, wilily ridiculous in themselves, they know not what mischief is secretly brewing. I maintain that it is a great offence in any way to touch the sanctity of the hearth—that what economists and statistic inventors may please to call public liberty, should be allowed to destroy home liberty. It is something monstrous that every one should be obliged to give an account of every inmate in his house, their ages, conditions, and their relationship. It is better to let some of the peccadilloes of life escape notice, than register them and the house. If Miss or Mrs. Dobora Wilkins shall receive under her hospitality a big nephew, it is very hard

upon her to be obliged to certify the exact relationship, or induce her into the great error of writing down a falsehood. Men may be a little more careless in such matters, but feminine nicety is touched to the quick. I remember once an Irishman walking into a drawing-room, and introducing to the lady of the house a tall youth, as, "Give me leave to introduce my nephew;" then putting his hand aside of his mouth, he added, in a whisper which may be truly termed Irish, for it was quite as loud as the first introduction, "he's my son." Could you, having any bowels of compassion, extort a like confession from such an unprotected female as Miss Debora? A registration commission might, if encouraged, hereafter ransack her unfortunate boxes to find baby-linen. Is there to be nothing but one rigid rule—no charity shown to sex and age—but the unsparing discovery of both on that fatal 30th of March? Must no female, then, escape to her lover's arms in male attire—no "lubberly boy" pass for a sweet Anne Page, that sweet Anne Page fall not to the lot of a fool? Must foibles, frailties, and follies be all registered in damnatory schedules? Surely there might be a little decent connivance, such as would spare the two village ladies, who, being born in the same *anno Domini*, annually visited each other to determine what should be their ages for the ensuing year. Their only comfort will be in bribery and corruption, which they will be thankful is not yet put down, and a fee will spare what uncharitable census would expose. There may be something in attacking crimes and discovering frauds which touch the whole community. These are not much harboured in homes, but in public houses, and in shops, which are not homes, but as having a public character, and giving public invitation to all to enter them, ought to come under some kind of surveillance; but when the citizen shuts his street door, let none force an entrance. Let no Asmodeus take off his roof, and publish the within little histories, nor make gimlet-holes in walls and ceilings. Such doings are but, as at present, a slight exaggeration or caricature of a census. Let there be a police, and a good one;

even with much secret scrutiny allowed them; it is for the public safety; but there let it end in its admitted authority. Make not a police of a census commission, nor let the one interfere with or usurp the office of the other. Let a census be content to number the people—a police take crime under its cognisance. The undying, ever-seeing, and acting arrangement of a police is one of the most curious phenomena of society. For revolutions that appear to overturn everything, scarcely touch a well-ordered police; the excellence of which is, that it lives and moves unseen, unfelt, by the good—that it is a protector.

I remember years ago reading an anecdote showing the perfection of the old Parisian police. A gentleman had sojourned in Paris a week or two, when one day he was requested to attend at the police-office. He was surprised when told how he had occupied himself since he had been in Paris—what houses he had frequented, what friends visited, what business he had transacted. He was finally asked the home-question, "Are you a man of courage—can you rely upon yourself?" He thought he might. Then he was told that there was a plot to murder him in his bed that night—that his own servant was in conspiracy with others for that purpose. He was desired to go to bed as usual, and, if he did not sleep, to appear to sleep, and to fear nothing. In the night he heard his room-door open, a person or persons enter—he knew steps were softly approaching his bed—he fancied the arm uplifted to murder him. His reliance and his courage failed him not. Under his bed, and elsewhere in his room, soldiers had been secreted. To make the story short, his servant and the accomplices were taken. The census which a police quietly makes has an object of general safety. It has its one pursuit. It has its particular game, and we may well give it its license. By it we sleep safely in our beds. It does its complicated but defined work silently; whereas the other census is perpetually knocking at every man's door, to ask impertinent questions. It is a perpetual warning to "beware the Ides of March;" for then it will come and

you must give an account of all the beds, and all who slept in them. And what is all this disturbance for? For no earthly good that any of the persecuted can yet see, but all mistrust the end. Must every one of us have a ticket and number on his back? It is the same thing, if he and his concerns, and all the relations of his life, are down in Busybody's book. There he sits in his Centralisation Office, with his millions of electric wires passing underground, and coming up unseen in every man's house. He means to have his hook in every man's nose, nay, every man's, woman's, and child's, and to draw them in when he wills, as a big spider does his flies, and perhaps to leave them sucked as dry, suspended in his million-threaded web. And has he not as many eyes as that ugly creature, and as many ways of spreading out his ubiquitous legs—backward, forward, or circular? Oh, this Busybody!—he means to have a line in every one's mouth, and to draw all after him as Gulliver did the diminutive fleet. But I say, Eusebius, that, Liliputians as we are in his eyes, it is hard if we cannot combine, get our multitudinous toils round his legs, and with a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, throw him on his back, tie him down hands and feet, search his pockets for his hooks, and then shoot our sharpest arrows into the body of this Quintus Flestrin. We will not be any more gulled by this huge Gulliver. He is the Great Humbug and Deceiver, cajoling silly ones into a belief in the marvel of his arithmetic; that all the commonest things of life must be done by his mystical numbers, or will be done ill; that they must count and think of how many joints, bones, muscles, and sinews they have in their toes, before venturing their feet a single step.

What is become of civilisation all this while, Eusebius? This Census, which was to tell so much, has not thrown light upon the question. Yet, perhaps, after all, it is a more simple one than you or I thought it to be. I go back to the placidity of the Chinese lady in the picture. I am now gazing on her expressive trustfulness—upon a complexion that, if there be many such, justifies the title of

"Celestial Empire." She, the feminine representative of a nation, the prized pearl of the Romance of the Porcelain Empire, the very "Gentilezza," the embodied purity of a people's best thoughts, the endowed growth of a perfection above nature, for so much worship as humanity may, for its improvement in civilisation, be allowed to set up in the garden of imaginary virtues, the very Goshen where grow plants and flowers, and sweet waters glide unknown to working nature, and all courting the enchanting and enchanted beauty.

"L'acqua la terra in suo favor s'inchina." Not to be tedious with you in this fancied passion, Eusebius, I come to the point I aim at. She is the emblem of civilisation, and that is feminine influence. Its ideal has beautified that porcelain world, as it will ever beautify every other where it is felt and maintained.

Yes, Eusebius, civilisation, like common sense, aptly called mother-wit, comes from the mother. He who, as child and boy, loved and revered for all her purity, truth, and goodness, a mother, when he becomes man will ever do his part in civilising the world. From the first romance of mother's love groweth every other romance; for romance is a noble and delicate sentiment. To propagate this is to propagate civilisation. But if any lack this reverence, from whatever cause, and would palm upon society, as better than its romance, an idle knowledge, a low spirit of calculation, an accumulation of mere facts and figures, trust him not with the secrets of your breast; all his doings tend to selfishness and barbarism. A mother to him is but as poor old Mrs. Bonnderby ignored. For my own part, Eusebius, when I see such glib statistical calculators boasting of their practical knowledge, I bethink me of the learned dog in the show, who with perseverance has acquired the trick of putting his paw upon letters and numbers, and of arithmetising required ages. Take heed to your pocket on such occasions; for though you have paid your admission-ticket, there remains the last acquirement, the last main trick to be exhibited, the going round the company with the hat in his mouth.

A RUSSIAN REMINISCENCE.

UPON one of the coldest days of February 1853, I left Paris by the Orleans Railway. The weather was extremely severe, the frozen snow lay thick in the streets, the asphalt of the boulevards was slippery as glass, sledges scoured the Champs Elysées and Bois de Boulogne. An icy wind whistled round the train as we quitted the shelter of the station, and I regretted, as I buttoned myself to the chin, and shrank into my corner, that the carriage was not full, instead of having but one occupant besides myself.

Opposite to me sat a hale man of about sixty-five, with a quick bright eye, an intelligent, good-humoured countenance—somewhat weather-beaten—and the red rosette of the Legion of Honour in his button-hole. During the first half-hour he pored over a letter, whose contents, judging from the animated expression of his physiognomy, interested him strongly. He seemed scarcely aware of my presence. At last he put up the letter, and then for the first time looked me in the face. I had been but a few days out of a sick-bed, and was sensitive to the cold, and doubtless my appearance was chilly and woebegone enough, for I detected a slight approach to a smile at the corners of the stranger's mouth. To one or two commonplace remarks he replied courteously but laconically, like a man who is neither unsociable nor averse to conversation, but who prefers his own thoughts to that bald talk with which travellers sometimes weary each other rather than sit silent. So our dialogue soon dropped. The cold increased, my feet were benumbed, and I stamped them on the floor of the carriage to revive the circulation. My companion observed my proceedings with a comical look, as if he thought me a very tender traveller.

"This carriage must be badly closed," I remarked: "It is bitter cold to the feet."

"For that discomfort I have little pity," replied the Frenchman. "A

ride on the railway is soon over, and a good fire or a brisk walk is a quick and easy remedy. Mine is a different case. For forty years I have never known warm feet."

"For forty years?" I repeated, thinking I had misunderstood him.

"Yes, sir, forty years; since the winter of 1812—the winter of the Russian campaign."

"You were in that terrible campaign?" I inquired in a tone of interest and curiosity. My companion, previously taciturn, suddenly became communicative.

"All through it, sir," he replied; "from the Niemen to the Kremlin, and back again. It was my first campaign, and was near being my last. I was in others afterwards; in Germany in 1813, when the combined Germans and Russians drove us before them, for want of the brave fellows we had left in Muscovy's snows; in France in 1814, when the Emperor made his gallant struggle against overwhelming forces; and at the closing scene in Flanders: but not all those three campaigns put together, nor, as I believe, all that this century has witnessed, can match the horrors of that dreadful winter in Russia."

He paused, and, leaning back in his corner, seemed to revolve in his mind events of powerful interest long gone by. I waited a while, in hopes he would resume the subject. As he did not do so, I asked him to what arm he belonged when in Russia.

"I was assistant-surgeon in a regiment of hussars," he answered, "and in my medical capacity I had abundant opportunity to make acquaintance with the horrors of war. On the 7th of September, for instance, at the Moskwa—Heavens! what a shambles that was! Ah, it was fine to see such valour on both sides—for the Russians fought well—gallantly, sir, or where would have been the glory of beating them? But Ney! Ney! Oh! he was splendid that day! His whole countenance gleamed, as he again and again led the bloody

charge, exposing himself as freely as any corporal in the ranks. And Eugene, the Viceroy, with what vigour he hurled his masses against that terrible redoubt! When at last it was his, what a sight was there! The ground was not strewn with dead; it was heaped, piled with them. They had been shot down by whole ranks, and there they lay, prostrate in line as they had stood."

The surgeon paused. I thought of Byron's beautiful lines, beginning, "Even as they fell, in files they lay;" but I said nothing, for I saw that my companion was now fairly started, and needed no spurring.

"*Monsieur*," he presently resumed, "all those things have been brought strongly to my mind by the letter you saw me just now reading. It is from an old friend, a captain in 1812, a general now, who went through the campaign, and whom I was so fortunate as to save from a grave in those infernal plains, where most of our poor comrades perished. I will tell you how it happened. We were talking of the battle of Borodino. Seventy thousand men, it is said, were killed and wounded in that murderous fight. We surgeons, as you may well think, had our hands full, and still could not suffice for a tithe of the sufferers. It was a rough breaking-in for a young hand, as I then was. Such frightful wounds as were there, of every kind and description—from shot, shell, and bullet, pike and sabre. Well, sir, all the misery and suffering I then saw, all that vast amount of human agony and bloodshed, whose steam, ascending to Heaven, might well have brought down God's malediction on His creatures, who could thus destroy and deface each other, was nothing compared with the horrible misery we witnessed on our retreat. I have read everything that has appeared in France concerning that campaign—Séguin, Labaume, and other writers. Their narratives are shocking enough, but nothing to the reality. They would have sickened their readers had they told all they saw. If anybody, who went through the campaign, could remember and set down all he witnessed, he would make the

most heart-rending book that ever yet was printed, and would be accused of gross exaggeration. Exaggeration, indeed! there was no need to heighten the horrors of the winter of 1812. All that frost and famine, lead and steel, could inflict, was then endured; all the crimes that reckless despair and ruthless cruelty could prompt were then perpetrated."

"And how," I asked, "did you escape, when so many, doubtless as strong and courageous, and more inured to hardship, miserably perished?"

"Under Providence, I owed my preservation to the trustiest and most faithful servant ever master had. Paul had been several years in the hussars—was an old soldier, in fact, although still a young man; and at a time when all discipline and subordination were at an end, when soldiers heeded not their officers, officers avoided their generals, and servants and masters were all alike and upon a level, Paul proved true as steel. As if cold and the Cossacks were not enough, hunger was added to our sufferings: there was no longer a commissariat or distribution of rations;—rations, forsooth!—dead horse was a luxury I have seen men fight for till death, lean meat though it was, for the poor brutes were as starved as their riders. What little there was to eat in the village we passed through fell to the share of the first comers. Empty larders—often smoking ruins—were all that remained for those who came behind. Well, sir, when things were at the worst, and provender at the scarcest, Paul always had something for me in his haversack. One day it would be a bit of bread, on the morrow a handful of grain or some edible roots, now and then a slice of horse-beef—and how delicious that seemed, grilled over our smoky scanty fires! There was never enough to satisfy my hunger, but there was always a *something*—enough to keep body and soul together. Paul, as I afterwards discovered, husbanded his stores, for he well knew that if he gave me all at once, I should have nothing, and then I must have fasted for days, and perhaps have fallen from my horse for weakness. But think of the cool

age and affection of the poor fellow, himself half-starved, to carry food about him day after day, and refrain from devouring the share secretly set aside for me! There were not many men in the army, even of general's rank, capable of such devotion to the dearest friend they had, for extreme misery had induced a ferocious selfishness, which made us more like hyenas than Christians."

"I should think the cold must have been even worse to endure than hunger," said I, screwing up my chilly extremities, which the interest of the doctor's conversation had almost made me forget.

"It was, sir, harder and more fatal—at least a greater number died of it; although, to say the truth, frost and famine there worked hand in hand, and with such unity of action, that it was often hard to say which was the cause of death. But it was a shocking sight, of a morning, to see the poor fellows lying dead round the bivouac fires. Unable to resist fatigue and the drowsy influence of the cold, they yielded to slumber, and passed from sleep into death. For, there, sleep was death."

"But how then," I asked, "did any ever escape from Russia, for all must have slept at times?"

"I do not believe that any who escaped *did* sleep, at least not of a night, at the bivouac. We used to rouse each other continually, to prevent our giving way, and then get up and walk as briskly as we could, to quicken the sluggish circulation. We slept upon the march, in our saddles, and, strange as it may seem to you, even those on foot slept when marching. They marched in groups or clusters, and those in the centre slept, propped and supported by their companions, and moving their legs mechanically. I do not say that it was a sound, deep sleep, but rather a sort of feverish dozing. Such as it was, however, it was better than nothing, and assuredly saved some who would otherwise have sunk. Others, who would have given way to weariness upon the long monotonous march, were kept from utter despair and self-abandonment only by the repeated harassing attacks of the Cossacks. The

excitement of the skirmish warmed their blood, and gave them, as it seemed, fresh hold upon life. In one of those skirmishes, or rather in a sharp combat, a dear friend of mine, a captain in the same regiment, had his left arm carried off by a cannon-shot. After the affair was over, I came suddenly upon him, where he lay moaning by the roadside, his face ashy pale, his arm still hanging by the sinews. His horse had either galloped away, or been taken by the fugitives.

"*Ah, mon ami!*" he cried, when he saw me, 'all is over—I can go no further. I shall never see France again!'

"I saw that like the majority of those who received severe wounds in that retreat, his moral courage was subdued, and had given way to despair. I was terribly shocked, for I felt how slight was his chance of escape. I need hardly tell you there was very little dressing of wounds during that latter part of the retreat; most of the surgeons were dead, the hospital-waggons with medicine and instruments had been left on the road; transport for the sick was out of the question. I assumed as cheerful a countenance as I could.

"*'Why, Prévile,'* I cried, 'this will not do; we must get you along somehow. Come! courage, my friend! You *shall* see France again, in spite of all.'

"*'Ah, doctor,'* replied he, in piteous tones, 'it is no use. Here I shall die. All you can do for me is to blow my brains out, and save me from the Cossack lances.'

"By this time I had dismounted and was at his side. The intense cold had stopped the bleeding of his wound. I saw that there was no lack of vitality in him, and that, but for this mishap, few would have got out of the campaign in better plight. Even now, his despondency was perhaps his greatest danger. I reminded him of his wife and child (he had been married little more than a year, and news of the birth of a daughter had reached him on our forward march), of his happy home, his old mother—of all the ties, in short, that bound him to life. Whilst speaking,

I severed the sinews that still retained his shattered arm, and bound it up as best I might. He still despaired and moaned, but suffered me to do as I would. He was like an infant in my hands—that man who, in the hour of battle, was a very lion for courage. But long suffering and the sudden shock—occurring, too, when we seemed on the verge of safety—had overcome his fortitude. With Paul's help I got him upon my horse. The poor brute was in no case to carry double, so I walked and led it, although at that time I could hardly hobble.

"It is all useless, my dear doctor," Préville said; "this is my last day; I feel that. Far better shoot me, or leave me by the roadside, than risk your life for my sake."

"I took no heed, but tried to cheer him. Those unclean beasts, the Cossacks, were hovering around us as usual, and at times the bullets fell pretty thick. Not a quarter of an hour had elapsed since I set Préville on my horse, when a shot struck his right eye—not entering the head, but glancing across the globe, and completely destroying the sight. Well, sir, then there occurred a physiological phenomenon which I have never been able satisfactorily to account for. This man, whom the loss of an arm had reduced to despair, seemed to derive fresh courage from the loss of an eye. At any rate, from that moment he complained no more of his fate, resumed his usual manly tone, and bore up like a hero. Paul was lucky enough to catch a riderless horse, which I mounted. The worst was over, and we soon got a respite. Without troubling you with details, and incredible though it may seem to you, my poor friend escaped with life, although with a limb and an eye the less."

"There must have been many extraordinary escapes from that campaign," I remarked.

"Innumerable. There was a sergeant of dragoons, a former comrade of my servant's, who, for many days, marched beside me and Paul. He received a severe wound. There were some vehicles still with us at that time, and we got him a place in one

of them, and made him as comfortable as we could. The following night we stopped at a town. In the morning, as we were about to march, the Cossacks came down. There was great confusion; several baggage-carts were captured in the street, and some of the wounded were abandoned in the houses where they had passed the night. Amongst these was Sergeant Fritz. Not many houses in the town were still in good condition—most of them had been burned and knocked to pieces by the soldiers. The house in which Fritz lay had still its doors and windows, and was one of the most comfortable in the place, on which account it had been converted into a temporary hospital. Well, the Russians came in, brought their wounded, and turned out our poor fellows to make room for them. Some, who could not move quickly enough, were brutally pitched through a low window into a garden behind the house, there to perish miserably. Fritz was one of these. Only just able to crawl, he made his way round the garden, seeking egress. He reached a gate communicating with another garden. It was locked, and pain and weakness forbade him climbing over. He sat close to the gate, propped against it, and looking wistfully through the bars at the windows of a house, and at the cheerful glow of a fire, when he was perceived by a young girl. She came out and opened the gate, and helped him into the house. Her father was a German clockmaker, long settled in Russia, and Fritz, a Swiss, spoke German well. The kind people put him to bed, hid his uniform, and tended him like a son. When, in the following spring, his health was restored, and he would have left them, the German proposed to him to remain and assist him in his trade. He accepted the offer, married the German's daughter, and remained in Russia until his father-in-law's death, when he was taken with a longing to revisit his native mountains, and returned to Switzerland with his wife and family. I met him since at Paris, and he told me his story. But although his escape was narrow, and romantic enough, there must have been others much more

remarkable. Most of the prisoners made by the Russians, and who survived severe cold and harsh treatment, were sent to Moscow, to labour at rebuilding the city. When the fine season came, some of them managed to escape, and to make their way, in various disguises, and through countless adventures, back to their own country."

I have set down but the most striking portions of our conversation—or rather, of the doctor's narrative, since I did little but listen; and occasionally, by a question or remark, direct his communicativeness into the channel I wished it to take. We were now near Orleans.

"The letter I was reading when we started," said my companion, "and which has brought back to my memory all that I have told you—at risk, perhaps, of wearying you," he added with a slight bow and smile, "and a host of other circumstances, to me of thrilling and everlasting interest, is from General Préville, who lives in the south of France, but has come unexpectedly to Orleans to pass a month with me. That is his way. He lives happily with a married daughter; but now and then the desire to see an old comrade, and to fight old battles over again, comes so strongly upon him, that he has his valise packed at an hour's notice, and takes me by surprise. He knows well that 'The General's Room' and an affectionate reception always await him. I received his letter—full of references to old times—yesterday evening, and am now hurrying back to Orleans to see him. He may very likely be waiting for me at the station: and you will see that, for a man who gave himself up for dead forty years ago in the snows of Russia, and begged, as a favour, a bullet through his brain, he looks tolerably hearty and satisfied to live."

"There is one thing, *Monsieur le Docteur*," I said, "which you have not yet explained to me, and which I do not understand. Did you mean literally what you said, that since the Russian campaign you have never had your feet warm?"

"Literally and truly, sir. When we got to Orcha, where Jomini was

in command, and where the heroic Ney, who had been separated from the army, rejoined us with the skeleton of his corps—having cut his way, by sheer valour and soldiership, through clouds of Platoff's Cossacks—we took a day's rest. It was the 20th of November, the last day of anything approaching to comfort which we were to enjoy before crossing the Russian frontier. True, we made one more halt, at Moodet-schino, whence Napoleon dated his bulletin of our terrible disasters, but then only a portion of us could find lodging; we were sick, half-frozen, and numbers died in the streets. At Orcha we found shelter and tranquillity; the governor had provided provisions against our passage, the enemy left us quiet, and we enjoyed a day of complete repose. My baggage had long since been lost, and my only pair of boots were torn to shreds. I had been riding with fragments of a soldier's jacket tied round my feet, which I usually kept out of the stirrups, the contact of the iron increasing the cold. At Orcha, the invaluable Paul brought me a Jew (the Jews were our chief purveyors on that retreat) with boots for sale. I selected a pair and threw away my old ones, which for many days I had not taken off. My feet were already in a bad state, sore and livid. I bathed them, put on fresh stockings and my new boots, and contrived with a pair of old trousers, a sort of leggings or overalls, closed at the bottom, and to be worn over the boots. From that day till we got beyond the Niemen, a distance of one hundred and ten leagues, which we took three weeks to perform, I never took off any part of my dress. During that time I suffered greatly from my feet; they swelled till my boots were too tight for me, and at times I was in agony. When we at last were comparatively in safety, and I found myself, for the first time since I left Orcha, in a warm room, with a bed to lie upon and water to wash, I called Paul to pull off my boots. Sir, with this came off my stockings, and the entire skin of both feet. A flayer's knife could hardly have done the thing more completely. For a mo-

ment I gave myself up as lost. I had seen enough of this kind of thing to know that my feet were on the verge of mortification. There was scarcely time to amputate, had any been at hand to do it, and had I been willing to preserve life at such a price. Only one thing could save me, and I resolved to try it. I ordered Paul to bring a bottle of brandy; I put a piece of silver between my teeth, and bade him pour the spirits over my feet. I can give you no idea of the excruciating torture I then endured. Whilst it lasted, assuredly no martyr's sufferings ever exceeded mine. It was agony—but it was safety. I bit the flint nearly in two, and broke this tooth." (Here the doctor drew up his lip and exhibited a defective tooth, in company with some very white and powerful grinders.) "The martyrdom saved me; I recovered, but the new integuments, which in time covered my scarred feet, seem chilled by the recollection of their predecessors' sufferings, and from that day to this I have never had my feet otherwise than cold. But here we are at Orleans, sir, and yonder as I expected stands my old Préville."

The train stopped as he concluded, and a fire-looking veteran, with white hair, an empty sleeve, and a sicken patch over one eye, peered inquisi-

tively into the carriages. Like most Englishmen, I have a particular aversion to the Continental fashion of men kissing and hugging each other, but I confess I beheld with interest and sympathy the cordial embrace of these two old comrades, who then quickly separated, and, with hands grasped, looked joyously and affectionately into each other's faces, whilst a thousand recollections of old kindness and long comradeship were evidently swelling at their hearts. In his joy, my travelling companion did not forget the attentive listener, whose journey he had so agreeably shortened. Turning to me, he presented me to the general, as an Englishman and a new acquaintance, and then cordially invited me to pass the rest of the day at his house. But the business that took me to Orleans was urgent, and my return to Paris must be speedy. And had it been otherwise, I think I still should have scrupled to restrain, by a stranger's presence, the first blow of intimate communion to which the two friends evidently looked forward with such warm and pleasurable feelings. So I gratefully declined, but pledged myself to take advantage of the doctor's hospitality upon my next visit to Orleans. When that occurs, I shall hope to glean another Russian Reminiscence.

RECORDS OF THE PAST.—NINEVEH AND BABYLON.

HISTORY must ever possess an undying fascination for the minds of men, for its subject is the story of their race, and its interest is ever human to the core. Its burden is now a song of rejoicing at the triumphs, or a wail of lamentation over the errors and sufferings, of mankind. How history, in gifted hands, exults as it reaches those blooming points in a nation's career—those eras of Pericles, of Augustus, of Haroun-Alraschid, or of our own Elizabeth,—or, piercing back through the veil of time, discerns with joy the brilliant era of a Vicramaditya in the old world of the Hindoos,—the grandeur of a Rameses, or still remoter monarchs in Egypt—or a rule of then unequalled justice and beneficence extending back for countless ages in the early history of secluded China. And how it saddens to see these old empires pass away,—to behold Rome, and Greece, and Nineveh, and Egypt, Susa and Persepolis, and the grand old cities of India, withered, rolled up like a scroll, and vanishing from the face of the earth. Yet with what quiet hopefulness, with what assured resignation, does it contemplate all those changes. "Passing away," it knows, is written from the first upon the brow of empires as well as of men; and even when the mighty fabrics of human power are seen crumbling into dust beneath internal decay or external assault,—when the stores of knowledge, the monuments of art—in fact, a whole civilisation—seems rushing into oblivion before an onslaught of barbarism, the philosophic historian, with an assuredness of faith stronger than other men's, knows that the human race is but on the eve of some new and higher development—that all is ordered by One without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground, and that from out of the present chaos will emerge new kingdoms and communities of men, purged from the dross of the old, yet inheriting the larger portion of their wisdom.

*"All changes, naught is lost. The forms are changed,
and that which has been, is not what it was,—
that which has been, is."*

HISTORY has a grand work yet before it,—one which mankind is just beginning to long for, and which will yet one day be accomplished. History must grow wider in its scope and nobler in its aims as the career of our race advances. It must rise above the colourings of national bias, and the prejudices of particular eras. It must cease—and some day it will cease—to reflect but one phase at a time of that many-sided thing Truth, and will seize and set forth for the instruction of mankind the priceless gem under whatever form it appear, however attired in the strange costume of distant times or foreign countries. It must tell to man a continuous story of his existence. It must recognise the truth that in all those various nations that have flourished and passed away, there has been enshrined the self-same human soul, which the great Creator made in His own image, and which, however manifold in its aberrations, will still be found, on the whole, to reflect more of truth than of error.

Nothing is more elevating than the study of the human race through its successive phases of existence. Therein is to be discovered the scheme of God's Providence among the nations, slowly raising the race from one stage of progress to another and higher. The world advances slowly,—but still "it moves!" Severed into distinct nations, and divinely placed or led into climes congenial to the peculiar development of each,—secluded behind mountain chains, deserts, or seas, each section of mankind has been left to develop a civilisation of its own—forms of government, religion, art, science, philosophy, more or less peculiar to itself. Through long ages this birth of nations has been going on, each learning for itself the lessons of life. And each of those nations, whether ancient or modern, has attached itself in a peculiar manner to some one of the many forms of truth, carrying it to greater perfection than the other sections of the race. Every one knows that such was the case among the Greeks, the Romans, the

Egyptians, the Hebrews,—but do not let it be supposed that the wisdom of the ancient world ends here. Do not suppose that nothing is to be learned from the old history and writings of China—that land where social ethics and utilitarian science were first carried to comparative perfection; or from the ancient Hindoos, who first pre-eminently devoted themselves to the study of the spiritual nature of man, and in whose lofty speculations may be found the germ of almost every system of philosophy, whether true or false, to which the European world has given birth. Hegel and Spinoza are but Hindoos reviving in the eighteenth century. Auguste Comte, with his boasted new science of Positivism, is but a systematiser of the doctrines of Confucius and the old philosophers of China.—and what are magnetism, clairvoyance, and such-like researches at present making into the spiritual powers of man, but unconscious repetitions of what has been known or imagined in India for three thousand years?

Had the human race formed from the first but one nation—swayed by but one great impulse, and enlightened but by its own single experience, how comparatively stationary would have been the condition of the species! But severed into separate communities, each seeking truth for itself, and, as intercommunication became wider, comparing its experiences with those of its neighbours, the march of mankind has been greatly accelerated. There have been a hundred researchers after truth instead of one. It is only now, however, in these latter days, that mankind are beginning to perceive and reap the benefit of the beneficent scheme of Providence which has so long kept them secluded in location and antagonistic in feeling. It is in those days of running to and fro upon the earth—when commerce, and railways, and steam-navigation are uniting the most distant regions—that the varied stores of knowledge which have been accumulating in private hoards through long centuries are now being thrown into general circulation. The more advanced nations are teaching the less enlightened. But the gain is not all on one

side; and the former will be unworthy of their high position, if they fail to perceive in how very many things they may receive instruction from those whom they regard as their inferiors. The whole tendency of the rapidly-increasing communication between the various nations and countries of the earth is to shake men loose from local prejudices, and, by expanding the mind, to fit it for the reception of that pure and entire truth, towards the attainment of which the human mind is journeying, and to which the matchless plans of Divine Providence are slowly but surely conducting the human race. To the eye of the philosopher, the world is a prism through which Truth is shining—and the nations are the various colours and hues of the spectrum into which that light is broken. Hitherto mankind, split into sections, has only exhibited those scattered and disunited, but brilliant, rays,—truth refracted and coloured by the national mind through which it passed; but now, in the fulness of time, the process is being reversed. The long training of isolated nations is drawing to a close; the barriers of space or feeling which shut them in are being thrown down; an interchange of intellectual as well as material benefits is commencing; and the dissevered rays of partial knowledge are beginning to be reunited into the pure and perfect light of truth.

Let, then, some Newton or Humboldt of history—some one who grudges not a lifetime of genius to the task, and to whom Providence may give length of days,—let such an one take up the theme of those old nations. By the might of his graphic pen let him evoke them and their crumbled empires from the dust, and place them in their pristine glory before the eye of the reader. Let him paint the people, the land in which they dwelt, the temples in which they worshipped;—let him glance with graphic touch over the leading points of their history, the master-spirits who influenced, and the poets who adorned it;—let him depict the arts of life and the arts of beauty which characterised them; and, hardest task of all; let him dive into the depths of

their religion and philosophy—not the fantastic crust of superstition, but the more spiritual dogmas which lie below; and, wasting but little time upon what was false, set himself to eliminate the true, and place it once more before the world. In this way let him paint the Chinese, stout, square-set, and supple,—ever labouring contentedly in their rice-fields, and delighting in social intercourse; but also, with a free and martial spirit, of which the world is now incredulous, repelling with slaughter the nomadic hordes of Central Asia which subsequently overthrew the mighty empires of the West. Let him depict the country covered with district-schools, and the people trained in social morals by a Government system of education, centuries before the birth of Christ. Let him set forth the practical good sense and kindliness of spirit which characterised the inhabitants of that vast empire, as well as their eminence in the social and industrial arts of life; yet glance with brief but warning words at the materialistic tendencies, alike in creed and practice, by which these good qualities were in some degree counterbalanced. Or turn to the Hindoo, with his slim and graceful figure, symbolising the fine and susceptible spirit within. See him among the flowery woods, luxuriant vegetation, and countless sparkling waters of the Indian land,—so spiritual and alive to the impressions of the external world, that he feels bound in lively sympathy with every living thing around him, whether it be beast or bird, tree or flower,—and in the faith of the most imaginative pantheism that the world ever saw, regarding himself and all created forms as incarnations of the Deity, animated directly by the spirit of the great Creator; and, a firm believer in the transmigration of souls, regarding every object around him with plaintive tenderness, as possibly the dwelling of the soul of some lost friend or relative. See him under his master-sentiment of love. That passion, almost universally in the ancient world, was a mere thirst of the senses; and the few instances in which it figures in the literature of Greece and Rome, it is made to strike its victims like a frenzy. But among the Hin-

doos we perceive it often sweetened and refined by sentiment,—a spiritual as well as a sensuous yearning,—purer, as ardent, more pervading than the love-passion of contemporaneous nations. And the same spirituality of nature which made the Hindoo thus, fitted him also for the subtlest and loftiest flights of speculation,—savouring little of the utilitarian, indeed, but tending to gratify the soul in many of its highest and purest aspirations. Caste, unknown in China, was in India all-prevalent; and there, also, we meet in its sternest form that spirit of devoted asceticism by which the mystics of the East, and subordinatedly even in the Christian Church, have striven to exalt themselves above the level of humanity by extinguishing all earthly passion, and so drawing into nearer communion with the Deity.

Or pass to Egypt, and behold the now desolate valley-land of the Nile reinvested with its old splendour and fertility. Let a thousand irrigating canals spread again over the surface, re-clothing the land with verdure; while up from the sands spring miles of temples, pyramids, and endless avenues of sphinxes, obelisks, and gigantic statues. And Thebes with its "hundred gates," its libraries, and stately palaces—and Memphis with its immense population, whose bones are still seen whitening the desert sands whereon the city once bloomed amidst verdure,—reappear with crowds of artisans and professional men, carrying the division of labour almost as far as it is done in modern times: while all around a rural population is tending herds or tilling the thrice-fertile soil; and, wearily and worn, innumerable bands of captives—Nubians from the south, Negroes from the desert, Arabs from across the Red Sea, and Syrians and Assyrians from Euphrates to the foot of Mount Taurus—are toiling in digging canals, in making bricks, or in quarrying, transporting, or raising to their place, those huge blocks of granite which fill with astonishment the engineers even of our own times. Turn from all this pomp and bustle and busy hum of life, along that silent mile-long avenue of double sphinxes; and, passing beneath the stupendous

ornamented portals of Karnac or Luxor, or some other temple of the land, enter the vast halls and countless apartments devoted to sacerdotal seclusion—where the white-robed priests of the Nile, bathing three times a-day to maintain mental purity and calm, engaged in the abstract sciences, or searched deep into the secrets of nature for that magical power by which they fascinated and subjugated the minds of the people, and which enabled them to contend on almost equal terms with the divinely-commissioned champion of the Hebrews.

Or turn the eye northward, and see the Persian preparing to descend from his mountains and conquer the world. Verdant valleys amidst sterile hills and sandy plains are his home, blazed over by a sun to whose bright orb he kneels in adoration as an emblem of the Deity. Hardy, handsome, chivalrous, luxurious, despotic, and ambitious,—yet animated by a spirit of justice, and by a religious belief so pure as at once to sympathise with that of the Hebrews, and to win for the Persian monarch the title of the “Servant of God;” they are the first in history to exhibit a nation, few in numbers, but strong in arms and wisdom, lordling it over an immense tract of country, and over subjugated tribes—Syrians, Assyrians, Asiatic Greeks, and Egyptians—of divers origin and customs from themselves. The iron phalanx of Alexander at length caused this empire of satrapies to crumble into the dust; but under a new dynasty it revived again, so as to wage war successfully even with the all-conquering legions of Rome.

Away, around the shores of the lovely Ægean—on the sunny slopes of Asia Minor, among the sparkling vine-clad islets of the Cyclades, and on the rocky, picturesque, bay indented peninsula of Greece, the gay and martial Hellenic race disported themselves. As a race, young, imaginative, superstitious, and enamoured of the beautiful, they ascribed every phenomenon in nature to the action of a god—peopled the woods, the hills, the waters, with graceful imaginary beings sympathising with and often visible to man, and filling even the highest heaven with divinities who were gods but

in power, and wholly men in passion. Keenly alive to pleasure, and hearing little of the deeper voices of the soul, their thoughts clung wholly to the beautiful world around them; and, while acknowledging the soul's immortality, they ever looked upon Elysium, their world beyond the grave, as a shadowy land where joy becomes so diluted as hardly to be worth the having. The greatest poets the world ever saw, they embodied their conceptions, alike in literature, in architecture, and the plastic arts, in forms of such divine beauty, that after-ages have abandoned in despair even the hope of rivalling them. The story of Greece is not easily told; it excelled in so many departments of human effort—producing almost simultaneously an Alexander, a Socrates, a Plato, a Demosthenes, an Aristotle—not to speak of a Democritus, a Thales, an Anaxagoras, and others, in whose daring but vaguely-framed systems of the universe are to be found not a few brilliant anticipations of world-wide truth, which modern science is now recovering, and pacing on the firm and only definite basis of experiment.

Add to the story of these nations that of the Roman—the great conquerors and legislators—the story of a city that came to throw its chains over the world,—and thence pass over the dying ashes of Paganism into the new world of Christianity, and to the congeries of kingdoms which arose under its beneficent sway in mediæval Europe, at first small, and never presenting those great contrasts so observable in the old empires of Paganism, but each telling its lesson to those who study it, and some of them already influencing the fortunes of the human race to an extent never possible or dreamt of in prior times. The “meteor-flag” of England is the great object which, in these latter days, arrests the eye of the philosophic observer,—bringing over the seas, peopling continents and islands with civilised man,—and carrying the science, the religion, and the beneficent sway of Great Britain over an empire upon which the sun never sets, and to climes “where Cæsar's eagles never flew.”

Paradoxical as it may seem, the

further we recede from the era of those old nations, the better able are we becoming to write their history and understand their civilisation. Not only are mankind becoming tolerant of truth in whatever attire it presents itself, and thus learning to sympathise with, and so comprehend, those old forms of civilisation, but the recent study of the languages of India and China have opened up to us the literature and life of those old countries. The discovery of a clue to the hieroglyphics of Egypt, to the rock-inscriptions of Persia, and to the arrow-headed chronicles of Assyria, constitutes a series of unexpected triumphs, which promises to rend the veil of oblivion from the face of those long-perished empires. Lastly, the earth herself has been giving us back their skeletons. Two old Roman cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, accidentally discovered, have been cleared of their superincumbent mass of lava and ashes, and given back to the light precisely as they stood on the day when the eruption of Vesuvius overwhelmed them eighteen hundred years ago. Into those long-buried streets we have descended, and seen the domestic civilisation of imperial Rome mirrored in those hastily-abandoned boudoirs and dining-rooms, baths, temples, and public buildings. In the wastes of Persia, Chardin stumbled upon the ruins of imperial Persepolis, whose very site had for ages dropt out of the world's memory. The thousand monuments of Egypt have been studied, their historic sculptures and mural paintings magnificently copied, and a portrait-gallery published of its ancient dynasties. Finally, Layard and Botta have carried the thirst of discovery to the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, and have exhumed from the mounds of long-lost Nineveh striking and instructive vestiges of the first of the so-called "universal" empires.

The opportuneness of these revelations of the past cannot but strike one as remarkable. Knowledge revealed too early is lost. Steam, the compass, gunpowder, the principle of the electric telegraph, and a hundred other discoveries made of old might be mentioned, which, in consequence of mankind not being ready for them,

wholly dropt out of mind again, or languished on as mere toys or curiosities. And had those old cities been unbarred at some earlier period, would they not most lamentably have shared the fate of the monuments which remained above ground—been wantonly destroyed by a barbarous population, or been used as quarries, from whence the degenerate successors of the elder race might indolently draw their building materials? But the earth took them into her own safe keeping, and covered them up until the world had grown older and wiser, and knew how to prize such monuments of memorable but long-forgotten times.

Of all the great empires which have enduringly impressed themselves upon the world's memory, no one has perished leaving so few visible marks of its existence as that which first rose into greatness in the land of Assyria. It was this memorable region which gave birth to the first of the old "universal empires." On the plains of Shinar, on the banks of the Lower Euphrates, a community of civilised men was assembled more than four thousand years ago. There, in course of time, arose Babylon, with its impregnable walls, behind which the city might eat and drink, and be merry, though the mightiest of ancient hosts were encamped outside. There were the fabled hanging-gardens, the wonder of the world, erected by one of its monarchs to please his young Median bride, whose heart yearned for the hills and groves of her native land. Towering above all was the vast temple of Belus, unequalled for magnificence in the ancient world—crowned with its gigantic golden statue of the sun-god, rising so high, and flashing so brightly in the upper air, that to the crowds below it seemed invested with the splendours of the deity whom it symbolised. But more than two thousand years have elapsed since all this grandeur came to a sudden end; and so thoroughly has the city mouldered into the dust, and so completely has it buried itself in its own ruins, that during the recent excavations executed on its site, scarcely a detached figure in stone, or a solitary tablet, says Mr. Layard, was dug out of the vast heaps of rubbish. "Babylon is fallen, is fallen! and all the

graven images of her gods He hath broken unto the ground."

To the north, near the head of the great Mesopotamian valley, on the banks of the Tigris, stood the sister or rival city of Nineveh—Babylon and it forming, as it were, the foci of the Assyrian realm, which spread out like an ellipse around them. Nineveh, "that great city," against which Jonah of old uttered his prophetic warnings—from whose gates Sennacherib, Sargon, and Holofernes successively set forth, with their spearmen, and horses, and chariots against Damascus and Israel, and the coasts of Tyre and Sidon,—and around whose walls the combined armies of Persia and Babylonia encamped for three years in vain, fell at last by a doom as sudden and overwhelming as that which overtook Babylon—perishing so utterly, that when Xenophon and the Ten Thousand passed that way, even its name was forgotten, and he notices its mounds of ruins simply as having been those of "an ancient city," which he calls *Larissa*.

As Xenophon left those ruins Layard found them. Riding, in company with a friend as daring and enthusiastic as himself, down the right bank of the Tigris, in April 1840, he rested for the night at a small Arab village, around which are still the vestiges of an ancient town; and here he got his first look of the buried city whose discovery was to immortalise his name. "From the summit of an artificial eminence," he says, "I looked down upon a broad plain, separated from us by the river. A line of lofty mounds bounded it on the east, and one of a pyramidal form rose high above the rest. Beyond it could be faintly traced the waters of the Zab. Its position rendered its identification easy. This was the pyramid which Xenophon had described, and near which the Ten Thousand had encamped; the ruins around it were those which the Greek general saw twenty-two centuries before, and

which were even then the remains of an ancient city."

It must not be supposed, because Nineveh and Babylon are the only cities made much mention of in Assyrian history, that none others of importance existed in the country around. On the contrary, again and again, in the course of his journeys, does Mr. Layard speak of mounds of ruins, marking the site of what must once have been "large cities." In truth, the valley-land of Mesopotamia, with its rich alluvial plains intersected by the Tigris and Euphrates and their numerous tributaries, presented a vast surface, which at any moment the industry of man might convert into a garden. In remotest times, if in imagination we can recur to the period when first mankind began to settle on its plains, it must have presented a spectacle very much like that which now meets the eye—wide plains of fertile soil springing into verdure wherever it is touched by water, but desert almost everywhere for a great portion of the year. The latent fertility of the region was forthwith developed by the race who there took up their abode. The waters of the rivers were led over the flat plains in long canals, diffusing in all directions their irrigating streams, and causing the teeming soil, under the rays of a glowing and never-failing sun, to produce food in abundance for both man and beast. "A system of navigable canals, that may excite the admiration of even the modern engineer, connected together the Euphrates and Tigris. With a skill showing no common knowledge of the art of surveying, and of the principles of hydraulics, the Babylonians took advantage of the different levels in the plains, and of the periodical rises in the rivers, to complete the water-communication between all parts of the province, and to fertilise, by artificial irrigation, an otherwise barren and unproductive soil."*

This system of irrigation, it is true,

* LAYARD. Alexander the Great, after he had transferred his seat of empire to the East, so fully appreciated the importance of those great works that he ordered them to be cleaned and repaired, and superintended the work in person, steering his boat with his own hand through the channels. Similar operations undertaken now would again restore to Mesopotamia its old fertility, and fit Babylon, not only for regaining her place as the emporium of the Eastern world, but for becoming the great

was not carried to perfection until a late period in the history of the Assyrian empire; but it must, at the same time, be recollected, that as far back as the light of history penetrates, it is always civilised man that is discerned in the valley of the Euphrates. The vague whisperings of tradition, even, cannot speak of a time when savage tribes wandered over its plains. If we investigate who were the settled inhabitants of the land when first the light of history breaks upon it—the people among whom the old Assyrian empire arose—we will come to the conclusion that the great mass of the population belonged to that purely Syrian race whose settlements have in all ages extended from the banks of the Euphrates to the shores of the Levant. But mixed with this race, very much in the neighbourhood of Babylon, and more faintly as we proceed northwards, were offshoots of the Cushite race,—a people having its principal seats in southern Arabia, along the coasts of the Indian and Red Seas, imperfectly represented by the Hinyarite Arabs of the present day, and forming a connecting link between the old races of Syria and Egypt. Into the population thus constituted descended the Chaldeans,—a tribe from the highlands which border the Mesopotamian valley on the north-east, and who, though Syrians in the main, probably approximated somewhat in character to the Persian race. This tribe obtained the ascendant among the population at Nineveh and in the upper portion of the Mesopotamian valley,—imparting to that population, apparently, a sterner character than prevailed in the lower part of the valley and around Babylon. Frequent wars occurred between these half-rival, half-sister cities; the general result of which was, that the people of Nineveh held the Babylonians in a more or less perfect state of dependence. In the course of time, too, the Cushite element in the Babylonian population (and which probably gave to it its turn for commerce and maritime enterprise) became extinct; while the Chaldean element,

which differed but little from the general mass of the population, seems to have greatly increased. It was from Ur of the Chaldees, in the vicinity of Nineveh, that Abraham, in obedience to the Divine voice, went forth, journeying south-westwards, through the desert lying between the Euphrates and Syria, and, reaching Palestine, became the father of the Hebrew nation. From his loins also proceeded the Idumeans, who proved their superiority to the rest of the Arabian tribes by founding the kingdom of Edom, and excavating the wondrous rock-city of Petra.

Such, then, appears to have been the old population of Assyria. In Genesis we are informed that Ashur went forth out of the land of Shinar, and founded new habitations in the north,—“Nineveh and the city Rehoboth, and Calah, and Resen, which is a great city;” but according to the Chaldean historians, the builders of the cities of Assyria came down from the mountains of Armenia. These statements, so far from being inconsistent, tend to corroborate the conjecture which, from other considerations, we had arrived at,—namely, that the Chaldeans were not the first comers into the plains around Nineveh, but found there a lowland population in an advanced state of society, and closely allied in blood and language to themselves. Moses of Chorene expressly records that such was the case; but the real strength of the supposition we rest upon general grounds, which it is needless here to enter upon. This Chaldean tribe, then, which ultimately became the predominant one in the valley of the Upper Tigris, were not the actual founders of the Assyrian cities; but under their ascendancy these cities were strengthened, extended, and embellished so much, as to become as it were the creations of their hands.

The architecture of a nation is ever dependent to a great extent upon the building materials at its command. The alluvial plains of Assyria, unbroken by a single eminence, were

entrepot of commerce between the West and East, which will ere long, in consequence of the introduction of railways, again flow into its old overland route by Palmyra, through the desert, from the Levant to the head of the Persian Gulf.

singularly destitute of stone of any kind, especially in the lower portion of the valley; so that the inhabitants had to betake themselves to bricks, which they could manufacture in endless abundance by mixing a little straw with the alluvial soil. In Babylonia, where not a slab of stone could be got within hundreds of miles, these bricks were carefully made,—being kiln-dried, and often coloured, and, while the colours were still moist, glazed in the fire. Around Nineveh they were, for the most part, merely dried for a day or two in the hot sun,—and with bricks of this description the houses of Mesopotamia are built to this day. But Nineveh being nearer the mountains, had a great advantage over Babylon. The plains around it, and the lowlands lying between the Tigris and the hill-country, abound in a kind of coarse alabaster or gypsum, large masses of which protrude in low ridges from the alluvial soil, or are exposed in the gullies formed by winter torrents. Ornamental from its colour and transparency, and offering few difficulties to the sculptor, this alabaster was used by the people of Nineveh in their public buildings. Cut into large slabs, it was used as panels to cover the inner surface of the brick walls,—each slab bearing on its back an inscription recording the name, title, and descent of the king undertaking the work, and being kept in its place by cramps and plugs of metal or wood. After being thus fixed against the wall, the face of the slabs was covered with sculptures and inscriptions,—in some edifices, as at Kouyunjik, each chamber being reserved for some particular historical incident, and each palace, it would appear, only recording in its sculptures the exploits of the king who built it. No pillars are to be found in Assyrian architecture; and the difficulty experienced by the builders in the construction of expansive roofs is shown by the great narrowness of the rooms compared with their length; the most elaborately ornamented hall at Nimroud, although above 160 feet in length, being only 35 feet broad. Forty-five feet appears to have been the greatest width spanned over by a roof; for the great central hall in the north-west palace at Nimroud (110

feet by 90) may have been entirely open to the sky,—and, as it did not contain sculptures, it probably was so. The rooms ranged from 16 to 20 feet in height; the side-walls being covered to twice the height of a man by the sculptured slabs, and their upper portion being built of baked bricks richly coloured, or of sun-dried bricks covered by a thin coat of plaster, on which various ornaments were painted. Of the mode of roofing these palaces we know nothing. Probably the roof was formed of beams resting solely on the side-walls; but as this method would not have sufficed for the larger rooms, from 35 to 45 feet in width, we may conjecture that the beams in some instances were made to meet and rest against each other at a slight angle in the centre of the ceiling, or (more improbably) that wooden pillars or posts were employed which have since entirely mouldered away. No traces of windows are to be found, even in the chambers next the outer walls; so that, as in the temples of Egypt, there must have been square openings or skylights in the ceilings, which may have been closed during the winter-rains by canvass or some such material. The pavement of the chambers was formed either of alabaster slabs, or of kiln-burnt bricks, covered with inscriptions relating to the king;—and beneath this pavement, drains led from almost every room, showing that water might occasionally have entered the rooms from above, by such apertures in the ceiling as have been conjectured.

The interior of these Assyrian palaces must have been as magnificent as imposing. Mr. Layard thus graphically describes the spectacle which, in days of old, met the eye of those who entered the abode of the Assyrian kings:—

“He was ushered in through the portal guarded by the colossal lions or bulls of white alabaster. In the first hall he found himself surrounded by the sculptured records of the empire. Battles, sieges, triumphs, the exploits of the chase, the ceremonies of religion, were portrayed on the walls—sculptured in alabaster, and painted in gorgeous colours. Under each picture were engraved, in characters filled up with

bright copper, inscriptions describing the scenes represented. Above the sculptures were painted other events—the king, attended by his eunuchs and warriors, receiving his prisoners, entering into alliances with other monarchs, or performing some sacred duty. These representations were enclosed in coloured borders of elaborate and elegant design. The emblematic tree, winged bulls, and monstrous animals were conspicuous amongst the ornaments. At the upper end of the hall was the colossal figure of the king in adoration before the supreme deity, or receiving from his eunuch the holy cup. He was attended by warriors bearing his arms, and by the priests or presiding divinities. His robes, and those of his followers, were adorned with groups of figures, animals, and flowers, all painted with brilliant colours.

"The stranger trod upon alabaster slabs, each bearing an inscription, recording the titles, genealogy, and achievements of the great king. Several doorways, formed by gigantic winged lions or bulls, or by the figures of guardian deities, led into other apartments which again opened into more distant halls. In each were new sculptures. On the walls of some were processions of colossal figures—armed men and eunuchs following the king, warriors laden with spoil, leading prisoners, or bearing presents and offerings to the gods. On the walls of others were portrayed the winged priests, or presiding divinities, standing before the sacred trees.

"The ceilings above him were divided into square compartments, painted with flowers, or with the figures of animals. Some were inlaid with ivory, each compartment being surrounded by elegant borders and mouldings. The beams, as well as the sides of the chambers, may have been gilded, or even plated with gold and silver; and the rarest woods, in which the cedar was conspicuous, were used for the wood-work. Square openings in the ceilings of the chambers admitted the light of day. A pleasing shadow was thrown over the sculptured walls, and gave a majestic expression to the human features of the colossal forms which guarded the entrances. Through these apertures was seen the bright blue of an eastern sky, enclosed in a frame of which were painted, in vivid colours, the winged circle, in the midst of elegant ornaments, and the graceful forms of ideal animals.

"These edifices, as it has been shown, were great national monuments, upon the walls of which were represented in sculpture, or inscribed in alphabetical cha-

racters, the chronicles of the empire. He who entered them might thus read the history, and learn the glory and triumphs of the nations. They served, at the same time, to bring continually to the remembrance of those who assembled within them on festive occasions, or for the celebration of religious ceremonies, the deeds of their ancestors, and the power and majesty of their gods."

This royal magnificence was well guarded. The external walls of the Assyrian cities, as we learn from the united testimony of ancient authors, were of extraordinary size and height. According to Diodorus Siculus, the walls of Nineveh were one hundred feet high,—so broad that three chariots might be driven abreast along their summit,—and fortified with fifteen hundred towers, each of which was two hundred feet in height. According to the same authority, the circumference of the city was sixty miles,—a statement which exactly tallies with the dimensions given in the book of Jonah, where Nineveh is said to have been three days' journey round about. This is an immense circuit,—but it must be recollected that the dimensions of an Eastern city do not bear the same proportion to its population as those of an European city. The custom, prevalent to some degree in Southern Asia, even in the earliest times, of secluding the women in apartments removed from those of the men, as well as the heat of the climate, renders a separate house for each family almost indispensable, and is perfectly incompatible with that economy of space and close aggregation of dwellings, which we witness in the cities of the West. Moreover, within the circuit of those old cities there used to be "a paradise" or hunting-ground for the king, and orchards, gardens, and an extensive tract of arable land; so that the inhabitants, behind their impregnable walls, could bid defiance alike to force and to famine. From the expression of Jonah, that there was much cattle within the walls of Nineveh, it may be inferred that there was also pasture for them. Many cities of the East—as, for instance, Damascus and Ispahan—are still built in this manner; the amount of their population being greatly dispro-

portionate, according to our Western notions, to the site which they occupy.

If we take the four great mounds of Nimroud, Kouyunjik, Khorsabad, and Karamles, as the corners of an elongated quadrangle (eighteen miles by twelve), it will be found that the form as well as the circumference of the city correspond pretty accurately with the statements of ancient writers. Each quarter of this vast city, says Mr. Layard, may have had its peculiar name; hence the palace of Eborita, where Saracus destroyed himself—and the Mespila and Larissa of Xenophon, which names the Greek general applies respectively to the mound ruins at Kouyunjik and Nimroud. It is certain that large fortified enclosures existed within the outer walls, surrounding the principal buildings or palaces, and capable of defence after the rest of the city was stormed. These four great mounds, the scene of Mr. Layard's excavations, mark the site of the principal public buildings of Nineveh, apparently at once temples and palaces,—built upon elevated platforms of masonry, like the temples of the ancient Mexicans, and, from their great strength, always placed so as to form part of the external defences of the city. But these were not the only great buildings in Nineveh; for within the quadrangle described by these ruins, many other large mounds are to be seen, and the face of the country is strewn with the remains of pottery, bricks, and other fragments. The space between the great public buildings was doubtless occupied by private houses, standing in the midst of gardens, and built at distances from each other; or forming streets which enclosed gardens of considerable extent, and even arable land. The absence of the remains of these houses, says Mr. Layard, is easily accounted for. "They were constructed almost entirely of sun-dried bricks, and, like the houses now built in the country, soon disappeared

altogether when once abandoned, and allowed to fall into decay. The largest palaces would probably have remained undiscovered, had not slabs of alabaster marked the walls. There is, however, sufficient to indicate that buildings were once spread over the space above described; for, besides the vast number of small mounds everywhere visible, scarcely a husbandman drives his plough over the soil without exposing the vestiges of former habitations."

From the numerous large mound ruins visible on the Mesopotamian plains, it is evident that the work of excavation is only commenced. The long-sealed book of Assyrian history and Antiquities has only begun to be unrolled; and in the course of another generation the labours of Layard will probably be as far exceeded as those of Belzoni in Egypt have been by the recent investigations of Lepsius and Champollion-le-Jeune. It is needless, then, at present to waste time in the discussion of moot points in Assyrian history, which in a few years fresh discoveries may at once set definitively at rest. As yet, Assyrian chronology has been but little advanced by the recent researches,—and this principally owing to the circumstance, already mentioned, that the sculptures and inscriptions of each palace relate only to the career of the particular king who erected or embellished it. All we know is, that the palaces at Nimroud (if we except the unfinished one) must have been built at least nine centuries B.C.; but that the earliest of them may have been reared by the great Ninus himself* (2,000 B.C.),—a most unsatisfactory state of knowledge; and that the palaces at the other angles of the city—namely, Kouyunjik, Karamles, and Khorsabad—were erected, to all appearance, between the ninth and sixth centuries B.C. We know, however, with all certainty, that a great crisis and convulsion in the fortunes of the

* Ctesias and other writers speak of the Bactrian and Indian expedition of Ninus and Semiramis; and in connection with this it is important to notice, that upon the obelisk discovered at Nimroud—which belongs to the period of the earliest palace, having been erected by the son of the founder of that building—are represented the Bactrian camel, the elephant, and the rhinoceros—(all animals from India and Central Asia)—brought as tribute by a conquered people to the Assyrian king.

State occurred between the erection of the earlier and later series of palaces. This convulsion was probably occasioned by the successful revolt of the Medes under Arbaces, and the capture of Nineveh, about 950 B.C., which brought to an end the ancient dynasty of Ninus and Semiramis, after thirteen centuries of power, and established a new family on the throne.

Ninus—whose character as a great hunter of the lion and panther tallies with the scriptural accounts of Nimrod—is said, by the general consent of many ancient writers, to have founded the Assyrian monarchy more than two thousand years before Christ,—doing so in the midst of a people far advanced in civilization, whose works, says Moses of Chorene, the new-comers endeavoured to destroy, and whose knowledge of the arts was taken advantage of by the conquerors in the erection and embellishment of their palaces. In corroboration of this it may be stated, that of all the specimens of Assyrian art which have been discovered, the most ancient are invariably the best,—a curious fact, agreeing with, but not establishing the hypothesis that the builders of the most ancient edifices at Nineveh were assisted by a people of skill superior to their own.

The boundaries of the Assyrian monarchy, like that of every other long-established empire, fluctuated from age to age. At the epoch of its greatest power, it appears to have maintained an ascendancy over Persia and Media, and from thence westward to the shores of the Levant; while it is indisputable that its rule was for long dominant in Asia Minor, where towns were built and colonies founded by the Assyrian monarchs.—Troy itself, according to Plato, having been one of their dependencies. The prowess of the Assyrian armies in later times made itself felt even in Egypt; but in the wars between these two great antagonists, there is reason to believe that the balance of success lay chiefly with the Egyptians. It would appear that for a considerable period, between the 14th and 9th centuries B.C., a close connection, either by conquest or friendly intercourse, existed between these two empires,—which connection produced

considerable changes in the arts and customs of Assyria, as may be witnessed in the introduction of the sitting sphinxes of Nimroud, and the lotus-shaped ornaments of Khorsabad and Kouyunjik. On the earliest monuments of Nineveh we read of expeditions undertaken against Babylon, which city was at first unquestionably independent of the Assyrian princes, but which ere long became subject to them—wearing their chains, however, unwillingly, and occasionally in name rather than in fact. When the Medes revolted under Arbaces, the governor of Babylon took part with the rebels, and in alliance with them succeeded in capturing Nineveh, and destroying its public buildings—if not depopulating it. Under the new or later dynasty, however—which counts in its brief roll the great names of Sargon and Sennacherib—Nineveh rose in renewed splendour and power; the palaces of Kouyunjik, Karamles, and Khorsabad were built, the last of which excelled all its predecessors in magnificence; and the city attained those vast dimensions described by Diodorus and the prophet Jonah. But the days of this great city and ancient empire were fast drawing to a close. Headed by Cyaxares and Nabopolassar, the combined armies of the Persians and Babylonians again approached its walls; and after a protracted siege of nearly three years, they at length (606 B.C.) captured the city at a time when the river had overflowed its bed and carried away a portion of the wall. The city was then utterly destroyed—the torch was put to its noble palaces, and its inhabitants were compulsorily distributed among the adjoining towns and villages. Nineveh was no more. Twelve centuries afterwards (A.D. 627), the great battle between Heraclius and Rhazates was fought within the space once compassed by its walls. “The city, and even the ruins of the city,” says Gibbon, “had long ago disappeared: the vacant space afforded a spacious field for the operations of the two armies.”

The primitive religion of the Assyrians appears to have been a form of Sabæaniam. It appears to have consisted in the worship of the sun—not as the Deity, but as an emblem of

the Deity—as the greatest, most glorious, and most beneficent of His works in the eye of man, and the mystery of whose unbeholdable splendours not unaptly symbolised the presence of Him “who dwelleth in light that is inaccessible and full of glory.” But the peculiar part of the Chaldean faith or philosophy was the influence which it ascribed to the planets over the life and fortunes of men. The belief in astrology is one of the oldest, if not absolutely the very oldest, which one meets with in the history of post-diluvian mankind. It was not confined to any one nation, or any one era of the world. It has lived from the earliest times, down through several thousand years, to the middle ages of Europe, and still lingers even at the present day. To take the last spots in the world where one is likely to find old-world notions lingering—“Raphaels” and “Zadkiels” are to be found even in the capitals of England and France, where astrological almanacs are at this moment yearly published, containing predictions of the future—one of which modern Magi boasts that he correctly predicted the death of the “Hero of Waterloo,” and both of whom, we believe, prophesied two years ago that 1854 is to be the death-year of Louis Napoleon! But the East is the native land of astrology; and there, to this day, it is believed in as firmly as if it belonged to the domain of the positive sciences. It is curious to know that one of the causes of the disastrous issue of the last battle (August 5) between the Turks and Russians in Asia, was the obstinate adhesion of the Turkish general to an astrological crotchet. The Russians had detached a division of their army to Bayazid, where they surprised and defeated a Turkish corps; but no sooner did General Guyon learn of this movement, than he counselled the Turkish commander, Zarif Pasha, immediately to advance and attack the main body of the Russians while thus weakened. The Pasha, however, while assenting to the plan, would not move at the time required, alleging that neither that day nor the morrow would do for the attack, “because the stars were unpropitious.” Eight-and-forty hours

were thus lost, big with the fortunes of the campaign; and the consequence was, that when the Turks did at last advance, they found not only that the Russian detachment had rejoined the main body, but that the Russian general had been fully apprised by his spies of the meditated night-march of his enemies.

We have not space here to undertake an investigation of the old Chaldean faith, nor to point out the principles in human nature by a rash reasoning upon which astrology seems to have arisen. We would remark, however, that the convulsion which intervened between the fall of the first Assyrian dynasty and the rise of the second, occasioned, or was at least accompanied by, a change in the State-religion of the country. In the palaces at Khorsabad and Kouyunjik, built by the second dynasty, we find no traces of the religious emblems so frequent in the sculptures of the earliest palaces at Nimroud. The emblem of the great Divinity—the winged figure within the circle—has never been found in the later-built palaces; and from the frequent representations of the fire-altar in the bas-reliefs from those ruins, and on cylinders, evidently of the same period, there is reason to believe that a fire-worship, like that introduced by Zoroaster among the Persians, had succeeded to the purer forms of Sabæanism. Although eagle-headed figures, and other mythic forms, exist in the earliest sculptures at Nineveh, in no case do they appear to have been objects of worship. The king is only seen in adoration before one symbol of the Deity—the figure of which we have already spoken, with the wings and tail of a bird enclosed in a circle, resembling the Ormuzd of the Persian monuments. He is generally standing or kneeling beneath this circled figure with his hand raised in sign of prayer or adoration. This symbol of the Deity is never represented above any person of inferior rank, but appears to watch specially over the king—who among the Assyrians, as among all the old nations, was regarded as the type and representative of the nation. It is seen above him on all occasions, in the sculptures,

the centre of Mesopotamia, and, crossing the Euphrates near the town of Anthemusia, led into Central Asia;—a second appears to have left Babylon by the western quarter of the city, and entered Idumea, after passing through the country of the Nabathæans;—while others branched off to Tadmor, and to other cities built in the Desert almost solely for purposes of trade. To the east of Babylon was the celebrated military and commercial road described by Herodotus, leading from Sardis to Susa in ninety days' journey, and furnished at intervals of about fifteen miles with stations and public hostelleries, probably resembling the modern caravanserais of Persia. A very considerable trade was likewise carried on with India, through Media, Hyrcania, and the centre of Asia,—by which route it was, probably, that the greater part of the precious stones and gold were supplied to Babylon. A coasting-trade existed along the shores of the Persian Gulf eastwards. The prophet Isaiah alludes to the ships of the Chaldeans; and we learn from the Kouyunjik inscriptions that the inhabitants of the country at the mouth of the Euphrates possessed vessels in which, when defeated by the Assyrians, they took refuge on the sea. It is difficult to determine to how far the Babylonians may have navigated the Indian ocean; but of the merchandise in which they traded, the pearls, cotton, spices, precious stones, ivory, ebony, silks, and dyes, a large portion, if not the whole, must have been obtained from the southern coasts of Arabia, and from the Indian peninsula. Their exports consisted both of manufactures and of the natural produce of the country. Corn was cultivated to a great extent, and sent to distant provinces; and the Babylonian carpets, silks, and woollen fabrics, woven or embroidered with figures of mythic animals, and with exquisite designs, were not less famous for the beauty of their texture and workmanship, than for the richness and variety of their colours.

Babylon reached her zenith of power and magnificence immediately after the final destruction of Nineveh. Un-

der Nebuchadnezzar she succeeded to the proud position so long held by her rival. The bounds of the city were extended; buildings of extraordinary size and magnificence were erected, and her victorious armies conquered Syria and Palestine, and penetrated into Egypt. But her greatness as an independent State was short-lived. The Medians and Persians, who had been the principal agents in the overthrow of the Assyrian empire, now united under one king, turned their warlike strength against their former ally Babylon; and scarcely half a century had elapsed from the fall of Nineveh, when "Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, was slain, and Darius the Median took the kingdom."

From that time Babylonia sank into a province of Persia—still retaining, however, much of its former power and trade; and, as we learn from the rock-inscriptions of Bisutun, as well as from ancient authors, struggling more than once to regain its independence. When Alexander the Great overthrew the Persian empire, Babylon opened its gates to him, and he deemed the city worthy to become the capital of his mighty empire. The early death of the conqueror, however, without leaving a successor, prevented his splendid projects being carried into execution; and the last blow to the prosperity of Babylon was given by Seleucus, when he laid the foundations of his new capital (Seleucia) on the banks of the Tigris (B. C. 322). Nevertheless, a considerable population seems to have lingered in the fast-decaying city; for, five centuries afterwards, we find the Parthian king Evemerus sending numerous families from Babylon into Media, to be sold as slaves, and burning many great and beautiful edifices which still remained standing. At the time of the Arab invasion, in the beginning of the seventh century, the ancient cities of Babylon were "a desolation, a dry land, and a wilderness." Amidst the heaps that marked the site of Babylon herself, there rose the small town of Hillah, which, with its falling gateway, mean bazaar, and a few half-ruined mosques, still exists, as if in mockery of the power and splendour

which in long-departed ages had there its abode.

Moral corruption was the ruin of Babylon, as of all the great empires of the old world. Her vast trade, which rendered Babylon the gathering-place of men from all parts of the known world, which poured wealth into her coffers, and furnished her with luxuries of all kinds, had the effect of producing an effeminacy and general profligacy, which mainly contributed to her fall. There is no necessary connection between prosperity and corruption; nevertheless, in nations as in individuals, it is generally found that a long lease of prosperity—especially if conjoined with much wealth, which at once allows of indolence and invites to self-indulgence—dwarfs the generous and lofty feelings of our nature, and renders both men and nations selfish in feeling, and absorbed in the material comforts and pleasures of life. In Babylon this tendency was aggravated, at least in later times, by the corruptions of its religion, promoted by a hierarchy which, in course of time, became at once too rich and too powerful for its own purity, and too profligate not to insure the corruption of the people. The description given by Herodotus of the manners of the people, when under the dominion of the Persian kings, is sufficient to explain the cause of Babylon's speedy fall and ultimate ruin; and his account tallies perfectly with the denunciations of the city's wickedness by the prophets of Israel. Her inhabitants, as generally happens, along with their moral integrity lost their warlike character. When the Persians broke into the city, they were revelling in debauchery and lust; and when the Macedonian conqueror appeared at their gates, they received with indifference the yoke of a new master.

"It is not difficult," says Mr. Layard, "to account for the rapid decay of the country around Babylon. As the inhabitants deserted the city," and a foreign yoke pressed heavily upon them, "the canals were neglected; and when once those great sources of fertility were choked up, the plains became a wilderness. Upon the waters conveyed by their channels to the in-

nermost parts of Mesopotamia, depended not only the harvests, the gardens, and the palm-groves, but the very existence of the numerous towns and villages far removed from the river-banks." Built of unbaked bricks, "they soon turned to mere heaps of earth and rubbish. Vegetation ceased; and the plains, parched by the burning heat of the sun, were ere long once more a vast arid waste."

So flourished and so fell Nineveh and Babylon. For fourteen centuries the Assyrian empire, of which they formed the pillars, was the leading Power in Western Asia,—overlapping to the south with that of Egypt, with which it was sometimes at peace, sometimes at war, at first a dependent and latterly victorious. We think the character of these two old empires may be symbolised by their different styles of architecture—Egypt built with granite, and Assyria with alabaster and painted brick. It was not to geographical position that the difference was owing. The valley of the Nile and that of the Euphrates are much alike. Both are alluvial in their character, and possess but little stone; and with both nations, accordingly, brick was the ordinary material employed in building. In both countries quarries of granite and other stone existed in the mountains which bordered the valley-land, with rivers upon which the stone might be floated down on rafts. But the one nation used this material, and the other did not. The Egyptians, indomitable in science, and animated by grander views than their Asiatic rivals, sent several hundred miles for intractable but everlasting granite, whereon to design their sculptures and inscriptions, and with which to rear those vast and countless edifices which seem destined to perpetuate the fame and history of their founders to the end of time. The Assyrians, fonder of luxury than fame, more desirous of display than of enduring strength, contented themselves with materials which they could get without trouble, but ornamenting the brick with colours, or coating it with slabs of soft alabaster, which they found protruding from the ground beneath their feet. The architecture of Egypt was

grand and strong—that of Assyria was vast and showy. Egyptian sculpture was angular, and strove to be correct,—that of Assyria was round and florid. Although we know as yet but little of the arts and customs of life among the Assyrians, we may confidently conjecture that they were left comparatively unshackled by rule, and at the sway of individual impulse; whereas in Egypt rule and system pervaded everything, alike in art and in society.

Of all the empires of the first period of the world, the Assyrian is the one whose history and civilisation most closely connect themselves with the subsequent destinies of mankind. India and China were isolated empires, each developing a civilisation for itself, independent of and wholly uninfluencing the rest of the world. Egypt was less so; but it also, secluded in position and unproselytising in spirit, stands apart from the community of nations, and may be studied like an isolated statue placed in a niche. With Assyria, however, the case is far otherwise. Its influence, extending for centuries over Western and Southern Asia—from the frontiers of Afghanistan to the Levant, from the Persian Gulf to the shores of the *Ægean* Sea—was potent in modifying a vast population, destined to give birth to many civilised States. From

its loins proceeded the empire of Persia,—which was, in fact, in all respects only a modification of the empire which it supplanted; while these two, by their great influence over all western Asia, including the Greek settlements of Ionia, must have affected in no slight degree the Hellenic mind—especially from the period when Alexander by his conquests drew Greece bodily into Asia. As yet, as we have said, the book of Assyrian history and civilisation is only beginning to be unrolled; but there are already in the possession of the literati of Europe written cylinders and inscriptions which, when deciphered, will cast important light upon matters as yet in the dark. Doubtless many more will be found even in the ruins already opened,—only one of which, let it be noted, has been thoroughly searched. Above all, ruins upon ruins are to be seen scattered over the plains of Mesopotamia, which Mr. Layard himself describes as the evident remains of ancient cities, and which offer ample scope for the labours of more than one generation of investigators. We shall get at the truth at last. Years may roll by, and still see but little progress made in the search;—but there, underneath, lie the records of the past for which we seek, and earth will keep them safe until we are ready to dig for them in earnest.

THE OPENING OF THE GANGES CANAL.

8th April, 1854.

From distant-lying lands,
 Lone in grey surges of the misty north,
 The little band came forth,
 Who meet their God to-day with thankful prayer:
 The myriads clap their hands,
 Sons of the soil now desolate and bare,
 And their glad voices rise upon the morning air.

It comes, long wished-for, comes,
 The tamed and friendly flood,
 While blatant arms and rattling drums
 Sway to the peaceful conquest their unwonted mood.

And you, O ancient peaks,
 Cold-glancing in the early sun!
 This crowd, in every murmur, speaks
 Your glory;—now is done
 Your lonely age; your true life is begun:

Still through the night, from ledge to ledge
 The avalanches fall,
 Still rears its crag and breathless edge
 Your præmemorial wall;
 Yet may you swell our hymn to-day,
 Your old reproach is taken away,—

Barren no more! Like her who bore
 In her white age the lost hope of her prime,
 Yet heard the Heavenly pledge with glad surprise,
 Ye, having won your heritage from time,
 Lift your hoar heads with laughter to the skies.

And years to come shall hear your praise,
 Far other than the fame of demon-gods,
 Holding their grim abodes
 On Meru's top through fabled sæcular days;
 Years hence, some aged man may say—
 Of those who stand to-day
 By the glad baptism of your youngest born;—
 Where, from his fruit-grove, far around
 He eyes the green and affluent ground:—
 "I stood among them on that shining morn,
 I saw the ruler of the land
 Let loose the waters with an easy hand;
 The river, vainly idolised of yore,
 Now first her servants blessed;
 The white-topped mountains never bore
 Us benefit before,
 Till taught by those wise strangers of the West.

One shade alone hung o'er us,
 To cloud the scene before us,
 And temper with humility our joy—
 One mild but earnest voice, though still,
 Told us of mingled good and ill,
 And the old moral of the world's alloy!"

Ah!—may our names, like his,* be known,
 When we are passed and grown
 But Memories, as Greek and Moghul are,
 By deeds like these alone,
 True triumphs, that atone,
 And vindicate the violence of war.

H. G. K.

THE USES OF BEAUTY.

HEART-THROBS of Poesy;
 Old storied walls;
 Tint-beams of brilliancy
 When daylight falls;
 Floods of wild melody
 Through palace-halls;
 Twilight mists on the deep;
 Keen stars above;
 Woman's sweet fellowship,
 Holy home—Love;—

All that Earth preaches
 By Beauty, is given
 To train and to teach us,
 And mould us for Heaven.

H. G. K.

* The Hon. James Thomason, late Lieutenant-Governor of the North West Provinces, who lingered too long in India, chiefly in the hope to have been present on the occasion above commemorated.

SPANISH POLITICS AND CUBAN PERILS.

Madrid, 14th September, 1854.

DEAR EBONY,—The political chronicle, since last I wrote to you, is far from offering such stirring incidents as were recorded in my July and August despatches. There has been no fighting, although we were once on the brink of it, and things have gone pretty quietly, and, upon the whole, satisfactorily. After the fray comes the feast; and just as my last letter went off, a banquet was given at the Theatre-Royal, by the press of Madrid, to the ministers and a large number of notable persons. The press took an important part in the recent movements here, and has not been unrewarded, several of its members having been appointed to high posts under government. After the dinner, at which speeches and patriotism were plentiful, the next incident of note was the return to Madrid of the small division that first, under O'Donnell and Dulce, raised the banner of revolt against the Sartorius tyranny, and fought the brief but sanguinary fight of Vicalvaro. But the principal event of the last thirty days, the only one which (with its consequences) is worth dwelling upon, is the departure—I might almost say the escape—of Queen Christina from Madrid and from Spain.

In former letters I have given you an idea of the detestation with which Ferdinand's widow, once so beloved, has long been regarded. To those who remember the affection and enthusiasm testified for her during the early years of her residence in this country, the contrast with the storm of hatred and execration amidst which she has quitted it, is very striking. Then she was the hope of Spain, the idol of the Liberal party; her appearance abroad was the signal for cheers as vehement and heartfelt as any that have since been raised for Espartero. Her name was the soldier's battle-cry, when combating amidst the rugged hills of northern and Eastern Spain, the partisans of Charles V.; it was the burthen of the songs with which he enlivened his brief intervals of repose, and beguiled the weariness of

the march. As I write, there recurs to my memory the burthen of one of those cheerful ditties, in which Spaniards are called upon joyfully to exclaim "*Viva la Reina, Maria Cristina*, she who broke the chains that bound and oppressed us"—and more to that effect. Little more than a month ago, as I walked through the Puerta del Sol—the heart of Madrid, which is the centre of Spain—blind men and ill-favoured women shouted at every corner the titles and contents of scurrilous pamphlets that recounted the misdeeds of "Mother Christina." It may truly be said that, of the fourteen millions that people Spain, not one person (save her own creatures) could be found to raise his voice in her favour. The charges brought against her are numerous, and but too well-founded. She is accused of gross and wilful neglect of her daughter's education—neglect which has been the main origin of the scandal Isabella has caused, and of the humbled and perilous position in which she now finds herself; her crown tottering on her head, and her only chance of not losing it consisting in implicit obedience to her minister's directions. She is accused of having betrayed the liberties of Spain, which were intrusted to her keeping; of having trampled on the laws she had sworn to maintain; of having built up a colossal fortune at the expense of the nation; of having, by her unscrupulous greed and shameful political intrigues, by her own conduct, and by her patronage of, and complicity with, some of the worst men in Spain, destroyed all public morality, and augmented to an inconceivable extent administrative corruption. On all these charges, an immense jury, composed of the whole Spanish nation, has unanimously found her guilty. And, since her departure, the general hope and prayer are that she may never again set foot in the country she has so deeply injured. "May the accursed Italian," said a newspaper the other day, "never return hither to make a traffic of all that is most sacred and holy upon earth."

But, before she had left, the feeling concerning her was in one respect different. It was the opinion of many that it was neither safe nor just to allow her to leave the country. It was remembered now, during her three years' exile in France, she had intrigued and manœuvred, and lavished treasure, until, aided by the divisions in the Liberal camp and by the incapacity of the Liberal government, she rode into Madrid in the triumphal car of Reaction. Then, it is true, she had a staunch and interested ally in the wily and unscrupulous chief of the house of Orleans. Deprived of his powerful aid and co-operation, she is manifestly much less to be dreaded. But a portion of the Spanish nation, and especially of the inhabitants of the capital, well acquainted with her great cunning and skill in intrigue, and overrating, perhaps, the elements and resources she can command in a foreign country for the purpose of again disturbing Spain's tranquillity, insisted that she should be caged and not expelled, and moreover that she should be brought to account before the Cortes for the peculations and robberies attributed to her by the voice of the entire nation. You will remember the scenes that occurred at the palace soon after Espartero's arrival here, and the vain attempts then made to get her off in safety, whilst armed and menacing crowds were vigilant to prevent her passage, and could be induced to abandon their watch over their sovereign's palace, and their stations upon the roads from Madrid, only by a promise from the government that the object of the popular wrath should not be allowed clandestinely to depart. But it soon was found that if there was a probability of her being dangerous abroad, there was a certainty of her being so at home. Her daughter's residence again became a focus of intrigue. This got so well known, the reactionary party, encouraged by having their old protectress to lean upon, were so active, and symptoms were observed so dangerous to public tranquillity, that the chiefs of the national guard sent a deputation to the government, urging strongly the removal of Christina from the palace. As the *national guard* of Madrid now consists

of upwards of twenty thousand men, and as they elect their own chiefs, who must therefore be considered to represent the opinions and enjoy the confidence of the majority, the prayer of such a deputation naturally had weight; and at cabinet councils held on that and the following day, the principal question discussed was — What is to be done with the Queen-mother? The impossibility of preventing her intrigues, should she remain in Spain, except by confinement too rigorous to be legal, determined the council to expel her from the country; attaching her property until the Cortes should have investigated her conduct, and decided concerning the charges brought against her. This plan resolved upon, it was immediately put into execution. The determination was come to on the evening of the 27th August. On the 28th, at seven in the morning, the ministers were at the palace, to witness the Queen-mother's departure. The adieus were brief. Christina betrayed no emotion at parting from her daughter, who, on her part, dropped a few decorous tears, but was not very greatly afflicted. There has never been much affection between the two queens, although the elder of them, by her astuteness and superior strength of character, has exercised great influence over the younger. The Queen-mother then took leave of the ministers, whom she must heartily detest; recommended her daughter to the care and watchful guardianship of Espartero, and entered a large travelling-vehicle, accompanied by her husband, who looked grievously dejected, and attended by an ecclesiastic of high rank, and by several persons of her household. Her children's departure had preceded hers. Some were in Portugal, others in France. Escorted by two squadrons of cavalry, under the command of the well-known General Garrigó, she reached, by short stages, and without molestation, the frontier of the former country.

Few persons were present at Christina's departure, although it was stated in the French papers, whose blunders concerning Spanish affairs are incessant and amusing, that the windows of the palace were filled with ladies waving handkerchiefs, and that its

roof was crowded with national guards. The truth is, that hardly anybody in Madrid knew of the Queen-mother's going, until she had actually gone. As the news spread, a certain excitement was manifested, and towards eleven o'clock a crowd of men, many of them armed, thronged the small square in front of Espartero's residence, with menacing shouts of *Down with the Ministry!* and loud demands for the return of Christina. An aide-de-camp presenting himself at a window to address them, firearms were levelled at him, and he was compelled to retire. The fermentation each moment increased. Deputations from various public bodies waited upon the premier to express their disapproval of the step taken. The general impression abroad was, that a trick had been played on the people, that faith had been broken with them, and that the government was pledged not to suffer the departure of Christina until the Cortes had decided concerning her. The verbal pledge given by Espartero to a deputation, at a time when it was a great object to get rid of the bodies of armed men who beset the palace, and infested the environs of Madrid, making it their business to guard against the escape of the Queen-mother, was, that she should not depart furtively, either by day or by night. Her departure, therefore, at eight in the morning, when the gazette containing its announcement had been but an hour published, was held to be a violation of this promise, as far as regarded the people. On the other hand, the national guard had insisted, through its chiefs, that Christina should not remain at the palace; there was danger to the tranquillity of Madrid if she continued there; her property in Spain, and her pension of thirty thousand pounds a-year, which was suspended, offered considerable security for the financial improprieties of which she might be found to have been guilty. To let her leave the country was manifestly the wisest course, and it was adopted. It has been urged that it would have been more straightforward of the government, and would have prevented even the imputation of a breach of faith, to have summoned commissions of the national guards, the corporation,

and other bodies, and from them to have obtained, beforehand, that approval of the measure which was almost unanimously accorded to them a few hours after it had been taken. But in cases of this kind there is a wide difference between before and after. The same men who, when the thing was done, supported the cause of order and the government, of whose good intentions they were sure, and of the wisdom of whose conduct they presently became persuaded, might have assumed a different attitude had they been consulted in advance. Moreover, by acting in that way, by deferring on every occasion to the popular voice, whether it spoke words of wisdom or words of folly, the ministers could never hope to gain strength, which was what they most needed. In short, it might have been a very difficult and dangerous business to get Christina out of Madrid, had the intention been published the day before; and doubtless the government preferred risking the unfounded imputation of a deception, to incurring the responsibility of fresh collisions. In my opinion, as an eye-witness of all that passed, it would have been hazardous to have acted otherwise than the ministers did. As it was, not a shot was fired, not a wound received; and three days after the affair, every body seemed convinced that the best had been done.

I shall not dwell upon the incidents of the afternoon and night of the 28th August, of which you will have already seen accounts. For a short time things looked menacing, and many expected a fight. The council of ministers, assembled in the large building on the *Puerta del Sol* which is at once the Spanish "Home Office" and the main guard-house, received numerous delegates from the corporation, the provincial deputation, and from other public bodies; expounded to them their views and reasons, and received promises of support. Meanwhile the national guard—a portion of it somewhat sulky and dissatisfied—took up arms and prepared to maintain order. A considerable number of barricades had been thrown up. The presence and exhortations of General San Miguel sufficed for some of these to be removed by their makers. But in a

small section of the town they were maintained; and a few hundred malcontents busied themselves in strengthening them, and declaring their intention of defending them. Over their uneven summits were to be seen the barrels of muskets and fowling-pieces; and a few familiar faces which had often crossed my sight during the revolution of July. It was not certain what the barricaders wanted; in fact, there was a strange combination of elements; but the chief demand they put forward was, the dismissal of the ministry, whom they declared to have betrayed the people. As far as I could observe, Espartero was excepted from this verdict; but only by those of the insurgents who, however mistaken in the course they pursued, acted in good faith, and in support of their own political views. There were many others who were actuated by widely different motives. The reactionary and absolutist party had its representatives at the barricades; foreign influence was also at work; and it has been supposed by some that Christina had supplied funds—not, perhaps, in anticipation of the outbreak (although even that she may have foreseen), but to be in readiness for any occasion of mischief that might present itself. It was clearly for her interest, the revolution having gone so far, to see it carried farther. If the ultra-democratic party, aided by the rabble of the low districts of Madrid, could gain the ascendant, the certain result was anarchy. Then would come reaction, and Christina and her friends might hope to resume their places and recommence their spoliations. Accordingly, there can be no doubt—indeed, it were easily proved—that agents of the expelled party—the Palacos, as they are called—stimulated and assisted in the disturbances of the 28th August. Their efforts were of no avail against the steady attitude of the national guards, who remained for eighteen hours under arms in the streets, obedient to their officers, and turning a deaf ear to the perfidious insinuations of agents who sought to set them against the government, and to divide them amongst themselves. The insurgents, seeing that their cause was hopeless, and having the promise, from Espartero's own lips, of a brisk

cannonade at daybreak, abandoned their barricades in the course of the night. Many of them left their arms behind them; a considerable number were taken prisoners; more escaped by concealing themselves in houses until such time as the national guard, all danger being over, retired to their homes. On the 29th, Madrid was as quiet as if nothing had occurred.

A foreigner, lately resident in this capital, and who, within little more than a year, has acquired a rather unenviable celebrity, is here generally believed to have had a hand in the outbreak of the 28th ultimo. I refer to the Minister of the United States at Madrid. A Frenchman by birth, but compelled to abandon his country previous to the revolution of 1830, in consequence of certain political writings, M. Pierre Soulé settled on the other side of the Atlantic, and became heart and soul an American. A man of great energy, vigorous intellect, and considerable astuteness, he attained to high practice at the bar, to a seat in Congress, and to the leadership of the party which seeks, without much regard to the means employed, to annex Cuba to the States. With that unscrupulous party, his open profession of the most distorted views on questions of international right made him highly popular. From his seat in the Senate, early in 1852, he bitterly attacked the government of Mr. Fillmore for not taking up the cause of the adventurers under Lopez; some of whom had been executed, and others sent to prison, for their piratical attempt on the island of Cuba. In 1853, shortly before his appointment as minister at Madrid, he made a long and eloquent speech, in which he lauded Lopez and his companions as heroes, indulged in stinging sarcasms on Spain and Spaniards, and, speaking of Cuba, urged the government, in metaphorical phrase, not to delay too long to pluck the fruit from the tree, lest it should rot upon the stem. This is the man whom Mr. Franklin Pierce thought proper to send as envoy to Spain. You will remember that, on his arrival at New York to embark for Europe, a meeting was held in that city, composed of members of the Lone Star Society, of

fugitives from Cuba, and of other partisans of annexation, who proceeded to serenade him, bearing banners on which were inscriptions coupling Mr. Soulé's name with the rescue of Cuba from the Spanish yoke. A member of the procession made a high-flown speech, in which he expressed a hope that, when the honourable envoy returned to his own country with fresh claims upon the esteem of his fellow-citizens, a new star would shine in the celestial vault of Young America. M. Soulé replied to this address, referring to Cuba as a suffering people; and declaring that, as an American minister, he did not cease to be an American citizen; and that, as an American citizen, he had a right to attend to the sobs of anguish of the oppressed. Taken in connection with his harangues in the Senate, and with the address to which it replied, his speech was certainly most significant, indiscreet, and offensive to Spain. It caused great scandal, not only in Europe, but amongst the right-thinking portion of the people of the United States. Mr. Pierce was loudly censured for the appointment, and American newspapers declared that it was his duty, as soon as he knew what had passed in New York, to send a steamer after Mr. Soulé to bring him back, since he had proved himself completely unfit to fill the office of American minister in Spain. I believe it to be a fact that the United States did not expect their envoy to be received as such at Madrid. But they underrated the meanness and pusillanimity of the Spanish ministry then in power. After some delay at Paris, employed, it was said, in ascertaining what sort of reception awaited him in the Spanish capital, Mr. Soulé proceeded to his destination. He had been but a short time there, when an unfortunate affair brought him into bad odour. At a ball at the French ambassador's, the Duke of Alba, referring to Mrs. Soulé's dress, which struck him as peculiar, compared her to Mary of Burgundy. Probably the comparison was not very apt; possibly the grandee who made it was not particularly conversant with the costumes of the middle ages: there certainly does not appear to have been any offensive intention of

comparing persons, but merely of criticising a costume. Mr. Soulé's son, however, a very young man, overheard the remark, took it in bad part, and provoked the Duke of Alba. The result was a bloodless duel, fought with very long swords, lasting a very long time, and followed up by a very long letter to the papers, which Mr. Soulé, jun., had, for his own sake, much better have left unwritten. Out of this affair grew a second duel, more serious in its character and results, between Mr. Soulé and the French minister at Madrid. They fought with pistols, and the Marquis de Turgot received an unfortunate wound in the leg, which, to this day, compels him to use crutches. The whole details of these unpleasant circumstances were at the time placed before the public by the English and French press, and the general opinion certainly seemed to be that the Soulés had unnecessarily commenced, and afterwards wilfully aggravated a foolish quarrel, which, as new comers to the country and considering the diplomatic character of the senior, and the imputations of hostility to Spain under which he laboured, they ought to have done their utmost to avoid. Be this as it may, and without entering into the political animosities that are said to have mingled in the affair, the Spaniards naturally took the part of their countryman and of M. Turgot—the case of the latter exciting particular sympathy, since he had been dragged into and maimed in a quarrel with which he had not the least concern. Thenceforward the society of Madrid avoided that of the Soulé family.

These unpleasant incidents had scarcely ceased to arrest the public attention, when the affair of the Black Warrior again brought Mr. Soulé's name prominently before the world. This affair has been so much discussed that its main facts must be generally and well known, and I will use the utmost brevity in here recapitulating them, which I do for the sake of adding a few comments, and of relating one or two circumstances in the dispute to which they gave rise that I believe are not widely known. On the 28th February last, the Black Warrior steam-ship, a regular trader between Mobile and New York, ar-

rived from the former place in the port of Havanah. She was entered at the custom-house as in ballast, and the manifest presented was conformable with that declaration, ship's provisions being the only cargo set down. Her clearance was then applied for; but on the searcher from the custom-house visiting the vessel, she was found to be cotton-laden; whereupon her departure was stopped, and judicial proceedings were commenced, the delay having expired that is allowed by law for the rectification of the manifest. Article 162 of the Customs Regulations of the Havanah states, that "after the twelve hours allowed by Article 15 for the rectification of, or addition to, the manifest, shall have expired, all goods that may have been omitted in it shall be seized; and, moreover, the captain shall be fined to the amount of their value, provided always the amount of duty which would have to be paid on the contents of the package or packages do not exceed four hundred dollars; because if it exceed that sum, and if the goods belong, or are consigned to, the owner, captain, or supercargo, the fine shall not be imposed, but, instead of it, the vessel, together with its freights and everything else available, shall be seized." This is explicit enough; and it is to be noted that a copy of the custom-house regulations, printed in English, was handed to Captain Bullock, commanding the *Black Warrior*, as soon as he entered the port. By order of the authorities the cargo was landed, and found to consist of 957 bales of cotton. The amount of seizure and of fines incurred was very large, and the Marquis of Pezuela, captain-general of the Havanah, desired the superior board of administration to consider the matter, with a view to its reduction. That board fully confirmed the legality of the steps taken and fines imposed, but left it at the discretion of the captain-general to reduce the latter if he thought proper. He consulted the attorney-general of the island, who recommended their reduction to ten thousand dollars, exclusive of all expenses incurred in discharging the cargo; but General Pezuela finally decided to reduce the penalty to six thousand dollars, including all

costs and charges. In the mean time the consignees had made various applications to the captain-general, admitting their fault, declaring the captain's omission to have arisen from ignorance, pleading ignorance on their own part also, begging that the vessel might be allowed to depart upon payment of the transit duties, corresponding to a ship laden as she was; and, finally, when the fine of six thousand dollars was definitely fixed upon, entreating its further reduction. This, however, the captain-general, who had officially announced his decision, refused to grant; but he forwarded a petition from the consignees to the Queen of Spain, in which it was set forth that there could have been no fraudulent intention—cotton not being an article of consumption in the island of Cuba—in which the heavy loss arising from the detention, discharge, and reloading of the vessel was urged, and the remission of the fine craved. This prayer was subsequently granted; but before that was done the dispute between Spain and the United States had assumed menacing proportions.

This statement of well-ascertained facts shows the Cuban authorities to have acted strictly within the law throughout the whole business, and with great clemency to the persons who had transgressed it. If it suited American vessels, trading between Mobile and New York, to call at the Havanah to take in coals, or for other objects, they were bound to comply in every respect with the laws and regulations of the colony, and could not expect to get off scot-free if they transgressed them. But there is a circumstance to be taken into consideration which somewhat modifies this view of matters in the case of the *Black Warrior*. It appears that, owing to the remissness, indulgence, or—it has been suggested, but I have not seen it proved—the corruptness of the Cuban authorities, the *Black Warrior* had been in the habit of entering the port with a cargo, exhibiting a manifest that stated her to be in ballast, and being entered and cleared accordingly, and that she had actually made more than thirty voyages in that manner without let or impediment. It is scarcely pos-

able that this should not have been known to the Cuban custom-house, and if so, it must be admitted that the course pursued on the occasion of the voyage made in February, 1854, was, although doubtless strictly legal, harsh and injudicious. The neglect to enforce the law on more than thirty previous voyages might not suffice to abrogate it; but it should have induced the Cuban authorities—though it had been but from considerations of prudence—to re-enforce it less suddenly. It is easy to understand that the new captain-general, and one or two other newly-appointed and high functionaries, who had gone out with him to the Havanah only a few weeks before the occurrence of the difficulty, were fired with zeal for reform; and it is stated that, during the first few months of their administration, the revenue of the island increased. But they should have gone to work more coolly and gradually. In consideration of the long impunity their regularities of the *Black Warrior* had enjoyed, it would surely have sufficed, on the 28th February, to have warned the captain and consignees that such could be no longer permitted, and that, on her next voyage, the law would be rigidly enforced, should occasion be given. Towards a country of equal or inferior power, this would have been the fairest and most proper course to pursue; but towards so potent and aggressive a neighbour as the United States, it was most unwise to adopt any other. But although numerous misrepresentations have been circulated on the subject, this fault of judgment is the only one in the affair of the *Black Warrior* that can fairly be imputed to General Pezuela and his subordinates.

Of course, the business was a god-send to President Pierce and the annexation party in the United States. The former forthwith sent a strong—I might almost say a violent—message to the House of Representatives, declaring the seizure of the *Black Warrior* to present “a clear case of wrong,” attributing habitual misconduct to the authorities of Cuba, and stating that he had already given instructions for the demand of an immediate indemnity; in the event of the refusal of which, he declared, in menacing terms, that he would “vindicate the honour

of the American flag.” Now Mr. Soulé appears again upon the scene. The demands addressed by him to the Spanish government were an indemnity of £60,000 sterling, the dismissal of all those Cuban authorities that had been concerned in the proceedings against the *Black Warrior* (this would of course include General Pezuela, although his name appears not to have been mentioned in the note), and finally that, in future, the governor of Cuba should have power to settle disputes with the United States without reference to the home government—an arrangement directly opposed to the colonial policy of Spain. As may be supposed, the Spanish ministry demurred to such exorbitant and unreasonable demands. Calderon de la Barca, the feeble and timid foreign minister of the Sartorius cabinet, was no match for Mr. Soulé. He even suffered himself to be bullied by the American secretary of legation, who, on conveying to him a communication, took out his watch and stated the exact time he would allow him to answer it. And although Sartorius came to the aid of his aged and incapable colleague, he quickly disgusted Mr. Soulé by his double-dealing evasions, and procrastination. None of the communications that have passed during the discussion of the *Black Warrior* affair have as yet been published in Spain, or, that I am aware of, in America. All the correspondence that passed in Cuba is before us, so that we are enabled to form an opinion on the merits of the case; but there our documentary information stops. What is positively known from other sources is, that there seemed so little chance of the affair being settled with Mr. Soulé, that the Spanish government directed Señor Sueto to try to arrange it at Washington, and sent after him, soon after his departure, by Señor Galiano, notes and instructions to aid him the task. For a considerable time after that, scarcely anything was heard of the matter, and there is strong reason to believe that Mr. Soulé was himself left without communications from his government for a length of time that annoyed and perhaps surprised him. This naturally awakens a doubt whether his proceedings have been alto-

gether approved at headquarters. His friends here maintain that they have. It is presumable that they derive their information from himself.

On the 1st of August last, in compliance with the desire of the United States Senate, President Pierce sent to it a message with respect to the state of American relations with Spain since his former menacing message of the 16th March. All that he said that directly referred to the Black Warrior affair, was that Spain, instead of granting prompt reparation, had justified the conduct of the Cuban authorities, and thereby assumed the responsibility of their acts. The tone of the whole message was threatening to Spain, and the probability of war at no distant period was plainly indicated. It nevertheless excited little apprehension here, where it was generally considered to be merely an unprincipled attempt, on the part of Mr. Pierce, to regain, by an appeal to the passions of the people, the popularity he had lost, and at the same time to keep up alarm in Cuba, and to wear out the energies of Spain, in hopes that at last, disheartened and intimidated, a Spanish government would be found willing to sell the island. It is doubtful, however, whether any Spanish minister would dare to entertain proposals for its purchase. Mr. Soulé has declared himself, in his place in Congress, decidedly opposed to that mode of acquiring Cuba, on the ground that it must, at no distant date, fall into the lap of the Union without costing a dollar. This declaration is nearly tantamount to saying that it is less expensive to take a thing by force than to buy it with money, and conveys pretty much the sentiment for the practical carrying out of which on a small scale, men used to be hung, and are now transported. Mr. Soulé is unquestionably a man of talent—eloquent, wary, skilful in adapting himself to the persons with whom he comes in contact—but he is deficient in good taste, as he has more than once shown since he came to Madrid, and his patriotism and philanthropy, with respect to the island of Cuba, smack too strongly of piracy to obtain much respect in Europe, however acceptable they may prove, and however loudly they may be applauded, in

a lodge of the "Lone Star," or at a New Orleans public meeting. But although "Cuba without cost" may be the device inscribed on his banner—a black one it is to be presumed—when he came to Spain as the representative of his government, he was bound to obey his instructions, and these, there can scarcely be a doubt, were to offer a large sum of money for the much-coveted island. Knowing what we know of the Sartorius ministry, we are justified in believing that they would have had no objection to effect a sale which they assuredly would have made the means of filling their own pockets. But however inclined they may have felt, they dared not do it.

For some weeks the Black Warrior question had been comparatively little spoken of in Madrid, and the general opinion seemed to be that it had been amicably adjusted at Washington, or was in a fair way to be so, when the O'Donnell insurrection and the July revolution concentrated the public thought on home politics. Things had scarcely begun to settle down, when, on the 21st August, the arrival of the President's message of the 1st once more drew attention to Cuba, and to the state of affairs between Spain and America. Just a week later, on the 28th, occurred the outbreak I have described in the early part of this letter. On that same day, before the revolt was suppressed, it was said in Madrid that the American minister was concerned in the insurrection. The next day, when things were quiet, the part he was alleged to have played was matter of common conversation, and then the newspapers took up the matter. The *Diario Español*, usually one of the best written and best informed of the Madrid journals, which supports the present government, and is believed to be the special organ of General O'Donnell, published on the 30th August a very strong article on the subject. It had been stated the day before with truth that Mr. Soulé was about to leave Madrid for France, and the supposition had been added that he did so in order to avoid being in the Spanish capital when news should arrive of a piratical invasion of Cuba by citizens of the United States.

Taking this for a text, the *Diario Español* indignantly asked if Mr. Soulé feared for his personal safety, and mistrusted the honour of Spaniards. He would have no cause for such apprehension, the paper continued, "even if he had been wanting in the respect due to the nation, and had sought by every means to favour projects tending to deprive Spain of her most precious colony: even if it were certain that he had sought to profit by the days of degradation of the Spanish government (under Sartorius), and to take advantage of the insatiable voracity of high and low influences: even if it were certain that he had endeavoured to profane the sanctity of the revolution, and to sow discord amongst the people, seducing the unwary, engaging in a vile intrigue, giving money and promising arms to destroy the power of the honourable and patriotic men who now direct the destinies of Spain: even if he had succeeded in gaining over a few deluded persons who had failed to discern, through the cloud of his honeyed and flattering words, the latent idea of keeping up agitation and discord in the Peninsula, and so of depriving Cuba of the succours the mother-country might otherwise send hither: even though the people knew that he had attempted to take advantage of a moment of effervescence traitorously to excite its indignation, and to hurry it to revolt." This was pretty plain speaking. On the same day that the article appeared, Mr. Soulé addressed an angry letter to the *Diario Español*, which did not publish it. The letter afterwards appeared in a French frontier newspaper. The following is a translation of its contents, as given in the *Bayonne Messenger* of the 9th August:—

"MADRID, 30th August.

"A Monsieur le Directeur du *Diario Español*.

"Sir,—The tone and character of the article concerning me published in your sheet of this day, too plainly prove the influences that have inspired it for me not to honour it by a word of reply.

"I leave Madrid because it pleases me to leave it, and because I have no account to render to anybody, either of my proceedings or of the motives that determine them.

"I will never absent myself from any place through fear of being insulted or put in peril by those whom my presence may displease.

"I do not fear impertinence, or even assassins.

"And especially, Sir, I do not fear the people.

"The people respects what deserves to be respected;—it brands only the miserable men who flatter and deceive it. . . . It fights—but it does not assassinate.

"As to the perfidious insinuations of which your article is full, they are beneath my contempt.

"I leave to you the merit of the varnish with which you have covered them, and, to those who dictated them, the infamy of their invention.

"I am, Sir, your Servant,
"PIERRE SOULÉ.

The charges brought by the *Diario Español*, and to which the above characteristic epistle was the reply, were endorsed to a greater or less extent by public opinion in Madrid. On the 12th of August, Mr. Soulé, unable to attend the banquet given by the Press, had addressed to the committee of management a letter, in which occurred the following passage: "The heart of Young America, doubt it not, will palpitate with joy and delight at the breath of the perfumed breeze that shall waft to it across the ocean the acclamations of liberated Spain. May I be permitted to say, that mine is intoxicated with felicity by the hope that Europe, apathetic though it seem, will not snuff those germs of regeneration, which the sublime sacrifice of some of her sons has just so miraculously caused to spout, to become debilitated, and to die." It is charitably supposed, by those who credit the American minister's participation in the events of the 28th August, that the intoxication referred to in this flowery and figurative paragraph had not entirely passed away at that date, and that the writer of the letter to the dining committee thought it his duty, as the representative of Young America, to contribute his aid to that germination of regeneration which apathetic Spain showed herself tardy in promoting. At the same time, there certainly are not wanting evil-disposed persons, who affirm that Mr. Soulé has so concentrated his vision on his adopt-

ed country, that he can scarcely discern any other; that he looks with contempt upon the herd of slaves who range about Europe, and that to him it would be matter of indifference to see the Old World perish, so that the New World prospered—and, with it, his ambition. It has further been said that, neither prudent nor scrupulous in the means he employed, he condescended assiduously to court that Dowager Queen whose whole life has been a contradiction to the principles he professes, and to admit the society of a yet more illegitimate influence at the Spanish court. It has been declared, and believed by many, that Mr. Soulé, knowing that the government of Espartero and O'Donnell was not one that he could either intimidate or buy, and beholding in its character an insurmountable obstacle to the attainment of the great object of his desires, resolved to work for its downfall by every means in his power, and that, notwithstanding his fervent sympathy with the welfare and liberties of Spain, he would have preferred either anarchy or despotism to the triumph of a system which, whilst maintaining those liberties, rendered more and more remote the prospect of realisation of that cherished project, whose accomplishment would introduce a new star "into the celestial vault of young America," and at the same time vastly add to the importance and popularity in the States of the American minister at Madrid. All these things have been said, and have found wide credence in this capital and elsewhere.

Enough, however, on this branch of the subject. The sum of ten million dollars, demanded by Mr. Pierce to make head against the possible contingency of a war with Spain, having been refused him by the American Senate, the probabilities of such a war occurring are greatly diminished, and the Spanish government entertains little apprehension on that score. Upon the other hand, notwithstanding Mr. Pierce's declaration in his Message of the 1st August that the whole of the means which the constitution allows to the executive power should be employed to prevent the violation of law, treaties, and international right, contemplated by certain citizens of the United States,

who, as the government was officially and positively informed, were fitting out an expedition for the invasion of Cuba—notwithstanding this assurance, I say, there appear grounds for fearing that, owing perhaps to the weakness of the executive arm in the States, the expedition in question will yet sail for the coveted shores of the Pearl of the Antilles. Whether, if attempted, it will meet the fate of that under Lopez, or whether it will succeed, not only in landing, but in holding its ground until it can receive those reinforcements which would probably flock to it from the Southern States, as soon as it became known there that it had occupied, and was maintaining, a position, is a matter of anxious uncertainty. The island is strongly garrisoned, but American riflemen are formidable opponents. The Spanish government feels confident of the result, and fully reckons on the fidelity and valour of the two or three and twenty thousand good troops now in Cuba. Where the Americans will be most deficient will doubtless be in cavalry and artillery. The Spaniards have a thousand dragoons, several batteries of field-artillery, and numerous large Paixhans guns garnishing the forts and batteries of the island. And although Spanish cavalry, judging from what we see here, is generally but indifferently mounted, it is abundantly able to cope with irregular infantry, and indeed would prove most formidable to the invaders, if they ventured forth from the shelter of forests and hedges, or from the broken ground favourable to sharpshooters. As to the courage of the men, when well led, there is no doubt of that. Good leading, which they have rarely had, is all that Spaniards want to be as valiant troops as any in Europe. Only the other day, at Vicálvaro, with General Garrigó and other brave and determined officers at their head, regiments of dragoons repeatedly galloped up to the very mouths of batteries, which received them, at a few yards' distance, with volleys of grape. Men who would do this, would hardly flinch from charging irregular riflemen, however accurate and deadly their fire. The Spanish artillery is considered the best arm in the service; it is certainly the one with which the

most pains are taken, and which possesses the best-instructed officers. The infantry now in Cuba is about twenty thousand strong, well disciplined, in good condition, and accustomed to the climate. Were these forces, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, concentrated in the field against the American pirates, it is difficult to believe that the latter could succeed in getting together, or at least in landing, a force capable of resisting their attack. To speak positively on this point, however, it would be necessary to be somewhat in the confidence of the *filibusteros*, or at least to know more than is positively known of their resources, plans, and places of rendezvous. But even supposing that they muster more than we, in our imperfect information, think probable, it is to be borne in mind that the very best irregular troops, however formidable their valour and skill with their weapons may render them in small numbers, are far less to be feared when they act in large masses. Then the deficiency in discipline and drill tells heavily against them. I am far from underrating the indomitable pluck of the Americans, or their coolness or steadiness when in peril, and only desire to see those valuable qualities displayed in a better cause than the one to which we are assured they are shortly to be devoted. But in an open plain, or in the attack of a fortress, and when opposed to regular troops of average bravery, something more than pluck and coolness is required. Upon the other hand, it must not be forgotten, when we seek to strike the balance of chances, that the garrison of Cuba could not be brought entire into the field. Certain forts, and towns, and positions must be held, and although it is probable that many of these would be left to the keeping of the numerous volunteers that would take up arms the moment an invasion occurred, still portions of the garrison must be detached from the main body. An intelligent Spaniard, who has spent several years in Cuba, and but recently returned thence, gave it me as his opinion that from ten to twelve thousand men could be employed as the army of operation. He estimated the present garrison at rather under

twenty thousand men effective for the field, which is somewhat less than the government estimate. The European Spaniards in the island he believed to be about fifty thousand, a large proportion Basques and Catalans, and who would readily enrol themselves as volunteers in case of peril, would prove formidable antagonists, and fight desperately for their homes and property. As to the native Cubans, many of them would be likely to join the Americans, if these were strong, and gained advantages at first starting; but if the invaders were worsted, the Cubans would fly to arms and vaunt their fidelity to Spain. The negroes, who have no wish to exchange Spanish for American masters, and who are aware of the many disadvantages under which even a free man of colour labours in the States, would all be ready to fight if arms were given to them. The negro mode of fighting, as described to me by persons who are well acquainted with it, is peculiar and dangerous. They fire a volley, receive the enemy's fire, throw away their muskets, and rush in with cutlass or poniard.

The long narrow shape of the island of Cuba, which bears a strong resemblance to a lizard with the head looking eastward, is favourable to its defenders, since it facilitates the cutting off of the invading force. It will be a great advantage if General Concha's arrival takes place previously to any attack. He is the very man to command under such circumstances. Quick of eye and ready of resource, he will inspire the troops with confidence, and raise the courage of the Cubans. Amongst these he has, what no captain-general of Cuba in our time has had, a strong party—persons who are attached to him, like his mode of administration, prefer him to any other captain-general, and will stand by him to the utmost with all the influence and power they may possess. This is a principal reason why he readily and gladly accepted the destination towards which he is now steaming,—if indeed he has not arrived there, since his departure from Corunna took place upwards of a fortnight ago. The Spanish government—and indeed Spaniards generally, as far as my

means of observation extend—entertain a sanguine belief that, with the troops at his command, and with the moral and physical support of the majority of the dwellers on the island, Concha will so handle the intruding annexationists as to make them heartily repent their unprovoked and unjustifiable aggression.

There are other points to be taken into consideration when we discuss the probable issue of the anticipated conflict. One of these, on which such conflicting testimony has been given that it is scarcely possible to form a decided opinion with respect to it, is the amount of support the Americans would find in the island itself. The Spaniards, as I have above intimated, think it would be unimportant. Ask a Yankee annexationist, and he will tell you that the whole island, with the exception of the European Spaniards resident in it, pines for release from the intolerable yoke of Spain, longs to hoist the Stripes and Stars, and to cling to the proud neck of the American eagle. I have been told by Americans of the numbers of letters received from inhabitants of Cuba, expressive of these sentiments, and imploring sympathy and assistance. But it must be observed that a few malcontents, or American settlers in the island, would suffice to circulate an immense number of such complaints and prayers. One may imagine, for instance, the consignees of the Black Warrior, after inditing their submissive and penitent letters to the governor-general, and their petition to the Queen of Spain for the remission of the fine, dipping their sharpest iron pen into the ink-bottle, and relieving their afflicted souls by throwing off screaming despatches to their friends in New York and New Orleans, inveighing against the tyranny of Spanish rule, and longing for the day when Cuba should join the Union. By those to whom such letters were welcome, they would naturally be made the most of; they would be handed about, talked of, and their contents verbally repeated, until it would seem as if a hundred letters had arrived instead of one. The Spaniards themselves admit that a part of the Creole population would be glad to see the island detached

from Spain. To these I suppose we may safely add, as partisans of Cuba's becoming a State of the Union, all the Anglo-Americans resident in the island. Beyond this, I am in possession of no trustworthy evidence; and when I say that only a small portion of the Creoles or native whites are disaffected to the Spanish government, I state it, as you will observe, on Spanish authority, but at the same time, on the authority of Spaniards long resident in the island, particularly capable, by their position and intelligence, of forming a correct judgment, and the sole drawback to the value of whose opinion is the admissible supposition that it may be biased by their natural wishes on the subject.

Supposing that, in the autumn of 1854, an American expedition, starting from Florida, or from one of the small islands in the Bahama channel, made a descent upon Cuba, were entirely worsted, and cut off or compelled to re-embark. How long a time would elapse before a third expedition were got ready? Would not the interval probably be shorter than the one between the Lopez expedition and the present date? The dogged tenacity of a certain class of Americans, when bent upon acquisition, is well known. And is it not probable that each expedition would exceed the preceding one in strength, until one went forth strong enough to triumph? The passage of the island from the feeble hands of bankrupt decrepid Spain into the strong ones of the young and vigorous Union, is a mere question of time, unless other nations interfere. Are any prepared to do so? England and France are of course the only powers to which Spain might look for aid to prevent her being robbed of her last valuable colony. And would she not look to them in vain, at least under present circumstances? I do not believe that the Spaniards reckon on such assistance. The reflecting portion of the nation—those who think upon the subject at all—seem convinced that the island must sooner or later pass from them. Some would be disposed to sell it, whilst it still has value, before the Americans feel so certain of getting it by other means that they will no longer feel disposed

to disburse. Others, on the contrary, are for holding it to the last, burning the last cartridge before giving in, and, as a last desperate resource, emancipating the slaves. The most rational and profitable of the two courses would doubtless be the sale. And yet, owing to the ignorance and national conceit of a large number of Spaniards—who believe that the valour of Spanish troops must always suffice to guard Cuba, and who have not sufficient knowledge of the past and present history of the world to see that in the course of nature they must lose it—it would be difficult for any ministry to brave the storm of indignation that would here be raised by the sale of the island. It could, of course, under the present regime, be done only with the sanction of the Cortes; and perhaps the wisest thing the Espartero ministry could do would be to bring forward the subject when that body meets in November. To give advice to Spain is, I am aware, a delicate thing for foreign governments to do, but the men at present at the head of affairs here are not likely to mistake the motive, or to take offence at a well-intended counsel. If England and France be quite decided to take no steps towards the preservation of Cuba to Spain, and if the government of this country be not already perfectly aware of that decision, it would be but right to give it the information, so that it might fairly and fully appreciate its position and chances, and not delude itself with vain hopes, never to be realised, of ultimate succour from powerful allies.

Assuredly no Spanish government was ever more in want than is the present one of the pecuniary supplies which the sale of Cuba would place at its disposal. The state of the finances of the country is lamentable, and ministers are the more to be pitied, since their embarrassed position is the consequence of no fault of theirs, but of the scandalous misrule and unalleviation of several preceding governments, and especially of that of Sartorius. The Spanish and English newspapers have already supplied many details on this head. I will content myself with throwing together a few of the principal and most striking facts. When the present

government assumed office, it found an empty treasury, and, even worse than that, the resources on which it might have reckoned for advances were already anticipated. There was no money anywhere. The Sartorius-Domenech-Collantes ministry had made a clean sweep of everything. The forced loan decreed on the 19th May, and which was to be paid during the months of June and July, had not flowed in with that gratifying rapidity announced by the organs of the *Polaco* cabinet; but nevertheless about four hundred and seventy thousand pounds sterling had been collected, out of nearly two millions, which it was estimated that it should yield. Of the £470,000, about £140, or thirteen thousand reals, remained in the treasury. The confusion in the public accounts rendered necessary the appointment of commissioners to investigate them, and to report the real state of the finances. The labours of these commissioners brought to light a whole system of iniquity and of downright robbery. The most shameful jobs had been perpetrated; funds set apart for particular purposes, and which could not legally be otherwise employed, had been misappropriated; enormous amounts had been expended in secret-service money, of which no account was to be found; everything the government had to pay was in arrears, and all they had to receive was in advance. The result of the examination was to exhibit a balance against the treasury amounting to seven millions sterling, of two and a-half millions of which the payment was urgent. To meet this heavy deficiency, equal to half a year's revenue, the new ministry had literally nothing but their good intentions and recognised honesty—excellent things, but not always convertible into specie. The consequences of the revolution added to their embarrassments. Nothing was to be obtained from the provincial treasuries, which were found to be nearly all empty, some of them having been drained to the last real by the departed ministers; whilst in other cases there is reason to conclude that the local juntas, formed during the revolution, had spent the money. During the latter half of

To abolish all those pensions not due to long service or ill-health would be to condemn thousands of families to starvation, and to raise a storm that no government could withstand. Such a sweeping measure would not be just, nor is it practicable. A reform of the tariff is an obvious and most effectual means of improving the financial position. Let the government reduce the duties on foreign manufactured cottons to twenty per cent. *ad valorem*. The importation (chiefly contraband) of that class of merchandise at present amounts, as I am informed, to about three millions sterling. A twenty per cent. duty would demolish the smuggler, and yield the revenue six hundred thousand pounds a year. Would it not then be possible for Spain to get a small loan on reasonable terms, the coupons being accepted, as soon as due, in payment of custom-house duties, and an arrangement, or the promise of an early one, being at the same time made with respect to the amount of coupons which Bravo Murillo laid upon the shelf? It is, however, unnecessary to answer this question until we have reduced the duty. Here, again, great difficulties present themselves, and jealous interests bar the way. Catalonia and the smugglers would be in arms the very moment such a measure was promulgated. Catalonia, which produces (I speak from experience of its goods) wretched wares at exorbitant prices, has long been the great impediment to Spain's prosperity, or at least improvement. That one province pretends to make the whole country buy its inferior merchandise in preference to that of England and France; and this pretension it enforces, to the great profit and contentment of the contraband trader. Time and a strong government are needed to bring about that reduction of duties on foreign manufactures which would prove so great a benefit to Spain, and to its revenue. And at present, time is wanting. Something must be done quickly. As things now stand, it is hard to tell whence is to come the money for the next dividend on the home and foreign

debt. At this date but a small portion of the last dividend due on the home debt has been paid. It has been suggested that much will depend on the composition of the constituent Cortes. If the country elects representatives who will support the present government, and so give confidence in its duration and strength, it is thought that capitalists will perhaps be found to come to its aid. But if the good sense of Spanish electors prove unequal to the emergency—if they return a Chamber composed of a mixture of demagogues and of partisans of reaction, and not containing a good working majority in favour of the policy of moderate progress, which is that of the Espartero-O'Donnell cabinet—there is nothing but fresh trouble in store for Spain, and the question of finance will then appear almost hopeless.

Whilst contemplating the gloomy, or at least uncertain, prospects of the Spanish treasury, I am forcibly reminded of Cuba and of American proposals for its purchase. I have not heard a statement of the exact amount the States are disposed to give; but I have been assured, on no mean authority, that it would suffice to pay off the whole of the debt, home and foreign, and that a handsome surplus would still remain for roads and railways. Besides these advantages, Cuba once sold, Spain might safely reduce her fleet and army, for she would then have no reason to apprehend war with the United States, as she at present has none to anticipate aggression or interference on the part of any European power. Relieved of her heaviest burthens, and blessed with an honest government (if indeed it be possible that such endure in a country upon which the curse of misgovernment seems to rest), Spain might soon and easily forget the loss of that cherished colony, whose retention, under present circumstances, is more a question of pride than of profit, and to whose loss without compensation, she must, I fear, by the force of events, be prepared sooner or later to submit.

VEDETTE.

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TURKEY AND ITS POPULATION.

IN spite of all that has been said by ourselves and others concerning the Eastern Question and the condition of Turkey, we have still something to say which has not yet been uttered with sufficient emphasis. We would fain persuade our readers to look beyond the passing political events of the present hour, and examine only those features of the Othoman Empire that blend with the general history of the civilisation of the human race. Our minds have lately been so much occupied with the relations of the Othoman government to Russia, and with our interests in defending the Sultan's territories, that we have overlooked the position of the great mass of the Mohammedan population in the Turkish dominions. Yet we cannot understand all the difficulties of the struggle in which we are engaged, unless we know what are the social and financial problems that now disturb the old frame of society among

the Turkish population in Asia, as well as among the Christian subjects of the Sultan in Europe. The East is quite as much in a state of social revolution as the West; the Mohammedan world in Western Asia is on the eve of a great transition, which must end either in its regeneration or its subjugation. Now, as the majority of the inhabitants of Asia Minor are engaged in the cultivation of the soil, we propose devoting this article to discussing the influence, the position, and the interests of the agricultural population of the Turkish Empire, in so far as its condition and feelings must affect the ultimate fate of the Eastern Question. This subject has not hitherto met with due attention from those who have discussed the state of Turkey, either in Parliament or in the press. The existence of the twenty millions of the Sultan's subjects who are engaged in agricultural pursuits, who are bound together by

A Military Tour in European Turkey, the Crimea, and the Eastern Shores of the Black Sea; including Routes across the Balkan into Bulgaria, and Excursions in the Turkish, Russian, and Persian Provinces of the Caucasian Range; with Strategic Observations on the probable Scene of the Operations of the Allied Expeditionary Force. By Major-General A. F. MACINTOSH, K.H., F.R.G.S., F.G.S., commanding Her Majesty's Troops in the Ionian Islands. With Maps, 2 vols. 8vo.

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common interests, and moved to action by fiscal oppression affecting them all alike, whether they be Christians or Mohammedans, has not been sufficiently attended to. Nevertheless, a moment's reflection must convince every statesman that the definitive settlement of the Eastern Question cannot be obtained even by a series of victories over Russia, until the agricultural population of the Turkish Empire be placed in a position to better its condition, and to increase in numbers and wealth.

We must entreat our readers to pardon us if we assume that they are less conversant with the subject than they are with the plans of the Emperor Nicholas, or the policy of the Sultan's Divan. The public has received, and is daily receiving, such ample information concerning the obstinacy of the Russian government, the energy of the Turkish, and the fatuity of the Greek, that it may be supposed to be almost as familiar with the general aspect of our political relations with the Eastern potentates, as of those with Count Nesselrode, Reschid Pasha, or King Otho. But as no echo has yet reached us of the voices of the Turkish agas who superintend the cultivation of their estates in Asia Minor, or of the Christian proprietors who till their fields in the plains of Thrace, we may assume that little is known concerning their wants, sufferings, and wishes. We must no longer trust to old habits, and to the supposed immutability of society in the East, for maintaining the agricultural population of the Turkish Empire in its actual condition. The hour has arrived when a great change is inevitable; and it depends on the central government at Constantinople whether that change tend to strengthen the Othoman power, or break up the Sultan's dominions in Asia into several Mohammedan principalities. The condition of agriculture has, for about four centuries, resembled in its stationary or declining position the condition it held in West Europe during the mediæval period: the land is cultivated by a determinate number of yokes of oxen, and a village contains a fixed number of huts; no increase can take place in the adult male population employed in tilling

the soil, and no capital can be profitably invested in its improvement. It is almost unnecessary to say that the consequence is a complete estrangement of the popular feelings from the government, with which the people have little connexion except as taxpayers. Hence the succession of rebellions and civil wars which characterises the history of the Othoman domination in Asia Minor and Syria. Things, however, have now reached such a pitch, by the destruction of all capital invested in plantations and buildings during some happier period of Turkish society, that great masses of the Mohammedan population in Western Asia are on the eve of deciding whether they will adopt a nomade life under the Sultan's government, or attempt a revolution, as the only means of preserving their individual property. A social war, in which the proprietor and the labourer will be found fighting side by side against the central authority at Constantinople, is more imminent in Asia Minor than in European Turkey. Now, as about ten millions of Mohammedans in the great peninsula of Asia are Turks of the Seljouk race, who retain some traditions of their old empire, and a lively memory of the feudal authority they enjoyed before they were subjected to the hated domination of the Othomans, and before the power of the janissaries had curtailed their privileges and consumed their wealth, and this mass of population is united by speaking the Turkish language, and by being entirely dependent on agricultural industry for its subsistence, it is evident that the integrity of the Othoman Empire cannot be secured, until the feelings of the Mohammedan landed interest in Asia Minor are engaged in the same career of policy and improvement as that pursued by the Sultan.

The importance of being well acquainted with the exact position of the agricultural population in the East, is further increased by the fact that the feelings and interests of the Christian landed proprietors and cultivators of the soil in European Turkey are identical with those of the Mohammedans in Asia Minor, as far as they depend on their

industrial positions, on their prospects of bettering their condition, and on their fiscal relations to the central government. The same measures which would improve the condition and augment the population of the Mohammedans in Asia Minor, would have even a more speedy effect, in improving the condition and augmenting the Christian population of European Turkey; and what is of more importance, perhaps, in the eye of the central administration at Constantinople, they would bind together the whole agricultural population of the Sultan's dominions by ties of common interest, without any distinction of race or religion. It must also be highly interesting to some cultivated minds at home, to know that these measures are the only means of improving the condition of the Greek kingdom, though from the singular incapacity of the Greek court, ministers, and public men of every class, there appears no probability of this little Christian monarchy making any step towards this most essential improvement of society in the East, until the example be given by the Turkish government. In two countries where the public administration is so notoriously defective, and where the ministers and statesmen are so utterly destitute of all practical knowledge as landed proprietors and agriculturists, as they are known to be both in Turkey and Greece, there will probably be great difficulty in forcing the governments to commence the requisite changes. It is true, both governments are paralysed by the want of roads, by excessive corruption on the part of the officials sent by the central government to the provinces, and by the systematic manner in which the central authority has debased and degraded the local agents and municipal institutions. But in spite of all these difficulties, we must insist on the great truth that about three-quarters of the population of the Othoman Empire and of the Greek kingdom derive their subsistence from agriculture, and that nearly three-quarters of the national revenues are derived from agricultural taxes; and we feel warranted in asserting that neither the integrity of the Othoman Empire, nor the existence of the

Bavaro-Hellenic kingdom, can be safely guaranteed by Great Britain until the agricultural population of these countries is placed in a very different state from that in which it is now perpetuating its existence. It will be our business to prove to our readers that a great improvement—in short, a complete change in the condition of about twenty millions of mankind—is as practicable as it is necessary, and that it may be effected in the space of a few years by some changes in the central administration, which will immediately allow the cultivators of the soil to employ their labour in the way most conducive to their own profit.

How the improvement of the great mass of the agricultural population of Turkey may be effected can be shown without much difficulty; but how far it would be advisable for Great Britain to carry her interference either with the government of the Sultan, or even with that of our pouting protégé King Otho, may admit of more discussion, and is not a question on which we feel it necessary to enter at present.

The agricultural population of the Turkish Empire is estimated at more than twenty millions; of these, as we have already said, about ten millions are Turks and Mohammedans, dwelling in Asia Minor and the north of Syria; and about ten millions are Christians of various races, inhabiting Europe. Hitherto the social and political interests of this great mass of mankind have been utterly neglected both by the Othoman government and by European statesmen. The cultivators of the soil, whether Christians or Mohammedans, have been oppressed by the sultans; and in King Otho's dominions they are retained in a state of medieval barbarism by the stupidity of the Athenian parliament. In both countries agriculture is carried on in the same rude manner in which it was pursued in the early ages, when slaves alone tilled the soil, and freemen acted as graziers and herdsmen. In both it is retained in this wretched condition without any hope of amelioration, by similar fiscal regulations; and in both, the same social reforms will be required to render agriculture

flourishing occupation, to induce the wealthy to employ capital on the land, and make Turkey a country from which grain can be exported with profit in large quantities. Strange to say, European intelligence has not hitherto done much to further these ends. Everything requires to be commenced. The Bavarian King at Athens, and the Athenian parliament in Greece, have not done more for improving agriculture than the Sultan at Constantinople and the pasha-prince at Cairo. There is no carriage-road from Patras any more than from Brusa; the currants of the Morea and the silk of Bithynia are carried to the ports of export on the backs of mules and pack-horses, and the expense of transport to the place of shipment forms a very considerable part of the price, and limits the consumption of every article produced in Turkey and Greece. Indeed, whatever difference exists between Turkey and Greece, with reference to agriculture, is in favour of Turkey. The road from Adrianople to Constantinople, bad as it is, is much better than the road from Athens to Sparta. While the Sultan maintains steamers which keep up a regular communication between the capital and the principal seaports in his dominions, King Otho, on the other hand, has done absolutely nothing for improving the maritime communications, of his little state, though nine-tenths of his subjects pass their lives within sight of the sea. The funds for the national navy of Greece, and the money voted by the Hellenic deputies, are employed in maintaining vessels to serve as government yachts, or in transporting German princes up and down the Archipelago. The unsettled state of the great mass of the population, whether Christian or Mohammedan, in all the countries between the Adriatic and the Persian Gulf, has been repeatedly pointed out by travellers. The Albanians, the Bosniacs, and the Greeks delight in feuds and civil broils; they prefer plundering the fields of their neighbours to cultivating their own land. The Turks, Turcomans, and Curds of Asia Minor, are gradually quitting agriculture in order to devote themselves exclusively to a pastoral life. It is conse-

quently futile to hope that the Othoman government will long be able to maintain its authority, or preserve permanent tranquillity in these regions, unless some change be effected which shall place the interests and feelings of all those who cultivate the soil in unison with the policy of the Sultan. The Christian labourer must feel that it is as much his interest to support the Othoman Empire as the Mohammedan landlord, and the Christian landlord must prefer the Sultan's government to that of the Emperors of Russia and Austria, or else the task of maintaining the integrity of the Othoman Empire will be one of which Great Britain and France must ultimately grow weary.

Great changes have already taken place in Turkey. The past condition of the Othoman Empire can never be recalled, for the causes of many of the changes already consummated have been long in operation. The Mohammedan population of Asia Minor had undergone many social changes before Sultan Mahmoud commenced his political reforms. The destruction of the Deré-boys, who were the last relic of the feudal institutions of the Seljouk empire, preceded the extermination of the janissaries, who had once been the chief support of the Othoman power, and the agents by which the Seljouk Turks of Asia Minor had been originally subdued by the race of Othman. Time had completely undermined the edifices of the Seljouk aristocracy, and of the military despotism of the Sultans, by transmutations in the different ranks of society, before any administrative changes were attempted at Constantinople. The insurrections of the Christian rayahs, the establishment of the Greek kingdom, and the formation of the Servian state, were in great part caused by social changes, as well as the attempts of Ali Pasha of Jannina, and Mohammed Ali of Egypt, to erect independent principalities. The progress of civilisation, both among the Mohammedan and Christian population in the Sultan's dominions, continues with increasing speed, and a conviction that a great change must and ought to take place in the condition of the agricultural classes, is rapidly spreading among

the owners of the soil. A social revolution is inevitable, and it is not of a nature likely to be arrested by Vienna protocols, or palliated by any anodyne that foreign military force can apply. How this impending revolution may be guided and rendered conducive to maintaining the Sultan's power, and the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, is the most important branch of the subject we propose to discuss.

We must observe that, the agricultural population of Turkey and Greece being placed in similar social circumstances, the same measures of improvement are applicable to both; and their interests and feelings on most fiscal and administrative questions are so identically the same, that the great body of the agricultural interest in the East, whether composed of Mohammedans or Christians, would be more easily brought to act in unity than diplomatists and statesmen appear to think possible. Both in Turkey and Greece the bulk of the landed interest is decidedly hostile to the existing governments. It is true, the Turks hate the Russians more than they hate the Constantinopolitan officials, and that the Greeks detest the Turks more than they detest the Bavarians; but nevertheless, the Osmanleo of Stamboul is thoroughly detested by the Mohammedan provincials in Asia, and the scribes, *logiatoi* or *kalamoradhes*, of Athens, are the abhorrence of every free Greek and Albanian. Those, therefore, who think it is possible to settle the Eastern Question without paying any attention to the ground-swell of public opinion among the rural population, know very little of the subject they pretend to understand. The want of accurate attention to the direction of the distant gale, which has caused the billows to heave in dark and sullen agitation, produces the vacillation observable in the opinions of many who have been for years familiar with the east. Diplomats actually engaged in trade have a mortal aversion to general views; while discarded diplomatists have each their own pet discovery for doing everything in the East which is impossible. In this state of uncertainty, many persons of sagacity seem inclined to reconsider the decisions

they have formed concerning the probable duration of a Mohammedan power in Europe, concerning the possibility of establishing an equal and equitable administration of justice among all the various religious sects and dissimilar races of men who dwell in the Sultan's dominions, and even concerning the practicability of rendering the Greeks and Albanians in the Greek kingdom happy and prosperous under a Bavarian king and a native legislative assembly. To many, the agricultural population of Asia Minor appears to be sunk in an apathy from which no governing power can awaken it; and the maritime population around the Ægean Sea seems given up to the spirit of piracy and barratry, from which nothing can restrain it but war-steamers, and what Shakespeare calls "the charity of a penny cord." The events passing before our eyes have done much to dispel the dreams entertained by the Greek Christians of fingering Russian gold, and forming Byzantine empires. The visions of those who waited for the proximate dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, have been dispelled by Omar Pasha on the banks of the Danube, and by Fuad Effendi on the slopes of Mount Pindus. The incapacity of the Emperor Nicholas and his faithful ally King Otho to settle the Eastern Question has been proved, but the true basis on which it can be permanently settled has not yet been pointed out, even by the Sultan's government.

It requires something more than an able and energetic central administration, something, too, which the greatest military power cannot supply, to maintain the Sultan's authority in the present anomalous state of the population of his Empire. The Christian population can no longer be held in vassalage by the Mohammedan, nor will the Arab any longer allow the Osmanlees to rule as a privileged race. Reform is everywhere struggling with decay, Christian progress with Mohammedan bigotry. The confusion of ideas following from the overthrow of old prejudices in all ranks of society, and the difficulty of fixing the attention universally on any attainable object, equally desired by different sects and races, is in-

creased by the circumstance that in every town and province of the Othoman Empire the inhabitants consist of several nations, speaking languages imperfectly known to one another, and holding adverse religious tenets with the most orthodox bigotry, even while they are compelled to mingle constantly together in the daily intercourse of life. To unite this fermenting mass of human agitation in attachment to a government of which the Sultan shall remain the head, it is necessary that the great body of the people should feel it to be their interest to support the fiscal system of the central administration, and that they should be convinced of the Sultan's power to secure an equal dispensation of justice, and equal rights to every class of his subjects. The reforms of Sultan Mahmoud having swept away all local institutions, the people are everywhere placed in direct connection with the central administration, and the same causes of revolution and the same dangers exist in Turkey as in the Western centralised states. The hour has arrived when the policy of the Sublime Porte must be determined by the wishes of the majority of the population of the empire, or a scene of anarchy will be the consequence. Fortunately the support of a majority of every race and religion can be gained by the fiscal and political reforms most conducive to the increase of the Sultan's authority. Nevertheless, a very numerous and powerful body of officials at Constantinople and the great towns of the empire, will be found hostile to these necessary changes. The alternative, however, is the fall of the Othoman Empire; for unless the reforms we are going to indicate be very speedily effected, no human power will be able to maintain the integrity of the empire for another generation. The Christian subjects of the Sultan in Europe, the Mohammedan in Asia, and even the Fellahs of Egypt, must be satisfied that their lives and property are as secure under the government of the Sublime Porte as under any Christian potentate, or they will attempt to throw off the Sultan's yoke. Now, if the whole mass of the agricultural population were to rise in rebellion, the exertions

of the Sultan's allies would ultimately prove of little avail in restoring his authority.

Having premised these general observations, we shall now proceed to sketch the actual condition of the cultivators of the soil, and of the whole body of the landed proprietors in the Othoman Empire, and point out the changes which must be made before agriculture can flourish, and the people become satisfied with the existing government. It is not necessary for us to accumulate proofs that the whole landed interest in Turkey—Mohammedan as well as Christian, proprietor as well as peasant, Turk as well as Greek—is, as a mass, ground down by the fiscal oppression of the Sublime Porte. It is notorious that for nearly two centuries the numbers and the wealth of the agricultural class have been diminishing from generation to generation. Accidental circumstances, the impulse given to particular branches of culture by the vicinity of flourishing commercial cities, casual facilities of transport to a market, and the expenditure of the central administration in many of the towns where European traders principally reside, tend in some degree to conceal the extent of the general depopulation and rapid destruction of capital vested in the soil which is constantly going on. But few travellers have visited the interior of Asia Minor without seeing mosques and marble tombs standing in solitary desolation near the ruins of an abandoned town. The signs of a departed population, which has notwithstanding left ample proof that it possessed considerable wealth at no very distant period, may be seen on every great road in the Sultan's wide extended empire. Many writers have overstated the extent of the decay, some have caricatured the causes of the evil, but no one has yet ventured to proclaim that the progress of the decline has been arrested.

The ruin of the agricultural interest in Turkey is caused by the manner in which the taxes on agriculture are levied. The evil lies in the collection of the revenue, not in its amount. All the land in the Othoman Empire pays the land-tax in kind, and it never amounts to less than one-tenth of the

gross produce of the soil, besides all the labour of gathering in, threshing, and winnowing the government share. This tax is levied in kind, from the absolute impossibility of collecting it in money in districts where no roads exist, and consequently where considerable capital is necessary to transport the produce to any market. The regulations adopted by the government, and by the farmers of the revenue, to guard against fraud, confine the routine of agriculture within the rudest limits. These regulations fetter the industry of the landed proprietor, exclude all improvement in the application of labour, and force the peasantry to live in a barbarous state of society. The whole grain crops, in consequence of these regulations, frequently remain nearly two months exposed in the open air near the threshing-floors, merely to prevent the cultivator from abstracting some portion for the use of his family, without paying the government the tenth on this trifle. It is not too much to estimate the loss on the whole produce in grain at about five per cent., in consequence of this system of exposing the crops. We have more than once seen thunderstorms in the month of July carry off whole sheaves of wheat from the threshing-floors. Here, therefore, we have an enormous sacrifice on the part of the agricultural classes to a very questionable administrative necessity.

Another consequence of preventing the agriculturist from performing his farming operations, and employing his time in the way he may consider most conducive to his interest, is, that the whole agricultural population is kept in a state of idleness congregated round the village threshing-floors for two months every year. The price of labour generally, and particularly the cost of raising grain, are greatly increased without any corresponding increase in the wellbeing of the labourer, or in the profits of the farmer. The late changes which have increased the authority of the central administration, have greatly added to the fiscal severity of this rude system of collecting the national revenues. In each district the great bulk of the agricultural classes cultivate the same articles of produce, and pur-

sue the same routine of culture; consequently every man possesses a superfluity of the articles which his neighbour is desirous of selling. It may be remarked, that at an earlier period of the Othoman government, when a numerous population existed which is now destroyed, when many vineyards, orchards, mulberry plantations, and olive groves, flourished, which have long been annihilated, when many Mohammedan merchants and capitalists made fortunes by transporting the produce of the interior to the nearest seaports, no apparent inconvenience arose from paying the land-tax in kind. The evil commenced when the central government seized the local revenues destined for the maintenance of roads and bridges, and allowed both to fall to ruin. The increased expense of transport then enabled a few capitalists to monopolise the whole trade in all articles of export. The ruin of the landed proprietors and agriculturists soon commenced, but it excited little attention, from the great profits which enriched the commercial cities on the coasts of the Mediterranean during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The trade with Turkey was at that period the most lucrative branch of European commerce; and Mohammedan merchants were among the most wealthy who visited the marts of Ancona and Venice. But the avarice of the Othoman officials was at last awakened. The pashas and their bankers and dependants first shared in the profits of the Mohammedan traders, and ultimately monopolised the whole trade. Their oppressive regulations ruined the landed proprietors, and exterminated the peasantry; families were impoverished, villages disappeared, and in many extensive districts the whole rural population abandoned the cultivation of their native soil to emigrate into the nearest commercial cities. We must also here remind our readers that the Othoman government, though it created a powerful and energetic central administration in civil and military affairs, adopted most of the local, financial, and judicial corruptions of the degraded inhabitants of the Greek and Seljouk empires which it conquered. These empires were in a

declining condition, and had so completely exhausted every resource of fiscal tyranny, that the sultans were unable to feed their armies in many provinces except by receiving payment of the land-tax in kind. As long as able sultans controlled the collection and employment of that portion of the produce of the soil which the government received, the natural abuses of this wretched system of taxation were restrained. The early government of the Othoman Empire was a vigorous and intelligent despotism, and the habits of the sultan's officers were then extremely simple. None but slaves and tribute-children for some time occupied the highest offices in the empire; and as the sultan was the heir of all his officers, there was no great inducement to avarice. Accordingly, we find that for more than a century after the conquest of Constantinople, even the Greeks boasted of the fiscal moderation of the Porte. But the whole nature of the Othoman government was changed when the corps of janissaries became a hereditary militia. The amount of the sultan's money-revenue then became the measure of the imperial power. All agricultural taxes were farmed, and every kind of monopoly and extortion was pardoned to those who brought ready money to the Porte. No words can describe the cruelties which were perpetrated by the pashas, who were partners of the farmers of the revenue, and who monopolise the sale of various articles of produce. Men have been impaled by the road-side for selling the remainder of their crop after they had paid the tenths; and we have known a man killed in full divan with a battle-axe, for refusing to sell his crop to the governor of the town in which we were residing at the time.

We will not attempt to describe the fiscal oppression that takes place daily in Turkey, because we might be suspected of exaggeration; for we are aware that in some districts the public revenues are collected with moderation, and liberal concessions are made to the tax-payers. The system, however, operates universally to keep agriculture in a stationary condition, even under the mildest rulers. We may take the Greek kingdom as offer-

ing the most favourable aspect under which this mode of taxation can exist. The land-tax is voted every year by a chamber elected by universal suffrage, in a kingdom where every adult is armed. The judicial administration at Athens is respectable, and the city is filled with professors and statesmen, who are always talking of their superiority in political knowledge, and of the great advantages they derive from the liberty of the press. Yet, in spite of universal suffrage, liberty of the press, Albanian perseverance, and Greek vanity, the condition of the agricultural population—that is, of about three-fourths of the inhabitants of King Otho's dominions—is one of mediæval barbarism. The soil yields the minimum of produce, the labour of the husbandman is wasted, fiscal regulations to guard against fraud prevent all agricultural improvements, and cause a waste of the gross produce of the land, and a loss of the labour of the cultivator. The whole grain crops, as in Turkey, remain exposed in the open air, where they may be seen by travellers near the temple of Theseus, and under the columns of Olympian Jupiter, for many weeks, with the families of the peasantry encamped round the threshing-floors; and the King and Queen of Greece may very often also be seen riding past with their suite, without a feeling of shame that their kingdom is in such a state of barbarism. A proprietor has been refused permission to house his crop, and use a threshing-machine in his own yard, on the plea that the tax-collectors could not prevent frauds should the practice become general. From this it is evident that a great loss is inflicted on society by the ignorance of the Greek statesmen who perpetuate this wretched system. The whole agricultural population of an agricultural country is kept in a state of forced idleness, and their labour is withdrawn from the cultivation of summer crops at the very period when that labour could be most profitably employed. The increased stringency of the fiscal regulations in Greece has already compelled the peasantry to abandon the cultivation of several articles of produce which they formerly exported. But it is needless to adduce examples of the ruinous con-

sequences of the financial incapacity of the liberated Greeks. The small amount of agricultural produce raised in the kingdom, the miserable quality of the greater part of this produce, the failure of all attempts to improve cultivation, the impossibility of employing capital profitably on the land, and the great accumulation of arrears of the land-tax due to the government—all testify that no improvement in the condition of the agricultural classes can take place under the present system.

Another great evil of this system of taxation, both in Turkey and Greece, is, that it leads the government to neglect the rights of property, and thus increases the aversion of capitalists to employ their money in the purchase of land, or in the cultivation of the soil. The proprietor of the soil who neglected its tillage, was, even by the Roman law, viewed with less favour than the squatter who occupied it. The hope of increasing the revenue of the State by extended cultivation was supposed to be of more advantage to the government than the tolerated invasion of the rights of property could be injurious to the public. The Othoman legislation, and the laws of the Greek kingdom, have adopted this provision of the Roman emperors; and any person who can contrive to till the land of another for a year without molestation, obtains a right of possession which leaves the lawful proprietor to establish his right of property before he can eject the intruder. This is notoriously a very imperfect remedy for a great injury, for, all the world over, possession is nine-tenths of the law. It would be waste of time to describe all the evil results of the insecurity of property caused by this law. In our age, capital is the symbol of civilisation and progress; and whatever prevents capital from vesting itself in the soil, tends to retain the agricultural classes fixed in a barbarous and indigent state. The condition of liberated Greece affords an admirable illustration of the evil effects of the Eastern system of taxing land, and of the Roman law, which prefers the right of cultivation to the right of property. Though Greece has enjoyed the protection of the

three great Powers for more than twenty years—though she possesses a German king, a luxuriant crop of courtiers, court balls, and court carriages, a constitutional government, and an orthodox church—still agriculture is not more advanced in the plains of Attica than in the most secluded districts of Asiatic Turkey.

There is, however, one vice of the Othoman administration from which liberated Greece is exempt. The rapid depreciation of the metallic currency which has taken place in Turkey, at intervals, since the commencement of the present century, has undoubtedly aided in accelerating the decline of the agricultural population. Indeed, they have ultimately borne the whole amount of the loss inflicted on society. Whenever the specie in the Sultan's treasury has been found inadequate to meet the immediate payments, the deficiency has been supplied by the addition of the quantity of base metal necessary to augment the bulk of the precious metals in hand; and in this way, a debt of three ounces of silver has often been paid with two ounces of silver and one ounce of copper or tin. This depreciation of the Turkish coinage is an evil of old standing, and has been going on ever since the conquest of Constantinople. In the reign of Suleiman the Magnificent, a Venetian sequin was worth sixty aspers. At the death of the late Sultan Mahmoud II., it was worth six thousand aspers. The asper, which was originally a silver coin of the value of sixpence, has long been an imaginary piece of money. Perhaps no measure of the Turkish government has tended more to annihilate capital and impoverish the landed interest in the Sultan's dominions than this mode of defrauding his subjects.

The first step towards the social improvement of the population of Turkey, must be to commute the tenths, and devise some other system of taxing the land which shall leave the agriculturist at full liberty to conduct his farming operations and employ his time at every season in the way most conducive to his own profit. The change can at present only be introduced in the vicinity of large towns, which afford an immediate and

constant market for all kinds of agricultural produce. Unfortunately no change can be introduced in the distant provinces until roads and bridges are constructed, and all kinds of transport both by land and water greatly facilitated. The peasant can neither pay a money tax, nor become a consumer of taxable commodities, until he can command a sure and profitable market for his produce; and no such market is likely to exist, where even the heaviest articles must be transported by pack-horses. In all civilised countries, a very great diminution has been made in the expense of transport since the conclusion of the last war in 1815. But in Turkey, the expense of transport has of late years been increasing, and hence the cultivation and export of several articles peculiarly adapted to the soil and climate have diminished. There are also many moral and political evils connected with the prevalence of the pack-horse system, both in Turkey and Greece, which must not be overlooked, when measures for the improvement of the agricultural classes are under discussion. Small as the amount of transport may be supposed to be in these countries, it nevertheless occupies a considerable part of the rural population. A numerous class of semi-nomades is formed along every great road, and the constant exposure of a considerable amount of property on the wild mule-tracks that run through uninhabited districts invites and perpetuates brigandage. A part of the agricultural population acquires the unsettled habits and the carelessness of life and property which characterises nomade and border races. When any person at home feels inclined to talk of the comparative security of life and property in Turkey or Greece, let him procure a list of the robberies and murders which have taken place within ten miles of the great mercantile city of Smyrna, or within twenty miles of King Otho's palace at Athens, and he will see convincing proofs that in no other portion of the habitable globe have life and property been so insecure during the last ten years. There cannot be any permanent improvement in the condition of the agricultural population, either in Turkey or Greece, nor can

the people acquire the national or political consistency necessary to arrest the progress of any foreign invader, until their interests become connected into masses by the formation of roads, the construction of bridges, and the establishment of water-carriage. But if these things were done as accessories of an improved system of collecting the land-tax, the proprietors and cultivators of the soil would soon be enabled to better their condition, and to increase in numbers and wealth. A single year would be sufficient to enable the Christians of Thrace, and the Mohammedans of Anatolia, to export large quantities of grain. Twenty millions of the Sultan's subjects would be placed in an improving condition, and their interests would induce them to support his government. On the other hand, as long as the present system prevails, it is futile to expect any real union or true community of feeling and action between the agricultural population of Turkey and the Othoman government. Every year sees an army of tax-gatherers, or farmers of the revenue, issuing forth, and treating the whole agricultural population as a race of thieves. Every agent of the fisc is known to make use of the suspicion with which the law views the cultivator, as a means of increased extortion; and consequently the government is hated by the people.

But even should the Sultan succeed in reforming the mode of levying the taxes now paid by his subjects who are engaged in cultivating the soil, something more would be required in order to secure the integrity of his empire, and something which depends entirely on the central administration. Equal justice must be administered to all his subjects, whatever may be their religion or their race. Until this be secured to every inhabitant of his dominions, any increase in the numbers and wealth of the Turkish population would only increase their bigotry, and excite them to measures of oppression against the Christians; and, on the other hand, any increase in the numbers and wealth of the Christians in Europe, whether Slavonians, Bulgarians, Albanians, or Greeks, would only increase their discontent and insolence, and add to the embarrassments of the central government. For-

fortunately for the Sultan, the absolute necessity of adopting measures for dispensing equal justice, and securing an equality of legal rights to Mohammedan, Christian, and Jew is generally recognised even by the bigoted Mussulmans. The landed interest, without any reference to race or religion, makes common cause in demanding justice against the agents of the fisc. This must have struck every traveller in Crete, Macedonia, and Albania. The Seljouk Turk, the Turcoman, the Arab, the Kurd, as well as the Greek, the Albanian, the Bulgarian, and the Vlachian, all unite in demanding the same reforms from the Osmanlee. The time has arrived when these reforms must be made without any reference to religion. If no reform takes place in a short time, a convulsion is to be feared that, in all probability, will dismember the Othoman Empire; for the Seljouk Turk of Asia Minor, the Kurd, or the Arab of Syria, is as likely to make the attempt as the Greek of Thessaly, or the Slavonian of Macedonia and Thrace.

The Court of St. Petersburg has acted on the conviction that it is beyond the Sultan's power to establish tribunals in which equal justice shall be awarded to Christian and Mussulman. Many persons conversant with the East share the conviction of the Russian Emperor. Nevertheless, there are some who are well acquainted with Mohammedan society in Asia Minor who entertain a different opinion. We own candidly that we cannot venture to decide the question. In our intercourse with the landed interest in Asia Minor, we felt as if we had awakened from a dream. Long-cherished delusions passed away. We found a society which had perpetuated its existence in an unceasing combat with the Othoman administration; and we found that we had arrived in time to catch the last echoes of the Seljouk feudal chivalry which had perished in the contest. We found that the Mohammedan aga in Asia called as loudly for justice as the Christian farmer in Europe. Like the Emperor Nicholas, we had believed the prophecy that the sick man was to die when the clock struck twelve, and, as we were listening to

catch the sound, to our amazement the clock struck one. We found the patient talking learnedly of his symptoms, his friends confident of his recovery; and we saw the Russian and Greek attorneys, who had met to forge his will, compelled to escape in a pelting shower. Nevertheless, we could not avoid perceiving that some time would be required to reinvigorate his constitution, and that there was much to be done in order to re-establish order in his household.

At present, the Mohammedan proprietors are quite as well aware as the Christian of the necessity of an equitable administration of justice to secure the existence of the empire. They see and complain of the defects and corruptions of the existing system, from which, they assert, with some appearance of reason, that they are greater sufferers than the Christians, as being more constantly compelled to submit to its abuses. They proclaim that it has infected the whole fabric of society, and undermined the moral strength of the Sultan's authority, and on these grounds they demand its reform. But they despair of a change, for they know that it will be opposed by the Ulema, and by all the Othoman officials at Constantinople.

It is not our province to venture an opinion on the details of any measure of judicial reform. The subject must be discussed at Constantinople, and the Christians best acquainted with the language and laws of Turkey are by no means safe guides on all the complications of interest which the question presents. There are many reasons for believing the reform practicable. Common interests bind all the agricultural classes together in one body, without distinction of race or religion. The despotism of the central government has annihilated all the ancient privileges of the Mussulmans. And the attempt now making by the present Sultan to extend the rights of the Christians is by no means the first attempt of the kind. The necessity of giving equal legal rights to the Christians was acknowledged as early as the year 1691, when the Grand Vizier Mustapha Koeprili, called by the Turks "The Virtuous," issued ordinances for re-

curing legal protection to the Christian cultivators of the soil, against the oppression of the fiscal agents of the treasury. All pashas and local governors were then ordered to treat the rayahs with equity, and were strictly prohibited from exacting any addition to the haratch or capitation-tax, as fixed by the Sultan, under any pretext on account of local objects. This reform, like the subsequent attempt of Sultan Selim III. to reform the janissaries, was called the Nizam Djedid, or New System. It proved abortive, on account of the inherent corruption in the whole organization of judicial affairs in the Othoman Empire. The social difference between the true believer and the infidel was then too great to be effaced by a feeling of equity. The pride of a dominant and conquering race then aided the corruption of the Ulema; but that day has long passed, and the Mohammedan in Asia is now as eager for a Magna Charta of the empire to defend him against fiscal tyranny and corrupt judges as the Christian in Europe.

The great social distinction which at present exists between the Othoman Empire and the Greek kingdom lies in the administration of justice. Though the monarchical government of a Bavarian prince, with its centralised and bureaucratic administration, has done nothing to improve the social condition of the agricultural classes, whether Greeks or Albanians; though the university of Athens is richer in political quacks than learned professors; and though morality and religion have made no great progress in liberated Greece,—still, the population of King Otho's dominions may appeal with pride to their judicial system, and assert, without fear of contradiction, that it separates them by an immeasurable distance from the social degradation of all other Eastern nations. The code of civil procedure which M. Maurer introduced into Greece, immediately brought its motley Albanian and Greek population within the pale of modern civilization, which is struggling to make the law more powerful than the centralised executive. We know that many and great defects exist in the administration of justice at Athens. We know that the King can command

a decision of the tribunals, for he can remove any judge at pleasure, and send him into a dreary exile; and we know that political corruption of every kind is rife in Greece; but, nevertheless, an independent body of lawyers exist, and by their learning and character they exert so great a control over the courts of law as to enforce the voice of public opinion, and arraign the judges before that great tribunal. This is the proud distinction which at present exists between the Greek kingdom and the Othoman empire.

The equal administration of justice marks the line of separation between Christian and Mohammedan society; and the solution of the Eastern Question will most probably be settled by the success of the Sultan's measures to make all the inhabitants of his empire equal in the eye of the law. If he cannot succeed in doing this effectually, it will be almost impossible for his allies to uphold the integrity of his empire for any length of time. Unless an empire so extensive as the Othoman can support itself, there is no chance of its finding permanent assistance from strangers. The Arab, the Syrian, and the Kurd, are just as likely to raise the standard of rebellion as the Greek, the Albanian, and the Slavonian. Unity, if preserved at all, can only be so by crushing every attempt at change into submission by an overwhelming military power.

Fortunately for the Sultan, the foundations are laid for the introduction of an equitable code of civil procedure in his empire. Hitherto the Othoman administration has treated the Mohammedan landed proprietors with as much injustice as the Christian. The Seljouk Turks in Asia Minor have been quite as much oppressed as the Greeks of Thessaly. The whole agricultural population of his empire—that is, about twenty millions of his subjects—are, consequently, as we have already said, eager to support any measures which promise to secure an equitable dispensation of justice in all civil and fiscal causes, without distinction of race or religion. That some difficulty may be found, at first, in procuring the deposition of witnesses, or in weighing the value of their testimony, is not improbable;

but it is a mere temporary inconvenience, which will easily be overcome by publicity and open courts. The Tanzimat, or Charter of Gulkhane, which in 1839 promised a better judicial administration, must now be followed by a code of civil procedure.

In considering the actual condition of the central administration in the Othoman Empire, we ought not to forget its original constitution. In comparing the immense changes which it has already undergone with the improvements which are now desired, we cannot entertain a doubt concerning the ultimate success of any well-considered plans of reform. The original foundation of the Othoman Empire was force, and for two centuries it derived its whole strength from conquest. Its army was recruited with Christian children, and its treasury was filled by a capitation-tax on the Christians. Force was the basis of the government, and expediency, not justice, the guiding principle of its legislation. Never did any other great empire proclaim the same indifference for the restraints of morality and the rules of equity. A single example of this contempt for justice may be cited. The expediency of removing the chances of civil war was deemed sufficient to authorise murder, by an organic law of the empire. Mohammed II., the conqueror of Constantinople, after citing in his *Kanun-namé* the opinion of the Ulema that the Koran authorises murder to avoid great political dangers, adds this injunction to all his successors on the throne, "Let my children and grandchildren be dealt with accordingly." Now, so long as such principles guided the legislation of Turkey, it is evident that every attempt to dispense justice equally to all ranks of society was impossible. But no power can so completely defy the progress of modern civilisation as to maintain its place in Europe by the laws of force and expediency, as the Emperor Nicholas will soon learn. We have seen acts of murder and intolerance committed by Christian princes, and praised by Christian priests, in past ages, quite as infamous as any that can be cited from Othoman history. Mohammedan intolerance has yielded to the progress of modern civilisation

more rapidly than bigotry in the Russo-Greek Church. Even Turkey has felt the influence of the humane principles inculcated by the civilisation of Western Europe; and perhaps greater difficulty will be found at Constantinople in drawing up a code of civil procedure applicable to all ranks of society, than in carrying it into effect when it is published.

An erroneous idea has always prevailed concerning the extent of Othoman bigotry. In every age of the empire, the Turks have availed themselves of the service of their Christian subjects in their armies; and it was the unwarlike habits of the Greeks, far more than the bigotry of the Turks, which excluded them from military service. Indeed, whenever the Greeks were found fit to bear arms, they were employed. Not to speak of the numerous bodies of Christian auxiliaries which the Turks drew from Transylvania, Wallachia, and Moldavia, during their long wars with Austria, they have, in their more recent wars, drawn contingents of Christian troops from Servia and Albania; and a Christian gendarmerie, called *Armatoloi*, composed in part of Greeks, was long maintained in the mountains of Macedonia, Epirus, and Greece.

There is no doubt that the military administration in Turkey is far superior at present to the civil. Yet even in the conduct of the war, particularly on the Asiatic frontier, the public attention has been drawn to the venality and corruption of several officials holding high rank in the army. The alarming extent to which venality, corruption, and fraud are engrafted in the whole administrative system of the Othoman Empire, cannot be denied by any person who has ever transacted business with the finance department in Turkey. The Seljouk aga may be a disinterested gentleman, but the Othoman official is generally an incarnation of avarice and rapacity. Since the time of Rustem Pasha, the celebrated grand vizier of Suleiman the Magnificent, every pashalic, and indeed every government office in the Sultan's dominions, has been annually put up to sale. The best ministers of the sultans have been satisfied to sell the public charges at a fixed price; but far the greater number

bition, national incapacity, and Russian guidance, misled them to appeal their destinies to the sword, which they were unable to use with any effect, even when they took their enemy by surprise. Of the Greeks, therefore, we may assert that no measures of equity can secure their cordial support to any institutions. They have now had the government of liberated Greece entirely in their own hands for ten years, with the exercise of universal suffrage, and the fullest liberty of the press, and yet they have made no progress in their internal improvements. They cultivate their lands like medieval serfs; they manufacture wine with a mixture of resin into a composition that would make Bacchus himself abjure paganism; they grow bad fruit, make bad oil, and drive commerce from their coasts by preposterous restrictions on their own coasting-trade, and by their piracies and acts of barratry. The friends of Greece had expected that she would have served as a beacon for the nations of the East to steer towards political liberty and Christian civilisation; but they have been most grievously disappointed. Even the native merchants of Greece, who have conducted their commercial affairs on a liberal scale, have found themselves compelled, by the meanness of the court and government at Athens, to transport their domicile to other lands; and, accordingly, the merchants who do honour to the national character are all settled abroad, and very many are nationalised in France, Italy, and Austria—some few even in England—while political intriguers form the leaders of the nation in the Ionian Islands and in Greece.

We have now given a faithful picture of some features which have generally been neglected, in judging of the final destinies of the Othoman Empire. We have endeavoured to weigh candidly all the evidence in favour of the regeneration of the Sultan's government, and we have not concealed either its defects or its difficulties. It is for our own Government to decide how far it would be prudent for the allies of Turkey to urge the immediate adoption of *those measures* which are neces-

sary to secure the support of the whole agricultural population of the Sultan's dominions, whether Christian or Mohammedan, in opposing every foreign enemy. At all events, we may assume that we have convinced all impartial readers that the project of maintaining the integrity of Turkey is far more practicable than that of re-establishing a Greek or new Byzantine empire at Constantinople. The Bulgarians of Macedonia have lately given a proof of the impossibility of forming a Greek empire by closing the Hellenic schools in several cities, and opposing by every means in their power the appointment of Greeks to high ecclesiastical offices. The progress of knowledge is daily rendering the Albanians and Vallachians more proud of their national distinctions. They boast of being descended from the Macedonians and Romans who conquered the descendants of Pericles. A Greek government would certainly require a much larger military force to keep the Christian population in European Turkey in subjection than the Othoman. The petulant Greek is at present a worse master to the Albanian peasantry of Attica and Argolis, than the phlegmatic Turk is to the Slavonian in Macedonia and Thrace. To create a Greek or Byzantine empire would be to deliver Constantinople to the Czar of Russia, with guarantees for his maintaining permanent possession of it which he could never acquire by the sword.

It is, however, in the nature of things that defeat in the present attempt to strangle Turkey should only excite the Russian government to redouble its eagerness to discover new means for renewing her struggle for supremacy in the south-eastern part of Europe. For the contest with the Sultan is in Russia regarded as a national and religious warfare. As far as the mere separate interests of Great Britain are concerned, the present war has shown that we have nothing to fear from the power of the Czar. Instead of Russia being in a condition to attempt the invasion of our possessions in India, it is evident that it is in our power not only to conquer, but also to colonize Kamtschatka and Ochotsk, to endow these countries with local governments, nay,

even to make them independent states, and thus put an end to the authority of the Czar in all the countries east of Siberia, and exclude the Russians forever from the Pacific and the Chinese seas. The ambition of the Emperor Nicholas to extend his power and influence in Eastern Europe may cause the loss of his dominions in Eastern Asia.

A hatti-sherif of the Sultan, and a law of the Greek kingdom, would be sufficient to change the social condition and future prospects of more than twenty millions of mankind engaged in agricultural pursuits, to enable this mass of human beings to better their condition and augment their numbers. These measures would raise up a bar-

rier against the further progress of Russia, which no power of the Czar could break through; and these measures, unlike most theoretical reforms, may be commenced to-morrow morning, when the Divan meets at Constantinople, and the council of ministers is held at Athens. Both the Sultan and the Greek chambers have only to withdraw the weight of oppression that now prevents their subjects from replenishing the face of the earth. This being the case, we do not think that our own Government has embarked in a desperate undertaking, when it engaged in alliance with France to uphold the integrity of the Othoman Empire.

CIVILISATION.—THE CENSUS.

DID my last letter, dear Eusebius, open to your intellectual sight a glimpse of the real nature of Civilisation? Not that I would presume to imagine I could unfold so great a mystery, or to have reached the kernel of the nut which had broken the teeth of philosophers. Truth is as a ball of thread which, cast upon the ground, as it rolls unfolds itself; it is a lucky catch to have your fingers upon the outer thread: a careful following may unravel the whole, and the inner substance become clear and visible, however obscured in its involutions. Paint your phantasmagoria; let it represent a universal tournament, with queens of beauty the prizes, and every action be of honour, generosity, and love. Imagine a romance that shall embrace a nation, wise and revered age, heroic and lovely youth! Why, you are laughing doubtless at the rhapsody—the dream. Well, is it not a dream of civilisation? Honest hands were they of the trades in their several guilds that glorified the general grace with their proud handiwork, emulous of mastership and fair renown. Maiden-embroidery and horse-millinery were of the true materials; no shams, no adulterated and knavish substitutes. All work was honest; there was an additional worth in it of the labour of love. Fast asleep and dreaming again will you deem me? So much the worse, if it be so very

unlike the world we wake into, where both romance and honesty are faded like old tapestry, and equally derided for their out-of-time and seeming unnatural quaintnesses. Yet who knows, Eusebius, what “the ever-whirling wheel” of mutability may throw off for our allotment. Old things may come round again, tricked anew, and bright as all the virtues!

“Redeant Saturnia regna.”

Is this but a peevish humour? Are we not, after all, “better than we seem?” Have we not greatness in us and among us? Truly we have. We are on the stage of a serious drama, of which the low underplots and the interludes are somewhat ridiculous; but it is a grand piece that is being acted—that may justify a “plaudite,” ere the curtain drops. Who shall dare to say that heroism is dead—that honesty is dead? because knavery happens to be just now thriving, and miscalculating economists are troublesome with their false weights when the higher virtues are in the scale.

I emblematised civilisation, in the Chinese lady in japan-gilt frame, like a rose in garden enclosure,—the feminine excellence, that even you might not, with an Anglo-Saxon conceit that occasionally and for a moment predominates in us all, arrogate to this your England all that is good. Queen, Empress, or Lady—they are all one and the same—was she once, in the

empire of Porcelain. Her picture is proof of her once existence, as a discovered coin of a reign; and who knows if, in the wonders that mutability is working, she may not again rise a revived civilisation in that strange land—a new Aphrodite out of the sea of its turbulence, when the Tartar dynasty shall have quietly withdrawn itself; for it is better he should escape than she should “catch a Tartar.” My letter concluded with the best of conclusions, that civilisation is, was, and ever will be, Feminine Influence. You may not like my Chinese model; but you, who would rather fight for the honour and reputation of your great-grandmother, than like a Bounderby deny a mother, will scan the mystery, and see its perfection.

I was vexed to find nothing of this in Census No. 1. There all was of the penmanship of Big Busybody, prime secretary of Prince Humbug, and I felt some pleasure in rolling about my tub in contempt. But whether it was that the Prince Humbug and his secretaries were weary or hungry, and retired, or were shoved for a while from their seats of authority by a more masterly hand, I find quite another spirit in about the middle of Report No. 2, wherein, in coincidence with our—that is, your and my view—the feminine element is justly brought out and duly weighed—its value and importance established. The writer of this portion of the Census, wisely dissatisfied with the assumed causes of our progressive population—namely, the mechanical inventions, which have apparently found employment for the people—ascribes it to *the influence of the changes in the conjugal state of the people*. He passes in review the period of our history extending from 1651 to 1751. “The population increased very slowly; and we find that, after the restoration of Charles II., such a general dissoluteness of manners was inaugurated as can now be scarcely understood; while shortly after 1751 the law of marriage—which, like the institution itself, had grown inconceivably loose, and had at the same time been greatly abused—was reformed.” Puritanism had drawn the social bow with too strong a hand; the string had broken, and it had hastily flown back

in the opposite direction. Profligacy was a fashion. The writer is here unsparing, yet justifies his severity by authorities given in the notes.

“The light poets, the players, and the gay men and women on town, led crowds of votaries into the extreme opposite to Puritanism. Young people of both sexes were brought from the country to Whitehall, where, instead of hard lessons of elevated thought and patriotism—such as Lady Jane Grey and her contemporaries learnt from Plato—they masqued, they ‘ogled,’ sang and danced, under the eye of the ‘Mother of the Maids’ and the higher auspices of the Queen, the Queen-Dowager, and the Duchess of York, until, wounded or terrified, they flew into concealment, or as it was everywhere deemed, ridiculously married, and ingloriously discharged the duties of English wives and mothers. The sisters, daughters, and wives of the loyalest subjects, the greatest generals, the wisest statesmen, and the gravest judges, figured in the Paphian train, glittering and smiling as the troop of Boccaccio in the pages of Grammont, and on the walls of Hampton Court; but with advancing years shattered, patched, degraded, fading—as they are seen in the authentic memoirs of the age, and life-like portraits of Hogarth.”

As Hogarth was not born till 1698, the tenth year of the reign of William and Mary, it is surely straining a point for the picturesque effect of portraiture, to introduce him as depicting in the *dramatis persone* of his scenic works, the profligacies of the reign of the Beauties of the Court of Charles II. In the frigid Court of William and Mary, “vice lost its graces and charms;” but profligacy is not at once eradicated; and it would be strange indeed if there was not enough of it in practices of the then world of fashion to justify the satire of the moral painter. The “homely but not shining qualities” which regulated the court of the “devout, chaste, and formal” Queen Anne, so designated by Lord Chesterfield, a writer very tolerant of old vices, were not suffered to have a permanent effect upon the manners of the people, by the succession of the two first Georges. Among all classes

"the institution of marriage was unsettled to its foundations."

The effect of this state of things upon *families* was most pernicious. The due ratio of increase of population was stayed. A gradual improvement in the morals of the people commenced after 1751. Lord Hardwicke's bill, in 1753, was "one of the first evident reforms in the law of marriage." Historians do not express the same sentiments upon the operation of this bill—some viewing it as a means to secure to the aristocracy fortunes by marriages, others as giving a greater respectability to marriage itself. It was at the time considered by its opponents as likely to affect the population of the country. The writer in the Report observes: "Experience soon showed, that instead of stopping marriage, and the growth of population, the Act had the contrary effect, by depriving the marriage ceremony of disgraceful associations—by making it not a mere verbal promise, but a life contract to be recorded, to be entered into with deliberation by persons in the enjoyment of their faculties, and to be kept inviolate till death." And here it is fair to remark, that probably no small share of the disrespect in which marriages were held, and the consequent dissoluteness, may be ascribed to the Puritans, who, before Charles's arrival, in 1653, had passed a bill for solemnising marriages by justices of peace. The removal of any part of the sanctity of marriage has a tendency to bring it into disrepute; it is better that it should be held even as some would say with a superstition, than merely as a civil contract, which, like most other civil contracts, may be broken *ad libitum* by those who are willing to incur the penalties. Modern legislation has, however, in this respect, brought the ceremony of marriage down still lower than the Act of the Puritans, by reducing even the official dignity of performance, and authorising marriages at the public Register Offices. Where there is little distinct religious feeling or principle, there is a superstition akin to it. And there are few who do not receive or remember, with a sense of awe, the solemn words, "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put

asunder;" and the evil suggestion, in the contrary case, is ready enough—Whom man joins man may put asunder, and if man only, it little matters what man. Parties may assume that privilege to themselves. It is hard to see how the Church of England can, at any after time, by their other official acts recognise such marriages. What is to be said of the monition or warning, that "so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's word doth allow, are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful?"

"Since the Act (of 1753) came into operation, the registers of marriage have been preserved in England, and show an increase from 50,972 in the year 1756 to 63,310 in 1764. "The rage of marrying is very prevalent," writes Lord Chesterfield in the latter year; and again in 1767, "in short, the matrimonial frenzy seems to rage at present, and is epidemical." After many fluctuations, the marriages rose to *seventy, eighty, ninety, and a hundred thousand annually*; and in the Census year (1851) to *a hundred and fifty-four thousand two hundred and six*. Fourteen millions were added to the population. The matrimonial "frenzy" which amused Lord Chesterfield was rife in the reign of our Third George. You will not be surprised, Eusebius, to learn, that to George III., his queen, and the example of his court, is ascribed by this writer in the Census the change for the better in the morals and manners of the people. Family sanctities were established. The home influence of the virtuous mother was felt throughout the land. That purity was restored which had been nearly lost in the moral degradation of women of previous licentious times. It is with a grateful pleasure, Eusebius, as one born during that moral reign, and thankful for that love of a mother which was its law and rule, and my individual happiness, that I make the following extract:—

"Of the political course of George III. and Queen Charlotte opinions necessarily still differ; but the truth of the testimony to the Queen's private virtues will be universally admitted." (Here follows extract from Lord Mahon's *History of Eng-*

est son is 116 years of age. Dated August 25, 1725." You will smile at the simplicity of the compiler in the Report, in dealing in truisms. As, "it can rarely, if ever, happen, that a husband and wife die in the same instant of time," and, in consequence, that "it may be assumed that, practically, every marriage is dissolved by the death of the husband or wife separately;" that if man and wife were universally of the same age, and lived out together the whole cycle of life, "there would be neither widowers nor widows in the world." That it is not so moves very unnecessarily the tender bowels of the writer's compassion—for besides the "descending the vale of years," and such other funeral expressions, he breaks out into a strain of lamentation, which makes page xl. resemble the scroll of Ezekiel, in which "was written lamentation, and mourning, and woe." He writes like an undertaker, whose lugubrious looks and utterances have a prospect beyond the assumed grief. I should suppose from this expression of very superfluous sorrow, that the penman had an eye to a new employment in the statistics-of-woe line, from the Sanitary Commission, while he winds up his threnody with a catalogue of the "ills that flesh is heir to." "The existence of 382,969 widowers, and 795,590 widows, some of tender age, in every class of society and in every part of the country, who have been left—as well as their companions that have been taken—by fever, consumption, cholera, and the cloud of diseases that at present surround mankind—stand like sad monuments of our mortality, of our ignorance, negligence, and disobedience of the laws of nature; and as memorials, at the same time, we may hope, of the sufferings from which the people may be delivered by sanitary discoveries and observances." This ungrammatical (for what is the nominative to "stand?") and maudlin passage is a puff direct of the Sanitary Commission. It is like the outpouring, after the inpouring of that spirit which creates a crying inebriation. It will remind you, Eusebius, of the lady who was seen to wipe her eyes after dinner, who when asked what she was crying for, replied with sobs, "It is

the anniversary of the death of poor dear Queen Elizabeth." If the writer be a married man, and fears death, you will see, however, upon a second look at the passage, and statistic details elsewhere, that there may be some cause for this lamentation. You will note, Eusebius, that whereas one of the two forming every married couple must be taken before the other, the husband is generally the one to go. For, seeing that there are only 382,969 widowers and 795,590 widows, more than double the number of widowers, the married man needs a pretty stiff tumbler at the moment of such a contemplation, to give his heart any decent hope and comfort. I remember once this comfort was actually felt by one who had, as he doubtless thought, escaped his natural fate. Upon an attempt to sympathise with him upon the death of his wife, he quickly replied, in a self-gratulating tone—"Yes—but it might have been much worse, you know I might have been taken myself." The calculations prophesy a worse condition than that of Sinbad in his conubial prosperity; he was to survive his wife at least a few hours.

These statistics may be useful in answering the purpose of Matrimonial Register Offices; for they notify in what localities widows may have the best chance of finding fresh husbands—and widowers, wives. You will think it the result of a deep philosophy, that this hidden truth is discovered in the Report—"The number of widows who are every year left depends on the mortality of the husbands;" but as much abstruse truth, in the shape of matter of fact, may require explanation, it is thus given—"Where the rate of mortality among husbands is doubled, the number who *become* widows (in italics) is also doubled." Lest this should not be clear enough, and clearness is the very virtue of statistic writing, know that—"Any diminution in the mortality of men will therefore diminish the relative number of widows." Neither bachelors nor old maids (I hate, Eusebius, the ill-nature of the word that makes me write reluctantly the latter) will have reason to congratulate themselves, "fancy free" as they may now be from the cares and troubles of married

life, for there is an intimation in this Census Report very awful for them. Let them count up with increasing astonishment at every thousand, or ten thousand, the married couples, the children they are likely to produce, and calculate what is to become of them. Then let them turn to the threat in the Census. They really may well be terrified. Lamb, in his admirable quaint way, somewhere speaking of marriages, alluding to the happy man who prays to have his "quiver full" of children, humorously protests against having the said quiver shot out upon him. Has the Census speculator taken a serious hint from Lamb's quaint joke? Hear, bachelors and maids, what a Census in progression prepares for you, unprepared as you may be for it!

"The great number of childless parents, of unmarried persons, of orphans, and of large families, particularly among the poor, sanctions the practice of adoption, and points out the propriety of distributing destitute orphans and other children—who are now kept at great expense by parishes, in workhouses, or by societies in large buildings—among the *childless families*, who would cherish the children with a sort of parental affection." Would they indeed? Then, if so, Eusebius, you and I, and most people beside, know nothing of human nature. It is hard sometimes to keep up the heat of a true "parental affection," but a "sort of parental affection," is a sort of affection below zero. The passage doesn't look like wit, but can it be a serious proposal? It will certainly find a place among the Rejected Addresses, or among those curiosities of thought and invention which are said to be pigeon-holed in the moon. This scheme will offer some good subjects for the pencil of *Punch*. The pauper Pater-familias, being his own relieving officer, walking unconcernedly with his eight or nine unprovided-for hand-in-hand, and dropping them one by one, with in unwelcoming doors,—or the reception by an aged spinster of a big lubberly boy, or an unweaned infant—or the nervous bachelor in his quiet lodgings, disturbed by an instant demand upon his dormant affections by the entrance of a parish officer and

an overburthened parent, to deliver into his keeping twin-babies and a wet-nurse.

As in No. I. of the Census, so in No. II. The great official Busybody rolls about his tub with a great deal of profitless industry. In this part, also, are maps and diagrams, playthings for little or for grown-up children who want idle amusement. The ages of married and unmarried, and of husbands and wives relatively, are thought worthy of laboured diagram and tables. "The degree of disparity (age of husband and wife) differs, and is greatest at the extreme age of either sex;" where else could it be? "The disparity of age has a wide range, and the returns show one instance in which a man of 30-35 is married to a woman 90-95, and four in which men of 95-100 are married to women of 45-50. In one instance it appears in the tables that a girl of 18 is married to a man of 100; but this is an error." An error indeed in the tables! Then why admitted? The worst of errors is, to have an error in statistics of matters of fact. But I doubt very much if it be an error, as, if one, it is not accounted for. I am, Eusebius, unwilling to spare the census-maker as to his error, because he lacks charity in respect of those "unprotected females," whose privilege it is and ought to be to tell little innocent fibs in very delicate matters. What business has this big Busybody to expose such harmless peccadilloes in the face of the world? He would drag them bodily unmercifully by the hair of their heads into light if he could, and did not mistrust the colour of it; to announce to the world that it is grey at 25: how pitiless he is! He publishes as a fact that 35,000 must have told monstrous fibs. Take, Eusebius, the *ipsissima verba*. "The conclusion appears to be inevitable that some 35,000 ladies, more or less, who have entered themselves in the second age, 20-40, really belong to the third age, 40-60, to which the body of delinquents are transferred in Table 7." Delinquents indeed! He is himself the great delinquent, for what is it to him, if they profess to know their own ages better than he can? Whereas his knowledge is a mere pretence made up of odious

figures that nobody can follow, and bound up after all in a "more or less." What has a statistician to do with a "more or less," and to pretend to matter of fact? But he takes upon him to read these 35,000 (though I verily believe they are as fabulous as the Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne), a lecture on the subject, thus,—“Millions of women have returned their ages correctly. Thousands have allowed themselves to be called 20, or some age near it, which happens to be the age at which marriage is most commonly contracted in England, either because they were quite unconscious of the silent lapse of time (here he is caught fibbing himself, for he does not believe any such thing), or because their imaginations still lingered over the hours of that age; or because they chose foolishly to represent themselves younger than they really were, at the scandalous risk of bringing the statements of the whole of their countrywomen into discredit.” “Scandalous risk” indeed—how *gauche*! here is a deficiency of manners and common sense too. He ought to know that all their countrywomen would step out in their defence and vouch for their veracity. He had better not be caught among them with that tale in his mouth. Helen of Troy was, say some over-curious people, near upon a hundred when the Greeks and Trojans fought their fatal fight about her; but the gallant writers of those days had the “Gentleman Pagans” forbearance, and never said a word about it. Neither Homer nor the dramatists after him dared the insult upon her feminine honour. Although she caused the destruction of Troy, none called her a “delinquent,” though in her modesty she gave herself a worse name, which out of reverence for the sex I will not put into English. Of all “unprotected females”—something of the kind was noticed before—Scotchwomen are the most unprotected: but let them find consolation in a spiteful longevity. “Scotchmen die in greater numbers than Scotchwomen, or they leave the women of Scotland at home when they cross the Tweed, as well as when they emigrate, and do not marry; or marry English

—ives. So that to 100 men at the

ages, 20–48, 40–60, 60–80, 80–100, the enumerators of 1851 found respectively 112, 117, 135, and 159 women in Scotland. This great disparity of the sexes, which pervades so many counties of Scotland, well deserves careful investigation, in connection with the law of marriage, the household manners, and the occupations of the people.” Scotchmen leave their lasses behind them when they cross the Tweed!—a pretty story indeed. How should ill-mannered Census know that? Did Scotchmen walk into England with enumerators at their backs? I can’t believe this, Eusebius; there is another “error” to rectify. I would rather think the statistics a little cooked in this matter, than that they have degenerated from the character given of them in the song, and in the loving nature of their own Bard, who “dearly loved the lasses, O!” and described them so delightfully, that Englishmen have longed to cross the Tweed to get a sight of them. Who were they but Scotchwomen of whom sang he who sang so well,—

“There’s naught but care on every han’,
In every hour that passes, O,
What signifies the life of man,
An’ ’twere not for the lasses, O!”?

Be sure, Eusebius, it was the invention of some “rejected” enumerator, who, in spite for what was above his reach, maligned them by insinuation, as the fox in the fable did the grapes.

I must, I grieve to say, check this playful vein. Here I find very serious matter indeed. I find a sad charge against our great trade towns. One can almost imagine one sees a Moloch enthroned in each, and children sacrificed on his altar. This is a frightful account,—“Of 100,000 children born in Liverpool only 44,797 live to the age of 20, while in Surrey that age is attained by 70,885 out of the same number of children born. The probable lifetime is about 6 years in our unhealthiest towns, 52 years in Surrey, and other comparatively healthy parts. In Manchester, where the mortality is high, 100,000 annual births only sustain at the ages 20–40, a male population of 38,919; while in all England and Wales, where the mortality is now much lower, the same number of births produces a constant force of

61,215 men at that age, and at other ages similar disparities in the numbers living exist. Now, the mortality was not much less in all England formerly than it is now in Manchester, and the great diminution in the mortality of England evidently took place at such a period of the last and present centuries as left proportionally more survivors at the ages 20-40 in 1851 than at the corresponding ages in 1821, for the dangers and loss of life incurred by the generations born in the 40 years 1781-1801 were greater than those encountered by the generations born in the years 1811-31." In a note appended, is an extract from the Registrar-General's 7th Report. "In Manchester, 100,000 children born are reduced to about half that number (49,910) in six years." "The probable lifetime is about *six years*." It behoves the legislature seriously to look to this fact. How can we expect God's blessing upon our boasted manufactures, or upon the wealth they have accumulated, if obtained at such a cost of human life? Does this massacre of childhood arise from the debility of overworked and perhaps too youthful parents, from overheated and ill-ventilated manufactories, or, as may not be unlikely from the tasked work of young mothers, at a time when they should be chiefly occupied in the care of their offspring? From whatever state of things this great evil arises, it ought not to be, and surely the people as one man should look to the Legislature to provide proper sanitary and other means to check a national cruelty.

In the page of the Census from which I have made the above frightful extract, I find two curious notes as to the difficulty of ascertaining ages; they make one view with some distrust the dottings down of any and all the enumerators. "A statistician of eminence informed M. Moreau de Jennes, that after many persevering, but fruitless attempts, he abandoned in despair an inquiry having for its object to determine the ages of his wife and his cook."

"In 1841, the Census Commissioners allowed persons of the ages of 34 or 33 or 32 to call themselves 30, and so for other ages." This little indulgence is amusing; it either shows the

commissioners' despair to equal that of M. Moreau Jennes' friend the statistician, or that they had quite as much sense, and a little more charity, than the commissioners of 1851.

After all, Eusebius, there can be but little reliance on any accounts of people's ages; some falsify out of mere joke at the unexpected question, and some on purpose. I have heard of so many expedients resorted to, to avoid the impertinent questioning, that I give little faith to the Census. I know one instance of a cook, of at least 70, who, hearing from below her master questioned, laughing called out 18, so she was dotted down at 18: for her master—though some, not you, Eusebius, will be sorry to hear it—was a clergyman, had that grave politeness which distinguishes the Church of England rectors, vicars, and curates, and I hope archdeacons, deans, and bishops, not to contradict her; and this clergyman's conduct I would hold out for example to all enumerators and Census men. Another case I am acquainted with, where a lady, living in lodgings, communicating with an adjacent lodging-house, as under one landlady, dodged in and out from one house to the other, so that she escaped giving in publicly her age; but being a conscientious person, such as those who weekly enclose omitted taxes to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, she followed the enumerator, and gave him a paper with her age on it. And here it occurs to me to confute the lecturing Census reporter, by a very natural suggestion, that if the ages put down by these 35,000 "delinquents" are erroneous, how does he know but that very conscientious returns may have been since made—or will be made, and he should, from the example of tax-payers, have thought it probable—to the great "Quintus Flestrin" of a Registrar, who has not, and in all probability never will, take the trouble to look at them. Look at them or not, that is no fault of the 35,000 Fair Innocents; and if their conscientious returns are but so much waste paper, it is just what all the returns, and the whole costly Census will be very soon, at least as to this matter of age scrutiny. Some I know determined not to sleep at all that fatal night, that they might conscientiously escape; some say they

could not sleep, dreading what is vulgarly called "cold pig," at the hands of an intruding enumerator, because they were told the scrutiny would be very particular.

I am just come to a page (xxxviii) where the great Gulliver philosophises, and is proud of his philosophy. He envies astrologists and alchemists, and thinks his the only philosopher's stone, as he is quite sure that he has found the elixir of life. He boasts that the necromancer was nothing in comparison with him; for the necromancer only professed to bring up the dead, whereas he brings down with a flourish of his pen the living to the dead condition. He proposes himself as the only fortune-teller, beating all to sticks the great Mistress Williams. He will tell you to an hour either when you were or ought to have been born; when you must die of spoon-meat, or live 6 years or upwards by natural suction; when you must marry or must live single, and as the very pith of his philosophy, that if you die young, you certainly will not live to be old. Almanac makers with their conjectures are dead; but Gulliver's Census survives to tell all the world all that all the world ought to know; and with a pride quite beyond his usual modesty, he heads his important announcement of his possible doings thus, "Useful Applications of Real Knowledge." He promises to be the only and true intelligencer, the regulator of life and death, the marrier of children, the director of institutions, and the sole physician to "mitigate the calamities of premature death." Being assured, Eusebius, that you never met with, and probably never heard of, so wonderful a Gulliver, I extract for your use or amusement, according as you may wish to be deceived or laugh (*qui vult decipi decipiat*), this account which he gives of his marvellous self:—

"Without entering into any further or profounder analysis, it is sufficiently evident that the returns open a new field of philosophical inquiry into a subject which has hitherto been treated lightly; and that the fortune-teller may yet share the glory or the shame of the astrologists and the alchemists, whose success was the evidence of undiscovered truth, as well as of their bold rapacity, and of mankind's credulity. The passions and affections of

men are governed by laws as certain as those of the heavenly bodies; but it is not true—as the phenomena are complicated—that the acts of particular individuals can always be predicted; and in discarding this notion we get rid of the vulgar error; but it is true that the acts of numbers of individuals can be predicted with sufficient certainty for practical purposes; for the marriage returns and these enumerations, in conjunction with the Life Table, furnish the means of calculating the chances that a man or woman, young or old, and unmarried, will marry before, in, or after a given year of age—of calculating the probability of remaining a spinster or a bachelor, or of being in the married state at any given age,—the probability of bearing children,—or of being a widower or a widow; and these calculations will serve, not merely to gratify idle curiosity, but to guide the course of men's lives, to regulate the population, to make provisions for children who marry as well as for those who do not marry, and to direct the establishment and conduct of social institutions which may mitigate the calamities of premature death."

Facts are not always facts, Eusebius, there are such things as facts with a difference—facts that a skilful player for mere sport sets up like ninepins, only to be knocked down by the hand of him, the judicious bowler, with a little bowl that he has in his hand, always with a bias, that comes unexpectedly round a corner of the ground, and lays every fact prostrate. Thus this sporting conjuror, having settled the fact that to every one hundred husbands who have married once in a stationary community there would be about 33 widowers, and to every 100 wives 40 widows, adroitly bowls down these facts, husbands and wives, widowers and widows; and sets up anew his ninepins of somewhat different proportions, saying, "Instead of 33 and 40, which are the results of the above hypothesis, the actual proportions are immediately altered by withdrawing from the ranks (that is knocking down by his bias ball) of the married those who have at one time been widowers or widows." This reminds me of an accountant who declared in my presence that he could make a debtor or creditor side appear as he pleased. But what is the use, Eusebius, of all this real or unreal knowledge, this game of ninepins, upon an imaginary popu-

lation? Is it to amuse the world, which he says is younger than it should be—"the population is now younger than it would be by the natural standard"—that he sets up these children's plays, these kind of Cheshire puzzles; these playthings of diagrams and mappings, on which to open his tee-totum? Madame de Stael thought the world was fifteen years of age. Census treats it with toys that would besit it in its infancy. I pointed out to you some of those childish diagrams in my last paper; such as told you how you and your neighbour were approaching each other, dreading a collision; of the silliness of Density and Proximity Games or Tables. In this part I find one scarcely less childish—a map of England coloured over with hieroglyphics, as hats, hose, guns, boots, seems to denote the localities of trades, and other figures for occupations in mines, &c. Whether generally correct or not I care not to examine. I see in one instance an error, coal being marked where I should be extremely happy if any could be found. These sportive maps and diagrams must have cost a great deal of money; but also a great deal of money was to be earned in providing them, and Busybody must roll about his tub to show that as every 1000 of the population would have to pay £5, 4s. 0d. they would not have to pay so much for absolutely nothing; therefore, next to nothing in utility, but a great deal in show, has been turned out of Busybody's tub as it went round. Thus how every body employs himself is discovered. I am only afraid of an after discovery and enumeration of the drones, as some economists please to call them, of society; whom, when such economists become both enumerators and governors in this our land, it may please them to drive out of the hive; but who are, and who are not drones—like the old epigram in troublesome times, "which is the King, and which is the Pretender"—must be left for the statistics of some new commissioners, when universal suffrage and the ballot-box prevail. We may have a glimpse of the matter from the present Census, which, after enumerating the learned professions, gives this important fact to ruminate upon: "The three professions, with their allied and

subordinate members not differing greatly from the average of 37,000 to each, amount to 110,730, and their importance cannot be overrated; yet, in point of mere numbers, they would be outvoted by the tailors of the kingdom." This would verify the old saying, for, in elections for a parliament man, the "nine tailors" would certainly make him.

The three learned professions, as they are usually called, do not very much differ from each other in numbers. "The clergy of the Established Churches (18,587), lawyers (16,763), and the medical men (18,728), differ little from each other in numbers; and, in the aggregate, amount to 54,078." These are the guardians of the public morals, rights, and health. If the question of the Roman satirist be asked, Who shall watch the guardians?—the inquirer may derive some satisfaction in learning, as he may by turning to the lists, that there is a policeman to every three, and a few over. The policemen being 18,318 (a trifle less than the clergy), multiplied by three, they make 55,024. The overplus, 946, being possibly though a proper additional force to keep a look-out upon the higher functionaries of divinity and law; archbishops, bishops, deans and their chapters, lord-chancellors, judges of the several courts, &c. &c.—such jealous politicians as Sir B. Hall will scarcely think the extra number sufficient.

But here, Eusebius, this penman Gulliver of the Census seems to have committed a numerical error—for a statistician strange. It has been seen that in the "Results and Observations" he has put down the clergy of the Established Churches at 18,587, whereas in the tabular list they stand at 17,621, a difference of 966; but I find in Class III. p. cxxviii., "Missionary Scripture Reader, Itinerant Preacher, 965," one short of the number. But as 3 of these 965 are under 20 years of age, they cannot be Clergy of the Established Church; and if meant to make up the number, as in Report, 18,587, by deducting these 3, the amount will be short by 4. Then, again, these 965 do not seem to belong to the *Established Church*, as

they follow the enumeration of Wesleyans.* As the religious portion of the Census was intrusted to a Dissenter, it is not surprising he should make a confusion, in a matter regarding an Established Church. Of the Fourth Class—Poets, Historians, Painters, Sculptors, Musicians, Architects, Natural Philosophers—it is said, "To this class belong the Shakespeares, Humes, Handels, Raphaels, Michael Angelos, Wrens, and Newtons." A satirist may say, "I wish you may get them." They may have belonged to other Censuses, but how belong to this! Gulliver, to magnify present times, pluralises them all and each.

I did not expect to find among the Occupations of the Fifth Class—maternal duties, because maternal and paternal duties, one or other, seem by their nature to be the participation of all classes. But Gulliver Census loves to sweeten his bitter of weariness, and indulges now and then in a little eloquent gossip, as by the wayside of his statistical travel. The duties of wife, therefore, turn up as a capital subject for a glib pen, and entire mental rest, the fatigue of the work being thrown upon the reader. Census also exhibits his easy learning on the occasion, talks of the "Guineontis" and of Roman women, quotes the Greek of St. Paul, and in a matter of so great importance as the boundary or no boundary of female rule over a household, recommends a new translation of the Greek word *οικονομία*, and thereby a positive female *despotism*, if he had put it down in plain Eng-

lish as I have done. The Rights of Women Society might, with infinite thanks, have adopted him into their guild. They will not, however, owe him an obligation for reminding them of Penelope and her spinning maids in blank verse, or in vulgar prose of "washing, cooking, cleansing, nursing, teaching, and other offices," or, as they would deem, impositions of slavery.

I will not attempt to go through the Tables of Occupations. You would be astonished, Eusebius, to see what multitudes of trades there are you never thought of. What a comfort to the prosperous to rejoice in the idea that among so many there will be sure to be berths for their poor relations. Certain practitioners in the medical line will not thank him for his classifying them among "empirics." "Empirics of various kinds—worm doctors, homœopathic professors, herb doctors, and hydropathic practitioners, figure in the subclass to a small extent."

In what class should he have placed statisticians?

You will think a chapter of some length on "The Birthplace of the People" more curious than useful. Census professes the tables to be interesting, which is at least a useful epithet, offering the largest possible latitude to classifiers. "These tables are interesting, as they show the composition of the town and other communities; the intimate blending of people together who were born in town and country; the concentration of people in every county, and almost

* A statistician has no business to take his readers into a labyrinth of error without affording them a clue to get out of it. Essential things at least ought to be patent, and not put into a foot-note. I had long puzzled over the figures in the text, when I find such a note of explanation:—

Clergy of Church of England,	17,320
Channel Islands,	147
Scotland,	1,120

18,587

At the same time, reference being made to Summary Table xxviii. page ccxi., which, to my surprise, I find to be a Table of the Occupations of Women!

On turning to the tables in which the professions are classified, for confirmation of these numbers, I find—

Clergy of Established Churches in Great Britain and Islands, 17,621 being a deficiency of 966. Of this discrepancy, after much search, I find the explanation in another foot-note, which states that the Clergy of the Established Church in Scotland are, in the tables, not treated as such, but are classed as "Protestant Ministers."

in every district, who were born in other counties, as well as in other countries; and the migration that is constantly going on, and was directed in the last ten years, chiefly from the country to the towns, from Ireland to Scotland and to England, and from the United Kingdom to Canada, the United States, and Australia." The advantages or disadvantages of emigration from the mother country, as affecting the interests of the nation at large, must depend upon the character of the emigrants. Labour and industry are capital: in encouraging or forcing its emigration surely we impoverish the nation. The land, if cultivated to its utmost, would require all these departing hands. Independently of *what* they take out, in going, they remove wealth from the community. This is shown by transfer from one place to another, thus in the statistics—"So that 4521 of the youth of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex leave their native counties every year, to reap elsewhere the fruits of the education, skill, and vigour which they have derived at great expense from their parents at home." To this the following note is appended: "The present value of the future earnings of an agricultural labourer in Norfolk is about £482, at the age of 20—the present value of his subsistence at that age is £248; leaving £234 as the net value of his services. Consequently, the 4521 emigrants of this class carry away a large amount of capital which they have acquired in their native counties." This view applies also to emigration to other countries.

Is a free circulation of the people, like a free circulation of its coin, an increase of its wealth? It is a question beyond me. The modern facilities of removal from place to place must in many ways affect the population. The Physiognomical character will not remain as now, or formerly rather, fixed in several localities.

Mr De Quincey, who keenly observes and deeply thinks, makes these remarks:—

"The character of face varies essentially in different provinces. Wales has no connection in this respect with Devonshire, nor Kent with Yorkshire, nor either with Westmoreland. England, it

is true, tends beyond all known examples to a general amalgamation of differences, by means of its unrivalled freedom of intercourse. Yet, even in England, law and necessity have opposed as yet such and so many obstacles to the free diffusion of labour, that every generation occupies, by at least five sixths of its numbers, the ground of its ancestors.

"The moveable part of a population is chiefly the higher part; and it is the lower classes that, in every nation, compose the *fundus*, in which lies latent the national face, as well as the national character. Each exists here in racy purity and integrity, not disturbed in the one by alien intermarriages, nor in the other by novelties of opinion, or other casual effects, derived from education and reading. Now, look into this *fundus*, and you will find, in many districts, no such prevalence of the round orbicular face, as some people erroneously suppose: and in Westmoreland, especially, the ancient long face of the Elizabethan period, powerfully resembling in all its lineaments the ancient Roman face, and often (though not so uniformly) the face of northern Italy in modern times."—*Autobiographic Sketches by De Quincey*, p. 246.

Family portraits of past generations—taken at a time when there was little travelling to and fro, and a "journey to London" was an epoch in a life, and, if the incident in *Tristram Shandy* be borrowed from known facts, was a stipulation inserted in marriage settlements—family portraits, I say, of those days show very remarkable local likenesses. Races were preserved, and county differed from county physiognomically, as in character of soil and climate. Whether the more large intermixture, which modern habits of travel and removal are producing, will be beneficial to the health, strength, and beauty of the race as a whole, or whether for other reasons it be or be not desirable, are questions for philosophy to determine. If we may form an opinion from the physiognomy of the people in the parts of England that receive large supplies to their population from Wales and Ireland, personal appearances are likely to be much improved. It may be asked, also, if a moral improvement is evident. The ties of unchanging families, the attachment to local homes, if they do not sharpen the intellect,

greatly cultivate close affections and sympathies; and these home attachments centralise in the human breast that love of country, which is weakened by being dissipated in a larger area. In small circles every individual is known. The consciousness of his responsibility to a neighbourhood is felt, and this is a moral sense. The farther a man goes, and the more frequently, the sooner he is apt to consider himself a citizen of the world: while trade and merchandise, the occupations of most people, encourage the ubiquitous idea. Ubiquitous persons acquire a sharpness, a cleverness; a "vagabond" is seldom a fool, a "vagrant" is but another name for a knave in our common vocabulary. Of local physiognomy and person, there is an amusing illustration in lithographic print. It is in a very pleasant and useful little book, *The Greatest Plague of Life*, on the relative behaviour to each other of servants and mistresses. The print exhibits a female servant who comes to be hired. No one who knows the peculiar race could doubt for a moment that the woman comes from the county Cork. But, doubting if her native country would be quite acceptable, you see at a glance how her mouth is made up, and a twirl of the brogue is on it to say, what she is made to say, that she comes "from Cor-r-n-wall." The writer of this portion of the Census Report is of opinion, that a great change will take place with regard to the birthplaces of the British population. Sanitary improvements may cause that many cities and towns will keep up their population; but I think that, while writing the following passage, he must have forgotten altogether his statistics regarding the young population of Manchester, and the life-duration of six years: "Hitherto the population has migrated from the high or the comparatively healthy ground of the country to the cities and seaport towns, in which few families have lived for two generations. But it is evident that henceforward the great cities will not be like camps—or the fields on which the people of other places exercise their energies and industry—but the birthplaces of a large part of the British races." The former portion

of this passage seems to contradict a common saying in Somersetshire, which you have often heard, Eusebius, that those of the hills who marry into the low vales seldom live long, and vice versa, of the natives of the vales thus migrating to the hills. There is a universal sense, whether it be prejudice, instinct, or reason, that proclaims the value of "native air." The sick seek it for the restoration of health, even though it be less pure than that they are leaving. A change of air from home is a temporary, not a permanent benefit; the best change after a time is that which takes back the patient. Such removals are more often for change of scene, and home vexations, than for another air than the patient's own native. I remember many years ago an old man in his hundredth year being induced by a daughter, under the notion of change of air, to come from the hills of Monmouthshire, where he was born, and from which he had never migrated, to visit Bristol. I saw him as soon as he arrived; he was hale; certainly, he fixed his abode in not the cleanest or most airy locality. As well as I remember, he did not live a week there. Old people can ill bear changes of localities or habits. It is a well-known story of the very old man who was, out of an ill-timed compassion, taken from breaking stones in the road, and transferred to better living and no work. He died at once. He knew his work was done—his work, such as it was, and such as his mind was, was his mind's vital motion, as it was his bodily habit. The circulation stopped both in body and mind: it killed him.

There is something very childish in Table to show the tendency of the inhabitants of every county "to go to London." A mechanic might make a child's toy of it, as a Roundabout, with its horses bridled, and carriages ticketed, "To London," "To York," &c., &c.

I am glad, Eusebius, after this, to come to something really useful, because it is of a benevolent kind; and that will, I am sure, cover some out of the multitude of sins of impetinent statistics. It is, of "the blind and the deaf and dumb." The remedy be little reason to doubt individual char-

ities—but such statistics may be the means of directing more earnestly the zeal of the Home Department of the Government, to provide ample means for the alleviation of the unhappy condition of the blind and the deaf and dumb. The blind are to the population of Great Britain and the British Islands as 1 in 975. The deaf and dumb are to the same population as 1 in 1670. This is curious. “Looking at the distribution of the deaf and dumb over the face of Great Britain, we find them to be more common in the agricultural and pastoral districts, especially where the country is hilly, than in those containing a large amount of town population.” You will observe here that deafness is united with dumbness. The reason is evident; deafness is generally of degree, and so is subject to remedial or alleviating appliances; nor in extreme cases does it cut off communication of the individual with his fellows, and it is not unfrequently only a pretence. Sturdy beggars sometimes make a pretence of both calamities. My father told me that near his own door he once saw a beggar with a paper on his hat, “Deaf and Dumb.” A friend coming by, my Father called upon him for compassion. The friend was suspicious, and said, “Deaf and Dumb! I don’t believe a word of it. Show me your tongue.” By the sudden and peremptory demand, the impostor was confounded, and instantly put out his tongue. This account of an imposture will have no tendency to stay charities, because they are best bestowed upon institutions. To be born deaf is to be born dumb. There is a most curious case of partial dumbness, so vouched for by many most respectable witnesses, and beyond suspicion, whom I have myself known, and who have narrated it to me, that, account for it how you will, it must be difficult to doubt the fact. It is told in Phelps’ *History of Somersetshire*.

The wife of a farmer near Glastonbury having brought him three daughters, in his disappointment at having no son, he vowed that if another daughter should be born, he would never speak to her. A son was born, but in him the curse of the vow, as it may be well called, was literally

realised by a transfer of partial dumbness. The son up to thirty years of age, the duration of his father’s life, never spoke to him—nor could he speak to any male. At his father’s death, this curse was loosened from his tongue. To the astonishment of all, he could from that day address males and females, like other people. I believe this anecdote may also be found in the *Lancet* of 1831. Of course it will be accounted for as coming under the phenomena of nervous affections: some will put another construction upon it. “Public Institutions—Inmates of workhouses, prisons, lunatic asylums, and hospitals,” make up another valuable chapter in the Census. Of prisons, it is said for the honour of the fair sex, that they are but a small proportion of the inmates. “The total number of persons in the different prisons, bridewells, convict depôts, and hulks in Great Britain, on the 31st March 1851, was 26,855—22,451 males, and 4,404 females.” Before, however, the country can have just cause for congratulation upon this subject, it ought to know how many villains, scoundrels, and thieves are roaming or lurking about the land who *ought* to be in prison. This is a matter worthy the attention of statisticians. But there seems to be a wonderful sparing of rogues. It was but the other day that I read of a case at one of our police-offices, which exemplifies this unseemly sparing. A gentleman had complained of the total stripping of the leaves off certain of his trees by juvenile offenders. It turned out that they were employed by adulterators of tea. The magistrate threatened that, upon a repetition of the offence, he would publish the names of the employers—why did he not then do it?

I wrote to you in my last but slightly of the Malthusian doctrine of the law of population. Its selfishness was shocking—so shocking, indeed, as to lead many minds to doubt the benevolence of the Creator as the Giver of food, and Maker of his creatures. I rejoice to find that the truth which is in Malthus’s doctrine has been sifted from the false. The refutation shows how one error in a principle, which comprehends, as in this case of food and population, two elements,

destroys its essential character. Malthus left out one element, that which arises out of the nature of man—man's industry—by which omission he rendered his theory a theory of cruelty and selfishness, and unacceptable, nay, odious, to the thinking and feeling portion of mankind. I quote with pleasure the better exposition of that law by Sir James Steuart, as given in the Census Report, wherein is also a full statement regarding Malthus and his doctrine:—

"All that is peculiar in this doctrine, all that is erroneous, and all that has shocked the public opinion of the country, ever since its enunciation, flows from a flagrant oversight, which might be pardoned in a young, hasty controversialist, but should assuredly have been at once taken into account when it was discovered in the light of Sir James Steuart's original analytical work that had been first published in 1767. Malthusianism had, however, become a sect; had been persecuted, and was modified and softened, but still upheld by its disciples.

"Sir James Steuart, who wrote before Adam Smith, lays down the fundamental principle of Malthus, but limits it by a preceding, overruling proposition. (1.) We find, he says, the *productions of all countries*, generally speaking, in proportion to the number of their inhabitants; and (2), on the other hand (as Malthus asserts), the *inhabitants are most commonly in proportion to the food*. Steuart then shows that the food of the world may be divided into two portions: (A.) the natural produce of the earth; and (B.) the portion which is created by human industry. (A.) corresponds to the food of animals, and is the limit to the number of savages. (B.) is the product of industry, and *increases* (all other things being equal) in proportion to the numbers of civilised men.

"The whole of the chapter on Population in Steuart's work should be consulted. Malthus, it will be observed, loses sight of his analysis, and throughout his work confounds the yield of the untitled earth with the *produce of human industry*; which increases at least as rapidly as the numbers of civilised men, and will increase until the re-

sources of science are exhausted, and the world is peopled."

And now, Eusebius, I bring my long letter to a close. If I have thrown some ridicule upon the Census, and laughed at some of its childish work, and shown myself rather suspicious of a public Busybody, and, like most people, have a general dislike to being too closely questioned, and being made up, as it were, into a parcel or a kind of railway package on its way to London, with a ticket plastered on my back, while the inside shall contain an inventory of all my goods and chattels, and a narrative of all my minutest concerns, the destination of all which parcel of myself is some pigeon-hole in a metropolitan office—and for what purport, it is past the wit of man to divine, but every man's wit may suspect to be particularly mischievous to him—although I say I have, and think most people have an antipathy to these doings of a public Busybody, I am not insensible to the utility of a census *properly directed*. Surely the whole people have cause to dread the encroachments of Questioners; and it has been shown how, since 1801, our statisticians have encroached upon the Englishman's home, his "castle"—perhaps, for aught we know, undermining it while he is fast asleep. That Table of Proximity and Density is enough to make a nervous man try hourly the extent of his elbow-room, to dream of a stream of population rushing in upon him, or dropping down upon him to crush him, or like wolves to devour him, in a land where population may be increasing, and food decreasing. We are all, Eusebius, nervous about something or other, and should prefer being let alone; but do not suspect me on account of the last sentence to be a Malthusian. It must be a wholesome maxim for a nation to follow, to obey the command "Increase and multiply," and trust in Him who made us, that he will bountifully supply food for all.

Dear EUSEBIUS,
Vive Valeque.

THE SECRET AGENT.

THE tales and spirited military sketches of Mr. F. W. Hackländer, which in Germany have met with a highly favourable reception, are pretty well known in England, not only to readers of German, but some of them, if we mistake not, through the medium of translations. But we are not aware that Mr. Hackländer's fame as a dramatist has as yet crossed the water. The author of *Guardroom Adventures*, *Soldier's Life in Peacetime*, and other pleasant volumes, has written two plays, the earliest of which is now before us. We have not had an opportunity of seeing it acted, but it is extremely amusing to read, and must be still more so upon the stage. The leading idea of the piece, upon which the whole plot hinges, is excellent; and Mr. Hackländer, although he may not have made of it all that would have been made had it occurred to a Scribe—deserves great credit for the manner in which he has worked it out. We miss the wit and sparkle that a French dramatist would have thrown into the dialogue, and to which the French language is more favourable than the German; it occurs to us more than once, in the course of the five acts, that the play would have been more effective (and quite long enough) in three: but we admire and heartily laugh at the capital situations and *quid pro quos* in which it abounds. From an early period of the piece there is little difficulty in foreseeing how it will end; its author has not aimed at startling his audience by an unexpected catastrophe, but has preferred tickling them by a succession of ludicrous complications, for which he cleverly keeps them unprepared. Throughout the play the spectator is, in one sense, behind the scenes. He is in the confidence of the two lovers, who combine to mystify an imperious and ambitious dowager and a set of time-serving minis-

ters and courtiers, more bent on keeping their places than on doing their duty to their sovereign. The harmless and ingenious contrivances by which the duke and his pretty cousin outwit and frighten with a shadow the experienced prime-minister and the court chamberlain of thirty years' standing, are all exposed to the amused eyes of the audience as soon as they are put in practice. The play is one of intrigue, not of mystery, and little is left to conjecture; but the interest is sustained to the very end, and would be still more vivid and incessant if some of the scenes were shortened and the three-act form adopted.

The sovereign of a German state has been for many years dead, and his son sits in his place, but can hardly be said to reign in his stead. During Duke Alfred's long minority, and during an extensive tour he subsequently made, the dowager duchess held the reins of state. On his return she reluctantly resigned to him the name of ruler and the appearance of authority—but she resigned to him no more. He was told how discontented the people would be to see a change in the system that had so long existed; in fact, that they would never submit to it, and that it would be perilous to attempt it. The ministers, who had served long under the deceased duke and during the whole of the regency of the duchess, were devoted to her. Duke Alfred, young and inexperienced, fell into the snare; and when, after a time, he perceived that he was a mere puppet, and that, far from being devotedly attached to his mother's system, the people murmured at his inactivity, and looked to him for the redress of many abuses that had crept in under a government blindly attached to old and time-worn institutions, it had become doubly difficult for him to regain the ground he at first had too easily ceded.

Der Geheime Agent, Lustspiel in fünf Aufzügen. Von F. W. HACKLÄNDER.
(The Secret Agent, a Comedy, in five acts.) Stuttgart, Krabbe; London, Williams and Norgate, 1851.

The least attempt of his at independent action, the slightest indication of an intention to govern his own duchy, or even his own palace, was a signal for intrigues to thwart him—for most respectful but ominous remonstrances on the part of the elderly ministers, to whom, from his infancy, he had been taught to look up as his father's wise and faithful advisers and truest friends—and for a display of shattered nerves on the part of his mother, a stout, resolute, loud-voiced old lady, who enjoyed the health of a milkmaid, but whose voice dwindled and grew tremulous, and who could hardly cross the room without assistance, as soon as her son showed a disposition to have a way of his own. Thus beset and cramped, the unlucky duke, nominally regnant, but far from dominant, knew not how to break the meshes that environed him. He was a cipher at his own court; the ministers assembled in council in his mother's apartments; the most important decisions were come to without his being consulted; in smaller matters, too, he met with systematic opposition, for it was feared that, if he once tasted the sweets of a little power, he might grow greedy and grasp at more. Young, generous, and loving to see cheerful faces around him, he gave orders that his palace-gardens should be open to the public, and that the band of his regiment of body-guards should play there on Sundays, and he himself took pleasure in walking amongst the people. The premier, Count Steinhäusen, held this for a dangerous innovation, because it had been made on the duke's sole authority. Had he been first consulted, he confidentially informed his old friend and particular crony, the Grand Chamberlain, he should have found it the most fitting and natural thing in the world to afford the people so innocent a recreation. But, done without his previous approbation, he looked upon the opening of the gardens as improper, upon the playing of the band as a desecration of the Sabbath. He would have done better to have left his sovereign at liberty to act as he pleased, at least within his own private domain. His persistent remonstrances exasperated

the duke. They were supported by the duchess, whose feeble nerves could not endure the noise of the music and the coarse merriment of the crowd. Her son yielded, but not until he had made up his mind to put an end to the sort of slavery in which he lived. Attached to his mother, notwithstanding her unwarrantable interference with his prerogative, and having a regard for his father's old ministers, in spite of the scanty obedience they showed him, he was unwilling, and it would have been unwise, abruptly to assume towards them an attitude of defiant opposition. But he was deficient neither in good sense, in resolution, nor in wit, and he soon formed a plan of his own by which he trusted peaceably to attain his end. The minister's unwise meddling with his gardens had been the last pound, which breaks the camel's back, and had exhausted the young prince's patience. He is confirmed in his resolve by a revelation made to him by his cousin, his mother's niece, the Princess Eugenie, to whom he is ardently, but secretly attached. She informs him that negotiations are already in progress for his marriage with a princess of Brunswick. On learning this, he loses all patience, and vows at once to show that he is master, not only of himself, but in his own dominions. Eugenie implores him to be prudent, reminding him that an abrupt and violent step must draw down upon them the anger of the duchess, to whom their mutual attachment is unknown. He entreats her to advise him. In the remainder of the scene, the main idea of the play is developed.

Eugenie. Every step that you take contrary to the decision of your ministers is unfortunately, as things now stand, taken also against your mother. You cannot at once openly step forward and oppose them. You have lived too carelessly. You took the crown as a plaything, and through the inspirations of others, you have hitherto worn it as a plaything. They have outwitted you; they have made you believe that your government could prosper and yourself be beloved by your people, only so long as you left the guidance of affairs to your mother, and blindly followed her advice. Be-

lieve me, any violent measure will be imputed to you, who are little known to your subjects, as criminal presumption, and will be interpreted as a wanton desire to destroy all that the Duchess has done for the good of the country.

Duke. I will begin by appointing a new ministry, composed of younger men, popular, and with good intentions. I will say to them, give me your advice, guide me on this difficult path until I am able steadily to pursue it.

Eugenie. You will not succeed, Prince. Who will accept a minister's portfolio without your mother's sanction? Supposing you really were able to remove the old ministers, what alteration would that make in your position? Oh that you had but one friend, who would stand by you firmly and decidedly!

Duke. Alas, for such a friend to serve me, must he not himself first gain the confidence of the country—must he not first work himself through the labyrinth of intrigues that on all sides surrounds me? And where is a friend to be found? How seldom have princes true friends; and a false friend, in whom I should entirely confide, were far worse than none. Did there really exist a hand so powerful as to wrest the government from its present possessors, we must bear in mind that power is pleasant to exercise, and the hand might perhaps choose to retain what it once had grasped.

Eugenie. But what other expedient is there?

Duke. I have hit upon one, and should like to have your opinion of it. Listen to me. Whether I admit into my counsels a foreigner or one of my subjects, it will be of no avail; he will have his weaknesses—they will know how to take advantage of them, and I shall be only the more closely beset by snares. I will govern, but with the aid of a secret agent entirely devoted to me, impenetrable to corruption, invisible to all, known to me alone.

Eugenie. And where is such a treasure to be found?

Duke. Not amongst the living; but our fancy shall create it. I will take an opportunity of mentioning, that a person whom I have known upon my

travels is coming to pass some time in this capital. I will add, that he is one of the cleverest, most accomplished, and yet one of the most modest of men, and that he is to act as my counsellor and friend. But as I know how many would strive to convert him into the tool of their own ambition and intrigues, it is my will that he shall be invisible for the whole court.

Eugenie. Ah, I understand your Highness—an excellent idea! You thus create for yourself an unseen power—the more dreaded because invisible and inaccessible to all. The mere belief in the existence of such a being will spread alarm and distrust in the ranks of your foes. They will lose all feeling of security so soon as they believe themselves under the eye of an invisible observer.

Duke. Yes, I feel that to be the only means of conquering my rightful position.

The Secret Agent is now soon brought into play. In the next scene the Duke announces to his mother his friend's approaching arrival. She is startled at the idea of a stranger appearing at court as her son's most intimate and trusted companion—as a favourite, in fact. He will not appear at court, the Duke replies: he is not a man of high family—he loves not much society, is of studious habits, and somewhat of a man-hater. But he is most honourable and intelligent, and has rendered the Duke great services. The Duchess still objects. We must tell people, she says, who the young man is, and what he does at our court.

Duke. Certainly; we can say that he attends to some private foreign affairs of mine, and is in connection with the neighbouring courts. I call him my secret agent.

Duchess. But that designation?

Duke. Is, for the court, but a name; but for me, he really is a secret agent. I will soon prove to you that he is a man who has good information. To-day, for instance, he writes me from Brunswick—

Duchess. From the court of Brunswick?

Duke. (nods.) He writes me a charming piece of news. You know the Princess Amelia?

Duchess. (astonished.) Yes, certainly, and—

Duke. My Secret Agent writes to me concerning her, and mentions, amongst other things, that there is a project at our court to bring about a marriage between the Princess and myself.

Duchess. Who writes that?

Duke. My Secret Agent. Mother, mother, is it possible there is any truth in it? Have they been again manœuvring, without my knowledge, things that so nearly concern me?

Duchess. Not so, my son. I confess to you that the idea had occurred to me, and I was on the point of speaking to you of it.

Duke. Oh, indeed!

Duchess. I consider it time to think about a suitable alliance for you.

Duke. Certainly; and what they write to me concerning the Princess Amelia—

Duchess. Who writes?

Duke. My Secret Agent;—might well dispose me at once to coincide in such a project. He represents her as a very charming person; young, handsome, witty, and amiable. Really I might do much worse than ally myself with the court of Brunswick.

Duchess. Your Secret Agent writes the truth. (*Aside*) He is perhaps sent from Brunswick. (*Aloud*) I thank you heartily, my dear son, for the words you have just spoken. They make me very happy. The good sense and readiness with which you enter into my dearest wish, are alone able to sustain my failing health and feeble nerves.

Duke. Grant yourself a little repose. You seem fatigued. We can talk about these things some other time.

Count Steinhausen has evil forebodings on learning from the Duchess that her son expects an old friend who enjoys his confidence, is to remain unseen by all, and has heralded his arrival by the communication to the Duke of so important a state secret as the projected alliance with the house of Brunswick. But he flatters himself he shall soon discover the name and proceedings of the mysterious personage. That afternoon, when the court are assembled and awaiting the dinner hour, George, the Duke's gentleman of the chamber, who has long been dissatisfied to find that he enjoys less influence than the last of

the Duchess's ladies, and on whose fidelity and discretion the Duke knows he can depend, enters and makes a communication to the Chamberlain, who, in his turn, announces to the Duke, with an air of great astonishment, that his Highness's Secret Agent has just arrived. The Duke immediately retires to his private apartments to receive the mysterious stranger, leaving the court, and especially the Premier and the Grand Chamberlain, puzzled, anxious, and with an unpleasant presentiment. And the first act concludes.

In the second act the Secret Agent is in full activity. In the first scene the Grand Chamberlain soliloquises his uneasiness. He has in vain endeavoured to find out something about the Duke's new friend: all his wily offers of service, of apartments, carriage, horses, &c., have been declined; during the whole of his thirty years' service at court he has found no knot so difficult to untie, no secret so impenetrable to his acuteness. He and Count Steinhausen lay their heads together, but the sole result is an agreement to support each other staunchly against the redoubtable and invisible influence. Incidents soon occur to augment their alarm. His Highness, it is presently announced by George, will not require the usual morning report. He will know, without that, what is going on. The ministers can assemble, as usual, in the Duchess's apartments. Is his Highness unwell? Count Steinhausen inquires. Not in the least, on the contrary, in perfect health and spirits, and at that moment transacting business in his cabinet with—his Secret Agent. The Count's alarm is doubled. Hitherto the Duke has always been so eager to know all that went on, so displeased when he thought anything was kept from him, and now—the change is great indeed, and bodes no good. Steinhausen bids the *valet-de-chambre* announce him to the Duke, as particularly desiring an audience. This is granted, and the minister craves permission to present to his Highness his nephew, Count Oscar, on his return from his travels.

Duke. Ah! I remember him well. He is a little younger than I am; an agreeable young man and a good

rider. I shall be glad to see him. (*Count Steinhausen bows low.*) He will remain here some time, I hope.

Count, (coughs and looks cautiously around him.) Your Highness will perhaps permit me to make to you a confidential communication with regard to my nephew.

Duke, (smiling.) A confidential communication—to me? A real secret, known perhaps, as yet, to none but to my mother and to you? No, no; I am not curious, nor care to be intrusted with such important matters.

Count. But it is a matter that concerns your Highness's house, and which will probably not be communicated to you for some days by her Highness the Duchess.

Duke. Indeed! Well, I can wait.—Or what should you say, my dear Count, if I already knew something of your secret?

Count, (astomished.) Of the most gracious intention—?

Duke. Of my mother with respect to—

Count. The marriage of my nephew with—

Duke. Exactly so.

Count. With the Princess Eugenie?

Duke, (aside.) What! (*Collects himself, aloud.*) She has for some time thought of marrying the Princess, and as regards your nephew—

Count. Your Highness was fully informed of the project?

Duke. Certainly.

Count. By her Highness the Duchess?

Duke. No; by my Secret Agent.

Count, (aside.) The devil! He is well informed. The subject was broached this morning for the first time.

Duke, (glancing over a newspaper.) Is that all you have to say, Count? You see that your secrets are to-day valueless for me. I know them already.

Count. Yes, your Highness, and I am quite astonished—confounded.

Duke. It certainly is a pity, my dear Count, that you should have waited to be frank with me, until the very day when your frankness is of no avail, since, as you perceive, I am informed of everything.

Count. Of everything?

Duke. By my Secret Agent.

Count, (after a little struggle with himself.) True it is, your Highness, that I have constantly reproached myself and regretted that we were not permitted to inform you of everything that passed, as it certainly is my duty to inform you. But your Highness is aware of the ardent wish of her Highness the Duchess—

Duke. Yes, yes!

Count. To work secretly for your Highness's good—so that it was impossible for us—

Duke. Enough of apologies, my good Count! What is done cannot be undone, and for the future—

Count. I am fully resolved to observe only the interests of my most gracious master.

Duke. Why so? That would cause you unpleasantness with my lady mother. I now know everything that you could possibly communicate to me.

Count. Everything, your Highness!

Duke. Everything, Count Steinhausen.

Count, (takes a paper from his portfolio.) Not excepting the contents of this despatch to the court of Bavaria?

Duke, (rejects the paper by a motion of his hand.) Doubtless that also, and if not, I am sure to learn it to-day in a manner less compromising for you. (*The Count gazes hard at the Duke.*) Through my Secret Agent. (*Gravely.*) Yes, my dear Count, the time is gone by when a communication of that kind from you, which it certainly is quite your duty to make to me, might have been reckoned as a service rendered.

Count, (wipes the perspiration from his forehead.) I am in despair, your Highness! But since you are acquainted with the contents of this paper, suffer me to beg that you will be graciously pleased to favour me with your opinion of them, that I may be able to act conformably with your Highness's wishes and interests.

Duke, (takes the paper and glances over it, represses a movement of surprise and displeasure, and speaks in a firm and decided tone.) I knew of this affair. I shall give my opinion of it to my mother, but will not mention that I have heard of it from you. (*With a forced smile.*) Go and make

your report; you might compromise yourself by remaining too long alone with the reigning Duke.

Count, (going out.) This agent is a demon, and deals in the black art.

Duke, (rings. To the servant who enters.) My hat, my sword!—I must take a turn in the park; my heart is too full; I want fresh air. Intrigues without end! So to manœuvre behind my back, to settle the most important affairs without saying a word of them to me! *(At the door he meets the Princess, and returns with her into the apartment.)* Ah, Eugenie, I am rejoiced to see you for a moment alone! In two words our plan perfectly succeeds. My Secret Agent is already one of the most dreaded personages at the court. All think themselves observed by him, no man trusts another—hardly trusts himself—and our most dangerous foes hasten to confide to us their secrets.

Some amusing scenes follow this one. All the principal personages of the piece, namely the Duke, the Duchess, Eugenie, Count Steinhausen, his nephew, and the Grand Chamberlain, are assembled in the saloon in which the whole action of the comedy passes (the scene is not once changed) when the Duke is observed to be looking attentively out of the window into the park. The obsequious courtiers make remarks to him on the beauty of the scenery, on the advantageous point of view, on the good effect of a new ornamental summer-house, on the splendour of a gigantic flowering aloe. The Duke allows them to see that it is none of these things that fix his attention, and their curiosity becomes excited. "I think," he at last carelessly remarks, "that, if I was not mistaken I saw my Secret Agent pass yonder, through the great alley, leading to the basin." He then leaves the apartment, and forthwith Count Steinhausen sends his nephew to seek the Duke's mysterious counsellor, whilst the Chamberlain hurries away, also bent upon making his acquaintance. Whilst the two courtiers are thus employed, a scene takes place between the Duke and his mother. The former intimates to the Duchess that he is disposed to concern himself more than has been his wont in state affairs, which are often closely connected with his own private affairs.

He refers to the question of his marriage with the Princess of Brunswick, as one concerning him alone, and on which he alone will decide: takes his mother to task for disposing of Eugenie's hand without consulting him, the chief of the house; and finally comes to the treaty with Bavaria, the particulars of which he had so cleverly extracted from Count Steinhausen, and with reference to which, he says, he has thought it his duty to send private instructions to his ambassador at that court. The Duchess is astounded at the extent of his information, forgets her nerves, gets angry, and inveighs in good round terms against the wretched spy, the Secret Agent, from whom her son invariably assures her that he has learned the things which she had thought to keep from him. After an interview with Count Steinhausen, she makes up her mind to leave the capital for a country villa of her own. The palace she finds unbearable since the arrival of the intriguing stranger whom none can discover, but who discovers everybody's secrets. The Count is alarmed at the idea of being left to bear the brunt of the Duke's displeasure, which he feels he has deserved. He is mistaken, the Duchess informs him. She is going to pass a part of the summer at her villa of Caserta, in order to escape from a residence where the ground is mined under her feet by an inscrutable opponent. Her son may remain with his Secret Agent; the ministers are invited to accompany her. She desires the Grand Chamberlain to have her carriages immediately prepared; the Princess will go with her; her ladies can follow the next morning. In half an hour, the prompt and imperative dame requires her carriages to be ready at the garden gate. The Chamberlain is confounded by the suddenness and rapidity of the move. The Duke, he observes, does not appear to intend quitting the capital, for he is out shooting. So much the better, says the Duchess to herself, and goes into her apartments to give directions concerning the journey. Count Steinhausen, left alone, paces the stage in much perturbation.

Count. This goes too far, and, on duly weighing the matter, it is not in accordance with my duty to his High-

ness. But what shall I do? The Duchess is roused, I know the strength of her will; there will be no turning her from this decision. If the Duke were only here! So fine an opportunity to display myself as his most faithful servant will hardly again occur; but then it is impossible to refuse obedience to the Duchess. Hitherto all orders have emanated from her, it were rebellion against the highest authority. (*He walks up and down.*) Stop!—that may do! That way it is possible. Yes, yes, I preserve the Duchess from a rash step, and the Duke will thank me for it.

(*The Grand Chamberlain enters.*)

Chamberlain.—The carriages are ready; but I entreat your Excellency to give me something in writing, to justify me in case of need. My head swims. Castle, corridors, staircase, carriages, everything seems turning round with me.

Count, (gravely.) My dear Lord Chamberlain, we are in a very important crisis. You must not accompany the Duchess, I fear.

Chamberlain. My disgrace—my inattention yesterday at table.

Count. Possibly. It is not long since I told you that events would here come to pass, whose force we should be able to resist only by sticking firmly together.

Chamberlain, (grasps his arm.) You see how I cling to you.

Count. Good! Stand by me steadily. I know your presence of mind.

Chamberlain. My God! What must I do?

Count. Not much; merely announce to the Duchess that the carriages are ready, and then, looking at me with an air of embarrassment, you will add; But!—

Chamberlain, (looking very much embarrassed.) But!

Count. But!—Your face is really capital!—

(*Enter the Duchess and the Princess.*)

Duchess. We are ready. Now, gentlemen,—what is the matter? Count Steinhausen, how thoughtful you look!—and you, my Lord Chamberlain, what has occurred so to discompose you?

Chamberlain, (looking dreadfully confused.) But!—

Count. (aside to him.) Not yet!

Duchess. Now my Lord Chamberlain, have you attended to my commands?

Chamberlain. Your Highness's orders have been exactly fulfilled, the carriages are ready, but—(*he looks at the Count.*) But—

Duchess. But what, my Lord?

Count. Speak out, inform her Highness of what you have heard!

(*Chamberlain, in the utmost embarrassment, shrugs his shoulders.*)

Duchess. Am I at last to know what this means?

Count. My Lord Chamberlain is quite beside himself—it is indeed a very strange circumstance—word has been brought from the guardhouse that the strictest orders have been given to allow no carriage whatsoever to leave the palace this evening.

Duchess. No carriage to leave the palace?

Count. That was the order, was it not so, my Lord?

Chamberlain, (who looks with profound astonishment at the Count, in a lamentable tone.) Yes, that was the order.

Duchess. And from whom did that order proceed?

Count. From his Highness the Duke.

Duchess. (to the Chamberlain.) From the Duke?

Chamberlain. From his Highness the Duke.

Duchess. And who brought the order?

Count. The Secret Agent.

Duchess. What is this I hear, my Lord Chamberlain, who brought the order?

Chamberlain. (drawing a deep breath.) The Secret Agent.

Duchess. (with an air of resignation.) Tis well, my Lords; my journey is postponed until to-morrow morning.

The Duke is somewhat astonished to find that his Secret Agent has been acting independently; but on learning from George—who since the arrival of the mysterious counsellor has found his importance increase, and is noticed by the Duchess's ladies—his mother's proposed escapade, he presently guesses that it is Count Steinhausen, whose carriage just then dives into the court

who has invented an order to prevent her departure. He gives instructions to his valet, and withdraws into his cabinet in time to avoid the Count. One of the first things Steinhausen learns from George, who skilfully seconds his master's schemes, is, that at breakfast that morning the Secret Agent has made a complaint of him, for having given an order in his name. The Count, who is perfectly terrified at this prompt discovery of an act he had taken every precaution to conceal, endeavours to induce George to obtain him an interview with the mysterious stranger, makes great promises, and at last obtains from the valet the assurance that he will do his best. Left alone, the puzzled Steinhausen reverts to the discovery of his having given the order that detained the Duchess, and asks himself how it can have been made. His suspicions at last rest upon the Grand Chamberlain, the only person, he thinks, who can possibly have betrayed him. The chief officer of the court believes himself in disfavour with the Duchess, in consequence of a recent slight piece of negligence on his part, and doubtless he is trying to gain favour with the Duke by betraying the ally whom he had recently promised to stand by to the last. The Duke's plan is succeeding even beyond his expectations; mistrust and discord already spring up amongst his opponents.

When Count Oscar went out into the park to look for the Secret Agent, he fell in with an elegant-looking young man, who he doubted not was the person he sought. He made his acquaintance, talked with him about the park and the weather, dogs and horses, and endeavoured, but in vain, to lead him to topics of stronger interest. He was not even able to enquire his residence, owing to the sudden manner in which the stranger took his leave, and disappeared amongst the shrubberies. He has just given his uncle these particulars, and has learned from him the projected most advantageous alliance with the Princess Eugenie, when the Grand Chamberlain enters. He too has seen the Secret Agent. He found him feeding the ducks in the great basin, made his acquaintance, and had the waterworks played for his gratification. He describes him as a short

elderly man, and is unmercifully quizzed by the Count, who informs him that he has taken all his trouble for the wrong person, for some harmless saunterer in the park, that the real agent is young, tall, slender, and a former college companion of Oscar's who had met him the day before. Presently the Chamberlain begins to suspect the Count of secretly courting the Duke, and of playing him false. In his turn he tries to prevail upon George to present him to the Secret Agent, whom he is still convinced he has talked with in the park: being confirmed in that belief by the valet's admission that the description he gives of his appearance corresponds with the reality. George promises to acquaint the Secret Agent with his wishes.

As may be supposed, the Duchess's nerves were at the very worst, in consequence of the prohibition of her departure. She made bitter complaints to her son, and then returned to the subject of the double marriage she had set her mind upon, entreating the Duke for God's sake to leave her quiet, which meant, in her mouth, to let her have her own way in everything. In despair at her obstinacy, the Duke was on the point of confessing all to her, the device of the Secret Agent and his love for Eugenie, and of entreating, as the reward of his frankness, her consent to his union with his cousin. But this weakness was but momentary, and he fortunately abstained from a step which would have deprived him, in an instant, of the vantage ground he had won. He saw Eugenie, put her on her guard, and entreated her to be firm. His mother, he knew, was about to propose to her the hand of Count Oscar, and the good lady's proposals of that kind strongly resembled commands. He was not mistaken. In a long scene the Duchess informs her niece that the Duke is to marry the Princess of Brunswick, and that she has found a husband for her in the person of the younger Count Steinhausen, to whom she has promised her hand. Eugenie objects that she has not been consulted; the Duchess appears to think that would have been unnecessary previous to the arrangement of the affair, but consults her now that the thing is done. The imperious lady

has no notion of any one but herself having a will. Driven into a corner, Eugenie intimates that she has already given away her heart. The Duchess is indignant. At that moment the Duke appears at the door of his cabinet.

Duchess. What do I hear, unhappy girl? How must I understand your words? You love?

Duke, (aside.) 'Tis the first time that I play the eavesdropper, and assuredly it shall be the last; but who would now quit this place?

Princess. Yes, I love.

Duchess. Unheard-of boldness! When did this inclination arise?—who is its object? Must I dread your answer?

Princess. Unfortunately, Duchess, my answer can hardly be satisfactory to you. I do not love him whom you have fixed upon for my husband, and whom I yesterday for the first time saw; but the man whom I do love, I love with the whole strength of my heart; should I otherwise have dared, should I have had the courage, to make you this confession, opposed to your wishes, to your commands?

Duchess. And the person?

Princess. I scarcely dare to name him.

Duchess. What am I to hear?

Princess. Oh! your Highness, I am grieved at this scene, grieved to be compelled to name to you him on whom my affections are fixed. I well know that I shall hardly or never obtain your consent; but do not on that account suppose, Duchess, that the object of my love is unworthy of me. Not so, indeed, for he is one of the best and noblest men at this court.

(Duchess makes a gesture of astonishment.)

Princess. Yes, at this court; but the position he occupies is so peculiar that I scarcely dare to explain myself more fully.

(Further signs of astonishment on the part of the Duchess.)

I well know that the whole weight of your Highness's displeasure will fall upon me, and yet is the moment come in which I can neither deny, nor recede, nor yet keep silence. Oh! Duchess, I am grieved, inconsolable. I feel how much you will blame my

truly unhappy attachment. I love—I love—the Duke's Secret Agent!

(During the last sentences the Duchess has slowly risen; the Princess falls at her feet.)

Duchess. Horror! You shall learn to know me, Princess!

(Hurries out in great anger. The Duke steps forward, gently raises the Princess, and kisses her hand.)

Princess. Oh, heavens! Your Highness has overheard me!

Duke. Yes, Eugenie, it was the happiest moment of my life. How heartily do I thank you, in my own name, *(smiling)* and in that of my Secret Agent.

Early in the fourth act occurs a long and not unimportant scene between the Grand Chamberlain and Oscar. The young Count is greatly amused to see the whole court electrified by the proceedings of the Secret Agent, and its chief personages dancing just as the Duke pleases to pull the strings. He ventures a shrewd suspicion that the Secret Agent is an imaginary being, and that the Duke is amusing himself at the expense of all around him. The Chamberlain is down upon him like lightning. Oscar had asserted that he had conversed with the Secret Agent, and that he was an old college friend of his. He now admits that he was previously unacquainted with the young man he met in the park, and that his uncle had jesting when he said that they had been at college together. The Chamberlain is more than ever convinced that Count Steinhäusen is not acting openly with him, and that the elderly gentleman for whom he set the whole waterworks of the park plashing and springing, is the right man, the real Simon Pure. To cure Oscar of his scepticism on the subject of the mysterious agent, he informs him, in strict confidence, that the Princess Eugenie is in love with the Duke's enigmatical adviser. The Chamberlain is not aware of the projected marriage of the young Count and the Princess. It is now Oscar's turn to start and be convinced; and he vows to himself to find out the Agent and challenge him to mortal combat. This scene is followed by one between the Duchess and her son. She denounces the Secret Agent

Chamberlain. Your own uncle?

Oscar, (smiling.) My uncle!

Chamberlain, (aside.) I had nearly betrayed myself!

Oscar. Because he arranged the marriage? Pardon me, my Lord Chamberlain. My uncle knew nothing of any understanding between the Princess and the Secret Agent. Count Steinhausen is a man of honour.

Chamberlain, (aside.) Poor young man! (*Aloud*) Certainly! (*Aside*) Would that this evening were over!

Oscar. The Duchess!

SCENE THE SEVENTH.

The Duchess, (sits down in an arm-chair.) I am greatly agitated; for many years it has not occurred to me to expect anything so anxiously as I now do the appearance of the mischievous person who in a few moments will come forth from yonder cabinet. I await him with shuddering, as I should a spectre that had long invisibly hovered around us, and that was suddenly to appear.

Chamberlain. Does your Highness wish to play at any game?

Duchess. I thank you. Perhaps later!

Oscar, (in a low voice to the Chamberlain.) What if we were to play at blindman's buff, and the person caught shall be accepted as the Secret Agent? I have no patience to wait, and must find somebody on whom to vent my anger.

Chamberlain. Jest not so dangerously, I entreat you. (*Aside*) Unsuspicious young man!

Duchess. Count Oscar.

Oscar. Your Highness.

Duchess. Where is your uncle? Did you come alone?

Oscar. Yes, your Highness, I thought his Excellency was already here.

Chamberlain, (aside.) Oh that he may not come! I do so fear his betraying himself.

Duchess, (aside.) The door opens! (*She turns her face towards the door in so marked a manner that all present, thinking the Duke is about to enter, step aside, and the Grand Chamberlain stations himself behind the Duchess's chair.* Count Steinhausen, a paper in his hand, comes slowly out of the cabinet. The Duchess gazes at him with horror, and

rises slowly and with difficulty from her seat.)

Count. His Highness the Duke commissioned me to present this paper to your Highness.

Duchess, (screams.) Out of my sight, ungrateful man! Quit the palace instantly, Count Steinhausen, or dread my anger! I hate and loathe you!

(*General agitation.*)

Chamberlain. She knows him already.

Count. What means this? I implore your Highness, for God's sake, to explain to me—my long services, I think, entitle me to that much.

Duchess. You want an explanation? Count, the memory of your former services is completely effaced by your latter ones. Yet you have to thank those former services, that I do not, here, before the whole court, give that explanation. Begone! all! all! I would be alone! My Lord Chamberlain, you will remain.

Chamberlain, (wiping his forehead.) At your Highness's orders.

Duchess. This I did not expect, and it has shaken me to the very soul. Such ingratitude! Such treachery! Whom can one trust after this! He, whom I honoured with my whole confidence, who knew all my plans, betakes himself to the side of my son, to act against me, to injure me there where alone I was vulnerable. Everything is now explained; yes, he alone was in a position to betray our secrets to the Duke, since he alone was fully acquainted with them. My strength is broken, I abandon the contest. My Lord Chamberlain!

Chamberlain. A terrible business, your Highness! Who could have dreamed it?

Duchess. My prime minister—my son's Secret Agent.

Chamberlain. Frightful!

Duchess. You knew it, then, my Lord Chamberlain?

Chamberlain. I became aware of it to-day, in a very singular manner.

Duchess. And did not hasten to make the important communication to me!

Chamberlain. I could not believe it; I doubted the truth of the information. I could not venture to report so important a matter to your Highness until I was myself certain.

Duchess. Follow me to my cabinet.
[*Both go out.*]

SCENE THE EIGHTH.

Count, (entering cautiously through the centre door.) I cannot leave the palace. I am beaten, it is true; but if I abandon the field of battle without another attempt at resistance, my defeat is complete. The Grand Chamberlain has overthrown me; he, the Secret Agent of the Duke. The corn seemed to him to be ripe, and yet I suspect he has been in too great a hurry to reap. What means did they employ to bring about my fall?—as yet I know not, but neither do I care. I will take my own measures; in a struggle for existence all means are good. I quit not the palace; the Duchess shall know that the Grand Chamberlain is her son's secret Agent. Ha! here he is!

SCENE THE NINTH.

Chamberlain, (with a paper in his hand, starts back when he sees the Count.) Your excellency still here? If her Highness the Duchess comes to know it—her anger—!

Count. After what has happened this evening, her anger can no longer affect me.

Chamberlain. May I inquire your Excellency's object in remaining here?

Count. To speak to the Duchess! When she is calm, she cannot refuse her prime minister an audience.

Chamberlain. Her prime minister, certainly, but — (*he looks over the paper.*)

Count. What means your but?

Chamberlain. I was always frank with your Excellency whilst you were in favour, and I will be so now in spite of this terrible disgrace. Read these lines addressed to the Duke.

Count, (reads,) "I find myself moved to dismiss the ministry. Whilst I beg of you, my son, to form another, I give you my promise henceforward not to meddle in any state affairs, on the sole condition that no member of the present ministry shall retain his post." That is clear enough!

Chamberlain. Very clear!

Count. And am I to congratulate my Lord Chamberlain on his accession to the office of premier?

Chamberlain. Me? What are you

thinking about? I assure your Excellency I hold it for wisest and best, at least for some time to come, to keep as much as possible in the background at this court.

Count. In order the better to work from your ambush! I understand.

Chamberlain. But I do not understand your Excellency.

Count. You soon will. Do not imagine that I so easily abandon the field to you.

Chamberlain. To me?

Count. Yes, to you—Mr. Secret Agent.

Chamberlain. Your Excellency, I am astounded! But it can only be your recent misfortune that betrays you into such extraordinary language; be frank with me.

Count. In what?

Chamberlain. Is it your intention then to persist in a denial?

Count. A denial of what?

Chamberlain. In denying the Duke, whom you have so well served; but I cannot help laughing—what harm can this paper do you? The prime minister is dead—long live the prime minister!

Count. How so?

Chamberlain. Certainly it is not agreeable to be in disgrace with the Duchess, but do you not retain the fullest favour and confidence of the now really reigning sovereign?

Count. My Lord Chamberlain, I will not endure your mockery. I am decided not to quit this place, though I should remain here until to-morrow morning, though I should remain a week or a month. There can no longer be any forbearance between you and me. I am determined to declare to her Highness who it is that has crept into the confidence of the Duke; I will prove to her, my Lord Chamberlain, that you were the Duke's Secret Agent.

Chamberlain. Are you in earnest? Would you stoop to bring so false an accusation? I the Secret Agent? I should not have expected this from your Excellency! I have not betrayed you, but the Duchess learned this very evening, that it is you who are the Secret Agent.

Count. I the Secret Agent? Very clever indeed, my Lord Chamberlain,—but it will avail you nothing; I will bring forward the necessary proofs!

SCENE THE TENTH.

George, (coming from the Duke's private apartments.) His Highness is inquiring for my Lord Chamberlain.

Chamberlain. Immediately! Where is his Highness?

George. He will be in his cabinet in a few moments. He is speaking with his Secret Agent.

[George goes out.]

Chamberlain, (in great astonishment.) With his Secret Agent?

Count, (equally astounded.) With his Secret Agent?

Chamberlain. But it is you who are his Secret Agent!

Count. No, the Secret Agent is yourself!

Chamberlain. God be good to us! This is worse and worse! So now there are three Secret Agents! If things go on in this way, there will soon be nothing public left at this court. But I must go to his Highness! *(Hurries towards the cabinet.)*

Count. And that paper? It is now all a misunderstanding!

Chamberlain. I must deliver it to the Duke.

Count, (falling into an arm-chair.) Then I am lost! *[Curtain falls.]*

The reader may be told in few words the contents of the fifth, and shortest act, in which all things are satisfactorily wound up. The best scene in it is between Count Steinhausen and his nephew. Oscar bitterly reproaches his uncle with having planned his marriage with a woman whom he well knew to be in love with himself.

The Duchess, on learning that she has been fighting against a shadow, thinks for a moment that she may perhaps again grasp the reins of power—but it is too late. The Duke has lost no time. Agreeably with her written request, he has already appointed new ministers, and just as the Duchess inquires of the Grand Chamberlain if he had delivered her memorandum to her son, the sound of joy-bells is heard, and a military band plays in the distance. The formation of a popular ministry is the cause of these demonstrations, which jar upon the nerves of the Duchess, who orders the Chamberlain to put an immediate end to them. The ex-

perienced old courtier hesitates, and shyly asks if he may venture to communicate her wish to the Duke. "A wish!" she exclaims; "it is my command! And why announce it to the Duke?" "That the order may proceed direct from his Highness," is the Chamberlain's reply. The Duchess takes the hint: her power is gone—the game is lost. She is about to depart for her villa, there to sulk at leisure, but her son gracefully and affectionately urges her to remain, and insists that she has freely and willingly given up to him that which he has in reality won in spite of her utmost opposition. But to the court and to the whole country the contrary shall be made to appear. The Duchess, despite her somewhat harsh and imperious character, cannot but be touched by this dutiful and friendly conduct on the part of her son, and perhaps is still more moved by the advantage of having her retreat covered and her discomfiture concealed. So mother and son are again on the best of terms, and the former consents to the union of the Duke and Eugenie. And the departure of the Secret Agent is announced. He leaves everybody indebted to him and loud in his praise. In a paper left for the Duke he spoke with warmth of Count Steinhausen's long services and fidelity, and in consequence of his recommendation the Duke names the premier his master-of-the-horse. Oscar, who begs his uncle's pardon, has also been spoken well of, and receives a diplomatic appointment; and the Grand Chamberlain, who had ordered the waterworks to play for the entertainment of the Secret Agent, is thanked by the Duke for the attention he had shown to his friend, and assured of his favour and goodwill. The termination is as neat and pointed as the whole play is piquant and amusing. Our British playwrights draw largely on the French stage; but, when Germany produces such comedies as that of Mr. Hackländer, it surely would be worth their while to make an occasional foray across the Rhine. And, for the sake of English playgoers, it is to be hoped that when they do so, the first capture they make may be that of "The Secret Agent."

COLOUR IN NATURE AND ART.

NATURE is no mere utilitarian. That so-called utility which regards only the lower half of human nature,—which cares for bodily wants and pecuniary profits, but which ignores the higher emotions from the regulated play of whose fountains proceeds all that is worthy of the name of Joy,—finds nothing in the economy of nature to support its materialistic exclusiveness. If the utilitarians had had the making of our world, they would doubtless have made it very fertile and free of weeds, and Quaker-like have dressed it in shapes and hues savouring strongly of the sombre and the useful;—but alas for the beautiful! That cream of life and bloom of nature, what is it to them? Working unseen upon the spirit, and only revealing itself by the lighting of the eye and the beaming of the countenance,—exciting an emotion which, though brilliant and elevating and full of the divine, seems to *produce* nothing, and rather to lessen men's devotion to materialistic pursuits,—Utilitarians ignore it, and in the world of their own devising, would have flung aside flowers as cumberers of the ground, and looked upon roses as but painted weeds. They

"Could strip, for aught the prospect yields
To them, their verdure from the fields,
And take the radiance from the clouds
With which the sun his setting shrouds."

Not so, however, has acted the Divine Maker. All that is useful is indeed around us, but how much more is there beside? We stroll out of a morning, and lo! birds are singing, and waters murmuring, and the sun is rising with a cool brightness that makes everything look young,—dancing like dazzling silver on the wavelets of the brook, and filling the skies with a joyous splendour, and the heart with an ethereal merriment. Who has not felt, in the bright hours of all seasons, but especially in the radiant days of summer, what the poet has well called

"The strange superfluous glory of the air!
as if, beside all the combined gases

needful for our respiration, there were present some ethereal nectarine element, baffling the analysis of the chemist, yet revealing its power in the thrill of exuberant life which it excites in the human frame,—a true *elixir vite*, a "superfluous glory" added for the sole purpose of producing joy? Enter the garden, and forthwith the eye is charmed with the sight of flowers,—the nostrils thrill with the scents floating on the morning air,—and peaches and all manner of fruit are there, pleasing both eye and palate far more than utility demands. The very hedgerows, and woody dells of nature's own planting, are full of beauty,—bright and sweet with the hawthorn, the sweetbriar, and the honeysuckle. Hill and valley meet each other by picturesque gradation; and brooks and rivers leap and run in courses which please all the more because dissimilar from the rectilinearism of utility. All things proclaim that the Divine Architect, while amply providing for the wants, has not forgotten the enjoyment, of his creatures; and having implanted in the human soul a yearning after the beautiful, has surrounded us with a thousand objects by whose presence that yearning may be gratified.

Perhaps the most striking example of this Divine care for human enjoyment is to be seen in the lovely mantle of Colour in which the earth is robed. Like all things very common, we do not half prize this robe of beauty which Nature puts on for our gratification. It is in such complete harmony with our visual sense, that—like musical harmony also, when long continued—its sweetness fails to impress us if not broken at times by a discord. But suppose the case of a man born blind, and to whom the aspect of the outer world—nay, the very meaning of the word "colour," has remained a mystery until he has reached the years of reflection. Fancy such a man's eye at length released from darkness, and endeavour to imagine his impressions. A thrill passes through him as the coloured beams first rush in, and awaken the emotions of a new sense.

All around, he beholds a tinted mass: earth and sky, land and water, are seen by him only as expanses of varied colour. Everything is coloured,—and the forms of nature are to him but tinted surfaces, whose outline consists simply of the bordering of one colour upon another. Below and around him is a far-reaching expanse of green,—above him, a mighty canopy of blue; and he feels that nothing could suit so well, for wide and permanent beholding, as this lively green of the earth, and the cool calm azure of the skies.* But varying those vast surfaces of blue and green, he sees spots and shadings of all diverse hues: the purple of the heath-clad mountains, the golden bloom of the furze upon their lower slopes, the rich mosaic of the autumnal woods, the grey of rocks and ruins, or the yellow of the waving corn-fields. Above, by night, he sees the dark-blue expanse sparkling all over with the light of stars, or decked with a silvery veil by the radiance of the moon;—by day, he sees it checkered and sailed over by clouds, ever-changing in aspect, and at length bursting into the gorgeous magnificence of sunset, when clouds and sky are alike filled with richest colouring, with brilliant ever-shifting hues which at once dazzle and mock the gaze. All this is new to him. He has walked the earth for years, tasted its fruits, felt and understood many of its forms,—he has known how useful it is, but not till now does he comprehend its beauty. He stands amazed at the spectacle which his new-born vision reveals to him;—the sights are all strange, but not so the emotion which they produce in him. The same nameless pleasure, the same indescribable sensation of enjoyment, which now swells and thrills within him, he

has felt before, when listening to the strains of music, or when some love-born joy has set the chords of his heart a-vibrating. It is a joyous excitement,—he nor any man can tell you no more; but he knows from previous experience that it is a sign of the soul having found something in rare harmony with itself.

A garden—or those graceful crystal pavilions which are now devoted to the culture and display of fine exotic plants and flowers—is the place where beauty of colour may be seen in its greatest variety and perfection. There colour is seen in peculiar gorgeousness, and combined with so much else that is attractive, as to constitute Flowers but another name for the beautiful. The most distinguished of Transatlantic writers,† in a burst of enthusiasm, styles them “Earth’s raptures and aspirations—her better moments—her lucid intervals.” Certainly they are the lovely offspring of earth’s brightest hours; and so ravishing are they, from the blended charms of brilliant colour, graceful form, and exquisite odour, that no one need wonder that they should be chosen for so many sweet purposes of life, or to symbolise in the poetic regions of the South the language and emotions of mankind. “The greatest men have always thought much of flowers. Luther always kept a flower in a glass, on his writing-table; and when he was waging his great public controversy with Eckius, he kept a flower in his hand. Lord Bacon has a beautiful passage about flowers. As to Shakespeare, he is a perfect Alpine valley,—he is full of flowers; they spring, and blossom, and wave in every cleft of his mind. Witness the *Midsummer Night’s Dream*. Even Milton, cold, serene, and stately as he is, breaks forth into exquisite

* Lord Jeffrey held that mankind liked blue and green simply because we see them everywhere in nature,—instead of perceiving the great truth, that it is because these colours are agreeable to man’s nature that the Creator has clothed with them the earth and sky. Jeffrey’s idea of cosmogony evidently was, that the earth is a haphazard creation, made without any particular regard to the tastes of its tenant Man, and to whose phenomena we get accustomed by sheer dint of habit; instead of perceiving (what would have knocked his fallacious theory of Beauty to pieces) that earth and man are made expressly for each other, and that our beneficent Maker has caused the general aspect of the world around us to give us pleasure by being in harmony with our physical and mental constitution.

† Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

gushes of tenderness and fancy when he marshals the flowers, as in *Lycidas* and *Comus*.*

Whatever be the subsidiary sources of attraction in flowers, Colour unquestionably is the supreme one. Men often talk disparagingly of this kind of beauty, as if it were something far lower in its nature than the beauty of Form and Sound, and indeed hardly worthy of our regard at all. This is a great mistake, and is owing to the circumstance either that the vast majority of mankind are little sensitive to any kind of beauty, or because a certain fashion of speaking has led them insensibly to disregard this particular manifestation of it. "Such expressions," says Mr. Ruskin, "are used for the most part in thoughtlessness; and if such disparagers of colour would only take the pains to imagine what the world and their own existence would become if the blue were taken from the sky, and the gold from the sunshine, and the verdure from the leaves, and the crimson from the blood which is the life of man, the flush from the cheek, the darkness from the eye, the radiance from the hair,—if they could but see for an instant white human creatures living in a white world, they would soon feel what they owe to colour. The fact is, that, of all God's gifts to the sight of man, colour is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn. We speak rashly of gay colour and sad colour, for colour cannot at once be good and gay. All good colour is in some degree pensive, the loveliest is melancholy; and the purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love colour the most."

Mr. Ruskin is not a correct thinker. Eminently sensitive to the impressions of external nature and art, he is destitute of the analytic power to ascertain the real character of those impressions. He lacks the turn of mind by which a man is enabled to "know himself;" and hence, when he comes to expound his views, founded upon those impressions, he not seldom arrives at most absurd conclusions. Right as to his feelings, he is far wrong as to the inferences he draws from them. Thus, instead of under-

standing the feeling of repose which symmetry tends to produce in the beholder, he roundly charges Greek architecture, which is of all others most symmetrical, with being "dead" and "atheistic" in its spirit; while Gothic architecture, which is eminently irregular and expressive in its style, he quite as absurdly discovers to be symbolic of all the Christian graces. In the sentences upon Colour which we have quoted, he falls into a similar error. In speaking of the "sacredness" and "holiness" of colour, and in expressing his conviction that all artists who were fine colourists (i. e., dealing in pure and bright colours), were good religious men, he falls into another of his fantastic mistakes, although in this case his misinterpretation of his feelings does not lead him very wide of the mark. Gifted with a fine sensibility, he feels, when pure bright colours are harmoniously presented to his eye, a thrill of elevated pleasure,—calm and pure, because free from all tincture of passion, and felt all the more divine because nameless, indefinite, and mysterious,—because baffling language to describe, or the mind to analyse it. But this sensation is not occasioned by the "holiness" of colour,—it is produced by its *beauty*. True, the emotion of the beautiful is in one sense sacred and holy; because it arises from our being brought face to face with perfection,—with objects which bear most deeply impressed upon them the signet-mark of their Maker, and which the soul, made in that Maker's image, yearns towards and welcomes with delight. It is a noble and divine feeling, but not the one for which Ruskin here mistakes it. It is physical beauty, not the "beauty of holiness," which charms us in Colour,—just as it does in music or the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Form. And when Ruskin goes on to say, that colour "cannot be at once good and gay," that "all good colour is pensive, and the loveliest melancholy," he is again treading upon ground which he does not fully understand. He enunciates only a half-truth. In so far as his remark is true, it refers not to colour only, but to every other em-

* Mrs. H. B. Stowe. *Sunny Memories*.

bodiment of the beautiful. For we have ever felt ourselves—and believe that the feeling is common to all persons of ordinary sensibility—that the beholding of high beauty, whether in nature or art, excites a sentiment of joy which is ever mingled with pensiveness, if not with melancholy. It is not a depression—on the contrary, it is an elation of spirits. It is not painful, but pleasing. The heart clings to it, and feels as if elevated and purified by its presence. It is a “divine sadness,”—occasioned by the presence of some object so beautiful, so divinely perfect, so native in character to the soul, yet so rarely met with, that the spirit yearns towards it as to a visitor from a higher sphere from which we are exiles,—and for which, in such moments, our heart is pining, it may be unconsciously, as does the wandered mountaineer for his native hills. It is this perfect harmony between beautiful objects and the soul,—it is this strange tender delight at the presence of anything supremely lovely, that made Plato account for earthly love by the romantic theory of Reminiscence,—by the supposition that lovers, and especially lovers at first sight, are attracted to each other not, as is really the case, by a congeniality of nature, on the world-wide principle of “like draws to like,” but because their souls existed together as twins in a prior and higher state of existence, and long to reunite and blend themselves together again when they happen to meet on earth. A fancy so beautiful that we willingly say with Cicero, “*Malim cum Platone errare quam desipere aliis!*”

In point of richness and gorgeousness of colour, flowers are unrivalled. If we may be allowed the simile, the ethereal phenomenon of colour in them gains as much by a union with earthly substance, as the spiritual nature of man is rendered more rich and beautiful by the action of the sensuous emotions. But if we would see colour

in its native purity and brilliance, even Flowers must be put aside as too gross and earthy in their structure. We must turn to gems, and fire, and light itself. Throw a few grains of chemical stuff into a bright-burning fire, and see how the flame shoots aloft in a wavy pyramid of purest emerald,—or change the substance, and lo! undulating spires of loveliest ruby or amethyst,—burning with so celestial a brilliance and transparency as if freed from every tinge of earthy matter, and re-shining with the splendour of its native skies. Or take the living light itself, and refract it through prisms of crystal, and see how the dis severed tremors of the ray reappear on the screen in a band of many-hued light,—red, blue, orange, green, yellow, and violet, blending into each other by most delicate gradations, and all glowing with a richness which no mortal pencil can copy. Substitute for this crystal prism, one of diamond,—suppose the Koh-i-noor, that “mountain of light,” used as a refractor of the sunbeams—as a breaker-up of the symmetry of the solar ray,—and then imagine how brilliant would be the spectral colours thus produced. The lustre of the diamond, the topaz, the ruby, the emerald, the amethyst, is well known,—but how comes that lustre which so distinguishes them from other substances? It is because they, of all earthly substances, are the most ethereal in their structure, and hence vibrate and sparkle most readily in unison with the solar rays. Take a diamond out of the sunlight into a dark room, and you will see it still lustrous for a few moments, because its particles are still vibrating. All substances—air, water, wood, and rock—consist of identically the same atoms, only variously arranged; each possessing different qualities according to the closeness and form in which the particles of their molecules arrange themselves.* Thus carbon,

* We do not think that the truth of the Atomic Theory admits of argument. It is irrefragably demonstrable by the pure light of reason, and it has now been all but demonstrated according to the Baconian system of experiment. Already some of our most positive and practical inquirers confess themselves within an ace of accepting the doctrine. Professor Faraday says:—“The philosopher ends by asking himself these questions, In what does chemical identity consist?—whether the so-called chemical elements may not be, after all, mere allotropic conditions of purer

when in its amorphous state, is charcoal; when crystallised in prisms, it becomes black and opaque graphite; and when crystallised in octohedrons, it is etheralised into the limpid and transparent diamond. Gems, in truth, are of all earthly substances the most similar in atomic structure to the other,—to that pure and subtle fluid pervading all space, which gives birth to the lightning, and whose vibrations are Heat and Light. They are formed in the veins of the rock by the slow and continuous action of electric currents, which, in the lapse of ages, gradually alter the arrangement of the ultimate atoms of the rock, crystallising them in forms congenial to their own ethereal structure.

Science can imitate in some degree this rarest and most beautiful of nature's processes. "There is strong presumptive evidence," says Mrs. Somerville, "of the influence of the electric and magnetic currents on the formation and direction of the mountain-masses and mineral veins; but their slow persevering action on the ultimate atoms of matter has been placed beyond a doubt by the formation of rubies and other gems, as well as other mineral substances, by voltaic electricity." What flowers are to the vegetable world, gems are to the mineral. Both of them are embodiments of the beautiful,—but the latter are of a purer substance, and, if slower of growth, only the more imperishable.

A science of Colour must be based upon a correct theory of Light. We believe the foundations of such a theory already exist. The carefully-conducted through much contested experiments of Von Reichenbach tend to show that all polarised bodies—such as magnets, crystals, and the

like—give off a subtle light of their own, which becomes visible in a dark room to persons of a sensitive nervous organisation. We certainly know that the Earth radiates a light of its own, as exhibited in the beautiful coronations of the aurora-borealis and the zodiacal light;—the explanation of this phenomenon being, that our planet is a large magnet, through which, as in all polarised bodies, there is a constant passage to and fro of electrical currents, which ray off in light from the poles. It will ere long be discovered that every planet is luminous, although its light may be overpowered by that of some larger orb,—even as a taper's light is unnoticed in the full blaze of the sunlight;* and one of the most fundamental canons in optics will be, that every body radiates more or less of light when its particles are in a state of electrical vibration. The sun and its planets being in opposite states of polarity, a constant magnetic efflux is flowing from each to the other,—this, efflux occasions a thrill, or vibrating motion, in the ether which fills the interstellar spaces,—and the result of this vibratory motion on the eye is Light; just as a spark, or continuous stream of light, is the concomitant of a similar flux from an electric-machine.

Under the full blaze of the sunlight, the Earth throbs as with a million pulses. Those substances which are most ethereal in their atomic structure, such as glass and crystals, vibrate most readily and most powerfully; but all things, even the most amorphous in structure, join more or less in the electrical pulsation,—transmitting, reflecting, and modifying into colours, the limpid light which streams from the sunny skies.† When the

universal essences!—whether, to renew the speculations of the alchemist, the metals may be only so many mutations of each other, by the power of science naturally convertible! There was a time when this fundamental doctrine of the alchemists was opposed to known [fancied!] analogies; it is now no longer opposed to them, but only some stages beyond their present development."—*Lectures*, p. 105-6.

* The great Herschel expressly admits the correctness of this important and self-obvious, though little-thought-of truth, when, speaking of the systems of Double Stars, and of the revolution of sun round sun, he says—"Each accompanied with its train of planets and their satellites, closely shrouded from our view by the splendour of their respective suns."—*Outlines of Astronomy*, chap. xvi. § 847.

† This vibratory action is indispensable to the process of vegetation; and, in regard to the prodigious effect of this vibratory influence of the solar rays, Professor Gregory says: "It has been calculated that the mechanical force exerted by the sun upon the amount of wood growing on one square foot of surface, in

sun sets, this vibratory motion of the earth's surface to a great degree ceases, is feebly kept up by the cold radiance of the moon, or fades into almost quiescence beneath the tremulous light of the stars. Put out the stars, and all seems absolute darkness. But is it so? We trow not. Draw the thickest curtain of cloud over the sky,—let neither moon nor star, nor feeblest glimmer of the violet-coloured skies of night, break the darkness; and yet, while men grope and stumble, and call to their aid the appliances of luciferous art, myriads of the lower creation—birds of the air, fish of the sea, and prowling and creeping things without number, ply their life as easily as if with them it were not night but day. What does this show, but that Light and Darkness are but relative terms,—that what is Night for man is Day for other creatures;—and that even in the night-time the surface of the earth is vibrating, far too feebly indeed to excite vision in man, but sufficient for a vastly wide range of animal life, to whom eyes have been given extremely susceptible to the ethereal vibrations. The great Creator has furnished each class of his creatures with visual organs fitted for their peculiar sphere of action; and man, made for the day and the sunshine, has eyes whose range of discernment is limited to the diurnal phenomena. His organ of sight is adapted for a certain degree of light, more or less than which tends equally to blindness. He is not more baffled by the shadows of night than by a superabundance of the illuminating rays. Light itself may become darkness. The eagle gazes undazzled on the orb of day; but to us,

the sun in its noontide splendour is an invisible spot in the sky; and "dark from excessive bright," is a phrase not more poetic than true. Since, then, our range of vision is thus limited, let us beware of dogmatizing as if light were a word of absolute instead of relative significance;—and although we may not be able to see what Reichenbach's sensitives saw, still less to walk by the feeble rays which suffice for the lower creation, let us confess that the auroral and zodiacal lights, as well as all sound reasoning, show that Earth has a light of her own, by which it is as seemly that some orders of creatures should walk, as we, children of light and of the day, by the nobler radiance of the sun.

It is known to men of science that every part of nature, even the hardest and most solid, is in a state of molecular motion,—so subtle, as in most cases to defy ocular scrutiny, yet indubitably revealing itself in its effects.* It is only when those vibrations grow strong and frequent that they become perceptible to our senses; and then they do so in the form of those ether-born twins, Heat and Light. Let us examine the spectrum, and see how this vibratory motion exhibits itself in the production of Colour. To the ordinary eye, the spectrum, produced by refracting or breaking up the symmetry of the solar beam, is merely a series of hues, beginning with red, brightening into yellow, and then fading away through violet into darkness. But if you examine it scientifically, you will find that those bright hues are produced by a series of tremors or vibrations of the broken ethereal ray,—the strongest and slowest of which vibratory rays are least refract-

the course of a year, corresponds to what would be required to raise a weight of 486,000 lb. to the height of one foot; and this is only 1-11th of the whole effect of the sun's rays, of which only 1-5th reaches the plant, and half of that is lost."—*Handbook of Organic Chemistry*, p. 482.

* "Nothing can be more certain," says Mrs. Somerville, "than that the minute particles of matter are constantly in motion, from the action of heat, mutual attraction, and electricity. Prismatic crystals of salts of zinc are changed in a few seconds into crystals of a totally different form by the heat of the sun;—casts of shells are found in rocks, from which the animal matter has been removed, and its place supplied by mineral:—and the excavations made in rocks diminish sensibly in size, in a short time, if the rock be soft, and in a longer time when it is hard: circumstances which show an intestine motion of the particles, not only in their relative positions, but in space, which there is every reason to believe is owing to electricity,—a power which, if not the sole agent, must at least have co-operated essentially in the formation and filling of mineral veins."—*Physical Geography*, I. chap. xv. p. 288-9.

ed, and form the red, and the feeblest and most rapid are most refracted and form the violet. But the whole of the broken rays are not represented by the colours which meet the eye in the spectrum; for at either extremity, where the red and violet fade out of sight, a succession of rays spread out, invisible to our eyes, but which might be to some extent discernible had we the night-eyes of some of the lower animals. The invisible rays at the red end are the strongest and rarest in the spectrum,—only showing themselves by giving out heat, and an electricity which is positive; those at the violet end are the feeblest and densest,—only showing themselves by their chemical or actinic properties, and by an electricity which is negative. Thus the spectrum exhibits a complex phenomenon. Firstly, we have a series of rays steadily increasing in rapidity and weakening in force of vibration, from one end to the other: (similar in this respect to the atmospheric vibrations which produce Sound, which, emerging from silence as the spectral colours emerge from darkness, run through the scale of the musician, getting quicker and feebler in their vibrations, until they again become inaudible,—the ear hearing sounds, as the eye sees colours, only so long as the vibrations continue within a certain range of velocity and force, which varies somewhat in different individuals and animals,—the savage Indian, for instance, hearing sounds and seeing objects where we can see or hear nothing; and dogs and the lower creation exhibiting the same powers to a still greater extent.*) But superimposed upon this steadily ascending gamut of vibrations, we have another phenomenon,—namely, that one-half of the rays of the spectrum are electrically positive and give out heat, and that the other half are negative and produce chemical

action; † and that in the centre those opposite influences neutralise each other. The varying phenomena of Colour, then, are not owing to a mere difference in the vibratory speed of the rays of the spectrum, but also to the electric difference of these rays, which, positive at the red end, and negative at the blue, flash up into yellow or white light in the centre where they meet.

In considering, then, the impression made on our eye by the colours of the spectrum, there are two points to be considered. In regard to illuminating power, the strongest point of the spectrum is the yellow,—in point of vibratory power, it is the red; and the colour which makes the strongest impression on our visual sense is the red-orange or scarlet, which, lying between the red and yellow, combines in fullest force the illuminating and vibrating powers. Hence it would appear that Colour is a vibratory phenomenon of the ethereal rays,—intermediate between Heat on the one hand and Actinism on the other, and attended by an overlapping of the electro-positive and electro-negative rays, of which Heat and Actinism are the representatives. But whether heat and actinism are not themselves the necessary products of a certain rate of vibration in the ether, and so the whole phenomenon of Colour be practically reducible to one of ratio of vibration, we do not profess to say. Men will get at the root of all those things by-and-by. Meanwhile, it is instructive to observe, from the paper upon Radiant Heat lately read before the British Association by Professor Powell, that heat-rays, or rays emanating from a hot body, when refracted, present identically the same phenomenon as those of light:—namely, that the rays of the heat-spectrum which vibrate most slowly have a heating but not an

* There is a Bosjesman tribe in South Africa, who exhibit in a remarkable manner the phenomenon called *Nyctalopia*,—sleeping and resting during the day, when their eyes, either from natural or acquired organisation, cannot bear the light of the sun, and carrying on their main pursuits during the night.

† It is this difference in the chemical action of the various rays which produce colour that constitutes the greatest stumblingblock in the way of photography,—the colours at the blue end of the spectrum making an undue impression on the chemical surface compared with the others. This difficulty is being obviated, but, much as photography has achieved, we believe the art is still in its infancy.

illuminating power; those of greater velocity, a luminiferous property also; and those of the greatest velocity, little heating or luminiferous, but higher chemical power. The reflected rays from the moon form a curious illustration of these and our preceding statements,—the strong electro-positive heat-rays of the solar beam being absorbed by the lunar orb, while the feeblér and more rapidly-vibrating rays are reflected to our planet, and bring us a certain amount of illumination combined with a strong chemical influence; which latter shows itself, *inter alia*, (especially in tropical countries), by the well-established fact of the rapid decomposition of butcher-meat, &c., when exposed to the lunar beams.

There are some very curious phenomena connected with Colour, to which we desire to direct attention. For example, if yellow be presented to one eye, and blue to another, in such a way that each eye sees only its own colour, the result on the sensorium will be as if these two colours were seen mixed; in other words, we shall fancy we see green. In this case the yellow and blue, thus simultaneously presented, act on the visual sense in the same way as the sense of hearing is affected by two harmonious notes of music, the vibrations of which blend in producing a chord which is something between the two. In like manner, the vibratory rays of the blue on the one optic nerve, and of the yellow on the other, harmoniously blend with and modify one another when confluent on the sensorium, and produce a *tertium quid*. We may add that it is this Law of Harmonious Vibration which (in optics as in music) causes some colours to blend better than others. The primary colours of the spectrum, like the notes of the fundamental chord in music, blend beautifully, and are pleasing alike when seen mixed, side by side, or in succession. But when we come to mixtures of the secondary and tertiary colours, it cannot fail to be perceived that brilliance of hue is vanishing more and more; and there are some colours whose union produces nothing but a muddiness. This is the result of discord, which tends to extinguish *light and colours*, as it tends to destroy

sounds, and ever produces a disagreeable effect upon the senses. A coloured grey or dull dingy brown is the most general result of the mixture of discordant colours; and this is precisely the colour of *mud*—which by universal consent is pronounced disagreeable, although Lord Jeffrey was of opinion that people should like that colour as much as any other! Human nature, however, prefers the pure bright colours of the spectrum; and artists should remember—in these days of loaded palettes and infinitesimal tints—that brilliant and beautiful, or what Ruskin calls “holy” colouring, can only be produced by the use of the primaries, either side by side or in mixture. It must be remembered, also, that earthy pigments, however pure, are but poor representatives of the ethereal dyes, and that many things can be done with the latter which, owing to their imperfection, cannot be accomplished with the other. For instance, by means of a lens, we can reassemble the scattered rays of the solar spectrum and once more produce white light; but all the care in the world will not make a mixture of red, blue, and yellow paint, in the proper proportions, produce anything better than a neutral grey. The artist's palette contains only the dry bones of colour, which he can never vivify with the light of heaven.

Another phenomenon, curious in itself, and important as illustrating the action of colour upon our senses, is that displayed in what have been called the *accidental colours*. These show themselves in various ways. If the eyes are fixed upon a red wafer upon a white ground, the wafer will appear bordered with a faint green—if the wafer be yellow, the border will be blue—if green, purplish white—if blue, reddish white—if black, by a vivid white. And if the eye be wholly removed from one of these wafers, and fixed on the white ground, it will there perceive a phantom wafer of the colour of the border which surrounded the real one. In these cases, as may be seen, the phantom colours are always the complementaries (or opposites) of the actual ones. A more complex form of this phenomenon is, that if, after looking for some time fixedly at red, so as to excite in your eye

an aptitude to see in succession green, you turn your gaze upon a yellow, you will receive an impression resulting from a mixture of green and yellow,—the latter colour being modified by the phantom-supplementary of the red. These curious phenomena explain many facts remarked by dealers in coloured stuffs, and often greatly inconvenience artists who, wishing to imitate exactly the colours of their models, work at them so long at a time as to become partially insensible to the true tones. The experience of dealers in coloured stuffs shows, that when a purchaser has for some time looked at a yellow fabric, and is then shown orange or scarlet stuffs, he takes them to be amaranth-red or crimson; for his eye, excited by the yellow, has acquired an aptitude to see violet, and in consequence all the yellow of the scarlet or orange stuff disappears, and he sees red, or a red tinged with violet. A second fact connected with the phenomenon of "accidental colour" is, that if there be presented to a buyer, one after another, a dozen pieces of red stuff, he will consider the last five or six less beautiful than those first seen, although the pieces be identically the same. "What is the cause of this error of judgment? It is that the eyes having seen six or seven red pieces in succession, are in the same condition as if they had been looking fixedly for the same period at a single piece of red stuff; so that they have a tendency to see the complementary of Red—that is to say, Green. This tendency necessarily enfeebles the brilliancy of the red of the later-seen pieces [by dashing it with green]. And in order that the merchant may not suffer by the fatigue of his customer's eyes, he must take care, after having shown the latter six or seven pieces of red, to present to him some green pieces, in order to restore the eyes to their normal state. If the sight of the green be sufficiently prolonged to exceed the normal state, the eyes will acquire a tendency to see red—in which case the last six pieces will appear more beautiful than the others."*

The leading fact involved in those

singular phenomena is, that whenever the visual sense has been long acted upon by a certain colour, nature at once relieves and gratifies itself by calling up a spectral colour which is the harmonious opposite of the one beheld. And this either *simultaneously* (as a fringe round the object, if it be small, or by blending with and modifying its hue, if large)—or *in succession*, after the coloured object is removed. These spectral hues, to use the common phrase, have no existence in the outer world, they exist only upon the retina of the eye; and are the result of the physical constitution acting in accordance with the wants of the animating Spirit within. We have no doubt, however—as the laws of Matter and of Mind are identical, and as the former always tends to produce what the latter naturally desires—that a similar phenomenon does exist in the outer world, although too feebly to be discernible; and that the efflux of a certain kind of rays (say red) always tends to produce complementary vibrations (say green) in the surrounding ether. We know that this is the case with regard to sound; for whenever any note is produced, the surrounding particles of metal or air always produce a series of complementary notes called the harmonics. Maupertuis long ago maintained that, after having listened to any note, the mind *expects* to hear one of the harmonics of that note. He was unquestionably right; and if he had said that the mind actually does, in certain cases, hear in imagination the expected note, and is all the more shocked when a wrong note comes, he would have been still more correct. In optics, as we have seen, this mental process is most apparent,—any given colour never failing to excite on the retina, and suggest to the mind, a colour which is the harmonious complementary of the one beheld. Thus, in Colour, we have the Law of Sympathy or Harmony made visible in its operation on the *mind*, while in Sound we have it made most perceptible in the *outer world*; but we entertain no doubt that its operation in both cases is at once physical and

* CHEVREUL *On Colours*.

or reddish. The Green inclines slightly to yellow.

Blue and Black.—Orange unites with the Black, and makes it appear brighter. The blue is lighter—greener, perhaps.

Finally, to show the effects of juxtaposition upon analogous colours, or such as belong to the same class of coloured rays:—

1. Take Red, and place it in contact with orange-red, and the former will appear purple, and the latter become more yellow. But if we put the Red in contact with a purple-red, the latter will appear bluer, and the former yellower or orange. So that the same Red will appear purple in the one case, and orange in the other.

2. Take Yellow, and place it beside an orange-yellow,—the former will appear greenish, and the latter redder. But if we put the Yellow in contact with a greenish-yellow, the latter will appear greener, and the former more orange. So that the same Yellow will incline to green in the one case, and to orange in the other.

3. Take Blue, and put it in contact with a greenish blue,—the first will incline to violet, and the second will appear yellower. But put the Blue beside a violet-blue, and the former will incline to green, and the latter will appear redder. So that the same Blue will in one case appear violet, and in the other greenish.

"Thus we perceive," says M. Chevreul, "that the colours which painters term simple or primary—namely, Red, Yellow, and Blue—pass insensibly, by virtue of their juxtaposition, to the state of secondary or compound colours. For the same Red becomes either purple or orange according to the colour placed beside it,—the same Yellow becomes either orange or green,—and the same Blue either green or violet."

Ignorance of this law of contrast has given rise to many a dispute between drapers and manufacturers. M. Chevreul had several instances of this in his own experience. Certain drapers, he tells us, having given to a calico printer some cloths of a single colour—red, violet, and blue—upon which they wished black figures to be printed, complained that upon the red cloths he had put green patterns, upon the violet cloths greenish-yellow ones, and upon the blue orange-brown or copper-coloured ones, instead of the black figures which had been ordered. To convince them that they had no ground

for complaint, M. Chevreul took the cloths, and surrounded the patterns in such a way as to conceal the ground; upon which the designs appeared as black as could be desired. And still further to convince the malecontent drapers, he placed some cuttings of black cloth upon stuffs coloured red, violet, and blue; whereupon the cuttings appeared of the same hue as the printed designs—i. e., of the colour complementary to the ground; although the same cuttings, when placed upon a white ground, were of a beautiful black. In the models of tapestries for furniture we often err in the same way as these drapers did—namely, by neglecting to preserve a contrast between the ground and the dominant colour of the subjects placed upon it. For instance, if it is a crimson ground, ornamented with a wreath of flowers, the greater part of the flowers ought to be blue, yellow, and white. If we place red flowers upon such a ground, they will tend to become orange rather than purple, and ought to have a fringe of green leaves contiguous to the ground. On the contrary, when the ground is of a greenish hue, red and rose-coloured flowers must predominate over the others;—and when the ground is of the hue of dead leaves, the blue, violet, white, and rose flowers detach themselves completely.

It is important that painters should understand this Law of Contrast in colouring. Suppose, for instance, a painter have to imitate two contiguous stripes of red and blue upon a white ground. He perceives them changed in hue, by the mutual effect of each upon the other,—the red becoming more and more orange as it approaches the blue, and the latter more and more green as it approaches the red;—but if he understands the law of contrast, he will know at once how to treat the illusion, and will produce the true effect by making his stripes respectively of a simple blue and simple red, reduced in some parts by light or by shade. Whereas, if he does not understand the secret of the illusion, he will proceed to paint the stripes of a greenish-blue and yellowish-red, and so produce a false and exaggerated effect, from not knowing that the greenish and yellowish hues

of the stripes are merely the result of red and blue coming together, and that they will reproduce themselves on his canvass if he makes the one stripe simple red and the other simple blue.

Another point which it is most important that artists should bear in mind is, that if, after working long at one part of a picture, they turn their eyes to another part, that other part will not appear of its own colour, but of a hue resulting from a blending of the complementary colour of the first part of the picture with the actual colour of the second. For instance, if they have been painting a lady's red mantle, and then turn to look at the face, the complexion will appear of a greenish hue,—which if the artist ignorantly reproduce on his canvass, he will most grievously sin against the truth, and deservedly earn the grievous displeasure of his fair sitter. In truth, so important is it to thoroughly understand the action of the "accidental colours," that it is a fact that even artists who are gifted with a fine eye for colour will produce poor effects if they make their sittings too long at a time. An ignorance of this law, and a habit of long sittings (things which generally go together, for no one who understands the former will indulge in the latter,) will produce even with naturally fine colourists a colouring dull and inferior to that of artists who, though less finely organised, give way more to first impressions; or in other words, who take in the impression of the model more rapidly, before their eye has had time to become fatigued, and who do not too frequently return to their work to modify it, to efface, and to repaint,—a process which infallibly produces a poor effect, and makes the colouring "muddled." It is good for artists, then, as well as for other men, to know to "let well alone;" and by some members of the profession we know, the maxim is much needed.

We do not generally make a sufficient use of colour as a beautifier of our dwellings. This is partly owing to the fact that the physical organisation of northern nations is not so susceptible to the impressions of colour as is that of southern nations, even though these latter be intellectually our inferiors. It is in tropical countries, where light is most dazzling, that co-

lour is most gorgeous and abundant. These are the native climes of the sapphire, the diamond, and the emerald,—of sunsets unspeakably gorgeous, and of night-skies through the azure of whose transparent depths the eye wanders upwards until it loses itself as if on the threshold of other worlds. The savannahs there are covered with perennial flowers; the pillared forests are linked in a maze of beauty by the scarlet and other brilliant blossoms of the trailers that hang in festoons from tree to tree; and the green mantle of earth flashes everywhere into colours beneath the flood of sunshine which keeps all nature a-pulsing to the rhythm of its subtle and inconceivably rapid vibrations. Colour, like its parent light, dies away towards the Poles; and as the constitution of nations is ever in harmony with the region where they dwell, the susceptibility of us hyperboreans to colour is far inferior to that of the race who produce the magic dyes of India, or the still nobler one who built the glowing walls of the Alhambra. Even our next-door neighbours the French beat us hollow in the art and use of colour; and we do not think we overstate the case when we say, that there is no civilised people on the earth who do not equal or excel us in a taste and passion for colour.

We are too fond of paleness, colourlessness, in our interiors. We shrink from bright colours, because we do not know how to use them, and believe we show taste when we have produced an effect which is simply commonplace. With M. Chevreul for our guide, let us offer a word or two upon this subject. We shall begin with the more grand and artistic parts of a mansion, and then come quickly down to remarks which may be as interesting to the single gentleman with his triplet of rooms in the Temple, as to the more stately occupants of palatial edifices. Enter a gallery of sculpture, and see what hints about colour there suggest themselves. Here we have our old friend the Venus de Medici—showing the perfection of physical beauty, but with as little as possible of the divine either in her head or attitude. Next to her, in not uncongenial contiguity, is Dan-

necker's Ariadne on the Panther—exhibiting a voluptuousness of position, combined with an exquisite charm in the undulating contour of the picturesquely posed figure. Here also is Kiess's Amazon in bronze—by no means a material for representing the soft figures of the female sex, but appropriate in this case, owing to the greater part of the composition being occupied by the rearing horse and attacking wild-beast, and to the circumstance of the attitude of the female rider representing nothing but masculine energy and daring. Finally, we shall say, we have that divinest of statues, the Apollo Belvidere, in which life and noble power ray from every limb. Now, if those various pieces of sculpture are placed together, of course they must all be viewed against the same background—namely, that of the wall of the room in which they stand. But suppose—in order to bring out the peculiar qualities of various colours as backgrounds—it were proposed to us to take each of these sculptures by itself, and assign to it a wall of such a colour as would show it off to the best advantage. Then we would remark, in the first place, that whatever may be the case when a piece of cloth is hung immediately around a statue, the walls of a gallery must be considered as giving rise to effects, not of reflection, but of contrast. Accordingly, it will be found that statues of white marble or stone, as well as plaster casts, stand out well in a gallery whose walls are of a pearly-grey colour. But suppose we wish to attain effects not generally aimed at, with the several pieces of sculpture above named—then it will be found that if you place the Venus de Medici against a wall of blue-grey, the statue of the Cyprian goddess forthwith acquires a warm colour, which many sculptors prize so highly. Take the Ariadne, and place her in a room painted green, and forthwith the deserted of Bacchus flushes all over with a faint rosy tint, such as she is seen in her chamber at Frankfort, where the light is let in upon her through rose-coloured glass. For the divine Apollo, such tinting would be inadmissible. He must stand forth in the simple majesty of pure white; and in order to produce this effect, the colour of the wall should be cha-

mois or orange-grey, which tends to neutralise any redness of hue in the marble or plaster of the statue. As to the tone of colour used upon the walls, *cæteris paribus*, it ought to be lower the brighter we wish the sculptures to be. Finally, coming to deal with Kiess's Amazon, and bronzes in general, it must be remembered that the metallic alloy of which they are composed yields two very different tints,—one green, which the metal acquires by exposure to the action of the atmosphere; the other the peculiar golden tint which it possesses when not oxidised. If we wish to heighten this green tint, the colour of the walls of the gallery must be red; while, if we wish to bring out the golden tint of the bronze, the walls must be blue.

Let us turn now to a picture-gallery. Here the first thing that strikes us is, how badly paintings look when thus crowded together. Even supposing that they have been arranged by a man of taste, and that they are not too numerous to compel him frequently to do violence to his artistic feelings, still the ubiquitous melange of colour, and the dazzling headachy effect of the multitude of gilt frames produces an impression upon the spectator by no means favourable to his appreciation of the pictures. In truth, it is only the intelligent connoisseur who, in such a case, can experience the effect which the artist has wished to produce; and this he does, not only by knowing the best point of view, but by fixing his attention so wholly upon the work as to be unconscious of the surrounding pictures, or even of the very frame. In fact, frames in general are no better than necessary evils: for, if they are requisite to isolate a picture from surrounding objects, yet it must be confessed that the contiguity of the frame to the picture is exceedingly detrimental to the illusion of perspective. It is this which explains the difference between the effect of a framed picture, and the effect of the same picture when viewed through an opening which allows of our seeing neither frame nor limits. The effect then produced recalls all the illusion of the diorama. In the case of not a few pictures, taste is best shown in knowing how little frame is necessary. The colour of the wall,

and nature of surrounding objects, must be considered in judging of this. We once saw a painting by a German artist, representing the interior of a Gothic ruin, with a snowy landscape visible through the open archway of the door, and some snow, drifted in, lying upon the steps and stone-floor inside. The perspective was exquisite, magical; and the drifted snow upon the steps and floor seemed as if you could lift it off with a knife. The picture was in the possession of an able connoisseur—and how had he treated it? Most people would have put round it a frame proportionate in value to the value of the picture: that seems to be the usual way,—so many inches of frame to a £20 picture, and so many more to one worth £100. Not so with this connoisseur. When we saw it, this gem of a painting had round it a simple narrow bead of gilding, and was hung upon a wall of an orange-cream colour—the unobtrusive frame allowing the exquisite perspective to appear to advantage, while the peculiar colour of the wall served to bring out, in all its brilliance, that other fine point in the piece, the snow.

With this warning against having too much frame—which we cannot, of course, shape into any definite axiom, but which will answer the purpose if it makes people think at all upon the subject—we proceed to consider the relation of colour which ought to exist between a frame and the picture which it surrounds. Gilt frames are, of all others, the handsomest and most generally applicable, and are especially suited for large paintings in oil. There is but one exception to the use of gilt frames, and that arises when the picture represents gildings, at least if so near the frame as to provoke the eye to compare the painted gold with the metal itself. For instance, there is a Gobelins tapestry, after Laurent, representing a genie, armed with a torch, near which is a gilt altar; but the yellow silk and wool in which this altar are executed, are entirely eclipsed by the gilt bronzes profusely spread over the mahogany frame by which the tapestry is enclosed. Bronze frames, on the contrary, which have but little yellow brilliancy, do not injure the effect of an oil-painting which repre-

sents a scene lighted by artificial light, such as that of candles, torches, a conflagration, &c. When black frames, such as ebony, detach themselves sufficiently from an oil-painting, they are favourable to large subjects; but when they are used, it is necessary to see if the contiguous browns of the painting or drawing do not lose too much of their vigour. Many landscape-paintings in oil are well set off by a grey frame, particularly if we take a grey tinted with the complementary (or opposite) of the dominant colour of the picture. For black engravings and lithographs, gilt frames suit perfectly provided a certain breadth of white paper be left round the subject. Frames of yellow wood, such as bird's-eye maple, &c., likewise accord well with lithographs; and it is possible greatly to modify the appearance of the drawing by mounting it on tinted paper, when we do not desire the effect of a white margin.

As to the hanging of pictures in a room, we only repeat the general canon when we say, that engravings and plain lithographs should not be placed beside oil-paintings or coloured drawings. When we wish to place pictures upon a papered wall, the latter ought to be of a single colour, if possible—if not, of two tones of the same colour—and with a simple pattern. Also, the dominant colour of the paper-hangings ought to be complementary to the dominant colour of the picture. Pearl-grey, or normal grey a little deeper, is a good tint to receive engravings and plain lithographs in gilt or yellow-wood frames. Yellow hangings can receive with advantage landscapes in which greensward, and leaves, and a blue sky predominate; and the most suitable frames in this case are those of violet-coloured ebony (*palixandre*), or wood painted grey or black. Oil-paintings, in gilt frames, are effective on walls of olive-grey; upon which ground the flesh-colours of the picture, and the gold of the frame, assort well. Papers of a deep green, and even of a deep blue, may likewise be advantageously employed in many cases. We know one artist, whose drawing-room wall, covered with oil-paintings in gilt frames, has a flock-paper of deep green, the velvet pattern being of

nearly equal extent with the smooth ground, but of a darker shade. The effect is very good. Had it been a picture-gallery, the paper would have been unquestionably better if of a perfectly uniform colour; but by having it patterned, and of two shades of the same colour, the requirements of a drawing-room are answered with the least possible detriment to the effect of the pictures.

So much for the mechanical accessories of the Fine Arts, whether these be exhibited in a noble gallery, or in the houses of our middle-classes. In coming to the furniture of our dwellings, it must be confessed that, so innumerable are the possible combinations of colour, it is impossible to lay down many laws of general application. In large rooms, bright contrasting colours may be employed; whereas in small rooms, the harmony should be not of contrast, but of analogy;—in other words, the furniture of small rooms should in general, have but one predominant colour, and the contrasts exhibited be only those of tone. On this principle, hangings with varied and brilliant colours, representing flowers, birds, human figures, landscapes, &c., may be employed in the decorating of large rooms; whereas chintzes are only suitable to small rooms, such as cabinets, boudoirs, &c. In bed-rooms, the window-curtains and those of the bed should be similar; and if there be a divan, it may be similar also; for we may remark, that it is conformable with the object of boudoirs and similar places, to diminish their extent to the eye, by employing only one material for the hangings and chairs, instead of seeking to fix the eye upon many separate objects.

Of hangings—and our remarks are almost equally applicable to the general tone of a room—we may say, that in consequence of an apartment never being too light (since we can diminish the day-light by means of blinds and curtains), it is best that the hangings be of a light and not of a dark colour, so that they may reflect light rather than absorb it. Dark hangings, therefore, are proscribed, whatever be *their colour*. Red curtains are to be met with very frequently in this country; yet it must be said that red and

violet, even in their light tones, ought to be proscribed, because they are exceedingly unfavourable to the colour of the skin. Orange can never be much employed, it fatigues the eye so much by its intensity; and, indeed, among the simple colours there is scarcely any which are advantageous, except yellow, and the light tones of green and blue. Yellow is lively, and combines well with mahogany furniture, but not generally with gilding. Light-green is favourable, both to gilding and to mahogany, and also to complexions, whether pale or rosy. Light-blue is less favourable than green to rosy complexions, especially in daylight: it is particularly favourable to gilding—associates better than green, with yellow or orange-coloured woods—and does not injure mahogany. White hangings—or hangings of a light grey, either normal, or tinged with green, blue, or yellow—uniform, or with velvet patterns, similar in colour to the ground, are also good for use.

In regard to the draping of floors, it must be borne in mind, that for a carpet to produce the best possible effect, it is not enough that it is of the best manufacture, and of excellent colours and pattern; it is also requisite that its pattern be in harmony with the size, and its colours with the decorations of the room. It is important for manufacturers to know how to produce carpets which will suit well with many different styles of room furniture; and, in our opinion, the best mode of attaining this end is, to make the light and bright colouring commence from the centre of the carpet; for it is there (that is to say, in the part most distant from the chairs, hangings, &c.) that we can employ vivid and strongly-contrasted colours without inconvenience. And if we surround this bright central portion with an interval of subdued colouring, we shall be able to give to the framing colours (those around the margin of the carpet) a great appearance of brilliance, without injuring the colour of the chairs and hangings. With respect to the carpets of small or moderately-sized rooms, we may lay down the rule, that the more numerous and vivid the colours of the furniture, the more simple should be the carpet alike

in colour and pattern,—an assortment of green and black having, in very many cases, a good effect. On the other hand, if the furniture is of a single colour, or if its contrasts consist only of different tones of the same colour, we may, without detriment, employ a carpet of brilliant colours, in such a way as to establish a harmony of contrast between them and the dominant hue of the furniture. But if the furniture is of mahogany, and we wish to bring out its peculiar colour, then we must not have either red, orange, or scarlet, as a dominant colour in the covering of the floor.

The covering of chairs may present either a harmony of contrast or a harmony of analogy with the hangings, according as the room is large or small; and a good effect may be produced by bordering the stuff at the parts contiguous to the wood with the same colour as the hangings, but of a higher tone. Nothing, we may add, contributes so much to enhance the beauty of a stuff intended for chairs, sofas, &c., as the selection of the wood to which it is attached; and, reciprocally, nothing contributes so much to augment the beauty of the wood as the colour of the stuff in juxtaposition with it. In accordance with the principles of colouring which we laid down in a preceding part of this article, it is evident that we must assort rose or red-coloured woods, such as mahogany, with green stuffs; yellow woods, such as citron, ash-root, maple, satin-wood, &c., with violet or blue stuffs; while red woods likewise do well with blue-greys, and yellow woods with green-greys. But in all these assortments, if we would obtain the best possible effects, it is necessary to take into consideration the contrast resulting from height of tone: for a dark blue or violet stuff will not accord so well with a yellow wood as a light tone of these colours does; and hence, also, yellow does not assort so well with mahogany as with a wood of the same colour, but lighter. There is no wood more generally used by us than mahogany, and no covering for sofas and chairs more common than a crimson woollen stuff; and in this we are influenced not so much by any idea of harmony, as by the twofold motive of the stability of

the crimson colour and the beauty of the mahogany. In assorting these, we will often do well to separate the stuff from the wood by a cord or narrow galloon of yellow, or of golden yellow, with gilt nails; or better still, a narrow galloon of green or black, according as we wish the border to be more or less prominent. The red woods always lose a portion of their beauty when in juxtaposition with red stuffs. And hence it is that we can never ally mahogany to vivid reds, such as cherry-colour; and more particularly to orange-reds, such as scarlet, nacarat, and aurora; for these colours are so bright that, in taking away from this wood its peculiar tint, it becomes no better than oak or walnut. Ebony and walnut can be allied with brown tones, also with certain shades of green and violet.

A writer in last number, perplexed with the question, What is civilisation? at length inclined to think that the boarding-school miss was not far wrong who answered that it was "the last fashions from Paris." And really, if one consider what antecedents and concomitants these "last fashions" imply—what surplus wealth and abundance of skilled labour—what taste, what leisure, and what highly-developed social habits—even a philosopher may agree with the young lady's opinion. Unfortunately we cannot dogmatise much as to the coloured proprieties of this crowning product of civilization, Dress. When it comes to be a nice question of shades, and half-shades, and mixed patterns, modified by the natural style of the person prescribed for, we lay down our pen and make a bow of confessed inferiority to the leading gentlemen of the cloth,—assured that even M. Chevreul, Frenchman and scientific colourist though he be, would feel it the height of presumption to dissent from the suggestions so quietly made by the "dictator of fashion" in Stulz's establishment. There is one remark we would make, however, which deserves to be noted by two numerous and very opposite sections of the community,—we mean clergymen and lawyers on the one hand, and sportsmen and other cognate classes on the other. These gentlemen always, or most frequen-

wear a *monochromic* or one-coloured suit; the clergy all black, and sportsmen plaid or mixtures of various kinds. Now, it is hopeless to address clergymen on such a subject, because they cannot help themselves; and it is perhaps not less unprofitable to preach to the votaries of Melton-Mowbray, who generally set at defiance and overleap economy much in the same way as they do hedges and ditches; yet it must be said, that of all modes of apparel a one-coloured suit is the least economical. It presents no contrast of colour by which the leading hues may be kept in appearing freshness. Moreover a coat, waistcoat, and trousers of the same colour cannot be worn together with advantage except when they are all new; for when one of them has lost its freshness in consequence of having been more worn than the others, the difference will be increased by contrast. Thus, new black trousers worn with a coat and waistcoat of the same colour, but old and slightly *rusty*, will exaggerate this latter tint; while at the same time the black of the trousers will appear brighter. White trousers and also ones of a reddish grey mixture, will correct this tendency to rustiness in black upper clothes,—and indeed there is nothing like white trousers for making every kind of coat look well in its old age.

Civilians seldom indulge in much liveliness or contrast of colour in their dress, but the very opposite is the case with military uniforms. In the French army the uniforms are especially brilliant,—almost entirely eschewing suits of one colour, except in the case of special corps, such as the Rifles. In this respect the French outfit is more economical than ours,—especially in our cavalry regiments, where the monochromic style of dress is not unfrequent. Let us take, for example, a uniform of red and green, like that of many regiments of French cavalry: by the law of contrast, the two colours, being complementary, or the opposite of each other, mutually strengthen one another; so that the green renders the red redder, and the red renders the green greener. Thus, a bi-coloured uniform, if the colours be complementary, exhibits, after a good deal of wearing, cloths

which look quite as well as each did when new and viewed separately. Whitening of the seams—a disagreeable vestiarian phenomenon produced by the surface, or best-coloured portion, of the cloth being rubbed off—is likewise much less apparent in a coat of two or more colours (i.e. braided or edged with a different colour from the ground) than it is in a monochromic coat; because the vivid contrast of different colours, fixing directly the attention of the spectator, prevents the eye from perceiving the inequalities which would be visible enough in a one-coloured coat. The same thing occurs, but in a lower degree, with uniforms of which the colours, without being complementary, are very contrasting. For example, blue and yellow, which accord well together, and are seen in the masses of yellow embroidery upon the blue of some of our hussar uniforms;—also deep-blue and scarlet, in which assortment is included the uniform of indigo-blue and madder-red of many French regiments;—also green and yellow, which form an association pleasing to the eye from its gaiety, and especially suitable for a cavalry dress.

It is not enough, however, to choose for uniforms colours which assort well: it is necessary, in order to obtain the best result, that we should employ those colours in certain relative proportions, and distribute them suitably. Thus, when one colour is in smaller proportion than another, it is requisite that it be distributed as equally as possible throughout the uniform: for instance, in the artillery uniform of blue and scarlet, the latter colour, which is far from appearing in equal proportion with the blue, produces a very good effect when distributed over the whole uniform. Further, we must say, with M. Chevreul, “in a many-coloured uniform, where one colour is found on different pieces of the dress—on both coat and trousers, for example—we must take care that the colour does not cause the eye to confound contiguous or superimposed parts in such a way that a part of the one piece seems to belong to the other. Thus, some regiments of the French army wear with madder-red trousers a blue coat, the facings of which are of the same

red: but what is the result? Why, at a certain distance, the red facings confound themselves with the trousers,—the skirts of the coat appear diminished to their blue parts, and accordingly are judged too narrow. It would be easy to remedy this defect, by adopting facings of blue with a red edging." And we may sum up our remarks upon military facings and embroidery with two propositions: Firstly, that whenever the coat and trousers are of the same colour, and there is in the former a second colour which exists only in small proportion, it ought to be repeated upon the trousers in a broad stripe if the soldier wears boots, and in simple edging if he wears shoes. Secondly, that whenever the trousers are of a colour distinct from the coat (that is to say, different from what we regard as the ground), a stripe or simple edging of the colour of the coat will produce this colour in the trousers.

Colour is so intimately associated with beauty that we cannot possibly disregard it in its relations to the fair sex. Moreover, we would willingly, before closing, earn a meed of thanks from the ladies, if such be within reach of our feeble powers, by a few hints upon the coloured æsthetics of female dress. Here, still more emphatically than in the male attire, we cannot enter into the minutiae of costume. It is only in the matter of simple colour that we can assume to prescribe. In regard to the general assortment of colours in a dress, we have already indicated the true principles to be followed, in our remarks upon the effects which contiguous colours produce upon one another. What we would more especially look to now, is not the general costume, so much as that portion of it which surrounds or adjoins that star-point of every figure—that noble region where life, and heart, and mind, all shine most conspicuously—the Face.

Now, there are two types of face, in regard to colour or complexion, in this country—namely, the blonde and the dark; the one with fair hair, fair skin, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks—the other with black hair, dark eyes, and brunette complexion. In the fair type, the various hues are all of the same class; and accordingly the harmonies of analogy predominate over the har-

monies of contrast. In the dark type, the reverse is the case: in fact, the black hair, eyebrows, eyelashes, and eyes, contrast, in point of tone and colour, not only with the white of the skin, but also with the complexion, which in this type is redder or less rosy than in the blonde type,—and it must not be forgotten that when a decided red, like that of a brunette's complexion, is associated with black (as in her hair and eyes), the latter colour acquires an excessively deep tone, much darker than it really is. It is owing to the one class being pervaded by the harmony of analogy, and the other by the harmony of contrast, that the faces of blondes are generally characterised by softness and sweetness of expression, while brunettes are distinguished by brilliance and power.

In coming to consider what colours suit best in the head and neck dress of blondes and brunettes respectively, we find that general opinion confirms our fundamental principles, by holding that blue accords well with fair complexions, and yellow (apricot, for instance) and orange-red with dark ones,—these colours being respectively the complementaries or contrasts to the predominant hue in fair and dark complexions. We may add, that yellow and orange-red, contrasting by colour and brilliancy with black—and their complementaries, violet and blue-green, in mixing with the tint of the hair—frequently produce a good effect upon ladies of the dark type. But as an interesting study for ladies, let us give, in an abridged form, M. Chevreul's opinions upon this subject:—

Red drapery:—Rose-red cannot be put in contact with the rosiest complexions without causing them to lose some of their freshness. Dark-red is less objectionable for certain complexions than rose-red, because, being higher than this latter, it tends to impart whiteness to them in consequence of contrast of tone.

Green drapery:—A delicate green is, on the contrary, favourable to all fair complexions which are deficient in rose, and which may have more imparted to them without inconvenience. But it is not as favourable to complexions that are more red than rosy, nor to those that have a tint of orange mixed with brown, because the red they add to this tint will be of a brick-red hue. In the latter case a dark green will be less objec-

tionable than a delicate green. *Yellow drapery*:—Yellow imparts violet to a fair skin, and in this view it is less favourable than the delicate green. To those skins which are more yellow than orange, it imparts white; but this combination is very dull and heavy for a fair complexion. When the skin is tinted more with orange than yellow, we can make it roseate by neutralising the yellow. It produces this effect upon the black-haired type, and it is thus that it suits brunettes. *Violet draperies*:—Violet, the complementary of yellow, produces contrary effects; thus, it imparts some greenish-yellow to fair complexions. It augments the yellow tint of yellow and orange skins. The little blue there may be in a complexion it makes green. Violet, then, is one of the least favourable colours to the skin, at least when it is not sufficiently deep to whiten it by contrast of tone. *Blue drapery*:—Blue imparts orange, which is susceptible of allying itself favourably to white and the light flesh tints of fair complexions, which have already a more or less determined tint of this colour. Blue is, then, suitable to most blondes, and in this case justifies its reputation. It will not suit brunettes, since they have already too much of orange. *Orange drapery*:—Orange is too brilliant to be elegant; it makes fair complexions blue, whitens those which have an orange tint, and gives a green hue to those of a yellow tint. *White drapery*:—Drapery of a lustreless white, such as cambric muslin, assorts well with a fresh complexion, of which it relieves the rose colour; but it is unsuitable to complexions which have a disagreeable tint, because white always exalts all colours by raising their tone; consequently, it is unsuitable to those skins which, without having this disagreeable tint, very nearly approach it. Very light white draperies, such as muslin, plaited or point lace, have an entirely different aspect—appearing more grey than white, because the threads, which reflect light, and the interstices, which absorb it, produce the effect of a mixture of small white surfaces with small black ones. *Black drapery*:—Black draperies, lowering the tone of the colours with which they are in juxtaposition, whiten the skin; but if the vermilion or rosy parts are to a certain point distant from the drapery, it will follow that, although lowered in tone, they appear relatively to the white parts of the skin contiguous to this same

drapery, redder than if the contiguity to the black did not exist."

In regard to ladies' bonnets, it is generally supposed that a great deal, if not the main part, of the effect is produced by the colour of the bonnet being thrown or reflected upon the face. M. Chevreul, after experimenting, in his usual painstaking way, with various coloured bonnets upon white plaster-casts, found that this was a mistake,—that the reflection, even under the most favourable circumstances, is very feeble, except upon the temples,—and, moreover, that these reflected hues have always a tendency to produce, as they pass into the ordinary daylight, colours the very opposite of themselves; so that when rose-colour is reflected upon the face, a space lightly tinged with green will intervene between it and the parts of the face illuminated directly by the daylight. As for any reflected tints falling upon the face while the present fashion lasts, the thing is impossible; for the bonnets are placed so far off the face—or rather, we should say, off the head—that any reflected tints can fall only on the hair. Here is M. Chevreul's *catalogue raisonné* of head-dresses in relation to fair and dark complexions; and it will be strange indeed, gentlest of readers, if you do not find "a love of a bonnet" that will just suit you in the list here presented.

FAIR-HAIRED TYPE.

"A black bonnet with white feathers, with white, rose or red flowers, suits a fair complexion.

A lustreless white bonnet does not suit well with fair and rosy complexions. It is otherwise with bonnets of gauze, crape, or lace; they are suitable to all complexions. The white bonnet may have flowers, either white, rose, or particularly blue.

A light-blue bonnet is particularly suitable to the light-haired type; it may be ornamented with white flowers, and in many cases with yellow and orange flowers, but not with rose or violet flowers.

A green bonnet is advantageous to fair or rosy complexions. It may be trimmed with white flowers, but preferably with rose.

A rose coloured bonnet must not be too close to the skin; and if it is found that the hair does not produce sufficient

separation, the distance from the rose-colour may be increased by means of white, or green, which is preferable. A wreath of white flowers in the midst of their leaves has a good effect.

I shall not advise the use of a light or deep red bonnet, except when the painter desires to diminish too warm a tint in the complexion.

Finally, the painter should never prescribe either yellow or orange-coloured bonnets, and be very reserved in the use of violet.

TYPE WITH BLACK HAIR.

A black bonnet does not contrast so well with the *ensemble* of the type with black hair, as with the other type; yet it may produce a good effect, and receive advantageously accessories of white, red, rose, orange, and yellow.

A white bonnet gives rise to the same remarks as those which have been made concerning its use in connection with the blonde type, except that for brunettes it is better to give the preference to accessories of red, rose, orange, and also yellow, rather than to blue.

Bonnets of rose, red, cerise, are suitable for brunettes, when the hair separates as much as possible the bonnet from the complexion. White feathers accord well with red; and white flowers, with abundance of leaves, have a good effect with rose.

A yellow bonnet suits a brunette very well, and receives with advantage violet or blue accessories; the hair must always interpose between the complexion and the head-dress.

It is the same with bonnets of an orange colour more or less broken, such as chamois. Blue trimmings are eminently suitable with orange and its shades.

A green bonnet is suitable to fair and light rosy complexions; rose, red, or white flowers, are preferable to all others.

A blue bonnet is only suitable to a fair or light red complexion; nor can it be allied to such as have a tint of orange brown. When it suits a brunette, it may take with advantage yellow or orange trimmings.

A violet bonnet is always unsuitable to every complexion, since there are none which yellow will suit. Yet if we interpose between the violet and the skin not only the hair, but also yellow accessories, a bonnet of this colour may become favourable."

As an important memorandum, it must be added, that, whenever the colour of a bonnet does not realise the intended effect, even when the com-

plexion is separated from the head-dress by masses of hair, it is advantageous to place between the hair and the bonnet certain accessories—such as ribbons, wreaths, or detached flowers—of a colour complementary to that of the bonnet, in the way above prescribed for the violet bonnet; and the same colour must also be placed on the outside of the bonnet.

These hints, thus thrown out primarily for the benefit of the ladies, are calculated to be of use also to portrait-painters,—to that class of artists whose peculiar province and happy fortune it is to copy and transmit to posterity those types of female loveliness which, in the richness of bodily presence, earth can but retain for a too brief season. The method of bringing out a colour by contrast ought in a peculiar manner to fix the attention of such artists. Many a lady's portrait has been spoiled, and a poor instead of a lovely effect produced, from a want of tasteful selection in the colours of the dress or of the background. The first thing the portrait-painter has to do, is to find the predominating colour in the complexion he has to paint; and that once found, and faithfully reproduced on his canvass, he must seek out the accessories best fitted to give value to it. This is often no easy matter,—so many are the varieties of complexion, blending into each other by invisible shades, which lie between the two extreme types of dark and fair. No rule can be devised that will guide him here: the artist must be able to judge for himself. It is for him to judge whether the dominant tint of a complexion ought to be exalted, or diminished, or wholly neutralised. And if he choose to weaken it, he must judge also whether this will be best done by using a drapery of the same colour as the complexion, but of a deeper tone; or whether he should oppose to the complexion a drapery of its complementary colour, taken at a sufficiently high tone, so as to produce the effect of weakening at once by a contrast of colour and a contrast of tone.

Colour is so beautiful an object as to be specially suitable for being much used in the portraits of the fair sex, with whom beauty is almost always the greatest charm. But with men it

is different. Thought, as old Anacreon long ago sung, is as much the characteristic of the rougher sex as loveliness is of the gentler one; and to represent the simple majesty of Mind, nothing is better than black or dark colours, which serve to concentrate the eye of the spectator upon the head alone. Indeed, as our farewell suggestion to portrait-painters, we would observe, that the attention of the spectator is always led away from the face in exact proportion to the number of different colours and accessories in the rest of the picture. Hence the rule may be laid down, that if the model has a physiognomy which recommends itself neither by the beauty nor by the expression of its features—and still more, if there is a natural defect to be dissembled or concealed—the artist ought to call to his aid every legitimate accessory, and all the resources of contrasted but well-assorted colours. But if, on the other hand, the inspired artist feel a purity of expression or loftiness of character pertaining to his model,—or if a face, to most eyes commonplace, strike him by one of those expressions which he judges to belong only to men

animated by noble ideas in politics, science, arts, or literature,—then it is to the countenance of his model that he should address himself; it is upon it that he should fix his chief attention; so that the resemblance, and the feeling which guided his pencil, may be alike conspicuous in his picture. Everything being subordinate to the physiognomy, the drapery should be of black or sombre colours; and if any ornaments are introduced for the sake of relief, they ought to be of the simplest and most apposite kind. Vandyck may be accepted as a master in this style of portrait-painting; and our artists of the present day, who are so fond of seeking extraordinary effects of light and shade, and by giving to vulgar persons a heroic attitude, or to commonplace countenances the pretence of profound thought, would do well to study the *chefs-d'œuvre* of that great master, and therein learn how infinitely better beauty may be produced by simplicity of means, by taste in the selection of the draperies and other accessories of the figures, and by attitudes which are not more invariably elegant than they are natural.

LATIN VERSIFICATION.

HALF a century ago, an elaborate defence of Latin versification, and of classical studies in general, as an indispensable element in every liberal system of education, might well have been deemed superfluous by the journalist. But the wide expansion of academical learning which has recently been inaugurated, at both the Universities, combined with the avowed bias of the late Oxford Commission and its friends, fairly impose upon the essayist of 1854 the defence of that time-honoured system, which as it runs directly counter to the selfish and material tendencies of the age, is always in danger of being disparaged and undermined by the shallow illiberal conceit of modern educational reform. There are few, indeed, in these days, however digni-

fied by birth, station, or intellectual culture, who have never paid homage at the shrine of that self-constituted idol, public opinion. We may, it is true, safely congratulate the country upon the comparative soundness of the code of social opinion in the present generation. But it can never be a safe guide. Its dominion is fatal to individuality, the very soul of European as distinguished from Asiatic civilisation: it is the creature of, and is always sympathetically affected by, the contemporary tone of public practice: it is oftener the exponent of classes than of a truly national sentiment: its stream is rarely equable and clear, but liable to capricious ebbs and violent reactions. Its strong utilitarian bias may well make us tremble for the safety of classical studies, when

once reduced to equal terms of competition with more popular branches of education. A period of transition, too, is proverbially critical, both for states, men, and institutions.

We do not, indeed, anticipate the literal fulfilment of Dean Gaisford's prophecy, that the New Examination Statute will prove the ruin of classical learning on the banks of the Isis. But there are many threatening indications on the academic horizon. Last year, not even the unusual splendour of the ceremony at the Installation could elicit from the competitors for the Chancellor's prize a copy of Latin hexameters worthy of the Laurel; not all the political prestige of Lord Derby could infuse a ray of inspiration into the odes composed in his lordship's honour; and one of these effusions, we regret to say, actually passed the University seal disfigured by an egregious solecism.*

Oxford legislation, too, has testified to its own conviction of the tendency of the new to the discouragement of the old studies. Thus, in the recent Examination Statute, while other avenues to distinction are opened, the attainment of a certain standard of classical knowledge is declared an essential qualification for a degree. While, therefore, Oxford has cheerfully volunteered to meet the requirements of the age, she has made no compromise: she has founded the alterations in her system upon a clear and secure principle, that of a high general education, based upon classical learning, with some introductory professional instruction in the last stage of the academic career.

We sincerely trust the University will inflexibly maintain herself in this position; but to do so will require no common firmness. She is exposed, on the one hand, to the insidious attacks of professed friends, like the late Commissioners, who would fain have persuaded her to supersede the "lessons of the grammar-school," as they contemptuously term the study of the master-minds of antiquity, after the first public examination; and to allow mere professional learning prematurely to encroach upon the domain of gene-

ral mental culture. On the other hand, she is overtly assailed by the vulgar utilitarian outcry of those gentlemen who will never be contented till they have levelled every one with themselves. In this hazardous crisis of the academic era, when so many perilous innovations have been proposed, it may not be superfluous briefly to recapitulate the salient points in support of that principle, whereupon the University has hitherto based her educational reforms. May we venture to ask these enlightened gentlemen, who affect to deride the cultivation of ancient literature as the elegant imbecility of classical scholarship—who talk so loudly of the "useful"—upon what principle they restrict the designation exclusively to certain pet branches of knowledge? It seems to us that, in this utilitarian controversy, the question at issue lies in a nutshell. Society will ever be divided into two classes, one of which can, and the other cannot, afford their children the advantage of a liberal education. Under the former class naturally range themselves the aristocracy and the country gentlemen, beneficed clergymen, the more eminent and prosperous among the votaries of law and physic, and the most flourishing members of the mercantile and manufacturing communities. Is it possible that we can hesitate to apply the term "useful" to that intellectual discipline which, if not the essential, is at any rate the *fittest* basis of a large and liberal mental culture? It would be superfluous, indeed, to argue the question in reference to the few who are born to the honourable rivalry of the political arena, or the ease and dignity of the country squire. But on candidates for professional distinction it can never be too earnestly impressed that the main object of early education is not to cram the head with mere knowledge, but to develop the faculties and to train the judgment. A man of disciplined faculties, it has been well said, has the command of another's knowledge: a man without them, has not the command of his own. Now, of all the qualities which enable a man to take a lead in the

* "Qui gentis eternos honores
Egregius egregior (!) reportat."

active business of life, judgment is the foremost. We need hardly say that we mean something very different from the homely faculty styled "common sense" (though, after all, what is really more rare than genuine common sense?)—we mean that master principle which gives its possessor a vigorous hold upon any subject he is led to grapple with; which is the quintessence of the various discipline of the mind; whose very life is comparison and discrimination; and which is assuredly never formed by an early devotion of the understanding to a single study. So much do ideas gain in strength and clearness by intermixture and combination! Nor is this all; in order to train the judgment, the mind must be employed upon subjects congenial to the faculty, and adapted to exercise its perceptions. Those subjects are prodigal in variety, and comprehensive in their range: they embrace the study of religion, ethics, history, eloquence, criticism, and the fine arts. But, miscellaneous as they seem, they are yet held in union by two capital principles of connexion: first, that they are all quarried out of man's moral and social nature; next, that, as distinguished from those physical and mathematical sciences "whose speculative perfection is their practical defect," they have one common standard, *probability*—the very same that Bishop Butler declares to be the guide of life.

The infallible sequence taught by mathematics has no affinity with the mixed relations and contending principles which prevail amid the infinite variety of human affairs. "Probability is the *terra incognita* of the geometer: everything short of demonstration is absolutely beneath his notice." Nor is the study of physical science much more conducive to the discipline of this sovereign faculty. Chemistry, botany, and astronomy—*useful* studies as subservient to the arts, *liberal* studies as the food of an ingenious curiosity—contain no lessons of instruction for us in the intricate problems of our moral nature and our social institutions. On the contrary, the studies above mentioned

are such as afford a direct play to the faculty of judgment. "History," says an eminent critic,* to whom we owe several of the foregoing suggestions,—“history gives fulness, moral philosophy strength, and poetry elevation to the understanding.” Nor do they serve only as mutual aids, but as mutual corrections; the one softening and allaying the false peculiar colouring incident to the other.

No modern literature can prove a substitute for the study of the ancient, and especially the Greek masters; for in the Greek models alone are embodied those principles of ideal beauty in art and literature which, says Colonel Mure, though founded on certain primary laws of harmony and propriety, have no separate existence in themselves apart from the works in which they are enshrined. The Greek masterpieces, we say, stand upon a totally different footing from the literature of modern Europe; they claim our admiration and despair, not only for their individual excellence, which indeed may and does exist in the shape of power of expression and originality of conception, apart from the observance of those principles, but for the elementary laws of art which they embody. In Greek letters alone, the purest standards of style are also the noblest productions of national genius. The case is the same in the regions of elegant art. The Greek school of design is the only one which has grown up under the guidance of pure native genius, in spontaneous conformity with the principles of ideal beauty and propriety. In other nations, works of great excellence are counterbalanced by defects and anomalies destructive of their value as standard models. The principles of Hellenic art are equally applicable to the literature of Italy or Spain, of France or of England; and so far from there being any contrariety between the principles of the Classical and the Romantic schools, the merits of the latter will be found to be in unison, its defects as surely at variance, with the laws of Hellenic composition. To illustrate: "The properties to be chiefly admired in the romantic drama—

* DAVISON'S *Essays*.

subjects derived from indigenous sources, spirited portraiture of character, and vivid representation of passion and feeling—are all in strict harmony with classic principles. Its defects, again—the little regard for unity of action, and entire contempt for that of time and place—the confusion of incidents, inconsistencies of chronology or geography, and burlesque admixture of the serious and the ludicrous,—are plain violations of the laws, not merely of Hellenic, but of all elegant art.*

It is a thoroughly erroneous, though by no means an uncommon notion, that the classical system of education is mediæval in its origin and tone, and ought therefore to be remodelled in sympathy with other great changes in society. The exact reverse happens to be the case. The classical system was founded upon the ruins of the mediæval scheme of education, which was professional rather than general—the very system which the utilitarians are seeking to revive, ignorantly supposing it to be the enemy and antidote of mediævalism. It had indeed been theoretically conceived by some of those master-minds who are always in advance of their own age and institutions—among others by the prescient eye of Walter de Merton;—but practically it originated with the Reformation, and was essentially in unison with the principles of that movement. That it was thoroughly Baconian in spirit is tolerably clear from the two following sentences, in which the great philosopher censures the mediæval plan of education, which thrust logic into the minds of boys only fit recipients of the rules of grammar, and presumed to teach jurisprudence before the mind was capable of embracing sciences: “Amongst so many great foundations of colleges in Europe, I find it strange that they are all dedicated to professions, and none left free to arts and sciences at large. For if men judge that learning is to be referred to action, they judge well; but in this they fall into the error described in the ancient fable, in which the other parts of the body did suppose the stomach had been idle, because it neither performed the

office of motion, as the limbs do, nor of sense, as the head doth; but yet, notwithstanding, it is the stomach that digesteth and distributeth to all the rest; so, if any man think philosophy and universality to be idle studies, he doth not consider that all professions are thence served and supplied.”

Nor ought we to forget the elegant and liberal recreation with which classical and general studies relieve the many voids which must inevitably occur in professional life. Professional rewards are distributed by no certain rule; and what can be a less enviable state than the lifeless stagnation to which the lawyer and physician are reduced, in the intervals of practice, if incapable of relieving the vacancy of their minds with those literary pursuits which at once invigorate and delight the intellect? Professional talent has indeed been aptly compared to muscular, high mental cultivation to constitutional, strength.

It would be treason to the cause to omit altogether the testimony of those living authorities, whose names gain additional weight from the fact that they are beyond the suspicion of any partiality for antiquated studies, and are therefore by no means open to the charge of being favourable witnesses. The author of *England and the English* will hardly be suspected of illiberal ideas, yet we question whether any of the professed or professional advocates of classical studies ever pronounced a more glowing yet discriminate eulogium upon them than Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in his recent address to his literary audience at Edinburgh. It is conceived, indeed, in the same spirit which inspired the following eloquent tribute, paid by the noble Chancellor of the University of Oxford to that ancient classic lore,

“which must be the charm of every youthful mind which gives itself up to that enchanting study, which, impressed upon the mind in early days, will never be entirely forgotten, or lose its influence through long toilsome years. Who that in the days of his early studies has tasted and enjoyed the noble simplicity of old Homer and old Herodotus—the classic elegance of Virgil—the sublime reasonings of Plato—the dignity, pow-

* Col. Murr, *Lit. Ant. Greece*, vol. i. p. 142.

er, and pathos of the Greek tragedians—the graphic accuracy of Thucydides—the easy unaffected narrative of Xenophon—the vigorous terseness of Tacitus—the impassioned eloquence of Demosthenes and Æschines—the graceful rhythm and pure Latinity of Cicero—the glorious daring of Pindar—the ‘curiosa felicitas’ of Horace—the shrewd homely wit of Terence—the biting sarcasm of Juvenal—who that has delighted in all these in his early and most impressible days, can be so dull and cold as that long years of after toil, and the cares of public life, can wholly quench in him that ‘divinæ particulam auræ,’ with which he was inspired by his former, though long-neglected studies?

Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem Testa diu.

And no one, whose mind has been once thoroughly imbued with classic literature, but must feel and acknowledge the influence which it has exercised in after life upon his mind, and upon the turn and character of his thoughts and arguments: and when he seeks to convey his thoughts in language, whether with the pen or with the tongue, though the stream may be drawn ‘from the pure well of English undefiled,’ yet there may linger in the draught some flavour of the Heliconian spring; and under the imperceptible influence of the spirit of ancient harmony, the rude accents of our rugged but noble language may mould themselves into periods which may sometimes reflect, although imperfectly, something of the melodious rhythm and the incomparable modulation of those mighty masters of thought and language.”

We have nothing to say to M. Victor Cousin’s opinions on religious subjects; but great weight must naturally attach to his opinion of the value of classical learning, from the profound attention which he has paid to education in general, and his commanding knowledge of modern literature. In Mrs. Austin’s translation of his work on *Prussian Education*, published many years ago, we find the following passage:—

“Classical studies are, without any comparison, the most important of all; for their tendency and their object is the knowledge of human nature, which they consider under all its grandest aspects:

here, in the languages and the literature of nations, which have left indelible traces of their passage on earth; there, in the fruitful vicissitudes of history, constantly remodelling and constantly improving the frame of society. Lastly, in philosophy, which reveals the simplest elements and the uniform structure of that wonderful being, whom history, language, and literature successively invest with forms the most varied, yet all connected with some part, more or less important, of his internal constitution. Classical studies keep alive the sacred tradition of the moral and intellectual life of the human race. To curtail or enfeeble such studies would, in my eyes, be an act of barbarism; a crime against all true and high civilisation, and, in some sort, an act of high treason against humanity.”

Next, as to the more immediate bearing of classical studies, and a liberal mental culture, on the two leading professions of law and theology: the essential connection of a high general education with a sound knowledge of jurisprudence has alike been insisted upon by every writer on the subject from Blackstone to the present day, and illustrated by Lord Campbell’s Lives of our great legal luminaries, especially Lord Mansfield. In our own days, the high authorities of Lord Brougham, Lord Denman, and Mr. Baron Parke, have unanimously re-echoed Blackstone’s statement, that “the inconveniences” (of learning practice apart from theory, and of cramming a crude mass of statutes without a perception of the principles of jurisprudence) “can never be effectually prevented but by making academical education a previous step to the profession of the common law, and at the same time making the rudiments of law a part of academical education.” “It is highly desirable,” says Mr. Stephen Denison,* “to combine with the elementary study of the law the kindred studies of logic, rhetoric, evidence, and history; all of which would naturally be done at the University, whereas it would not, and probably could not, be done at all at the Inns of Court.”† And the essential im-

* *Oxford Commission Report*, p. 77.

† The high authority of Sir John Patteson and Sir John Awdry has recently formed the views here expressed. Suggestions with regard to *University Reform*, JOHN AWDRY and the Right Hon. Sir J. PATESSON. Oxford, 1854, p. 64.

portance of the study of Roman law as the basis of the study of general jurisprudence has at length been recognised by both the Universities. It is, indeed, highly desirable, not only because so large a portion of our English law, and especially our Chancery system, has directly flowed from that reservoir of equity, the prætorian or edictal law of Rome; but because the Roman code is moulded with a scientific regard to principle and method, contrasting very favourably with our own jumbled mass of incoherent statutes. "We have long been approaching," says Hallam, "the crisis of a necessary reform;" and if the nineteenth century is to find her Justinian, that blessing can only be attained by insuring a scientific legal training both to the lawyers and the legislators of the rising generation. We sincerely wish every success to the excellent efforts of the two Universities at once to maintain the unity of education, and to initiate their students in the elements of professional knowledge during the second period of their academic career.

It is almost superfluous to illustrate the advantages of classic lore as the groundwork of theological attainments. Hear the pregnant testimony of Sir W. Hamilton—no partial witness in aught concerning the Church of England or the University of Oxford:—

"A comparison of the Scotch and English Churches affords a curious illustration in point. In the latter, the clergy have a tolerable classical training, but for ages, we may say, no theological education at all. In the former, the clergy must accomplish the longest course of theological study prescribed in any country, but with the worst and shortest classical preparation. Yet, in theological erudition, what a contrast do the two Churches exhibit! And this simply because a learned scholar can easily slide into a learned divine without a special theological education; whereas no theological education can make a man a competent divine who is not a learned scholar—theology being, in a human sense, only a philology and a history, applied by philosophy.*"

We will only add, that it is of incalculable importance to associate

with the study of theology the culture of a sound ethical system. It is curious to observe the intimate connection between the Aristotelian idea of virtue, and the Anglican as contrasted with the Romanist theory of justification; and full justice will never be done to the purity of our Anglican creed until the defence of its doctrines is grounded upon sound ethical principles, full as much as upon appeals to authority, history, and tradition.

The question of the *usefulness* of classical studies to the middle and inferior classes of society, obviously depends upon their compatibility with a sufficiently early start in professional or commercial life. Such a problem can, of course, receive only a *practical* solution. Oxford, meantime, will do well to enlarge her accommodation through channels susceptible of rapid contraction and easy expansion. Sir John Awdry thinks that surgeons, architects, and engineers, and others dependent, not upon capital, but mental skill, might, in a smaller proportion than lawyers, yet still to an appreciable extent, be attracted by the encouragement of lay fellowships, to the great benefit of themselves and their professions. In a commercial country like our own, where wealth is, in a great degree, the standard of social distinctions, and where that wealth is continually shifting, it is obviously impossible to define social privileges by particular classes. There exists at present no statistics by which we can surely calculate the disposition of the middle classes—to use a broad description—to avail themselves of the preliminary professional education which is all that the University can, without lowering its functions, impart.

We will now endeavour to offer a few remarks upon classical composition, as practised in our great public schools—a topic naturally suggested by the volumes before us.

It will be readily allowed that the primary object of classical study is not the attainment of a certain amount of knowledge, but the cultivation of a pure taste. That any degree of antiquarian learning, or

* *Discussions on Philosophy, &c.*, p. 380.

er, and pathos of the Greek tragedians—the graphic accuracy of Thucydides—the easy unaffected narrative of Xenophon—the vigorous terseness of Tacitus—the impassioned eloquence of Demosthenes and Eschines—the graceful rhythm and pure Latinity of Cicero—the glorious daring of Pindar—the ‘curiosa felicitas’ of Horace—the shrewd homely wit of Terence—the biting sarcasm of Juvenal—who that has delighted in all these in his early and most impressive days, can be so dull and cold as that long years of after toil, and the cares of public life, can wholly quench in him that ‘divine partior auræ,’ with which he was inspired in his former, though long-neglected days?

Quo semel est imbuta recens,
Tusta diu.

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of the best known imagery, of just and especially of simple, terse and concise diction. It has a well observed, and assimilative power, which in those noble masterpieces, which are gradually the sensibilities of inferior minds. The earlier ideas and images of the student are thus moulded in the die of classical beauty, and that without any sacrifice of their own originality and creative power.

Of all the modes of composition, Latin versification conduces in the highest degree to the cultivation of taste and elegant scholarship. Etonian scholarship has ever been characterised by peculiar grace and refinement: that it owes these qualities to the culture of Latin poetry is clear, from the fact that versification has always engrossed the chief attention of the Eton masters.

It has this undeniable advantage over exercises in prose, that, as in nations, so in individuals, the imagination is developed earlier than the reasoning powers. Prose compositions, indeed, at public schools, have been happily diversified of late years under the auspices of Dr. Arnold: historical and critical disquisitions, imaginary speeches and letters, geographical descriptions of countries, &c. have been substituted with the best effect for the vapid moral truisms (*Virtus est bona res, &c.*) which

here, in the languages and of nations, which have traces of their passage the fruitful vicissitudes constantly remodelling proving the fruitfulness of philosophy, and elements are that work the fact language invertebrate all

It is fully true that Latin poetry exerted a cramping local influence upon works of genius. We will readily accept Dean Milman's axiom, that it never either made or marred a poet. Petrarch, Boiardo, Ariosto, Tasso, all composed in Latin, but assuredly without any sacrifice of pure idiomatic Italian for exotic, or Latinised terms of expression. The noble thoughts of the *Paradise Lost* are perhaps cast occasionally in too antique a mould. But if we turn from poetry to oratory, was Canning under no obligations to his classical studies for the fastidious delicacy of his taste, the high-wrought tone of his style, and the splendid harmony of his diction? Did the pages of Tully and Demosthenes cramp the bold unfettered simplicity of Fox? Few, if any, will dispute the palm of eloquence with the noble Chancellor of Oxford, whose Latin verses are registered among the University prize poems—a standard illustration of our argument.

Without a knowledge of versification it is impossible to appreciate the great principles of ancient harmony as applied to composition in prose. The rhythm of classical prose, if not subject to the same rules with verse, is yet influenced by the same laws. The rhythm is metrical in both. How carefully it was studied is obvious from the elaborate detail with which Aristotle and Cicero enter into the structure of sentences, the arrangement of words, and the cadences of periods. It is well known that, on the death of Plato, the first line of his *Republic* was found in his study with the words variously disposed in seven different ways. How carefully Tully avoids a hexameter ending to

in sentence,* preferring to dilute the force of an assertion to any violation of the laws of euphony. They were depts, too, in the adaptation of the style to the subject-matter. Their words, now flowing like the onward surge of the ocean, in one magnificent harmony—now broken into abrupt, nervous, and concise—fall, and are endlessly diversified in sympathy with the author's style. The metrical cadence of the period in Demosthenes is perfect, but it is managed with a requisite skill that the student is only too apt to suspect of being the result of the decline of the oratory that form triumphed over substance; and the excessive care of Isocrates to balance exactly the opposite clauses of his periods defeated itself. But, with this casual exception, the laws of ancient euphony are almost an essential study for the modern orator or historian. The late Sir Robert Peel endeavoured, with much sincerity and eloquence, to impress this cardinal truth upon the students at his inaugural address at Glasgow; and he assuredly enforced it by his own example. Let any man judge candidly for himself, by contrasting with the oratory of Canning and Peel, the style of writers uninitiated in the studies of classical scholarship.

In the practice of Latin versification, many essential improvements have been introduced into our public-school system in the last fifteen years. At the commencement of that period, original composition in verse was the prevailing fashion—translation from English poetry was an experiment as yet untried. Original effusions are a salutary and indispensable stimulus to the imagination; nor can either style or versification attain equal boldness and freedom when fettered by the process of translation. But as long as it is agreed that education ought to be adjusted rather to the capacities and requirements of the mass than the talents of individual boys, it is clear that this method of composition is very objectionable, if

exclusively employed. It exhausts too rapidly its own resources: the same images and phrases are repeated with wearisome monotony: idle epithets and adverbs are gratuitously intruded to fill up the chinks of a line: the conceptions are destitute of accuracy, the imagery of variety, the language of novelty. Public-school experience will readily illustrate this. Several years ago, at the annual examinations at a certain great school, it was by no means an uncommon practice for several of the competitors for scholarships to prepare beforehand sunsets and sunrises, which they introduced as preludes, interweaving them, as best they could, with the body of their exercises, though usually with some sacrifice of relevancy! To the vices of such a system the habit of translation from modern poetry supplies an effective antidote: it at once evokes a clear appreciation of the distinctive characteristics of ancient and modern poetry, and enriches the imagination with a perpetual influx of new imagery, ideas, and combinations.

"The ingenuity of scholarship," says Dean Milman, "the command of purely classical language, the felicity of expression, and the facility of versification are perhaps displayed in the highest degree in translations from modern poetry: there is the difficulty of seizing the nearest equivalent phrase, of transposing the full spirit of the conception or the liveliness of the image, without offending against the genius of the older tongue; the close adherence to, the slight departure from, the sense—the substitution, where absolutely necessary, of a kindred form of thought or word: all this puts to the severest test the resources of the writer; gives the measure at once of his fertility, taste, and judgment; and—especially in the shorter pieces—seems to demand that perfect polish, that blending of the ease of original composition with fidelity of translation, that blameless correctness both in expression and in versification, which invites, and even defies, the most rigorous criticism: it admits no negligence, and but sparingly poetic licence; it must be tasteful as well as scholarlike."[†]

Previous to this ordeal, a boy has

* See, by uniformly substituting *esse videatur* for *esse videtur* at the termination of a period.

† *Quarterly Review*, art. "Arundines Cami," No. cxxxviii.

but little real appreciation of the resources, the genius, the idiom of the classical languages. The practice reacts upon the whole tone of his scholarship, giving it accuracy and depth; awakening the perception of those subtle shades of expression which escaped him before, and quickening his sense of classic elegance and beauty. It demands, however, the greatest care and discrimination on the tutor's part. Those passages only from English poetry should at first be given for translation which approach as nearly as possible the *simplicity* of the Latin idiom. To subdue to classical purity overcrowded imagery, complexity of metaphor, affected, sentimental, over-florid English, is not a task to be imposed upon a mere *tiro*; it is the consummate triumph of the most exquisite scholarship. It should always be remembered that the Latin language had not the universality, the comprehensiveness, and flexibility of the Greek; it was moulded by the two great spheres of national energy, the Camp and the Senate; and in its purest epochs was scarcely capable of giving adequate utterance to the subtleties of philosophic thought, or the elaborate sentimentalism of modern poetry. "Latin verse," says the eminent scholar and critic whom we have before quoted, "is the noblest vehicle for subjects which admit of study and skill and elaborate finish—where the expression should be condensed or expanded, either to enforce moral truth by some pregnant and apothegmatic line, or to invest a dry and barren subject with foreign hues of picturesque beauty: here it moves in its own element; its masculine beauty and its suggestive richness have full scope." We should hardly have invited attention to a truth which may appear to some at once cardinal and obvious, had we not seen it constantly neglected by inferior pedagogues, who, partly from a petty ambition, partly from want of discrimination, seemed determined to multiply rather than alleviate the difficulties of their scholars.

We shall probably be thought paradoxical for our opposition to another practice which has long been a part of the classical discipline of our public schools. We allude to what is termed

"Repetition;" that is to say, the wholesale committing to memory of books of the *Æneid*, the odes of Horace, or even speeches of Cicero. It is stimulated by prizes, and is beyond question well adapted to invigorate the memory; but unless employed with unusual discrimination, it is apt to consult the memory at the expense of higher and nobler faculties. We have known boys receive a prize for repeating a play of Sophocles, without being able to construe accurately a single passage therein. In such cases—and they are by no means of unfrequent occurrence—it is obvious that a double mischief is engendered by the practice; the mind is deadened to the vivid perception of poetical beauty, and a fatal facility of mere verbiage is acquired, without any adequate effort on the part of the composer—without clearness of conception, definite imagery, or skilful choice of phrase. It is arduous to contend against the prejudices of schoolmasters—they are often compelled to revolve in the old orbit by the absence of sympathy or unanimity. Prescriptive usage and tradition exert their venerable influence against change; and the onerous nature of their duties often admits of little discrimination in adjusting their system to the idiosyncrasies of their scholars. But surely it would be easy to substitute a selection of beautiful passages, such as the memorable lines in honour of Marcellus, and the speeches, so full of sweetness and pathos, in the latter books of the *Æneid*, for these indiscriminate tasks, whereby both the virtues and the faults of antiquity are stereotyped, and condemned to promiscuous and servile imitation. We cannot help suggesting, too, that a similar change might be made with great advantage in the system of impositions. Learning particular passages by heart would surely prove a far more salutary discipline than the existing practice, whereby boys are constantly sentenced to write out thousands of lines, to the great prejudice of their handwriting, in which a slovenly style, once contracted, often lasts for life. It is easy to object that the powers of memory vary, and that it would be difficult to graduate the task to individual capacities; but the facility of

writing rapidly varies almost equally, and a clever schoolmaster soon learns to appreciate the faculties of his pupils.

The editor of the *Oxford Anthology* bears a highly distinguished name as a classical scholar; and we only wish he had contributed more of his own compositions to the volume before us. He disclaims, in his preface, in the strongest terms, any intention of rivalling the *Arundines Cami*. We cannot but suspect there is a slight affectation in this; but it would not be good taste in us to put the two works in competition; and we shall only say, we are glad to find in the *Anthology* a very small proportion of those comic rhymes with which the *Arundines* were absolutely overrun. To enable the reader to form his own judgment, we will point out several of those versions from English poetry which seem to us most elegant and tasteful. A place in the front rank must be assigned to Mr. Goldwin Smith, fellow of University College—a most accomplished and gifted scholar, whose name so often figures among the laurelled lists of the *Academic Register*. Among his translations will be found a version of four stanzas of Gray's *Elegy* into Latin elegiacs. He has modestly abstained from attempting the whole—an ambitious task essayed by the Rev. J. H. Macaulay, in the *Arundines Cami*. The peculiar difficulties which beset the scholar in this arduous enterprise have been described with characteristic taste by Dean Milman. They are created by the peculiar cast of beauty which graces the original poem.

"That beauty consists in the perfect balance and harmony between the thought and the language, in the unity of the versification with the general expression: there is at once consummate art and perfect ease; every line of language is in its proper gradation, every word in its proper place; all the thoughts, words, and numbers are, as it were, tones in the general harmony. Thus it is that the slightest substitution forces an invidious comparison; that the slightest transposition mars the effect; the least omission makes a void, and a superfluous word is felt as a clog and a burthen. Even if the copy could be perfectly alike, with no feature lost, no lineament misplaced, we demand the life, the expression of the

original. But perfect fidelity is indeed almost impossible, from the different idiom of the languages, the closer or more diffuse forms of speech, the different length of the corresponding verses; we always have too much or too little; the version is in one place inadequate, in another spun out beyond the proper extent."

The first stanza of the *Elegy*—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me!"

is thus rendered by Mr. Smith:—

"Rettulit exsequias lucis vox ferrea: reptat
Non sine mugitu per juga longa pecus,
Ipse domum tardo gradiur pede fessus arator,
Et nocti et nobis terra relicta vacat."

Is *exsequias lucis* a classical expression? In our humble judgment it savours more of the ambitious, affected diction of Claudian and the silver age than of the majestic simplicity of Virgil, the modest unaffected purity of Horace and Tibullus. Would not the Augustan poets have written *composuit diem*, or *lucem*? And is not *vox ferrea* fairly open to objection? Considering that there is no context, no preceding verse to explain the phrase, it is surely hardly intelligible apart from the original. Shakespeare talks of the *iron tongue*; but the *midnight bell*, in the foregoing line, avoids all ambiguity. Anxiety for close fidelity to the original has probably betrayed the translator into both these exceptionable terms. But the three succeeding lines are admirable; every hue and shade of expression is religiously preserved, and that without any sacrifice of the classical idiom: nothing is otiose; no new image is officiously intruded; there is nothing savouring of elaborate or toilsome artifice; while the last line retains much of the quiet melancholy of the original. We subjoin the three succeeding stanzas, with the Latin version:—

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:
Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign."

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes
around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whispering from the
ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

"Jamque oculos sensim sublustres fallere
colles,

Omnis et in toto conficet aura polo:
Tantum clausa procul tinnitus ovilia mulcet
Sonnifer, et resono cantharus orbe volat.

Interdum atque hederâ vestitis è culmine
turris
Ad lunam auditur noctua mœsta queri;
Secretis si quis propius penetralibus errans
Rumpat inaccessæ jura vetusta domûs.

Andin'! ut insanos animi cessare tumultus
Quæ spirat latè pax veneranda jubet:
Equæ solo tenui gratissima voce susurrat,
Crede, manet fessos non violanda quies."

The classical reader will not accuse us of indiscriminate panegyric, if we decline to find any fault in these lines. It is true, indeed, that the opening stanzas of the poem are by far the easiest to invest with a classical garb: they are almost entirely descriptive, and the images presented fall with more or less facility into any language: it is the subsequent train of sentiment and reflection, awoken by those images, which it is so difficult, if not impracticable, to embody in a Latin version. But this in no degree detracts from the honour due to the Oxford translator: he has shown that he knows his own strength, and the capacities of the language; and he has triumphed where others—and those scholars of no ordinary pretensions—have conspicuously failed.

The following lines of Coleridge, translated into asclepiads by Mr. Smith, show that his powers of versification are not confined to elegiacs:—

"As late each flower that sweetest blows
I plucked the garden's pride,
Within the petals of a rose
A sleeping love I spied:

Around his brows a beamy wreath
Of many a lucent hue;
All purple glowed his cheek beneath,
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized the unguarded Power,
Nor scared his balmy rest,
And placed him, caged within the flower,
On spotless Sarah's breast."

"Dum, quæcunque viget copia narium,
Horti delicias persequor, in rose
Nuper flore jacentem
Vidi forte cupidinem;

Lumen cui rutilis tempora tænis
Ambit versicolor; purpureæ genæ
Subter dulce cornuclæ
Ardeat roribus ebris.

Incautum tenerâ corripul manu
Somnos ne placidos discutere, et sinus
Sic in flore revinctum
Saræ sub niveos tuli."

But we cannot speak in eulogistic terms of some other contributors to the *Anthology*. The following specimen of Mr. George Butler's composition is, in our opinion, below mediocrity. It is designed for a version of Wordsworth's "Lucy," which is composed of three stanzas, characterised by peculiar simplicity—a trait which would have secured it a better fate at the hands of another translator. The first of these stanzas is thus massacred by Mr. Butler—

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love."

"Avia quâ tacito perrepti flumine Dova,
Exiguam tenuit nostra puella domum:
Rarus eam, semper rarus laudator adibat:
Vix quoque, qui colerent, unus et alter
erant."

It is fortunate that the reputation of the *Oxford Anthology* does not repose upon Mr. Butler's shoulders. We never saw a version disfigured by so many faults. In the first place, the English is painfully diluted; and for this there is no excuse; for full expression has been given to the original in the subjoined elegiac couplet, by Mr. De Teissiez of Corpus Christi College:—

"Avia tesqua fovens, curvæ propè flumina
Dovæ,
Parca prociis Virgo, nescia laudis, erat."

The effect of *semper rarus* is extremely awkward; it is evidently not intended for an oxymoron: if it had been so designed, it would have been a very tasteless employment of that figure. As it stands, it presents the most grotesque, self-neutralising aspect imaginable. And we cannot, for the life of us, discern any distinction between *laudator* and *colerent*. *Colo* is not the classical expression for love; it usually signifies the homage paid by a dependant to his patron—the deference shown by man to man, not the devotion of a lover: instead of being distinguished from *laudator*,

it exactly corresponds to it. In the succeeding lines the translator is not a whit happier:—

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half-hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

"Scilicet occultis violæ crecebat ad instar,
Quæ lapidis musco semioperta latet;
Tam pulchra, ætherio quam quæ nitet unica
cælo
Stella, tenebrosæ clarior orta polo."

Ad instar is declared by the highest authority (see Andrews's *Latin Dictionary*) to be a post-classical usage. *Lapidis musco* is of very doubtful propriety as a classical construction. *Ætherio cælo* is a terribly hackneyed phrase, appropriated by every *tiro* from the "*Gradus ad Parnassum*:" and—worse than all—the word *cælo* is in the very next line repeated in the equivalent *polo*. To say nothing of the alliteration—torturing to every classical ear—it is *rather* superfluous to have two skies in the same couplet, especially when in the original English, as well as in the constitution of the universe, only one exists. *Tenebrosæ* is not only a gratuitous intrusion, like *polo*, but it is a false epithet. *We*, at any rate, have never seen stars shining in a dark night; but—no question—Mr. George Butler* knows better how these things are arranged.

It would be injustice both to the *Anthology* and to our readers to omit the following exquisite gem, Mr. Roundell Palmer's version of Wordsworth's *Laurel*:—

"Tis sung in ancient minstrelay
That Phœbus went to wear
The leaves of any pleasant tree
Around his golden hair,
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
Of his imperious love,
At her own prayer transformed, took root
A laurel in the grove.
Then did the penitent adorn
His brow with laurel green;
And 'mid his bright locks, never shorn,
No meaner leaf was seen;
And poets æge, in every age,
About their temples wound
The bay; and conquerors thanked the gods
With laurel chaplets crowned.

Into the mists of fabled time
So far runs back the praise
Of beauty, which disdains to climb
Along forbidden ways;
That scorns temptation, power defies,
Where mutual love is not;
And to the tomb for rescue flies,
When life would be a blot."

"Phœbus, ut prius memorant poetæ,
Siquæ per silvâ placuisset arbos,
Necesse auratos solitus capillos
Fronde decorat:

Donec audacem fugiens amorem
Constitit Daphnæ, et precibus petitâ
Stirpe decrescens, nova laurus almis
Se dedit umbris.

Conscius culpæ miseransque Raptor
Capit ex illo redimire dios
Laureâ crines, æque villosam
Ferre coronam.

Inde per cunctos pia turba vatium
Laureâ frontem religavit annos;
Inde Dis pugnas sacra laureatus
Solvere victor.

Sic ab arcana veterum tenebris
Fama virtutis repetenda castas,
Turpium audentis vetitos honorum
Spernere calles:

Quæ, nisi iuncti coeant amores,
Dona contemnit, neque cedet armis;
Provocans mortis, nisi laus superat
Integra vitæ."

With one exception—the grammatical oversight in *provocans mortis*, the construction undoubtedly requiring *ad mortem*—we are only at a loss what most to admire in this translation: the harmonious modulation of the rhythm, the ease and facility of the construction, the close fidelity to the original, combined with an exquisitely classical tone, which gives it all the air of a native effusion. May the example of its gifted and eminent author inspire the juvenile votaries of the classical Muse on the banks of the Isis! His name will, at any rate, never cease to remind them that there is not quite the antipathy between elegant scholarship and forensic or parliamentary fame which certain Liberals would have them believe. Space, unhappily, forbids the citation of his brother, Mr. Edwin Palmer's, translation of Spencer's *Daphne* into Latin elegiacs. They will be found at p. 111, and are written in a style which

* It is only fair to say that at page 83 of the *Anthology* a set of Greek hexameters will be found, executed in a style very creditable to this gentleman's Greek scholarship.

shows that the classical vein is rich in his family.

We hardly think Mr. Linwood has consulted well for the classical fame of Lord Grenville, by inserting so large a proportion of that nobleman's translations. We say *translations*, for the original effusions in the latter section of the volume fully sustain that reputation for taste and elegance which we always associate with the name of Grenville. The latter speak for themselves; but it concerns us to establish solid grounds for the opinion we have expressed of Lord Grenville's *Versions from Modern Poetry*. We will accordingly present to the reader a few specimens of these compositions, vouching that they shall be fair samples of their average quality. At page 21 we find the 137th Psalm rendered into Latin elegiacs. The first verse—

"By the rivers of Babylon we sat down,
yea, we wept when we remembered Sion,"

is represented by four Latin lines—

"Euphratis ripa recubans, ubi limite longo
Porrecta, Assyrie tristitia culta patent,
Amissem memores patriam, sancumque
Sionem
Flevimus, et summi diruta templa Dei."

Will any one contend that the exquisite pathos and melancholy tenderness of the original are not utterly lost and frittered away? In the first two lines, Lord Grenville has violated the axiom, that deep emotion, whether expressed in profound melancholy, or angry invective, or passionate sorrow, never indulges itself, finds no relief, in prolix local description. One touch of the poet's pen, "by the rivers of Babylon," designates the scene, which itself is all-important, once for all; but in the noble translator's feeble expansion the idea evaporates, the energy and the pathos of simplicity are lost. It reminds us exactly of a schoolboy's expedient, anxious only to fill up the line, no matter at what sacrifice of relevancy, taste, or harmony. The same fatal languor of expression haunts the following distich; its redundancy and repetition are totally incompatible with strong feeling. In justice to Lord Grenville, we can only suggest that what the editor has published as his choicest effusions, were in reality mere school-

boy exercises, religiously embalmed and preserved by the affection of friends or relatives, and afterwards injudiciously published without any distinction of date, which would have enabled the critic to contrast the crude performances of the boy with the severe taste of the ripe and gifted scholar. The succeeding couplet is, however, a far more adequate version of the following line: "We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof."—

"At quâ mœsta salix invisam offuderat
umbram,
Pendeant tacite, pristina cura, lyre."

The epithet "*tacitæ*," and the apposition "*pristina cura*," are far from censurable additions; they develop, instead of weakening, the sentiment. A few lines below, we find a very suspicious quantity in *ergone*. Such licenses were, however, common in the less fastidious days of Lord Grenville.

We will give the following version of Thomson's "Redbreast" at length, as it consists of a few lines only:—

"The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted
man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk,
alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the
floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance;
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he
is;
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet."

{—}

"Ingenus mentis, pulchræque rubecula for-
ma,
Conviva, et nostris hospes amica focus,
Quæ patrios olim campos saltusque reli-
quit,
Frigus ubi et brumæ sævior hora venit;
Et rostro primum pulsans alâque fenestram
Perlustras dubio lumine cauta domum—
Frustula tum raptim excipiens furtiva re-
cedis,
Mox repetis tenuem non satiata cibum;
Hospitium donec certosque experta Pena-
tes,
Lascivis vestros fortior ante pedes."

It is impossible to deny the elegance and spirit of these verses, and equally impossible to deny that Lord Grenville has paraphrased where he ought to have translated, and has chosen elegiacs where he ought to

have chosen hexameters. The second error clearly was the parent of the first: metrical exigencies inserted the first line, which, though confessedly a pretty, is quite a gratuitous piece of additional colouring. In the third the epithets, which Thomson never destined for expletives, are summarily cancelled, and that without any plea of metrical necessity: the remaining lines are elegant, but needlessly periphrastic. We are astonished that the structure of the English original, the cadences, breaks and pauses, did not naturally suggest the Virgilian hexameter as the fittest vehicle for a Latin version: a passage less congenial to elegiacs could scarcely have been found.

We turn from Lord Grenville to another patrician contributor, the Marquess of Wellesley, eminently successful, in our opinion, in both paths of composition. At the ninety-sixth page of the Anthology will be found a translation of Milton's "Speech of the Genius of the Wood" into Virgilian hexameters, at once classical and faithful. It is too long to quote here; but we cannot resist the temptation of presenting to the reader the following beautiful lines in honour of Eton, as full of piety as they are of eloquence:—

"Sic mihi primitiasque meas tennesque triumphos,
Sic revocare tuos, dulcis Etona! dies.
Auspice te, summæ mirari culmina famæ,
Et purum antiquæ lucis adire jubar
Edidici puer, et jam primo in limine vitæ,
Ingenuas veræ laudis amare vias:
O juncta Aonidum lauro præcepta salutis
Æternæ! et Musis consociata fides!
O felix doctrina! et divinâ insita luce!
Quæ tuleras animo lumina fausta meo;
Incorrupta, precor, maneat, atque integra, neu
te
Aura regat populi, neu novitatis amor:
Stet quoque prisca domus (neque enim manus
impla tangat),
Floreat in mediis interemerata minis;
Dei Patribus Patres, Populoque dei inclita
Cives,
Eloquiumque Foro, Judicisque decus,
Concillisque animos, magnæque dei ordine
genti
Immortalem altâ cum pietate fidem!
Floreat, intactâ per postera sæcula famâ,
Cura diu patriæ, cura paternæ Dei."

The vigorous and rushing verso of the concluding lines towers above the

Ovidian distich, and soars to the majesty of Virgil. The "Epitaph for the Statue of the Duke of Wellington" is, both in style and conception, thoroughly Roman:—

"Conservata tuis Asia atque Europa triump-
phis
Invictum bello te coluere ducem.
Nunc umbrata geris civili tempora quercu,
Ut desit famæ gloria nulla tue."

Side by side with this we must place Lord Wellesley's tribute to the Great Conqueror's rival,—his "Imitation of a Greek Epitaph on Bonaparte's Tomb at St. Helena":—

"Fulmen Alexandri, et victricia Cæsaris
arma,
Alpinumque Afri qui superavit iter,
Quem super Europam rapido Victoria curru
Vexit, et alatis gloria duxit equis,
Rupe sub hæc ejectum, inopem, bustoque
carentem,
Fortunæ verso numine, condit humus.
Ira tyrannorum, et Vesani superbia regum
Sæviant in cineres insatiata tuos!
At non Victrices aquilas famæque per
orbem
Immortale decus delect ulla dies.
Illa tui memor usque, tuique superba
triumpha,
Gallia, jurata stet tibi firma fide,
Te desideria, alto te pectore servat,
Hæc sola, hæc tanto digna sepulchra
viro."

Mr. W. B. Jones, Fellow of University College, is a very frequent contributor to this collection. Shrewsbury prepossessions on the part of the editor may in some degree account for this; for Mr. Jones, though many of his pieces are not devoid of elegance and taste, is by no means the Coryphæus of the Anthology. Shortly after the appearance of the volume, a contemporary* of considerable and deserved reputation ventured the assertion that the translation of Shakespeare, at p. 52, "might appear as a recovered fragment of Terence, without the most acute scholar being able to impeach its genuineness from internal evidence alone." It is difficult to say whether extravagant eulogy renders its author or its victim most ridiculous. The challenge thus rashly given was not long unanswered. The *Classical Museum* took up the gauntlet, and exposed four blunders within nine verses—blunders whose flagrancy must, we fear, exclude this modern

* *The Christian Remembrancer*, No. lviii., art. "Anthologia Oxoniensis."

Terence from the honourable competition designed him by the reviewer—a sad warning this for friendly critics and indiscriminate panegyrists! Mr. Jones has attempted, however, with considerable success, rather an ambitious task in translating the following beautiful lines of Coleridge:—

"Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy dwells in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother;
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
To free the hollow heart from paining;—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;—
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

"Heu! illis olim fuerat conjuncta juvenus;
Sed potis est mendax lingua levare fidem;
Mens levis est juvenum; spialis via consistit
vite;
Jam pridem in coelis incola fidus amor.
Æstuat infelix, capiti succensus amato,
Et mala vecordem distrahit ira sinum—
Mutus dixerunt dulces convicia amici,
Jamque dies sociis ultimus ille fuit:
Haud tamen inventum vacui solamen
amoris,
Nec desiderii disperiere notas.
Ingentis veluti divulsa cacumina montis,
Distinct iratis æquor inane fretis;
At non tristes hyems, neque sol, non fulminis
ictus,
Obruet antiqui fœderis indicium."

No foreign version can adequately express the deep melancholy pathos of this passage. We doubt, however, whether it would have fared much better in other hands.

We turn with pleasure to the contributions of Mr. John Conington, the recently appointed Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford, an election of great promise to the cause of classical scholarship. Space will not allow of our doing full justice to his compositions; the following, however, may be quoted as a fair specimen:—

"By foreign hands thy dying eyes were
closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers
-mourned!
What though no friends in sable weeds
appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a
year.

And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show?
What though no weeping loves thy ashes
grace,
Nor polished marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee
room,
Nor sacred dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be
dressed,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast."

"At tibi languentes manus extera clausit ocell-
los,
Extrema composuit membra decora manus,
Addidit ignoto cultum manus extera busto,
Externi luctus, exterius auxil amor.
Quid si pullati pro te non cernit amici
Hora breves lacrymas, annus inane decus?
Quid si non videant simulati insignia luctus
Urbani lusus, noctivagique chori?
Quid licet illacrymans tua non nolet omni
cupido,
Mortua nec fallax exprimat ora lapis?
Si non sufficiat tellus sacra sepulchrum,
Nec capiat sientium murmura sancta cinis;
At tumulus multo decoratus flore virebit,
Urgebisque levi pondere terra sinum?"

Anthol. p. 84.

The emphasis of the four first lines is here admirably preserved. We cannot help thinking, however, that, in the fourth line, *auxil* is an awkward expression in connection with *cultum busto*. It is unfortunate, too, that *luctus* is repeated in the seventh verse, after its occurrence in the fourth; then *fallax* is by no means an equivalent for *polished*; it substitutes a totally different idea: *capiat murmura* is surely a very bald prosaic phrase; and *multo flore* is not *rising flowers*.

In Greek composition scarcely any contributor to the Anthology can dispute the palm with Mr. Riddell. At page 60 there is a version of some noble lines of Byron into Homeric hexameters—an exquisite gem: and there are several of his translations from Shakespeare into Greek iambics which embody the pure idiom of the Greek tragedians with fidelity to the English, and without the slightest pedantry or affectation. We much regret that this collection presents but one specimen of Mr. Osborne Gordon's well-known taste and scholarship: it consists of a few lines on Sir F. Chantrey's "Monument to Two Children," in Lichfield Cathedral, which represent to admiration the icy coldness and the antithetical conceit for which Greek epitaphs are proverbial.

We cannot close this article without congratulations to the lovers of Latin scholarship on the publication of that elegant and tasteful volume, the *Sabrina Corolla*. It has happily been the means of calling forth from privacy many of Dr. Kennedy's effusions—a scholar, in competition with whom no cotemporary, we believe, will presume to enter the lists of classical composition. We cannot, within our limited space, attempt to do justice to the manifold beauties of his style, and his extraordinary command *utriusque linguae*; the following lines, however, may serve as a fair specimen of his brilliant qualities as a translator:—

"Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the
sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

"Miltone, vellem nunc quoque viveres:
Te nostra, te nunc postulat Anglia;
Quæ, more cænossæ paludis,
Stagnat iners. Sine castitate
Quid ara et ensis, pluma, focus, valent?
Quo fugit aulæ gloria? Quo casus
Pax alma? Quid priscæ quietis
Anglicæ retinent Penates?
Gens prava nobis consullimus. Redi, et
Dilapea prudens sæcla redintegra:
Da clara libertas, pudicel
Da rodeant sine labe mores,
Et vera virtus, firmaque viribus
Justis potestas. Mens tua lumine
Fulgebat, ut sidus, remote:
Vox tua, cœu pelagi, sonabat:
Etabas aperto purior æthere,
Pejusque leto servitium timens,
Sincera majestas: Deique
Muneribus modicis fruentem
Tutum per omnes te tua sanctitas
Traduxit annos Nec tamen immemor
Quid cuique deberes, in horas
Omnibus officis vacabas."

We only wish Dr. Kennedy had avoided the bald unpoetical *retinent*. But perhaps it was impossible to find a substitute.

We cannot resist the temptation to quote, by way of conclusion, a few stanzas from a beautiful poem by Mr. Marmaduke Lawson, formerly of Boroughbridge Hall, Yorkshire. The subject is certainly a grand one—"Terris mutantem regna Cometem." But the following lines are not unworthy of it:—

"O tu, capillis cincte flagrantibus,
Quem vestit atrâ terror imagine,
Cæcosque motorum tumultus
Regna pavent utriusque mundi:
Quo nunc per æthram flectis iter vagum
Albe feraci lucis in æquore?
Cur igne ferali resurges
Ceruleum novus hospes auras?
O at profundæ Noctis in ultimos
Tollar recessus, ut loca devia
Orasque thiacreas solutus
Obstupescam vacuosque tractus;
Qua parte sacri fulguris impetus
Per cæca rumpit murmura nubium,
Et nigra majestas procellas
De rutilo procul ardet axe;
Tuque a sedili despicias arduo,
Cometa, cætus sidereos poli,
Lunæque contemplans labores
Per superas spatiaris auras.
Te cautos horret navita marmoris
Demensos astris dorsa tumentia.
Te pastor adspecto nivosus
E speculis animum fatigat,
Ne celsiores flumina mereant
Contracta ripas, ne sistant greges,
Virumque letalem capillis
Decutias rapidasque pestes.
Te semper anteit dura Necessitas
Terras tuentem lumine lugubri,
Plumaque devectum rubenti
Per nebulas pluviosque rores;
Terrorque cristis excubias agens
Pernocitat. O Fax per liquidum æthera
Quæ volvis indefessa flammæ,
Regibus exitiale lumen,
Quid mirum, ubi astris supplicia imminent
Insculpta, si quis membra perhorruit
Quicunque concepit sub imo
Corde nefas tacitamque fraudem?"

The remaining stanzas of the poem, for which we are unable to afford space, will be found at p. 274 of the *Corolla*.

THE INFLUENCE OF GOLD UPON THE COMMERCIAL AND SOCIAL
CONDITION OF THE WORLD.

PART I.

THE influence exercised by the possession of the precious metals over the social condition of the various countries of the earth, in successive ages, presents some phenomena, the causes and bearing of which are important enough to invite consideration at the present moment; and in devoting a few pages to the subject, we shall endeavour to confine ourselves as much as possible to a review of facts and their results, as recorded by history, and to avoid the discussion of monetary theories and usages, except so far as they are necessarily connected with it by those intrinsic properties of gold and silver, as instruments of exchange—their portability, and generally accepted value as commodities. It is impossible altogether to overlook these properties, or the fact that these metals have, by almost universal consent, and in every age of the world, been used as money—the representatives of value in commercial transactions. Their possession by any nation, or by individuals, has been, from the Mosaic period downwards to the present day, regarded as the proof of wealth, and used as a material power. Flocks and herds, grain and oil, were ever, as now, the most serviceable possession of a primitive people; and where the precious metals were not indigenous to the soil, the excess of these possessions over the supply required for consumption, provided the means of purchasing them for adornments, and also of acquiring those luxuries which they were unable to produce for themselves. In the great cities, and amongst the eastern communities of the Mosaic period, gold and silver, both indigenous and acquired by barter, or as spoils of war, are recorded to have existed in great abundance. Had we statistical information to guide us, we might perhaps trace the influence of the gold of Ophir, and of the countries of Assyria, upon the greatness of the Hebrew race, and upon the rise and decline of *Babylon, of Nineveh, of Tyre and*

Sidon; upon their vast commercial dealings in the richest products of the earth; and upon the origin of those products of human skill and science in the Old World, which are still a marvel and a mystery to modern times. To the sands of Pactolus with their golden yield we might trace the greatness, and subsequent abandonment to luxury, which precipitated the fall of the Grecian republics. We might trace the vast works of Egypt and Ethiopia to the golden yield of their rivers and alluvial soils; and we might even pierce beyond the view of history, and trace to similar causes the early greatness and civilisation of the Chinese empire, and the assured existence of mighty peoples, who have left only, in various parts of Asia and in Central America, colossal ruins of cities and sepulchres as mementoes of their prosperity and subsequent decadence upon the earth. But we have no such statistical data, or they are too vague to afford the means of speculating upon with certainty or profit. All that we know of many of these various peoples, by whom civilisation and luxury were carried to an extreme, unknown during many ages to their successors, the more hardy races by whom their countries were overrun—is, that they possessed the precious metals in abundance, and that those metals were used by them extensively as instruments of commerce, as well as for personal adornment, and as the material of articles of luxury. We must therefore confine our inquiry to a period subsequent to the commencement of what are generally termed “the middle ages,” when the mighty fabric of the Roman Empire had yielded to the assaults made upon its enfeebled population from every side, and moral and social darkness, accompanied by the decline of learning and science, had fallen upon Europe, whilst the blight of Mohammedanism had overshadowed some of the most fertile portions of Asia.

Before entering upon this inquiry,

however, we must premise a few observations. In the first place, it cannot be contended that the mere possession of gold in the soil of a country is a guarantee of its permanent growth in wealth and solid prosperity. We know, from ordinary experience, that easily-got money is readily spent, and often squandered. If the gold-digger in modern days rarely becomes a rich man, we may safely assert the same of gold countries. The pursuits of regular industry are neglected, when a few spadefuls of earth, turned up by a sort of vagrant husbandry, will suffice to enable the holder of the pick and spade to indulge in injurious excess; and as our gold-diggers are seldom found to be exemplary characters, the same may doubtless be said of those who have in other ages preceded them in the same occupation. The wealth amassed by the anti-medieval communities was not divided amongst the mining classes. These, we have every warrant of historic evidence to show, were mere serfs. It has been the same in more modern times. In the Hartz mines, in those of the Ural Mountains, and in Peru, the labourers were slaves or criminals, working for the benefit of the great nobles and landowners, or for the states in which the golden deposits were found. The parties chiefly benefited by their labours were, in the first instance, such nobles and landowners, or the governments of the countries containing the deposits of the precious metals, and ultimately those traders and countries whose commercial enterprise enabled them to supply them profitably with the luxuries for which they thirsted. The great commercial cities of old thrived and became rich, by means, in the first place, of the profit of exchanging their industry and their arts for the products of the ruder description of labour, employed in the collection of gold and other valuable metals, gems, &c. In the second place, they acquired from those products the means of more readily negotiating the purchase of the raw materials—silks, wools, and dyes—used in the production of their valuable fabrics. An ounce of gold, for example, served to feed the “barbaric pomp” of potentates and peoples, amongst whom the luxuries of life were little known,

although they abounded in the materials from which those luxuries could be fabricated. At the same time, the luxuries in question found most profitable markets in countries which furnished food and other necessities for the consumption of a toiling people. Amongst ruder nations, the course of trade was simple barter. A superfluity was exchanged for an article of necessity or enjoyment, and prices were merely conventional. The precious metals were only held by the superior classes, and purchased almost arbitrary quantities of whatever they required. But those metals—or at least that portion of them not absorbed for ornamental purposes—found their way at length into the hands of the dealers in money and the trading classes generally of those countries which were non-producers of anything beyond the ordinary fruits of agricultural industry, or manufacturers of various fabrics of handicraft and skill.

After the downfall of the Byzantine Empire, whilst the bulk of Eastern Europe and the Asiatic provinces, which had been subjugated by the Roman arms, were trampled upon by the semi-barbaric hordes by which they had been overrun, the arts and commerce might be said to have been almost suspended. The large stores of the precious metals, which had been employed in the fabrication of articles of ornament and luxury, had become the spoil of the conquering races; but the portion used as money gradually disappeared, or was hoarded, as an unsafe property for men to own openly during a period of rapine and violence, when the sword and the armed host of retainers were superior in might to established law and order. We have no authentic data to enable us to determine with any degree of accuracy, or even to form a probable guess at, the amount of the precious metals at that period existing in the world. And we have as little information with respect to any new sources of their increase being made available. A traffic was, indeed, carried on, to a certain extent, by the Italian and other cities; and wealth flowed in upon them, much of it in the form of gold, silver, and precious stones, as the improvidence of the feudal nobility placed them at the

mercy of usurious traders and mercantile adventurers, who speculated upon such improvidence. But the precious metals, as money, fell into disuse, openly at least, as unsafe to possess or to transport. They were chiefly absorbed by the Jewish race, by whom a representative circulating medium was adopted, to facilitate and economise their employment in the larger transactions of commerce and usance. An extensive and subtly-organised system of exchange existed amongst this people; which, however, only in part protected them from spoliation and rapine. The growth of the monastic system was another absorbent of the metallic treasures of the world, which were lavished upon shrines, and upon the insignia designed to impart splendour to the ceremonials and forms of worship of a corrupted church. We are not, however, to assume, that because Europe was hoarding, and largely consuming its stores of the precious metals, therefore the production or exhuming of those metals was absolutely at a stand-still. We know that such was not the case; that mining operations were going on in other quarters of the globe, the produce of which reached Europe by indirect channels, and rewarded the enterprising traders of her commercial cities, filling their argosies with gold and precious gems, and laying the foundations of colossal fortunes, whose possessors and their descendants were ultimately to outshine in splendour, and displace in power and territorial greatness, the rude and uncultivated races which had for some centuries lorded it over their fellows, by the mere might of stalwart arms, and the devotion of their still ruder adherents and vassals. The mercantile communities of Italy and Germany had each their own monetary systems, by means of which the exchange of valuable commodities was transacted with but little aid from the precious metals as money; but we cannot doubt that supplies of those metals were still flowing into Europe, for otherwise their wasteful expenditure during this period, when housings of gold and profuse ornaments of their armour and attire were the distinguishing marks of nobility and knighthood, *must shortly have exhausted the pre-existing stocks, however large their*

accumulation. We know that the Saracens brought with them, in their journey westward, large stores of the precious metals, in various forms; and much of this gradually found its way to Venice, Genoa, and other seats of commerce and industry. The returning hosts of the Crusaders, at a subsequent period, distributed the golden tribute over Europe; consuming it, at the same time, largely themselves, in the gratification of their newly acquired tastes for magnificence in attire and mode of living. The Moorish people, in their invasion of Spain, brought with them the golden yield of Africa, which they also employed almost solely in wasteful splendour, imitated by the superior classes of the country a portion of whose territory they had overrun, and held for years at the point of the sword. Yet in Spain, as throughout the greater part of Europe at this period, the precious metals were so completely absorbed for the purposes of art and ornament, and so little used as money, that we read, in the interesting pages of Washington Irving, of a king of Granada being driven to resort to an issue of representative paper—*assignats*, in fact, although he afterwards strictly redeemed them—to enable them to evict from his country its Moorish invaders. During this period, too, the inhabitants of Peru, and of other portions of the South American continent, as well as of the Indies, must have been actively engaged in laying up those immense stores of the precious metals, gems, &c., the circulation of which was subsequently destined to exercise such an important influence upon the commerce and the social condition of other countries, and especially of those of Europe.

Thus far in the history of mankind, meagre as are the details handed down to us, it is tolerably clear that the possession of the precious metals, whether of indigenous yield or acquired by barter, had never materially raised the condition of the masses of the population, except in those countries where they were either circulated as money, in quantities of recognised value, or converted into coin for the purpose of facilitating internal commerce and rewarding industry. We find that this was done as early as the time of Abraham; and we have

a right to conclude that it materially tended to increase the greatness of the Hebrew race. The practice was imitated, perhaps borrowed from Eastern nations by Alexander of Macedon, after he had overrun Persia; and by the Romans, when they had extended their conquests into the Asiatic provinces. It had previously existed in Egypt, in Hindostan, in Abyssinia, and in some portions of Africa, gold and silver by weight having formed a circulating medium, both for internal and external transactions, and thus aiding in the formation of a middle or trading class in those countries. Where these metals, however, were devoted merely to useful or ornamental purposes, and absorbed by the territorial classes as the outward insignia of wealth and splendour, or when, as in the early portion of the medieval period in Europe, the disturbed state of society rendered their possession unsafe in the hands of the middle classes, and their general circulation, as a medium of exchange, impracticable, the effect upon society was much the same as that of a restricted currency has been found to be in modern times. The middle classes retrograded in condition, whilst the higher classes, unless they were wasteful, advanced in riches; and commerce and the arts flourished only in those cities and small republics, the population of which had provided themselves with monetary systems, based indeed upon the possession of the precious metals, but limiting the use of those metals to the balancing of transactions, both international and internal, and thus, to a considerable extent, protecting them from becoming the spoil of the marauding nobles and their retainers, who sought to gratify their luxurious desires by the appropriation of the industry of others. In the negotiation of these exchanges, we have already stated that the Jewish people were for a considerable period the principal agents. They wrung, in fact, from time to time, from that nobility, and even from powerful monarchs, by their usurious dealings, the spoil which these had acquired by force from the classes engaged in the peaceful pursuits of industry, and from each other. In time, however, the Vene-

tian, Genoese, and other republics—who might almost be said to absorb the trade of Europe—enriched by their trade with foreign countries, became possessors of powerful fleets, capable of protecting their mercantile ventures, and assumed an important power in the affairs of Europe. The Lombard, and other cities in the interior of the Continent, were enabled to subsidise the turbulent monarchs and people in their vicinity, and thus protected their manufactures, and insured the safety of their monetary transactions. They became thus the principal issuers of money, and, by the aid of their domestic and international systems of exchange, were enabled to advance on loan to the various turbulent nations of Europe, and to wring from them usurious profits upon such transactions. Of course, whilst pursuing such a business, they became mixed up with the various factions, whose contentions at that time agitated Europe. The strife between the Guelph and Ghibelline families arrayed one commercial republic against another, and vast sums of money were dissipated upon very precarious security, which became the property of the dealers in the precious metals, who were chiefly, as they have been in all periods before and since, belonging to the Jewish race. In the mean time various countries—France in particular—were providing a domestic circulation, by means of a debasement of those metals of which it was professed to be formed; and this practice was not confined to the governments of those countries, but was carried on by individual nobles and owners of the soil. Hallam says of France, for example (edition 1818, vol. i. p. 161),—

“Silver and gold were not very scarce in the first ages of the French monarchy; but they passed more by weight than by tale. A lax and ignorant government, which had not learned the *lucrative mysteries* of a royal mint (!), was not particularly solicitous to give its subjects the security of a known stamp in their exchanges. In some cities of France, money appears to have been coined by private authority before the time of Charlemagne; at least one of his capitularies forbids the circulation of any that had not been stamped in the royal mint. His successors indulged some of their vassals

with the privilege of coining money for the use of their own territories, but not without the royal stamp. About the beginning of the tenth century, however, the lords, amongst their other assumptions of independence, issued money with no marks but their own. At the accession of Hugh Capet, as many as a hundred and fifty are said to have exercised this power. Even under St. Louis, it was possessed by about eighty, who, excluding as far as possible the royal coin from circulation, enriched themselves by high duties—seigniorages—which they imposed upon every new coinage, as well as by debasing its standard. In 1185, Philip Augustus requests the Abbot of Corney, who had desisted from using his own mint, to let the royal money of Paris circulate through his territories, promising that, when it should please the abbot to coin money afresh for himself, the king would not oppose its circulation."

Such money, of course, could not be used in foreign commerce with any security to the receivers. A metal could scarcely be called coin, or have any definite value, every piece of which must have required assaying to ascertain the quantity of gold or silver which it contained. At a subsequent period, the coinage of France was further debased, until its pretended silver was reduced to a sort of black metal, into the composition of which little entered more valuable than copper. Such a circulating medium would not suffice for long, even for domestic exchange; and accordingly we find that France and other countries were driven to replenish their exchequers by exacting the pure metals from the Jews. History records by what persecutions and horrible cruelties this was effected. Hallam describes this people as having been treated by the kings of France—and we know that they were similarly treated in other countries—"as a sponge to suck their subjects' money, which they might afterwards express with less odium than direct taxation would incur." Notwithstanding these oppressions, it is well known that the Jews remained the richest people in Europe; and by their skill in usurious practices, and admirably arranged organisation, very speedily recovered back their gold, and were enabled in their turn to despoil their oppressors. *This continual struggle between the*

possessors of the precious metal and the various sovereigns of Europe, the object of which was an attempt from time to time, on the part of the latter, to force debased money upon their subjects, led to not a few of the revolutions and contests between the trading and feudal classes which mark the history of the period, and ultimately, as the former became influential, to limitations of the power of the nobility and the prerogatives of monarchies.

The social condition of Europe, at the close of the eleventh century, is described by Hallam, and confirmed by other writers, as wretched in the extreme. Agriculture had been almost universally neglected, capital being withheld from the cultivation of the soil, large and fertile tracts of which had been converted into forests and hunting-grounds. Of manufactures the same writer remarks:—

"The condition even of internal trade was hardly preferable to that of agriculture. There is not a vestige perhaps to be discovered for several centuries of any considerable manufacture; I mean of working up articles of common utility to an extent beyond what the necessities of an adjacent district required. Rich men kept domestic artisans amongst their servants; even kings, in the ninth century, had their clothes made by women upon their farms; but the peasantry must have been supplied with garments and implements of labour by purchase; and every town, it cannot be doubted, had its weaver, its smith, and its carrier."

With respect to the latter conclusion, we cannot altogether agree with the historian. It is quite as likely that the rude garments and implements of labour were fabricated by the peasantry themselves, as has been the case in the earlier periods of some of our new communities, as that they were acquired by purchase, especially when he tells us that—

"There were almost insuperable impediments to any extended traffic—the insecurity of moveable wealth, and difficulty of accumulating it; the ignorance of mutual wants; the peril of robbery in conveying merchandise, and the certainty of extortion. In the domains of every lord a toll was to be paid in passing his bridge, or along his highway, or at his market. These customs, equitable and necessary in their principle, became in practice oppressive, because they were arbitrary, and renewed in every petty

territory which the road might intersect. . . It was only the milder species, however, of feudal lords who were content with the tribute of merchants. The more ravenous descended from their fortresses to pillage the wealthy traveller, or shared in the spoil of inferior plunderers, whom they both protected and instigated. . . Their castles, erected on almost inaccessible heights amongst the woods, became the secure receptacles of predatory bands, who spread terror over the country. From these barbarian lords of the dark ages, as from a living model, the romancers are said to have drawn their giants and other disloyal enemies of true chivalry. Robbery, indeed, is the constant theme both of the capitularies and of the Anglo-Saxon laws; one has more reason to wonder at the intrepid thirst for lucre which induced a very few merchants to exchange the products of different regions, than to ask why no general spirit of commercial activity prevailed."

At the risk of being tedious, by quoting from a well-read author, we cannot resist giving a continuation of his remarks, which fully bear out what we have previously advanced as to the necessity of a secure and sufficient monetary system for the promotion of commerce :—

"Under all these circumstances, it is obvious that very little of Oriental trade could have existed in these western countries of Europe. Destitute as they had been created, comparatively speaking, of natural productions fit for exportation, their invention and industry are the great resources from which they can supply the demands of the East. Before any manufactures were established in Europe, her commercial intercourse with Egypt and Asia must of necessity have been very trifling; because, whatever inclination she might feel to enjoy the luxuries of those genial regions, she wanted the means of obtaining them. It is not, therefore, necessary to rest the miserable condition of Oriental commerce upon the Saracen conquests, because the poverty of Europe is an adequate cause; and, in fact, whatever little traffic remained was carried on, with no material inconvenience, through the channel of Constantinople. Venice took the lead in trading with Greece and more eastern countries. Amalfi had the second place in the commerce of those dark ages. These cities imported, besides natural productions, the fine cloths of Constantinople; yet as this traffic seems to have been illicit, it was not probably extensive. Their ex-

ports were gold and silver, by which, as none was likely to return, the circulating money of Europe was probably less in the eleventh century than at the subversion of the Roman empire: furs, which were obtained from the Sclavonian countries; and arms the sale of which was vainly prohibited by Charlemagne and the Holy See. A more scandalous traffic, and one that still more fitly called for prohibitory laws, was carried on in slaves. It is a humiliating proof of the degradation of Christendom, that the Venetians were reduced to purchase the luxuries of Asia by supplying the slave-market of the Saracens. Their apology would perhaps have been that these were purchased from their heathen neighbours; but a slave-dealer was probably not very inquisitive as to the faith or origin of his victim. This trade was not peculiar to Venice. In England, even after the Conquest, it was very common to export slaves to Ireland, till, in the reign of Henry II., the Irish came to a non-importation agreement, which put a stop to the practice."

The early part of the thirteenth century witnessed the growth in Europe of a manufacturing interest, which advanced rapidly in the following two or three centuries, and effected every material changes in the social condition of the countries in which it was chiefly located. The first manufactures of importance were the stuffs of Flanders, the materials of which were English wool. The principal seats of the trade were Bruges and Ghent. This new trade of the Flemish cities stimulated an extensive export trade from various ports of the north of Europe. England, in the commencement of the thirteenth century, became a competitor with Bruges and Ghent, Brabant and Hainault, and became ultimately not only capable of supplying her own demand, but also of competing successfully with the manufacturers of Europe, instead of merely supplying them with the raw material. This power of competing successfully with the Flemish and other cities was carried so far, that in 1261 a law was passed by a parliament, sitting at Oxford, prohibiting the export of the raw material and the importation of woollen cloths, which it was assumed we could in future produce for ourselves. In 1331, Edward III. encouraged the manufacturers of Flanders to settle in

his dominions, which contributed materially to increase the perfection of the manufacture. This branch of industry extended itself along the banks of the Rhine into France, in which the linen fabric became one of importance; and the growth of manufactures led to that of maritime adventure in many of the northern nations. Great Britain, in particular, increased in wealth; and her manufacturing and trading classes became able to subsidise our own and other monarchs, to enable them to protect their traffic from marauders both by sea and land. The discovery of the properties of the compass about this period—the latter part of the thirteenth century—opened out a vent for the manufacturers of the north of Europe to the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean, east of the Pillars of Hercules; and, in the fifteenth century, we find Spain, stimulated by the advantages of her position, competing successfully, and carrying off the palm of naval science and enterprise. Her vessels had for a century and a half been pre-eminent in their qualities, and the ability of their commanders, and had raised her to the proud position of sovereignty upon the sea. In the mean time, the silk manufacture had been introduced into Palermo, and other cities of Italy; and in a short while the woollen and silk manufacturers of Europe commanded the markets of the East.

Whilst our manufacturers were thus growing in importance, the trading world beheld a considerable increase of its monetary facilities. The Jews had hitherto almost entirely absorbed the exchanges of Europe, and the dealings in the precious metals. In the early portion of the thirteenth century the merchants of Lombardy and of the south of France, according to Du Cange, commenced the business of remitting money by bills of exchange; and it is not surprising that such bills, representing gold at its sterling value, superseded, as a circulation, the debased coinage of France and other countries. Enriched by their commerce, and by the ordinary usances of money required for the purposes of exchange, the Lombard and other companies began to advance loans and to conduct monetary transactions in

every country, charging interest of a highly remunerative character. In Barcelona, which had profited by its maritime traffic, banks were formed for the accommodation not only of private merchants but of states. The Republic of Florence pursued a similar business; and such banks, as well as private merchants, made advances to different countries on the security of their revenues, at rates of interest varying from 20 to 25 per cent. per annum. The manufactures of Europe had served to enable our merchants to import luxuries from the East without draining the stocks of the precious metals. In fact, they had diverted the current of gold and silver from the East to the seats of industry and commerce. The high rates of interest charged, had placed the monied and trading classes in a position to absorb the incomes of the wasteful possessors of the soil; and a middle class rapidly sprung up, who were protected by the organization of the various communities to which they belonged, from being made the spoil of the great nobles, as had been the case of the Jewish possessors of money in previous periods. By-and-by, however, these banks became involved, partly from the necessities of their position, in the contentions of those nobles and governments by whom they had been protected. They advanced large sums of money to them, which were not always repaid. It is sufficient, however, for the purposes of our inquiry to state the mode in which a circulating medium was provided to make these advances. Boucher, an authority upon the subject, says,—there were three species of paper credit in the dealings of merchants: 1st, General letters of credit, not directed to any one, which are not uncommon in the Levant; 2d, Orders to pay money to a particular person; 3d, Bills of exchange regularly negotiable (vol. ii. p. 621). Instances of the first are mentioned by Macpherson about 1200 (p. 367). The second species was introduced by the Jews about 1183 (*Capmany*, vol. i. p. 297); but it may be doubtful whether the last stage of the progress was reached nearly so soon. An instrument in *Rymer*, however, of the year 1364 (vol. vi. p. 495), mentions *litteræ Cam-*

bitoria, which seem to have been negotiable bills; and by 1400 they were drawn in sets, and worded exactly as at present. *Macpherson* (p. 614), and *Beckman* (*History of Inventions*, vol. iii. p. 430), give from *Capmany* an actual precedent of a bill dated in 1404.

From about this period—from the middle to the close of the fourteenth century—we may date the increase of Europe in wealth, and the growth of a middle class, engaged chiefly in trading pursuits. We may date from it, also, aided by the knowledge and the capabilities of bringing into use the properties of the magnetic needle, the extension of maritime adventure throughout the world. The inhabitants of Catalonia in Spain took the lead in the latter; other countries, however, followed; and the British Isles and the countries of the Baltic were the peoples chiefly benefited commercially, although Spain assumed for a time the dominion of the seas. The voyages from the Italian cities—Venice, Genoa, Florence, and Amalfi—had hitherto been considered secure from competition. These cities had therefore absorbed the profitable trade with the East, their ships never venturing into the waters of the Atlantic, and thus leaving the trade of the north of Europe isolated. But the commerce and manufactures of the north induced enterprise. The dreaded Pillars of Hercules—the Straits of Gibraltar—were passed by navigators possessed of the mariner's compass; and a new era opened upon the commerce of the world. Spain, so long absorbed by her contests with her Moorish invaders, was the first nation to take advantage of the new order of things. Although only to a small extent a producer, she pushed her maritime adventure to every quarter of the globe. England became enabled to transport her own manufactured commodities to the markets of the East; and the Italian cities sent their argosies to gather their rich commercial tribute from the countries of the Baltic, into which the art of manufacturing various exchangeable commodities had by this time penetrated. It cannot be supposed that these trading communities of Europe escaped aggression at the

hands of a feudal nobility: they did not do so; but their wealth enabled them to purchase the protecting aid of powerful nobles and states; and, as in the case of the commercial cities of northern Europe, they were enabled to form themselves into powerful confederations, of which the Hanseatic League is an example, which enabled them to defy attack from individual powers, and ultimately to exercise an important influence over the affairs of Europe. The free cities of the latter portion of the middle ages were in reality, whilst vindicating their commercial importance, the arbiters of the affairs of the world. They supplied the monetary wants of the monarchs of contending states; they equipped—the Italian cities principally—powerful fleets; they supplied contingents of men for the protection of their trade, or the security of states with whom they had alliances, or who were too largely indebted to them to be allowed to be overpowered by their enemies.

The most important object of our inquiry, however, is the influence of the increased circulation of money—currency—at this period, upon the social condition of the masses. We find that the immediate effect was a decided increase in the ambition of those masses to possess the material comforts and even the luxuries of life. The style of living of the burgher and trading classes became materially improved; and their dwellings, in time, rivalled, in everything conducive to comfort, and even adornment, those of the landed proprietors. The latter had indeed their castles and towers, some of them of great strength and imposing architecture; but the superior trading classes were infinitely better housed, and their dwellings evidenced, in their furnishing, &c., a much greater control over money, and the products of native and foreign industry. Even at this time, however, although the stocks of the precious metals had been more freely brought out into circulation and use, history does not warrant the supposition that they were of considerable extent. Gold or silver plate was found in few houses, even of the nobility or the wealthy trading classes. Published inventories of the furniture and valuables in baronial houses, and

even in those of wealthy merchants, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, show a marvellous lack of this description of property. The supply of the precious metals, although increased instead of being reduced, was barely sufficient, if it were even sufficient, to meet the requirements of the extended mercantile and industrial transactions of the world.

Convertible money, in fact, was, up to the middle of the fourteenth century, a scarce commodity, and its purchasing power was in proportion to its quantity available for trade purposes. Sir Frederick Eden, in his *Table of Prices*, gives the following as the value of the pound sterling of our present money at the various periods mentioned:—

			Value of Pound Sterling, present money.		
Conquest,	...	1066	...	£2	18 1½
28 Edward I.	...	1300	...	2	17 5
18 Edward III.	...	1344	...	2	12 5½
20 Edward III.	...	1346	...	2	11 8
27 Edward III.	...	1353	...	2	6 6
13 Henry IV.	...	1412	...	1	18 9
4 Edward IV.	...	1464	...	1	11 0
18 Henry VIII.	...	1527	...	1	7 6½

We interrupt our quotation here, because we are approaching a period at which a large increase of the precious metals flowed in upon the world. But we cannot allow the portion given to pass without directing attention to the striking manner in which it illustrates our preceding remarks. Europe, and England especially, had at the time of the Norman Conquest a very slight control over the existing stock of gold; and this was not because that stock was at its minimum, but because it was hoarded through the violence of the times, and there was no well-arranged circulating medium to replace it in the ordinary bargains and sales amongst a somewhat rude community. With the advanced state of commerce and manufactures which existed in the year 1300, and progressed down to 1353, it might naturally have been expected that the fall in its value would have been greater than is shown above. Undoubtedly, although we have little evidence as to the increase of the yield, large amounts were during this period exhumed from their hiding places, and converted to use as a medium of exchange; but we must not forget, although some of our modern political economists appear to do so, that an increased trade demands and absorbs proportionately increased supplies of the precious metals. The small amount which suffices to balance the transactions of a primitive, or a non-commercial people, is miserably in-

sufficient to perform the same operation for countries possessing an extensive foreign trade, as did at this period various countries of Europe. Moreover, although our exports attracted towards us the gold of the Eastern nations, a portion of it was readily dissipated in loans to the various contending powers of the world, and to the improvident and dissolute amongst our own nobility and gentry. Our banking systems were not as yet so perfect and secure in the general acceptance of the public, as to enable us to dispense with the precious metals as the money in everyday circulation. It is probable that the rapid decline which took place, from 1353 to 1527, may have arisen from a variety of causes, to a considerable extent irrespective of the supply in existence. We can only measure the value of the precious metals by their power of purchasing other commodities. The coined gold and silver of early nations was generally the representative of some article or animal which it would exchange for, such, for example, as a sheep, a lamb, an ox, &c. And when we have historical authority that the consumption and style of living of all classes, in England and in the trading countries of Europe, had been very materially increased and improved during this period, it is only fair to assume that the increased demand for commodities of all descriptions thus caused, had diminished the value of the precious metals as money. Certainly we

have no evidence to show that there had been any new sources of production opened out to the world. Some influence may have been exercised, however, by the measures of confiscation directed in our own country, against monastic institutions, and the distribution of their admittedly large stores of plate, existing in various forms, by Henry VIII. It is not necessary, however, to enter with very great minuteness into an examination of the decline in 1527, as we have subsequent and more violent changes to note, the causes of which are more clearly demonstrable.

At the close of the fifteenth century the maritime countries and cities of Europe had attained an acquaintance with the navigation of distant seas, surprising in an age when there existed very scanty means of handing down the experience and discoveries of one generation to another; and pre-eminent in their possession of this element of power and commercial prosperity were the kingdoms of Spain and Portugal. For a considerable period their fleets, engaged in buccaneering exploits upon the ocean, were the terror of the peaceful traders of other countries of Europe. At the conclusion of that century the enterprise and skill of Columbus, aided by the liberality of Queen Isabella of Spain, were rewarded by the discovery of the West Indies and the American continent; and vast fields of adventure and wealth were opened to the commercial classes of Europe. A few years later, the great achievement of Columbus was followed by the invasion and conquest of Mexico by Cortez, from which results most important to the commerce and the social and political condition of Europe flowed. It is painful enough to peruse the history of this most daring achievement; yet it is worthy of attentive study, as intimately connected with the subject which we have in hand. The conquest of Mexico by Cortez and his followers may be said to have tapped the stores of the precious metals of that hitherto unknown country, which had been accumulating for ages; and led ultimately, after the commission of horrible atrocities by the conquering adventurers, to the discovery of the South Sea. The subjugation of

Peru by Pizarro followed next; and the mineral wealth of its Incas, together with that of Mexico, began to pour in upon Europe, and to stimulate, unfortunately, not so much the regular transactions of commerce and industry, as the strife, religious and territorial, of the leading powers. Enriched by this stream of the precious metals, Charles V. of Spain was enabled to exercise the supreme sway in Europe, and to involve it in a succession of expensive wars, with varying success, by which the progress of commerce and industry was materially interrupted, and great deterioration in the social condition of its various communities was caused. The production of commodities useful to the world was interrupted, whilst the large sums lavished in subsidies to the allies of the contending powers induced a lavish expenditure in luxuries previously unheard of, and in pageantries and pomps, designed to win the support of the wavering, or to flatter the vanity of the fast friends of either party. Hired bands of adventurers of the Mike Lambourne and Dugald Dalgetty stamp roamed over every state of Europe. Taking service with the Emperor, with Francis, or with Gustavus—with Naples or Venice, Genoa or Burgundy—became the foundation of the fortunes of the well-born, and furnished the means of dissipation and outrage to the dissolute and depraved. A campaign in the Low Countries, during this transition period, was resorted to by every man of broken fortune, who possessed valour in addition to the disinclination for the peaceful pursuits of industry; and their return to the various localities of their birth was marked by showers of gold pieces, earned as pay or grasped as spoil, in an abundance and with a degree of recklessness almost inconceivable. From the most worthless of this class came the bullies and braggarts of the age of Elizabeth and the first James—the Alsatian gentry, to whom assassination and cutting a purse formed a more congenial occupation than either honest toil, however lucrative, or meeting a foe manfully, face to face.

In the mean time, whilst the Spaniards had been ransacking the world in one direction, the westward, and appropriating its treasures, the Por-

tuguese had been proceeding in another, the eastward, and the concerns and conquests of the marauding adventurers of the two nations became rather entangled. The Portuguese became possessed of the Brazils; but when their country after a while became subjected to Spain, the Dutch, and subsequently the East India Company, absorbed between them their joint acquisitions. At the same time Great Britain was establishing herself upon the North American continent, and very shortly began to derive from that country a considerable addition to her commerce. "Going the Virginian voyage" became in English society the popular mode of seeking fortune—as an adventure to Mexico or Peru was to the wild spirits of the Spanish kingdom. Cruising on the Spanish main—intercepting the valuable cargoes of gold and silver in the course of their transmission to Europe—was a pursuit followed by many English adventurers, as well as by those of other maritime countries; and an additional means was thus afforded of diffusing the stream of the precious metals over other nations besides Spain. Degraded generally as were those engaged in this illicit and often murderous trade, it was nevertheless not without its beneficial results, particularly as it promoted maritime adventure and nautical skill. We may also attribute to it the great improvement which took place about this period in naval architecture. The buccaneer, and since his times the slaver, were a proscribed race. Their hand was considered to be against every man, and every man's hand was against them. Hence, fast-sailing ships and the smartest of seamen were imperatively necessary to success. In modern days a similar improvement in the construction and sailing properties of ships is being more peaceably effected by the requirements of the passenger trade from this country to our colonies, and other locations sought by the teeming industry of our industrious masses.

The first effect of this vast increase of the supply of the precious metals in Europe was, unfortunately, not the promotion of the peaceful pursuits of commerce and industry, but, instead, an increased ability conferred upon the monarchs and great nobles to gra-

tify their territorial or personal ambition. There was a disturbing element existing in France, in Germany, and other countries—the question of religion—which was readily fanned into a flame, which for half a century plunged Europe into the horrors of war, both international and civil. In the Low Countries, the principal seats of trade in the north of Europe, taxation was levied by Philip II. and his generals, especially upon the trading classes, who were the only possessors of money and of the precious metals. Professor Smyth tells us of the Duke of Alva, in his admirable course of *Lectures on Modern History*, that—

"Philip was supposed at the time to possess all the wealth of the world, and he certainly did possess a large portion of the gold and silver of it; but it was now to be shown that ambition and harsh government could exhaust even Mexico and Peru. Alva found himself obliged to have recourse to taxation, and to require from the industry and wealth of the Flemings themselves that constant supply which all the mines and slaves of his master were insufficient to afford him. And now for once it happened that a total ignorance of the principles of political economy in the rulers was eventually favourable to the happiness of the people.

"The Duke insisted, 1st, Upon 1 per cent. upon all goods, movable and immovable; 2dly, On an annual tax of 20 per cent. upon all immovable goods of heritage; and, lastly, of 10 per cent. on all movable goods, to be paid on every sale of them."

No policy could have been devised more certain to dry up the sources of wealth and to depress commerce and industry. The result that followed was gratifying and ultimately fortunate for the oppressed subjects of Philip. They resisted, under the able leadership of the Prince of Orange and successive chiefs; and, after a struggle of nearly half a century's duration, succeeded in not only throwing off the yoke of Spain, but, by the formation of seven of the most wealthy provinces into a defensive league, which was the foundation of the Republic of Holland, were enabled to protect themselves against the aggressions of Austria.

The same reckless ambition, evidenced in the struggle between France and Spain for the possession of Italy,

inflicted an overwhelming blow upon the commercial cities and states of that unhappy country, which was made the arena of conflict between these unprincipled combatants. They were driven by constantly recurring necessities to ally themselves first with one party and afterwards with another, until both their material wealth and their commerce escaped from their grasp. In the mean time, the natural result occurred to the two countries themselves. In Spain we had exhibited—as expressed in the graphic language of the writer from whom we have just quoted,—

"The real sources of power neglected; immense revenue and no wealth; possessions multiplied abroad and no prosperous provinces at home; the strength of the country exhausted in maintaining a powerful army, not for the purposes of defence but of tyranny and injustice; and the whole system of policy, in every part and on every occasion, a long and disgusting train of mistake and guilt."

And in France:

"The same neglect of the real sources of strength and happiness; the produce of the land and labour of the community employed in military enterprises; the genius of the nobles made more and more warlike; military fame and the intrigues of gallantry (congenial pursuits) converted into the only objects of anxiety and ambition; licentiousness everywhere the result, in the court and in the nation; the power of the crown unreasonably strengthened; the people oppressed with taxes, their interests never considered; the energies of this great country misdirected and abused; and the science of public happiness (except, indeed, in the arts of public amusement and splendour) totally unknown or disregarded."

England at this period was, comparatively, aloof from any share in Continental conflicts, but she did not

altogether escape from the contagion of the vices of their courts, and the demoralisation which pervaded the masses of European society. Whilst the dissolution and plunder of the monastic institution supplied Henry VIII. and his nobles with large stores of the precious metals, and increase of revenue, arbitrary taxation was sought to be exacted from the trading and other classes; but the attempt was successfully resisted, principally by the spirit evinced by the monied and trading classes of the metropolis, and in the reign of Edward VI. the acts passed for so levying taxation by the mere will of the Crown were repealed. The arts and manufactures, partly through the dread of this arbitrary taxation, made little progress under Henry VIII.; whilst the expenditure of the court, the nobility, and the gentry, enormously increased in this and the two subsequent reigns. Large amounts, however, of the precious metals, and of costly produce, were poured in upon the country, through the ordinary channels of a growing foreign trade, in addition to the supplies which, as we have previously stated, were brought in and squandered by the military and other adventurers, who had sought their fortune either in the wars of Europe, or in the newly discovered countries of the world.

These facts of history, carefully weighed in connection with other concurrent circumstances, will afford a clue to the violent changes which occurred in prices, and in the value of coined money between the latter end of the reign of Henry VIII. and the close of Elizabeth's reign. The following were the values of the pound sterling at the periods mentioned:—

				Value of Pound Sterling. present money.
34 Henry VIII.	..	1543	..	£1 8 8½
36 Henry VIII.	..	1545	..	0 13 11½
37 Henry VIII.	..	1546	..	0 9 8½
5 Edward VI.	..	1551	..	0 4 7½
6 Edward VI.	..	1552	..	1 0 6½
1 Mary,	..	1553	..	1 0 5½
2 Elizabeth,	..	1560	..	1 0 8
43 Elizabeth,	..	1601	..	1 0 0

One of the causes of these changes was the financial policy of those monarchs themselves. In the early period of Henry's reign, the pound of silver

was coined to represent a nominal value of £2 8s. In the latter part of the same reign it was coined into £3 12s. A pound of gold was coined

into £30 in the first period, and in the time of Elizabeth into £36. The purity of both metals was lowered extensively by Henry, and a most extravagant seigniorage was exacted at the mint. His successor, Edward VI., restored the coinage to nearly its former purity, and materially reduced the seigniorage. In the reign of Elizabeth the value of the pound was increased, a pound of silver being coined into £3 sterling, instead of £3 12s. The effect of the policy of those sovereigns will be seen in the advance of the convertible power of the pound from 4s. 7½d. to 20s. and upwards. Something is due also to the relinquishment of the arbitrary power of taxation, claimed by Henry VIII. and previous monarchs. Confidence was thus infused amongst the mercantile and monied classes. Capital was more freely embarked in trading adventures, as well as in domestic investments. But even in the Elizabethan period, the purchasing power of the pound sterling remained very far below what it had been a century before. The mass of mineral wealth which had been poured through Spain into the countries of Europe had not yet found the means of safe and profitable employment. Gold and silver were thus in excess of their requirements as instruments of exchange. Their increase had been greater than that of the production of commodities, and their value naturally declined, although only temporarily, until commerce and industry gained upon the means provided by nature for the exchange of their products.

A careful examination of the history of this period will also furnish data to enable us to speculate upon the probable results of the increase which is being derived at present from the rich gold-fields of Australia and California. In examining this subject, however, we must proceed very cautiously; and, especially, we must consider the differing circumstances of the times in which the most important additions which have as yet been made to the supplies of the precious metals in circulation throughout the world were received, and the rate as well at which they were received. The wealth of Mexico and Peru was *almost heaped* upon the world, and

had probably been the accumulation of centuries. That of Australia and California has had to be disembowelled from the earth, by the persevering energy of their miners. It has flowed towards us steadily, and thus far has been absorbed by the new commerce which they have created. Its fortunate discoverers were independent human beings, not mere helots; and such beings, in new countries especially, have wants which must be gratified, and the supply of which is affording most profitable employment to the working masses in this and other countries. The population of Mexico and Peru engaged in mining pursuits toiled for masters who exercised over them an arbitrary power. The wealth which they raised from the soil passed from their possession without contributing perceptibly to their own comfort and enjoyment, or to the prosperity of the country from which it was derived. On its advent in Europe it found only a collection of nations and powers, engaged in continual strife, with little commerce and less manufactures to require a circulating medium. But the gold of Australia and California has been brought into a world whose commercial energy and enterprise will be the wonder of succeeding ages, and the advancement of which in the arts of industry has been for a long period repressed only by the want of a medium for conducting efficiently its vast transactions, and which has had to be supplied by representative currencies liable to derangement at the mere whim of statesmanship, or by events not within the power of the wisest either to foresee or avert. We shall not, however, pursue this question further in the present paper. Our subject will lead us in a subsequent one to investigate the rate of increase in the stocks of the precious metals subsequently to the first discovery of Mexico and Peru; the effect of the growth of the trade with India in abstracting the precious metals from Europe; and, what is of especial interest at the present moment, the effect of the discovery of the mines of Siberia, and of the Ural Mountains, upon the growth of the ambitious power of Russia, and upon the general commerce of Europe.

PEACE AND WAR:

A DIALOGUE.

"Pulcher fugatis
 Ille dies Latio tenebris
 Qui primus *alma* risit adora."—HORACE.

It was on a railway journey that I made the acquaintance of my friend Ireneus.

He is a Member of the Society of Friends because his father was before him, and of the Peace Society also, because he was talked into it by his wife; but in spite of that, a very good fellow; and it is impossible to look at his quick eye, broad chest, and hammer fist, and believe him when he tells you, *ὅτι διαφυλάττω*, that he could witness the sack of his house, if necessary, and the carrying away captive of Mrs. and the Misses I., while yet, according to his principles, he could oppose none but passive resistance. I like the man, while I detest his principles; and I like him for perhaps the odd reason, that I do not believe a single word he says; and yet, for all that, I do not doubt his word in the common sense of doubting a man's word; I simply don't believe him because I know that he deceives himself, and is a high-spirited, generous fellow, in spite of his advocacy of meanness and abuse of generosity—yes, even a chivalrous man, in spite of his denunciations of chivalry; and if I were placed in the situation of having to defend myself against odds, I know no one whom I would rather see standing by to see fair play than my friend Ireneus with a twig of oak in that vice of a fist of his.

We became acquainted first, as I said, on a railway journey—a good opportunity for some kinds of conversation—not for all. There were two pictures in the Academy Exhibition of 1853, one of the interior of a second-class, the other of that of a first-class carriage. They were both good, both natural; but in one was a mournful silence, in the other a sort of a *tête-à-tête*—rather, I think, out of place on the rail; and this made the former picture perhaps the more agreeable. One represented a widow taking her sailor son to Southampton to see him

off, silent and thoughtful, while the minutes of their being together were diminishing with railway speed; and the homeliness, or rather ugliness, of the carriage enhanced the effect, stuck over as it was with advertisements, and with one, more prominent than the rest, headed "No more grey hairs." The other picture represented an old gentleman and his daughter, with a young gentleman opposite, bound for some fishing-station. The old gentleman had been mesmerised by 'the *Morning Chronicle*, and was fast asleep; and the young gentleman had taken the opportunity of making acquaintance with the young lady, beginning, doubtless, with the electric telegraph of looks. Generally interesting as the situation was, I have no hesitation in saying that the young people were beginning a love-story under disadvantageous circumstances, in spite of the convenient drowsiness of papa. The voice requires to be unduly raised to overcome the noise of the train, and thus even in the best cases its low and most effective tones are lost, so that it would appear better taste to do the whole thing by pantomime. Imagine "Get your tickets ready" interpolated on an avowal, and the first seizure of the little hand in a fit of eloquence witnessed by a hairy guard, and "Swin—don" in a husky growl breaking down some fairy air-castle of possible, yet scarcely probable happiness. No! a railway carriage is not quite a place for love-making, though young people will make love there, if they cannot elsewhere, and small blame to them. Nor is it a good place for discoursing of poetry, metaphysics, or the fine arts, or any other subject that requires if not bodily comfort, at least an absence of discomfort, to favour a calm interchange of thoughts. But it is a first-rate place for talking politics or polemics. These are subjects in the treating of which loudness of voice

and roughness of gesture are generally considered lawful; and no place seems more fit for an Englishman to let off the steam of his predilection and prejudices in. A friend of ours laboured under a most disagreeable sense of obstruction, when he was reminded by a gentleman on the Boulogne line, just after the "*coup-d'état*"—"Il ne faut pas parler politique." That "*il ne faut pas parler*" being, by the way, the beginning of the history of all the explosions which have taken place on the State line of our allies across the Channel. They will persist, in spite of all experience, in working steam-power without safety-valves, and all their engines are high-pressure. It would be hard to say whether my conversation with Irenæus is to be brought under the head of politics or polemics—perhaps polemics, using the word in its derivative signification; for the subject was war in general, and the war with Russia in particular. I may mention that Irenæus, like a sensible man, does not affect the *singularities*, though he supports the principles of his sect, addressing you in the second person plural, like a gentleman and a Christian.

IRENÆUS (folding up the *Times* and tossing the advertisements out of window.)—A sad affair this battle on the Alma! several thousand men butchered like beasts by those who had no personal dislike to them, and who, if they had known them, would more probably have loved than hated them. Surely an awful responsibility rests on the head of him who gives the first signal for the shedding of blood—shall we not rather say, an infinite weight of guilt?

TELEPOLEMUS.—I quite agree with you as to the responsibility of him who lets slip the dogs of war; as to his guilt, that depends on circumstances: it may be a frightful crime or a stern duty. But that men who have no personal dislike kill each other in war is to my mind the redeeming point of it. The feeling evoked in the battle-struggle is that of a race for victory, in which the winners live and the losers die, and there is admiration in the breast of every competitor of proper feeling for all who win or lose nobly. This feeling, when the sword is drawn, takes

the place of personal and national hatred between combatants, and in some degree between the parties at home that back them. War is doubtless one of the most awful facts of our condition; but we know that the soldier may admire, even love, the public enemy, and this partly from self-love; for his enemy draws out his own virtues and puts them before his eyes: he shows him his own manhood. Thus war becomes to the combatants a sublime dispensation of the Almighty, to overlive which is life-long glory, rather than merely the most emphatic expression of the evil passions of man. And modern war is more favourable to this feeling than ancient war. The modern soldier's courage is tested by having to face a rain of shot and shell rather than by the hand-to-hand encounter. In old times, every battle was more like a thousand duels in one field, and when shield pressed shield, and sword bickered with sword, and lance clashed with lance, men's faces looked far more ugly to each other in the crisis of battle than now; for it was, I must confess, rather hard to love the man whose point was within a yard of your heart;—yet even then, as we know from numberless instances, a high-minded soldier could look upon the business with a purely professional eye; and perhaps this feeling was strongest in that most maligned of professional men, the mercenary soldier. Victor or vanquished, he liked a man all the better that he had felt the weight of his hand. I have no doubt that Hector and Ajax had risen many inches in each other's esteem at the end of their famous duel, and that they exchanged presents, the sword and the sword-belt, in the schoolboy overflowing of their hearts. It always struck me that Sophocles entirely mistook the heroic feeling when he makes Ajax speak of Hector's sword, when he chooses it for his suicide, as "the gift of one most hostile, most hateful to my sight." Homer knew far better the spirit of knightly warriors. I need scarcely cite the times of chivalry, as the very name tells its own story. The true knight always loved a brave foe, even in that bitterest war of wars—a religious war. Richard loved

and respected Saladin, and Saladin Richard. How well Scott understands this feeling! Roderick Dhu and Fitz-James, though mortal foes, began to love each other as soon as they were fairly placed in a position to measure their swords.

"In his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy that warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

In fact, this respect for foes was the very essence of chivalry, and the moment that a private enemy became an antagonist in arms, he became, in a certain sense a friend, quite as much so as in the sense of your sect, Irenæus. But to come to times nearer our own. We know what was the feeling of the hostile soldiers in the Peninsular War towards each other, when not engaged in action. The English liked the French who fought them far better than the Spaniards who starved them and cheated them. They associated in the most friendly manner, sometimes fraternising on a large scale, but oftener in small parties. They even trusted this friendly feeling so far as to buy and sell from and to each other; though this, I must confess, was more dangerous to the feelings of mutual respect than fighting. I have heard an old officer say that he was often obliged to warn small bodies of the enemy off the ground occupied by the British outposts, the penalty of disobedience being to be taken prisoners in a quarter of an hour by his watch. The appeal to the sword, in fact, has generally been found to extinguish personal hatred between public enemies, in all cases where war was carried on in the spirit of a soldier rather than in that of a cannibal. The general separation prevents petty quarrels, such as occur in friendly ranks; the occasional intercourse, when such is permitted, creates the kindest feelings.

IRENÆUS.—But with regard to our feelings at present towards the Emperor of Russia, I cannot see how being openly at war with him can make any difference: if you regard him as a sort of highwayman on a large scale, making the Danubian Principalities his Hounslow Heath,

I cannot see what difference declaring war against him can make. It surely does not fit him to associate with honest men on equal terms.

TELEPOLEMUS.—Pardon me, public opinion may prejudice a question of this kind as much as it likes; but when we appeal to arms, we appeal to the Power that rules defeat and victory. We must treat the foe with the same courtesy with which our law treats an untried man. If he conquers us, it is best that we should be civil to him now; if we conquer him, we can well afford it. Let us fight him, but not abuse him. We blame him for his appeals to Heaven in support of his pretensions, and call such appeals blasphemous—that depends on the feeling with which they are made. The traditional ambition of his family may possibly be mixed up with enough of fanaticism to make them sincere. As for his sly offer to divide with us the "sick man's" patrimony, the less we say about that the better; for our Government certainly did listen to him, and at first expressed its moral indignation so mildly that he might be excused for not attaching much weight to it. Look to numbers of the *Times* of that date. How ably its leading articles show that Turkey was in the last stage of a decline. The Turks do not write leading articles, but they have written "Silistria, Oltenitza, Citate, Giurgevo, with pens of steel, not the goose-quills of our able editors; and it would be hard for all the phalanx of journalism to bear down those four words now. The worst of our popular press is, that by it the country or Government thinks aloud; and even though it adopts the better counsel, and does the right thing at last, it gets little credit, because it is so inconveniently communicative of passing thoughts of meanness or wickedness. If individuals thought aloud in the same way, the most strait-laced gentlemen—dare we say gentlewomen too?—would appear guilty of most of the sins of the Decalogue. I do not think we are morally immaculate enough to throw stones at the foe. Have we not the opium war with China on our consciences?

IRENÆUS.—I hate war, and I do not mean to defend the opium war; but surely a war of ambition is much

more wicked than one undertaken to further enlightenment, civilisation, and commercial intercourse between nations.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I cannot say I think so. I think it, of all reasons for war, the one involving the greatest moral guilt. A war of aggression is always bad, as bad as you please. Religious fanaticism will not excuse it, political aggrandisement will not excuse it, but least of all will Mammon-worship excuse it, for this is the only religion in which devotion to its god is the same thing as the meanest and most unmixed selfishness.

IRENEUS.—Then you do not believe in the blessings of free trade.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I believe that free trade produces certain mutual conveniences, that it diffuses in the world the enjoyment of the world's unnecessary good things,—if these, without a spice of profaneness, are to be called blessings. I will grant this much, though I am not a so called free-trader; but none but the wildest fanatics of the free-trade religion could justify the forcing of the commerce in a poison which a government, as despised as barbarous, was enlightened enough to prohibit. If you are so fond of free trade, why do you like the Maine Liquor Law, and, while you keep your own kilderkin of XXX, wish to deny the thirsty ploughman his glass of beer? At home you stigmatise as poison the wine "that maketh glad the heart of man," yet you would rehabilitate opium in the Celestial Empire.

IRENEUS (blushing a little).—I don't defend the opium war, or any other war in fact, as you knew before. You quite misunderstood me.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I am glad I did. I thought you thought it more justifiable than the Czar's attack on Turkey.

IRENEUS.—I'll give that up for the sake of peace, between us, at all events. But as to the Czar?

TLEPOLEMUS.—Well, as to the Czar, I believe him, in spite of his awful doings, to be a gentleman in the commonly understood sense of the term—one of the few in his dominions. I believe that this war will show him to be the victim of a gigantic system of thieving and adulteration—adulteration, not of tea and sugar, like ours, but of fortifications, army-lists, and muni-

tions of war. He will probably be deeply humbled before he has suffered all he has to suffer, and is destined to feel the hollowness of the supports of irresponsible power. But let us treat him with respect (I do not say with adulation, like the emissaries of the Peace Society), but with the respect due to an enemy, who is playing with us, the game of war with power, reputation, it may be his crown and empire, at stake. Whatever he may be, he has appealed to the Lord of Hosts, who will judge between us. Let us fight him, and not burn him in effigy. The experience of the last great war ought to teach us respect for enemies. Let us not brag of our superiority, but use it. *Τὴν Ἀδράστειαν αἶψα*. The abuse of Napoleon I. in the journals of the time did us no good; if he had been successful, they would have followed the example of the *Moniteur*: "The Corsican monster has escaped;" "The usurper has landed in France;" "General Buonaparte is at Grenoble;" "Napoleon is at Lyons;" "The Emperor is at Paris;" "Vive l'Empereur!" Above all, let us eschew cant in giving our reasons for the war. We go to war because Russia is becoming too powerful for the peace of Europe, and because, not satisfied with being the third great power, she aims, to use Mr. Grote's expression, at the Hegemony of the world. This is a simple and a sufficient ground. As for espousing the cause of the weak against the strong, this is a right thing to do; and a strong nation, like a strong individual, has its duties as well as its privileges. But if we pretend to knight-errantry, we ought to be consistent throughout, and be as ready to take up the cudgels for an annexation of Texas, an inroad into Mexico, or an outrage on a Black British subject in America. If this is our "casus belli" now, it ought to have been at first, and a declaration of war ought to have followed the passage of the Pruth by the first Russian soldier. It is all very well for us to abjure conquest for ourselves henceforth, and to join France in putting down conquerors, as an antiquated nuisance. But France and England must make all due allowances for Russia; we were not always of this mind. France, even more than England, it is to be hoped, before she took up arms

on this just ground, has repented in sackcloth and ashes of former misdeeds.

IRENÆUS.—The gist of your argument seems to be, that war between rival nations is more productive of the generous feelings than peace.

TLEPOLEMUS.—It is, than a hollow and hating peace. I do not say that nations or men cannot love one another except their fingers are at each other's throats. It is better to fight, admire, and hope to love afterwards, than it is to abstain from fighting, and hate perpetually. Malice and hatred in human hearts are far more odious in the eyes of Heaven than wounds and death. These are part of natural evil, while those are part of moral evil. I am sceptical as to natural evil being evil at all, except to us. We think it so, because it interferes with our conveniences and enjoyments. War is only the greatest of evils, if life is the greatest good—if life, wealth, luxury, and comfort are to be set above liberty, honour, justice, and religion. To set peace above right is to set the seen above the unseen,—the present life of man above his more glorious destiny. It is hard to prove war and evil in the economy of the universe, as it is hard to prove the convulsions of nature—the hurricane, the earthquake, and the pestilence—to be absolute evil. All the arguments of the Peace Society tend to establish the reign of materialism and atheism; the preservation of man's life for a few short years being assumed as the greatest good. Yet I doubt your consistency. What do you say of railway travelling? We are going very fast now.

IRENÆUS.—Railway travelling kills its tens, but it is an enormous advantage to the million: war kills its millions, and is an advantage to the ten.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Proportion can make no difference in a moral question. My respect for human life is such that I say, put down railway travelling, unless it is to proceed consistently with almost perfect safety to life. Public convenience cannot justify the taking of one life. At present the *minimum bonum* of railway companies appears to be the minimum of slaughter with the maximum of dividends. Men are sacrificed to the

Juggernaut of gain, and with the free consent of men who would shrink from sacrificing them to the assertion of world-wide justice, and the honour and independence of their country.

IRENÆUS.—But the great principles of national justice may be better settled by arbitration than by the sword.

TLEPOLEMUS.—So you may travel by coach, post-carriage, on horseback, or on foot—the latter plan safe, but slow and sure. But arbitration will settle nothing where there is injustice on one side, which presupposes an unwillingness to submit to arbitration. You might as well arbitrate with a pickpocket as to the amount of treadmill he is to receive for robbing you. I wonder how long the Society of Friends would exist if it were left to the protection of its own principles. It would have served you right if, as you refuse to pay taxes on principle, and, like good Christian men, to serve in the war at the command of the magistrate, you had been outlawed every man of you, and exempted from the guardianship of the police. Why, by this time you would not have existed at all, and some of the thirty thousand thieves of London would have been converted, if not to honesty, at least to commercial respectability, by the possession of your spoils. Society is far too indulgent to you; you live at peace, and your goods are in peace, because a certain strong man armed keeps your home for you.

IRENÆUS.—I thank society for its inconsistent indulgence. Meanwhile we will preach and practise peace till all the world adopts our principles.

TLEPOLEMUS.—That is a consummation devoutly to be wished, but we must bide God's time for it: we cannot anticipate a higher will as long as one unjust or ambitious spirit remains,—as long as the human heart, in fact, is what it is. You might as well say that we are not to wear flannel-waistcoats, because it would be very desirable that the air about us should be always temperate.

IRENÆUS.—We do not ignore the possibility of having to suffer by refusing to defend; is no courage shown in the brave endurance of wrong?

TLEPOLEMUS.—No; not when it deteriorates the wrong-doer, and

encourages him to do more wrong. Magnanimity and a higher creed would teach us to overlook our little selfish grievances, but it is mere selfishness and cowardice to overlook wrong inflicted on others. If you, for instance, with your sinews, were to see a big drunken bully cruelly beating a child?

IRENEUS.—I would remonstrate with him.

TLEPOLEMUS.—But, thy dear man, he would be too drunk to appreciate remonstrance.

IRENEUS.—I would stand in the way of the blows.

TLEPOLEMUS.—But the blows might knock you down, and then the injustice would begin anew, with fresher zest from the abortive opposition.

IRENEUS.—I am almost afraid then I should be tempted to knock him down.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Why not at first, and so have saved your own skin? The last armed interference would be quite as inconsistent with your principles as the early.

IRENEUS.—Well, suppose I concede that a sharp decisive war is sometimes necessary to secure a solid peace; but while it lasts it is surely the greatest of evils, and rouses the worst passions of the human heart.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I dare to join issue with you even on that ground. What is called peace is too often a misnomer: only another name for intestine and most uncivil war. It is war at home, civil or uncivil, I especially deprecate—

Θυραῖος ἔστω πόλεμος, οὐ μόνις παῶν,
ἐν ᾧ τις ἔσται δεινὸς εὐχλείας ἔρως,
ἰνοικίον δ' ὄρνιθος οὐ λέγω μάχην.

Now, what do you define peace to be?

IRENEUS.—The absence of war, and its accompanying evil passions.

TLEPOLEMUS.—If I can prove that you may be without war, yet have all its bad passions, and many other besides, what is your peace worth?

IRENEUS.—I doubt if you can prove your point.

TLEPOLEMUS.—What was the peace which lasted from 1815 till now worth with our next door neighbour France? What an amount of suspicion, what

jealousy, what arming and disarming, offending and apologising, watching and being watched, did not that peace include, during the reign of the Bourbons, the Citizen King, and the Republic! What diplomacy was necessary to avoid an outbreak! There were Turko-Egyptian embroilments, "Affaires Pritchard," Spanish marriages, and many other such, fanning the flame of national hatred; now we are at war in earnest with France—

IRENEUS.—With France?

TLEPOLEMUS.—On our side, that is far better; but at war with France in some sense it was necessary to be, to have done with the old grudge. As it is, the two nations have been glad enough to rush into each other's arms, and rejoice to substitute a distant war for such a fight in a saw-pit as another war in the Channel would have been. It was necessary that their blood should in some sense be shed together to make them lasting friends, that confederate war should extinguish the animosities which were the remains of hostile war, by covering the old scars with new wounds, and thus inducing forgetfulness of the hand which made them.

IRENEUS.—Do you think we can quite trust the French even now? I wish to trust everybody, and hope everybody will repay it; but France is so unlike us in every habit of thought, so unlike us in manners and customs—even in physical peculiarities.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I do not talk of trusting France so far as to cast aside our armour even when Russia is subdued. I would trust her fully and generously, but I would not tempt her on her weak point. Now, her military strength is her weakness—she confesses it herself—and though she seems to be growing out of that, it would be kind to her, as well as prudent towards ourselves, to keep temptation out of her way. We do not know what may happen in the intercourse of nations—

Καὶ ταῖσι Θήβαις εἰ τανὺν εὐήμερῃ
καλῶς ταπρὸς σέ, μοριὰς ὁ μωριὸς
χρονὶς τεχνούται νυκτὰς ἡμέρας τ' ἴων,
ἐν αἷς τὰ νῦν σύμφωνα δεξιῶματα
δορεῖ διασχεδῶσι ἐκ ἀμικροῦ λόγου.

As for the differences which you lay

stress upon, I think nothing of them; love and friendship do not spring up between the like, but the unlike; as for the interests of the two nations, they need never clash—their spheres are separate and distinct. Even as military nations they need not be jealous or make invidious comparisons. They each are incomparable in their own department; that is why an Anglo-French army appears so irresistible. At Alma they proved this. Each army was the complement of the other. The British performed the service required with such an utter indifference to death and danger, that they plucked grapes whilst waiting for the word to advance—the French performed a climbing feat, wonderful in itself, before their breathless squadrons fell irresistibly on the enemy. The sight of each other was enough to insure their victory. I certainly am prepared to trust France very far indeed, for I must say we have very severely tested her, or at all events her ruler's patience, before this war broke out, and when we were comparatively unarmed at the time. I allude to the abuse of Louis Napoleon, and the contempt expressed for the French nation at the time of the *coup-d'état*. Whatever its moral qualities may have been, it is impossible to deny that the French people took upon themselves the responsibility of that act, so as to make an insult to their ruler an insult to them. Louis Napoleon knew that the *Times* was not England, or in some shape he would probably have resented it. He could well have done so by a quiet agreement with Russia to divide Turkey in spite of us. Now the same journals cannot go too far the other way—they are even servile, and, in appreciation of the Emperor's alliance, would whitewash his political morality—a course perhaps justifiable, but at all events superfluous.

IRENÆUS.—You have said nothing as yet to prove that peace is not better than war in its effect at home and among ourselves. War unites us, it is true, but it checks national improvement and healthy growth, and fixes our minds on an unhealthy and unnatural source of excitement.

TLEPOLEMUS.—As for improvement, men should improve themselves, and

the community will be the better for it. I do not quite think we use improvement in the same sense. No matter! I say that war unites us, which you yourself allow—makes us feel we are countrymen, brothers, friends, and neighbours, all of us (not Quakers only), while peace sets us all together by the ears like hounds in an ill-regulated kennel.

IRENÆUS.—I do not feel this. As long as peace is kept abroad, I can sit under my own vine; none makes me afraid.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Can you? then you are a happy fellow. You have a happy constitution. You are not plethoric, but you are eupeptic. Mrs. I. is no curtain-lecturer; you pay all your bills at Christmas; you are chary of your signature—in fact, never use it except when it is absolutely necessary. You are right. I heard of a man who had two sons; he left the elder a fine estate, the younger a small allowance with this advice, "Never put your name to paper." The younger throve and the elder died in gaol. You are no merchant venturer, no railway stag. Your money is all safe in the Funds or invested in acres; your goods are in peace, and the strong man armed has his eye on them. But what do you say to all that goes on about you? What do you say to the struggle of society to get on, to get rich? It is like the opera-crush (beg your pardon, you don't frequent it). It is like a rush to a bank that is stopping payment—*vide* Hogarth's picture, and think of the disappointed sailor with the big stick swearing and thundering at the door. All want to be first, for the first alone can get anything, and are likely enough to be late. In you go. Good-bye, manners! Pluck your neighbour in front by the coat tail—jam your right-hand neighbour against the railing—punch your left-hand neighbour in the ribs—kick out behind. This is the everyday life of a peaceful commercial society; this is peace, if you like, but seasoned, whether you like it or not, with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. You are at peace only because you decline to take part in the selfish scramble. What say you to the mad ventures of merchants of straw, and their outrageous

gambling as lately disclosed—men, many of them, of religious profession, platform-orators, Record-readers, horror-struck at whist, and petrified at the mention of a quadrille—men of intense respectability, yet gamesters on a larger scale than any yet found in the Seine, and laid out at the Morgue? These poor Parisian gamblers were only their own enemies; those beggar their friends, spend their wives' portions, and leave their children penniless in a country where poverty is a crime. Does mercantile speculation stir up no evil passions? What do you say to the railway mania of 1847? There was greed surpassing that of the Bashi-Bazouks in quest of plunder. War has made many families desolate now, and filled them with a noble mournfulness; but war has never, and will never, afflict society with the anxiety, the madness, the degradation, the want of self-respect, which that railway mania did. It made, for the time, the length and breadth of our green land a great roulette-table, presided over by avarice and meanness, stamping the faces of steady city-men with the abstraction, the ferocity, the unnatural joy, sorrow, and despair, of the *habitués* of Homburg or Baden. That madness became most mournful because most ridiculous, when it was proposed to set up an image of the great "Croupier" of that gigantic gambling-table. Let it pass, and may such times never return again. A country desolated by war is not a paradise, but a country infected with such plague-spots is a pandemonium. And after that reckless time, what a period of sorrow and abasement came! It was a repentance like that of Ajax weeping among the slaughtered flocks, though somewhat less noble. Unlucky speculators were haunted by the ghosts of extinct railway schemes—ghosts which called them again and again, and insisted on being answered at whatever expense; upsetting with a printed circular the hope of economy year by year, making the dying railway sting like the benumbed wasp which you put your hand on unawares on the window-sill. Was that peace? and has there been no religious war, though not with swords?—no feud between High Church and Low Church, *Free Kirk* and Establishment? Was

not "versus" supposed by one of the uninitiated to be part of the title of a bishop from its frequent conjunction with his name in the reading of law-suits? As for contested elections, and bribery, and disfranchisement of boroughs, all that is a trifle, and part, no doubt, of the constitution of a free country, but it is not exactly in the spirit of peace. And what do you say to the whole history of strikes, and the general discomfort of the relations between employer and employed? In the worst cases there have been two rival camps of the worst kind, each striving to outstarve the other, capital fighting with savings and subscriptions, and the victory eventually belonging, not to the strongest battalions, but the longest purse; peace at length restored, but heart-burnings innumerable perpetuated. Talk of the horrors of war!—these, and such as these, are the horrors of peace. But why dwell on public and notorious instances? What is our daily life but a struggle and a combat against swindling and deception of every kind, and a very unequal struggle on the part of the consumer? The seller wages a war of selfishness against the buyer. The necessities of life are not exempted, or one might avoid some unpleasantness by avoiding luxuries. Not only your wine merchant drugs your port, but your grocer sands your sugar; your milk comes from Chalk Farm, your baker puts alum in your bread, and shortens your life by shortening the measure of its staff, so that you are almost inclined to wish him the fate of Pharaoh's.

To so great a degree has this system of falsification been carried, that, on the evidence of a leading medical journal, we appear to eat, drink, and smoke little else but solid, liquid, and gaseous lies. If we are true men with such a diet, it tells much in favour of our bringing-up. Yes, the shop-keeping spirit is far too strong amongst us as it is, and no wonder that Nicholas was induced to believe that John Bull would not quit his hold on his money-bags to go to war: he thought of us probably as Cyrus spoke of the Lacedemonians in Herodotus, when they wished to interfere with his taking a natural guarantee from Croesus, the sultan of that time. "I am not afraid

of a set of men who have a place marked out in the middle of their city, where they take oaths and deceive one another; to whom, if I am of sound mind, not the misfortunes of others will be matter of consideration, but their own." Cyrus, you see, had little respect for men who higgled in a market-place; and Nicholas evidently thought the same of us. This I cannot help thinking the principal cause of his aggression on Turkey, combined with the license of invective in which our journals and even Ministers indulged against the French Emperor, making his future friendship seem impossible; and last, not least, the extreme respect with which our Government treated the Czar's overtures. I believe, if he had known us better—if he had been able to judge of the feelings of our silent classes, the aristocracy, the gentry, the yeomanry and peasantry of Britain—he would never have been so misled. He mistook Manchester for Great Britain, and Messrs. Pease, Sturge, and Co., for the United Services. The day of the Alma has told him that, though Manchester is large, England is larger, and that there is a certain people north of the Tweed wearing "petticoats,"* with whom, notwithstanding their appearance, his boasted Imperial Guard decline to cross bayonets. But it is not for the lesson it has given the Czar that I lay so much stress on this glorious but dearly-bought battle; it is that, by mingling the hopes and fears of England and France, as it mingled the blood of their sons, it is an earnest of the lasting pacification of Europe, and, through Europe, of the world.

IRENÆUS.—But, friend, I thought you were just arguing that war was better than peace; in fact, was nothing but peace *plus* bayonets, sabres, artillery, wounded and slain, and that peace was the real war.

TEPOLEMUS.—You mistake my meaning—I hope not wilfully. I only wished to show that peace has its horrors as well as war, and that war is not so black, or peace so white, as it is painted. With respect to their effects on the human heart, they are

nearly on a par; if anything, the advantage appears to me on the side of war, if we except its actual operations. I look on war as a mighty disaster, as I look upon famine or a shipwreck, but one that we must sometimes accept, even seek, to avoid worse. But even then our efforts ought to be mainly directed to the establishment of peace, real and not nominal. The end I propose is the same as yours; we only differ as to the means. I would not sit down to dinner, as Dæmocrates did, with the sword-blade hanging over my head, as you would bid us do: in fact, I have not sufficient physical or moral courage to adopt your principles; but just as I have bolts and bars and a great dog in the yard to keep out thieves, so I would keep up fleets and armies to repel aggressive tyranny, whether proceeding from the single ambition of a despot, or the collective covetousness of a republic. If, as is much suspected now, this power of Russia turns out a mere nightmare which Europe had only to wake to shake off, and if we and France continue friends, there is no reason why the foundations of a solid European peace should not be laid; for England and France together are strong enough to bind nearly all the world over to keep the peace. When Russia is settled, France may safely abate her army, and England her navy: but neither must disarm; if they do, not only will other powers cease to respect them, but they will cease to respect each other. We must still be able to say "No" to our lively young brother across the Atlantic, if he wants Cuba without paying for it, or takes any other little vagary into his head. A war establishment may be expensive—and I believe, if the truth were known, that is the chief objection of the peace-mongers—but so is life insurance, which you, as the father of a family, allow to be a very proper thing. A fighting establishment, in time of peace, is nothing more than a system of insurance, by which we secure to those who come after us those vaunted liberties which have taken so many generations to

* A Russian officer prisoner said that he was glad one of the Guards had struck him down, and not one of the people in petticoats.

grow up, and which we have seen, from abundant experience elsewhere, are not to be invented in a night, or conquered in a day.

IRENEUS.—There is much in what you say; but I cannot yet see why this war, of which the battle of the Alma is the beginning, is necessary to effect a hearty friendship with France.

TELEPOLEMUS.—Because, although amity might exist among civilians, the services of the two countries always regarded each other as possible, even probable foes, till now when they have beheld each other's prowess, and shed their blood on the same field, looking the same way. As the feeling of antipathy between England and France was born of war, so in war it was destined to die. No less a price than that paid could have brought about this desirable consummation. Many an old hatred was buried with the Allied slain on those Crimean heights. On that stern day French and British fought side by side, companions in honour, danger, death, and victory. Each fought under the eyes of the old enemy, like the knights of old under the eyes of their mistresses. They regarded, and have recorded, each other's deeds of heroism with a romance of admiration enhanced tenfold by the ancient feud. In fact, they have rushed into each other's arms like two lovers in a novel who have lived in mutual misunderstanding and misery through two volumes and a-half, till towards the close of the third the truth is flashed upon them at once by some scene of danger or difficulty, and the future beholds them happy. Now they cannot do too much, or say too much, to atone for the coldness and unkindness of past days. It is in this sense I hail the day of Alma to England as the day of Metaurus to Rome, a clearing of the political horizon; partly because it has dissipated any misgivings that may have arisen as to the permanence of the spirit of our ancestors, chiefly because it was the

day of reconciliation with France—a reconciliation which we may now fairly hope will last for ever, or at any rate as long as the old enmity! France and England ought to be friends; for them to be otherwise is sheerest folly. They are the complement of each other, as the Zouaves are the complement of the Foot-guards in a perfect infantry. In war, they are both masculine enough. In peace, the British genius is masculine; the French feminine. I mean no offence. I say not effeminate, but feminine. I heard a friend once say that the most manly characters must have a feminine element to make them loveable. No wonder. Such an union of nationalities is a kind of union of moral strength and artistic beauty; or, in the language of the laureate—

“Perfect music exalts noble words.”

France and England want each other; they have much to learn from one another. We may borrow of France symmetry and decorum; France may borrow from us ballast and solidity.

I am not qualified to speak of commercial advantages resulting from such a friendship; and as to the highest influences of all, I shall content myself with observing, that while a mutual knowledge may produce more energetic practice, it will undoubtedly engender a larger charity. But the train is stopping, and I get out here. I feel rather ashamed of having had all the talk to myself—and I fear that I have been rather unfairly aggressive on the man of peace.

IRENEUS.—You have not given me a chance. I have just got my arguments in order, and you run away. For shame! but good-bye! Often have I seen an Oxford skiff carried on a truck, oars and all; never till now did I know that the arrangements of the Great Western Railway included accommodation for men-of-war. That accounts for the size of the Paddington terminus. Good-bye again, Telepolemus!

THE WAR AND THE MINISTRY.

ALTHOUGH several months have elapsed since war with Russia was formally declared—since our fleets were sent out to the Baltic and the Black seas—and since the flower of our army left the British shores to encounter a new and most formidable enemy, it is not until now that most of us have been able thoroughly to realise our position, or to appreciate to their full extent the terrible responsibilities of such a struggle. Those who were merely infants when the discharge of cannon from our castles and forts announced the crowning victory of Waterloo, have advanced far in life without beholding any of the great Powers of Europe arrayed in arms against each other. There have been, indeed, from time to time, revolutions and insurrections on the Continent—dynasties have been overthrown, and provinces have risen in rebellion against a yoke which had become too oppressive to be borne—but amidst all these convulsions Britain has been enabled to preserve tranquillity at home, and to maintain pacific relations with her neighbours. With the casual exception of the affair of Navarino, it has been only in India and the far East that our forces were actively engaged in contests, which no doubt were bloody and severe, but which, from their remoteness, could not be expected to impress us with the same awe and excitement which we have just experienced in receiving the account of the first great victory achieved by the allied armies of Britain and France on the heights of the Alma. But now the messenger has arrived with tidings, glorious indeed to the nation, but such as bring sorrow, and agony, and bereavement to many a hearth. A great blow has been struck—a great victory won, but it has been dearly purchased for the country by the blood of its bravest and its best?

Such are the sacrifices of war; and by a people not intoxicated with military glory, with the lust of conquest, or the passion for unbounded dominion, they are felt and felt deeply, even in the hour of triumph. But sacrifices they are, in the highest and

truest sense, when offered in the cause of justice, freedom, and humanity. Not upon us does the responsibility for broken peace and for cruel carnage rest. Not against us can the charge be made that we were too hasty in assuming arms—too rash in espousing the cause of an invaded European power. The error, if error there has been, lay on the other side. Our Ministers, from the commencement of the Eastern embroilment, trusted by far too much to the efficacy of diplomatic negotiations, which after all were but as cobwebs when opposed to the iron will and fixed determination of the Czar—they used words of compliment and of faint dissuasion, when they should have employed the language of stern remonstrance and of solemn warning—they were ambiguous and weak when they ought to have been resolute and strong. The stereotyped phrases of diplomacy are not suited for English use. They are essentially hollow and hypocritical, and sound ill at a time when the best interests of the nation are at stake. What Britain has to say upon any great question should be conveyed in language brief, emphatic, and unmistakable, in language such as Cromwell uttered when he made the night of England felt and feared throughout the Continent. It is impossible now to read such despatches as those of Lord John Russell without feeling that their tone was infinitely below that which the dignity of the country demanded, or the emergency of the crisis required; and without perceiving that they were calculated to foster in the mind of the Czar the impression that our opposition to his designs against Turkey would rather be passive than active, would end in official protest instead of absolute hostile resistance. In no capacity has Lord John Russell, unsuccessful in many, failed so signally as in that of Minister of Foreign Affairs. He committed the egregious mistake of addressing the Czar as if he were the bugbear which he affected to be, thereby acknowledging as a fact what in reality was a gross delusion, which it was the policy of Russia to palm upon

the rest of Europe. By doing so, he reduced Britain very nearly, if not altogether, to a level, in the Imperial eyes, with the Court and Cabinet of Austria, which might indeed attempt to counsel the Autocrat against the perpetration of any act which he meditated, but which hardly could be supposed presumptuous enough to offer a remonstrance that, if neglected, should be followed by defiance and by war. So much for the regular despatches forwarded from London to our representative at St. Petersburg; but there is even more than this. Sir Hamilton Seymour stated, we are convinced with perfect accuracy, that little attention was paid at St. Petersburg to the views expressed by the British Ambassador, but that the Russian Cabinet depended mainly upon the information received from the Russian embassy and the Russian agents in London. This is entirely in accordance with the system which Russia has pursued throughout. False in herself, she invariably suspects falsity on the part of others; and it is by no means an unimportant circumstance to remark that the youngest and least civilised of the great European States should have produced the most able, subtle, and indefatigable diplomatists. Cunning and duplicity are among the highest of the intellectual qualities of a savage people, and they are, even yet, the leading features of the Russian character. In Baron Brunow, the ambassador at the Court of St. James's, Russia had a diplomatist of the first class. How was it that, to him at least, our Ministers did not use such peremptory and decided language as could have left no doubt in his mind of what the issue must be, if his master should persevere in the aggressive designs against Turkey which he had so plainly indicated to the British representative at St. Petersburg? Was it not their duty to have done so; that is, if they had made up their minds as to the course of action to be pursued in the event of the Czar proceeding to the occupation of the Turkish territory? They may possibly have done so; but it now seems to be conceded on all hands that, in acting as he did, the Emperor Nicholas was mainly influenced by *the representations* which he received from the ambassador in London as to the disposition of the British Cabinet. The tenor of his memorable conversations with Sir Hamilton Seymour goes far to establish this. It is hardly credible that he would have ventured to say what he did say on these occasions, without having some hint from Brunow that he might safely broach the topic; for the Czar is not a man who would take any important step, or make any important revelation, without due deliberation and foresight; and it seems to us almost an irresistible conclusion that very careful soundings had been taken by the Russian agents (by no means confined to the embassy) in London, before Nicholas ventured to commit himself by so perilous a proposal. At any rate, those early communications must or ought to have satisfied the Aberdeen Cabinet that the ambition of Russia was likely, unless resolutely counteracted and countermanded, to force on an immediate European crisis; for it was utterly out of the question to suppose that either Britain or France could tamely submit to see the keys of the Bosphorus wrenched by the Czar from the hands of the Sultan, and the Black Sea converted into an exclusive Russian lake. Russia, however, does not seem to have taken that view. She believes not in public honour; and we have no doubt that the Czar considered the proffered bribe of Egypt and Candia, in the partition of the spoils of Turkey, as an almost irresistible bait. In by-gone years, Austria and Prussia had, for less desirable possessions, connived and assisted at the extinguishment of Poland as a kingdom, and at its partition; and the Calmuck mind, faithful to its own traditions, saw no reason whatever why Britain should be less scrupulous. Even the Czar, however, could not expect that Britain was to take an active part in the aggression. All that was required of her was to remain neutral—to protest, of course, if she pleased, and to take any diplomatic steps in the way of issue of protocols, which might be necessary for the sake of keeping up appearances—not to interfere with the struggle, if France should happen to make common cause with Turkey, but to wait for the fall of Constantinople,

when her patience and forbearance would be adequately rewarded without the appearance of a tarnish upon her name. Such were, in fact, the propositions of the Czar, communicated without any reserve, and they form a most important chapter of the history of this century. ♦

Did Brunow, the representative of Russia in London, really believe that our Cabinet would have acted on this hint? We think not. He has been too long among us, and knows us too well, to suppose that any section of our public men would accept a national bribe for the betrayal of the nation's honour; or that the course which Britain was to pursue could be *directly* influenced by the prospect of territorial acquisition, even although the possession of Egypt would give us undisputed control of the high-road to our eastern dominions in Hindostan. But he may have supposed, and, we think, very likely did, that the mention of such an arrangement would not be without some effect upon the councils of a Cabinet, the head of which had been long connected with the Russian Court by the ties of peculiar intimacy. At any rate, it might serve to show that Russia, if she wanted to have the Black Sea to herself, and an unrestricted access for her navy to the Mediterranean, was so far from anxious to damage the present position of Britain, that she was willing to concede, from the spoils conquered by her own arms, whatever might be most acceptable and convenient to the latter power; and that, from a frigid neutrality, there might arise as much advantage as if we had joined her in her robber scheme. Nor must we overlook, in our review of this matter, various considerations arising from our internal policy, position, and proceedings, which must have entered into the Russian calculations while weighing the probability of our offering a decided resistance and armed opposition to the designs of the Czar upon Turkey. Opposed as we are in many respects to the policy of the Cabinet of which Lord Aberdeen is the head, we must say that an unfair application has been made, by a considerable portion of the public press, of an expression used by the Czar

towards his Lordship, that he was "a friend of nearly forty years' standing." He was so, and very properly so. Lord Aberdeen's diplomatic career dates back from the Congress of Vienna; and it is no wonder if the relations then formed, which have at all events secured the peace of Europe for a longer uninterrupted period than can be shown in history since the dissipation of the mist of the dark ages, should have the effect of rendering him most reluctant to abandon the former alliance. Ties of this kind are not easily broken; and although it may have been, and we think was, a vast misfortune for Britain and for Europe that Lord Aberdeen should have occupied the position of Premier at this momentous crisis, it is not fair to assume that his political antecedents had the effect of warping his judgment or of unduly influencing his conduct. The plain fact is that the Czar beheld in the Premier of the British Cabinet a man with whom he had been long connected by terms of political relationship; whom he knew to be perfectly honest in his views, though his abilities did not rise beyond the point of mediocrity; whose weaknesses and predilections he knew, and upon whose general sympathy he thought he could safely calculate. He believed also that the cordial relations with France under its new ruler, which had been so successfully established by Lord Malmesbury, when Secretary for Foreign Affairs, were not likely to be maintained; and it is undeniable that the reckless and reprehensible language which both Sir James Graham and Sir Charles Wood chose to apply to the conduct of Napoleon III. was more than sufficient for such an assumption. It is therefore no wonder if, to the acute and unscrupulous mind of the Czar, it appeared that the moment for carrying into execution his long-cherished designs against Turkey had arrived. He was prepared to encounter the opposition of France, if Britain would but remain neutral; and he grounded his hopes of such neutrality, first, upon the personal relations which he had so long maintained with the British Premier, and secondly, on the undisguised hostility and mistrust which other

members of the Cabinet had evinced toward the Emperor of the French. There was also another consideration which must have had much weight with the Czar. In consequence of the repeal of the corn-laws, a vast quantity of the grain annually consumed in Britain had come to be imported from the Euxine; and the prevalent idea throughout the Continent was, that for the future Great Britain must depend upon foreign nations for her supplies. This idea was further encouraged by various foolish speeches which were made in Parliament by the more zealous and least honest of the Free-traders, to the effect that our national prosperity would continue undiminished if not a single quarter of wheat were grown upon British soil, and a great deal to the like effect. The largeness of imports compared with those of previous years, was assumed as a satisfactory evidence that we had entered into that state of dependence, and that, like the sons of Jacob, we were now compelled to traverse vast distances for our corn. By the occupation of the Danubian provinces, the Czar would gain possession of the keys of a vast and prolific granary, which in the case of war would of course remain resolutely shut; and he no doubt calculated on this as a material element in the question of our neutrality. It is rather curious to observe that even at the present time the Russian journals are harping upon this idea, and that one of the statements which they perpetually and emphatically repeat is, that in consequence of the stoppage of supplies from the Euxine, bread is with us at more than famine price, and a large portion of our population are literally perishing from hunger. This is significant enough—showing as it does the foregoing conclusion, and the view which the Russians entertained of the result of our altered policy.

Besides this, there prevailed on the Continent a firm belief that Britain was no longer in the condition or in the mood to draw the sword in any cause which did not materially or directly affect her own interests. So far from ours being a military nation, the amount of our standing army seemed ludicrously inadequate for the vast extent of territory attached to

the crown of Britain. Viewed in comparison with the Continental military establishments, ours were altogether insignificant; and yet there were men among us who clamorously maintained that our forces were by far too great, and statesmen who were weak or wicked enough to purchase popularity by proposing and effecting a reduction. Our young men generally were not trained to the use of arms; our militia had become a mere name; our navy, maintained at a great expense, was made their favourite subject of attack by a class of persons who called themselves economical reformers, and who possessed considerable influence, especially in the larger towns. Foremost amongst these was the school of Manchester politicians, who commenced a regularly organised crusade against military and naval establishments. As usual, those gentlemen were by no means scrupulous in their selection of arguments. They appealed to interest by showing that a very considerable portion of our annual revenue was expended upon these objects, and they urged that by gradual and judicious curtailment a large saving might be effected. They insisted that the newly-inaugurated system of Free-trade had eclipsed the Christian revelation, by abolishing all possibility of war among the nations, and they implored their countrymen to show a noble example to the world by relinquishing all means of defence, promising, on their own substantial security, that there would be no aggression. Their leader, Mr. Cobden, volunteered, if the country would only disarm, to be answerable for all the consequences. They told us that, instead of regarding with pride the military annals of our country, we ought to humiliate ourselves for having participated in so much bloodshed; and even while our great hero, the Duke of Wellington, was alive, they dared to brand him as a homicide. They reviled, and took every occasion of traducing, the British army as a nursery of profligacy and crime—a base and scurrilous calumny which we are sorry to see has been repeated even since the war has been declared. They established Olive-branches, Peace Societies, and what not, to work upon the feeble minds of women, and those

who were feebler than women; and, under the direct instigation of baffled insurgents and conspirators, they established a Peace Congress, which, for a year or two, made itself ridiculous throughout Europe. There, upon platforms filled by hypocritical manufacturers and owlish Quakers, did their apostles rant and rave, reviling all manner of men except themselves, and volunteering to crumple up Russia at a moment's notice, like one of their own contemptible circulars! And to this kind of exhibition, worthy only of a community of besotted lunatics, did thousands of estimable idiots repair; and to the disgrace of the British press be it admitted, that they were not without organs to give vent and publicity to their ideas.

This is not a time for disguising the truth, however unpalatable it may be to many who now acknowledge and feel the enormity and extent of their error. It is undeniable that the crochets of the Peace Society were widely spread throughout the municipalities—bodies which of late years have exhibited a decided but dangerous tendency to thrust forward their opinions in matters which were never meant to be submitted to their cognisance, and to supplement their proper functions by expressions of political opinion. Town-councils are excellent things in their way; but it seldom happens that they represent either the intelligence or the sentiments of the body whose local affairs they are chosen to administer. Men of refined and cultivated minds would as soon aspire to the office of bear-warden as to that of mayor or provost, and the result is that the municipalities are composed of men, for the most part respectable in their walk of life, but certainly not such as constitute the *élite* of the society. But the nature of our municipal institutions, however well known to ourselves, is not appreciated abroad; and when it goes forth to all the world, on the wings of the press, that the Mayor of this city, and the Lord Provost of that, have been assisting at a Peace Congress, and have been advocating the immediate disbanding of armies within their own country, as an incentive to the rest of the world to turn their swords into pruning-hooks, it is difficult to persuade fo-

reigners that the whole nation is not possessed with a similar insanity. They very naturally ask why, if the opinions of the people be different, these men have been elected to such high municipal situations—never dreaming that the men in question are overstepping their proper functions, and using an authority, which is limited by law to matters of sewerage and such-like, as a pretext for enunciating their opinions upon all subjects human and divine. We can afford to laugh at such folly; but the matter becomes serious, when the parties acting in the name of a municipality are understood by strangers to represent the general opinion of the constituency. Upon this subject we may have more to say hereafter; because, as municipalities are presently conducted and constituted, they seem to us more likely to be productive of mischief than of substantial benefit to the community.

In short, the impression abroad seems to have been that we were so enervated with wealth, and so absorbed in money-getting, that nothing short of an absolute invasion would revive the British spirit, or cause it to kindle as of old. We need take no pains to expose the fallacy of that idea. The present war, because it was felt to be undertaken in a just and righteous cause; was commenced with the almost unanimous approbation of the people; and the more than heroic valour and calm determination exhibited by our troops, in that desperate conflict on the heights of the Alma, proves that the British soldier of the present day has not degenerated from those whom Wellington led to victory.

It has been said, in answer to some hostile criticism upon the conduct of Ministers with regard to the war, that this is no time for finding fault, or for indulging in censure; that we ought all of us to trust implicitly to the good faith, zeal, and discretion of the Cabinet, and that we should not presume to comment upon movements the result of which we cannot foresee. We do not admit in any way the propriety of such a pleading. We are now approaching the close of the first campaign, for it is evident that when winter sets in there must

be a general cessation of warfare. We have therefore a breathing time, during which it is not only fair, but expedient, that we should carefully review the past, for the purpose of ascertaining whether any errors have been committed, and if so, of tracing these to their source. As we do not pretend to be skilled in strategy, we shall not follow the example of some journalists, who have discussed military movements as confidently as if they had been possessed of the science and experience of a Jomini. We shall confine ourselves simply to what is open and patent to every understanding, and shall rather seek to avoid than to discover occasion for censure.

If our Ministers failed, as we think they did, in indicating to the Czar and his representative in London the part which Britain was bound to take in the event of actual aggression, it seems to us that they erred still more in not making a sufficient physical demonstration so soon as the Russian forces had crossed the Pruth. We think there can be no doubt that our fleet was kept too long at Malta; and that the delay in ordering it to the Black Sea tended very much to strengthen the impression of the Russians that we did not intend seriously to interfere. It must have been so; because even among ourselves the unaccountable dilatoriness created an uncomfortable impression that the Ministry were not in earnest; and had the delay continued much longer, there would have arisen such a burst of public indignation as no Ministry could have faced. The explanation offered is to the purport that, during this time, diplomacy was doing its utmost to effect a peaceable arrangement. Now it was very right and praiseworthy that no means should be left untried for making a peaceable arrangement, and it was highly proper to invoke the mediation of Prussia and Austria; but we cannot forget that by this time the Rubicon had been crossed, that Russian troops were trampling upon Turkish soil, that their cannon were upon the Danube, and that the Turkish forces were drawn out to resist them. With this state of things diplomacy had nothing to do. As an invader, *Nicholas entered a territory not his*

own, and it was our obvious policy then, in conjunction with France, to make such a demonstration as might assure the Czar that, even if he should be successful in his earlier attempts, it was the fixed resolve of the Western Powers to compel him to disgorge the spoil. A decided attitude at the beginning might have saved us from all this bloodshed; for, headstrong as the Czar is, he can still calculate chances, and he must have known that, in the event of absolute war, he could not, by possibility, be a gainer. He must have been conscious that his fleets were unable to contend with those of Britain and France in either of the seas in which they are enclosed; and that these two powers, if once provoked and combined, would never sheathe the sword until Russia had undergone such humiliation as she has never yet experienced. He must have known that the financial state of his empire, more especially under a strict blockade both in the north and in the south, rendered the protraction of the struggle almost desperate; and he must have felt that the embarrassment arising therefrom was likely to be fraught with consequences dangerous to himself individually. He had no allies upon whom he could depend; for Austria, though she secretly may incline towards him, dares not make any demonstration of the kind, as she is conscious that the first overt act of Russian adhesion would be followed by insurrection in Italy, Hungary, and Galicia. Prussia dare not join him, for she trembles for the Rhenish provinces. It is a gross mistake to suppose that Nicholas, like Paul, is an absolute madman. We grant him to be headstrong, ambitious, iron-willed, and obstinate; but at the same time he is endowed with no common share of sagacity. Those who know him best bear testimony to the practical shrewdness with which he weighs conclusions; indeed, the whole tenor of his history shows that he is eminently skilful in calculating chances, and in availing himself of opportunities. And we cannot believe that, if he had foreseen the course of action which Britain and France have subsequently adopted, or contemplated the possibility of his

being involved in a desperate struggle with these two Powers, he would have persisted in his aggressions upon Turkey, commenced under the flimsiest pretexts that were ever offered, since the wolf challenged the lamb for disturbing the stream above him.

Therefore, it was of paramount importance that, from the very first, Britain should have shown herself, both by word and deed, to be in earnest. She did neither through the medium of those in power. Her first words, through the ministers of her sovereign, when the nefarious project was broached, were weak and expostulatory—her first deeds bore the semblance of a formal observation. Meantime the war went on, as did also diplomatic protocolling. Turkey, so far from proving the effete and wretched valetudinarian that she was represented, displayed an energy and a courage which excited the admiration of the people of Western Europe, whose warmest sympathy was already enlisted in her cause; and, at last, the Aberdeen Ministry, yielding rather, as we believe, to the torrent of public opinion, than influenced by a strong and irresistible sense of duty, gave orders for the fleet to move. It moved, but it did nothing more for a time. What instructions were issued we know not, but the fact is patent to Europe, that our ships were lying anchored off Constantinople when a Russian squadron destroyed that of the Turks at Sinope. It was a bad move for the Russians. Not all the paper that ever was manufactured from pulp, if covered with protocols and notes, could have averted the retribution due for that one day of slaughter. From the affair of Sinope the real commencement of the war, in so far as the Western Powers are concerned, may be dated. Every man in Britain and France, who was not an inveterate Russian at heart, felt that after that there could be no withdrawal. Sinope was to be avenged; for, though it was the Turkish ships that suffered, the insult was equally offered to the fleets of Britain and France, lying at anchor so near, and, alas! unable on the instant to inflict the proper retribution.

Faithful to the rule we have adopted, of not attempting to criticise naval

or military operations, we shall not say anything further in respect to the movements of the fleet in the Black Sea, beyond one remark with regard to the partial bombardment of Odessa. It is a favourite expression of Lord Aberdeen, and he has repeated it more than once, that war should be conducted with humanity. We agree with him. If our troops land upon the Russian territory, our soldiers ought to (and we are proud to say that we know they do) respect the lives and the property of non-combatants, and not to make these answerable for the sins of their nominal ruler. But we cannot for the life of us understand the policy, or even the humanity, of half-bombarding a city like Odessa, and leaving it to be repaired before it has actually surrendered. Surely there are some considerations of humanity due to our own forces. Recent accounts tell us that Odessa is as strong as ever, and that, if it be considered necessary again to approach the place, we shall find new batteries erected since we demolished the old ones, so that the work will have to be done twice instead of once and effectively. Odessa ought to have been taken and garrisoned, or reduced to a ruin. Pseudo-philanthropy in matters of this kind is not only absurd, but dangerous. The object of war is to cripple the opponent, and that object must be attained by every possible means. It is, we own, heart-rending to consider the condition of a beleaguered town or fortress, from which the supplies of water or provisions have been cut off, until the population or garrison are suffering the last extremities of famine; but is it the part of the investing general, under such circumstances, from considerations of humanity, to relieve the besieged, and to allow them, by the free admission of convoys, to protract a defence which he otherwise might shorten? As well might he send them in ammunition if theirs were exhausted, or tell off a certain number of his men to act as defenders in case the numbers of the garrison were materially reduced. There is but one rule in war—carry on so long as there is resistance; when resistance ceases, require surrender. Anything short of this is positive injustice to our own men, and

a wanton sacrifice of their lives. Every chance given to the enemy, weakly involves the future expenditure of our own blood, and *that* surely ought to be more precious in our eyes than consideration for the property of our foes. This is not a carpet contest; it is one for life or death; and we are bound to see that no false notions of humanity, which never will be reciprocated, are allowed to impede a struggle, upon the result of which the future destiny of Europe, and of civilisation, may depend. It is the general opinion of the country, and we share in it, that Lord Aberdeen's timid apprehension of war has been the direct cause of its outbreak. Let him beware, now that war has begun, lest he prolongs it through the same timidity. Let him, before he again attempts to give vent to his somewhat too extended sympathies, peruse the following extract from the writings of Macaulay, and at least have the grace to remain silent if he cannot acquiesce in the truth of the sentiment which it conveys:—"if there be any truth established by the universal experience of nations, it is this—that to carry the spirit of peace into war is a weak and cruel policy. The time for negotiation is the time for deliberation and delay; but when an extreme case calls for that remedy, which is in its own nature most violent, and which in such cases is a remedy only because it is violent, it is idle to think of mitigating and diluting. Languid war can do nothing with negotiation or submission will not do better; and to act on any other principle is not to save blood and money, but to squander them."

It is natural enough, perhaps, that people at home should have felt some disappointment at the apparent inaction of our fleets after they had entered the Black Sea, and even after the affair of Sinope. This is a subject upon which we are hardly competent to offer an opinion; and it would be very unfair towards those in command, to tax them, upon the strength of rumour, which having neglected opportunities which possibly may never have occurred. The service upon which they were engaged imperiously required forethought, coolness, and caution. With the Russian fleet lying in

the inner harbour of Sebastopol, under cover of the countless guns of its batteries, it would have been a very rash and hazardous experiment to have attempted an attack by sea, unsupported by a land force. Military men of experience say, that it would have been madness; at all events, it was such a risk as no prudent admiral would have undertaken. That the place was most minutely reconnoitred, under circumstances of peculiar daring, we know; and it also appears that a most searching examination was made all along the shores of the Black Sea. The detention of our troops at Gallipoli and Varna, where so many brave men fell victims to the raging pestilence, has been also made the subject of comment. We cannot see the force of the criticism. In order to secure the occupation of the Crimea, it was necessary, in the first place, to concentrate the requisite number of men at some convenient spot for embarkation; and, in the second place, to provide unusual means of transport. Some considerable time must elapse before all these arrangements can be perfected, and the successful conduct of the expedition is the best proof of the manner in which the arrangements were made. Furthermore, it might have been highly perilous to remove our troops from Gallipoli or Varna to the Crimea, until the retrograde movement of the Russians from the Danubian provinces had begun, and until the Austrian army of occupation had advanced. The scourge of the pestilence was terrible; but in the time of war the soldier dies not always on the field of battle. Death comes from other causes; and however deeply we may mourn the fate of those gallant men who lie beneath the foreign turf, without having been permitted to strike one blow under their country's colours, we must remember they are not less entitled to the meed of heroism, or less martyrs in their country's cause, than their more fortunate brethren who fell, sword in hand, the day when the Russian standards were driven in utter rout from the entrenched heights of the Alma. At the moment we are writing, no intelligence has reached this country of the issue of the investiture of Sebastopol. Whether the defence may be a short or a prolonged

one, we know not—we can only wait, and hope, and pray, that our anticipations may be realised, and that the fall of Russia's greatest and most vaunted fortress may show that so much gallant blood, and so many tears for those who have perished before their time, by disease and by the sword, have not been shed in vain.

Therefore, while we feel ourselves compelled to censure the course which Ministers pursued, both at that very early stage when the designs of the Czar, as detected in the East, were communicated to them in so extraordinary and unreserved a manner, and afterwards when the conduct of Menschikoff, at Constantinople, showed how thoroughly determined his Imperial master was in the prosecution of his aim—while we declare our conviction that they showed themselves deficient in moral courage and determination, and did not, on the symptoms of aggression, take such active measures as must have convinced the Czar that he had to deal with more powerful opponents than the Sultan—while we charge them with evident lukewarmness at a time when they should have strengthened the hands of Turkey by every means in their power—we are bound to say that we can discern no lack, either of spirit, promptitude, or ability, in the more recent operations in the East. That our Ministers were tardy—very tardy indeed—is not only our opinion, but that of the great majority of our countrymen. That they might have been tardy still, but for the unmistakable voice of the nation, is possible; but not on that account let us withhold from them the credit to which they are entitled. So soon as they set to work in earnest, they appear to have done their work well, in so far as the Eastern contest is concerned; and if there have been some omissions, some things that might, and perhaps ought, to have been provided for with greater liberality and foresight, let it be remembered, that where so very much has to be done, and at such a distance, it is inevitable that deficiencies must occur. The length of time which has elapsed since we have been seriously engaged in war, must also be taken into consideration before officials can be justly

charged with neglect in the performance of those manifold and perplexing duties which an exigency like the present demands: and we, at least, have anything but a desire to find fault, when we have reason to believe that such duties are conscientiously and anxiously discharged.

But the struggle has been maintained by Britain and France in another and nearer locality than the Black Sea. Powerful fleets have been sent to the Baltic, and we believe we are justified in saying that, for a considerable period, the operations of these excited more interest and expectation among us than the movements of the other division. This may be attributed in some degree to the unfortunate convivial speech delivered by Sir James Graham, the first Lord of the Admiralty, on the occasion of the banquet given at the Reform Club, in honour of Admiral Sir Charles Napier, before he sailed, in which that most indiscreet Minister rehearsed the part of the boaster, who sold the hide of the bear before he had encountered the animal. It is to be hoped that the exhibition made on that occasion will convince the Committees of Clubs of the absolute necessity of excluding reporters when such patriotic festivities recur. We are all justly proud of Sir Charles Napier. His gallantry and fearless intrepidity have won him a very high name and reputation, but, like almost all men who have performed feats of extraordinary daring, however successful, he has been suspected of rashness. The banquet at the Reform Club was an unfelicitous inauguration for the enterprise which was intrusted to him. Convivial Ministers and Ministerialists, with a kind of jealous regard for the honour of the roof-tree under which the champagne was rendering up its corks, boasted that the admirals, both in the Euxine and Baltic, were members of that respectable establishment. Then, after the cordials and claret had done their duty, there were shouts of "Go it, Charley," and various other exhortations to conquest which we decline to particularise. Now, we by no means object to patriotic meetings of this kind, so long as they are kept private, and so long as the memory of the preceding night's bacchanalian eloquence

can only call forth a slight blush upon the morrow for a very pardonable folly. But it is different when nonsense of this kind receives the imprimatur of the press, and when the orgies of public men are printed as serious realities. The effect of the report of this unlucky symposium upon the minds of many was, that Sir Charles Napier was sent forth not only at liberty but pledged to conquer—that he was expected to knock down Cronstadt like a castle of cards, and even to take St. Petersburg. Nothing could have been more unfair to, or more unfortunate for, a man of his high reputation. He was expected to do something tremendous, notwithstanding any amount of obstacles; and now, when the sum of his achievements in the Baltic for the season is found to be the demolition of Bomarsund, of the existence of which fortress few people were previously aware, there is a murmur of dissatisfaction in certain quarters, as if he ought to have accomplished more. We have said already that we cannot presume to express decided opinions upon matters of naval or military tactics, but so far as we are able to judge, it appears to us that Sir Charles Napier has acted with prudence and discretion. With the absurd shouts of the Reform Club revellers ringing in his ears, and bearing within him a heart which pants for still further opportunities of distinction, he has contented himself with attempting nothing more than appeared practicable, and thereby may have done better service to his country than if he had rashly attacked the strongholds of the Russians at the imminent risk of defeat, and with the certainty of serious loss. He has established, as much as lay in his power, an efficient blockade of the Russian mercantile marine in the Baltic;—for it is of the utmost consequence that Russia should be made to feel internally the effects of war, and by crippling her trade effectually, more can be done than by the reduction of her commercial ports. We shall immediately have occasion to review the conduct of Ministers with regard to this important matter, and to inquire whether they have equally done their duty, by preventing the issue of Russian exports. Besides, *this campaign has given us a full*

knowledge of the Russian strength in the Baltic, and will in all probability lead to most important results hereafter. The intricate passages of those shallow seas have been sounded, and such observations taken as may enable an expedition next year to perform, with comparative safety, exploits which this year would have been attended with the extremest hazard. It would appear also that this service requires extraordinary preparation; and that without gun-boats and floating-batteries, the reduction of Cronstadt or Helsingfors would be difficult. If this really is the case, the nation can have no ground for complaint, more especially as the Russian fleet is confined in the Baltic, and must sooner or later fall into our hands.

But, constituted as the world now is, success in war does not depend merely upon feats of arms. If it did so depend, we might very well be excused if we felt much apprehension as to the final issue of the contest, seeing that Russia, however often defeated in the field, can find no difficulty in filling up the gaps in her armies, more especially since the battle fields lie within or near the dominions of the Czar. Our men may be better soldiers, but war and pestilence may thin our ranks faster than the deficiency can be supplied; whereas Russia, with a population greater than one-fourth of Europe, can never be in want of levies. But military operations cannot be conducted without money, and in order to strike an effectual blow at Russia, her finances must be crippled, and her commerce utterly destroyed. Too much stress cannot be laid upon this point, for we greatly fear that up to the present moment Lord Aberdeen and some of his colleagues do not perceive the absolute necessity of enforcing, not merely a nominal, but an entire blockade against the issue of the Russian exports. We have heard much in Parliament and elsewhere of war being conducted so as to interfere as little as possible with the mercantile intercourse of the nations. Men who can hold such language as this are absolutely unfitted to conduct public affairs in a crisis like the present. They are squanderers of British blood and British

money, and bitterly indeed will the nation hereafter regret its supineness, if it permits these purblind and pragmatic men to persist in their course of folly. For what reason a blockade was declared against Russia except to interrupt her commerce, we cannot conceive; and yet it appears, on incontestable evidence, that we are still receiving in this country as much Russian produce as before! Instead of Russia being crippled by, she is prospering in spite of the war—prospering so much, that notwithstanding the immense additional issue of paper roubles, their value has materially risen. Lest we should be suspected of exaggeration in so serious a matter, let us refer our readers to the following extract from the leading article of the *Economist* of 30th September last—a paper which is not likely to entreat the attention of the public to facts, most alarming in themselves, and damaging to the reputation of the government which, in the time of war, has neglected its duty by not enforcing a strict and a thorough blockade.

"There is a fact in connection with the war with Russia, as affecting the commercial interests of that country, and through them, the internal prosperity of the people, so staggering that it requires peculiar notice, and the more so in the particular conjuncture in which we now stand, or are likely very soon to stand, in the arduous contest in which we are engaged. That the exchange at St. Petersburg upon London should have risen nearly to *par*, from the discount of about 20 per cent. at which it stood some time since, is a fact which points to important conclusions, and which indicates a state of internal affairs in Russia by no means likely to aid the efforts of our armies and our navies. The exchange at St. Petersburg had, under the first influences of the war, fallen to 32d. per rouble. Latterly it has gradually risen, and is now exactly at *par*, or 38d. the rouble, notwithstanding that in the mean time an enormous forced issue of paper money has been made. A further rise of a single penny, or even less, will so far turn the exchange in favour of St. Petersburg, that, spite of all effort or all law, gold will be drained from the vaults of Threadneedle Street to replenish the bullion reserves in the fortresses of St. Peter's and St. Paul's in the Russian capital."

Those who are familiar with mon-

etary and commercial transactions and the courses of exchange, will be able to draw their own conclusions from this astounding intelligence, and we recommend it especially to the notice of those who, before the war commenced, maintained so strenuously that Russia was a beggared and a bankrupt state. But as there are many general readers who are not familiar with the mysteries of exchange, some explanation may be required, and perhaps we cannot do better than allow the *Economist*, in which paper the Secretary of the Treasury is popularly believed to have some interest, to be the expositor.

"Let us first understand the real causes of this phenomenon. They may be stated in a few words. Russia imports of British products only to about the amount of £1,200,000 a year. But we import of Russian produce to an annual value of not less than six or seven millions sterling. This large balance in favour of Russia has hitherto been settled by the indirect trade of the country. The shipments of British manufactures to the United States, to the foreign West India Islands, and to South America, have in reality been partly paid for by cotton shipped from New Orleans to St. Petersburg, by sugar from Havana, and by coffee from Rio Janeiro. Bills drawn in these various markets upon St. Petersburg, for shipments of their produce, have been remitted to this country in payment for Manchester, Leeds, and Sheffield goods, negotiated upon the Royal Exchange, and have formed the medium by which remittances for the tallow, hemp, grain, and copper of Russia have been made.

"So far, all was simple and plain. But let us now examine the course which we have pursued, not without good reasons, and we will even say upon the whole, (!!!) the best for our interests up to this point. When war was declared, a strict blockade was no doubt established on the coast of Russia. Direct exports and imports were equally prevented. But by the policy which we adopted, an indirect route for the export of Russian produce through Germany was still left open. Memel became the port of shipment in place of St. Petersburg, Riga, and Revel; and the result has been as we ventured to predict many months since, that, although the trade of Russia has been carried on at a great cost, and although that must have been deeply injurious to the actual producer, yet the actual quantities of Russian produce exported in 1854 have fallen

very little, if at all, short of those of former years. But while this fact has been apparent from the official returns issued at St. Petersburg, yet it is also true that the imports of foreign and colonial produce, such as raw cotton, sugar and coffee have fallen off almost altogether. These returns refer to the imports and exports across the land frontier, as well as by sea. Of course they do not include whatever may be done in the way of smuggling for which the land frontier offers facilities which the seaboard does not; and that smuggling is much more likely to take place in relation to imports upon which the duties are high, than as respects exports upon which the duties are low, it is reasonable enough to conclude. But that the imports of those bulky articles of tropical products have been extremely small is certain, from the fact of the very high prices which they command in the Russian markets. *The result then has been, that, while exports from Russia have been made nearly to the same extent as usual, the imports have been greatly curtailed, and thus the means which we have hitherto employed to pay the balance due to Russia have been to a great extent cut off; and the indirect effect of this has been that those tropical markets for our manufactures have in some degree suffered by the lessened demand for their products.*

And this our Ministers call an effectual blockade? At the close of the first campaign, during which time our fleets have had entire command of the Baltic, the Black, and the White Seas, the exchange is at *par* between London and St Petersburg—we are, according to the confession of the *Economist*, in imminent danger of having our gold drained from the Bank of England to pass into the hands of the Czar; and the exports of Russia, which we are blockading, are just the same as before! Nay, it would seem that they have even increased. As we have quoted pretty largely from the *Economist*, on the principle that the testimony of an unwilling witness is entitled to peculiar weight, let us now insert a few paragraphs from the *Press*—a paper which is nearly allied to us in politics, and which is as remarkable for correct information as it is for the eminent ability of its articles. In the number published on 14th October we read as follows:—

"The orders in Council, as finally issued, settled the principle (or something

very like it), that 'free bottoms make free goods.' *Bond fide* Russian property is, of course, lawful prize: but 'neutral' States are a sort of fumigators, and remove the infection. Russian goods, by passing through Prussian hands, are purified, and pass free to England, and *vice versa*.

"The advantages to us of the first half of this left-handed bargain have been lately proclaimed in the *Invalide Russe*. It has been crowing with too much truth over the fact—one of the few favourable facts it has had to chronicle for some months past—that England receives as much Russian produce as ever, *only she pays a double price for it*. The trade returns for the eight months ending September 5, in 1852, 1853, and 1854, give our imports of the main articles as follows:—

	1852. cwt.	1853. cwt.	1854. cwt.
Hemp, .	580,491	563,925	638,553
Hides, (un- tanned), }	311,710	452,794	410,411
Tallow, .	375,936	364,583	369,052

"In every respect, so far as we can discover, our imports of essentially Russian produce are, on the whole, larger this year than they have ever been before. Even of corn the returns stand thus:—

	1852. qrs.	1853. qrs.	1854. qrs.
Wheat, .	1,679,280	3,302,452	3,722,246
Barley, .	443,689	666,093	495,217
Oats, .	670,727	619,731	834,035

"We had been fondly dreaming that the corn of Russia was rotting on Odessa wharves, that its finances were desperate, and its war carried on by the help of worthless paper roubles. No such thing. Our exports to Russia have been *nil*, except of the precious metals."

So that the result of this precious blockade, conducted by the Aberdeen Ministry upon principles of "humanity" and "as causing as little interruption as possible to the usual operations of trade," is simply this—that we are taking from Russia, through neutral ports, as much of her staple produce as formerly, paying at the same time double prices for it—that in exchange we are remitting gold to enable the Czar to pay his armies, and to keep up the value of his paper currency—that we are in great risk of a drain, which at the present moment would be followed by the most tremendously disastrous consequences—and that the only parties who suffer from the present state of things are those of our manufacturers and ship-

masters who were engaged in the Russian trade! Call ye this a blockade? Why, if it be so, it is a blockade against our own men, not against the Russians; for we submit that the foregoing extracts prove to demonstration that, as yet, we have done nothing to cripple the internal resources of Russia, but are, in reality, playing directly into her hands. It would be wiser for us—we say this deliberately—rather to abandon the contest at once than to persevere in such a course of insensate folly. The Czar may find ample consolation for his defeats in the Crimea in the reflection that, by the favour of the British ministry, and in spite of his failure of commanding a loan on the bourses of Europe, he is yet left in full possession of the true sinews of war. So long as the Russian trade goes on, under whatever pretext or colour, Russia will never succumb. Why should she? With a serf population such as hers, human life is of little value, and she will not hesitate to squander what we cannot and dare not afford to spare. Of what use, we may ask, are our fleets, for the maintenance of which we pay so dearly, if, by any arrangement whatever, the Russian commerce is to go on unimpeded? Of what advantage to us was the demolition of Bomarsund, or the capture of the wretched Finnish prizes, or the levelling to the dust of some ancient monastery near Archangel? The reduction of Sebastopol will indeed be valuable, inasmuch as that implies the capture or destruction of a large portion of the Russian fleet, and it may save us for a long time from further apprehensions in the East; but we must never forget that, however successful our arms may be in the south of Europe, the complexion of the contest has now totally changed. Britain and France took up arms in the cause of Turkey; but, in doing so, they interchanged mortal defiance on their own account with the proudest and most stubborn of all the European powers. Lord Aberdeen may moulder, if he so pleases, about peace; but the contest, which his want of manly resolution has brought on, is likely to extend beyond his lifetime—must do so, unless Britain pursues a firmer and

more decisive policy. The Russians may be driven quite beyond the bounds of the Principalities—the command of the mouths of the Danube may be taken entirely from them—they may lose the Crimea, and much more of the territory which they have usurped upon the Euxine—but that will not settle the quarrel. The Western Powers have thrown down the gauntlet to the Northern Colossus, and the strife is internecine. He is no true friend of his country who affects to consider it otherwise. We are engaged in a tremendous contest, and woe be to the Minister who, from credulity or previous leanings, or absolute inherent weakness and incapacity, fails at such a time. The horizon is darkening around us, and it is necessary that now, at all hazards, we should strike a blow at Russia on her one vulnerable point, and take heed that it is effectually aimed.

It is full time now that Prussia should be regarded and dealt with by us in her true character, which is neither more nor less than that of the humble dependent and underhand favourer of the Czar. We are sorry that the conduct of its government compels us to use such terms in regard to a nation which, in times gone by, has been in intimate alliance with our own. But we cannot forget that, ever since Prussia has taken rank as a considerable European power, her policy has been dictated by the most selfish and interested motives. When subsidised by Britain, on the occasion of the French Revolution, she took the money, but would not act as required; and when it became evident that no more dollars could be exacted, she calmly turned round, and proposed to make peace with France, on the condition that she should be allowed to annex to herself the kingdom of Hanover! Prussia is indeed the very jackal of Europe. Interest is the only motive which she recognises, and cunning, not sagacity, regulates her councils. False in her protestations of friendship, she is unscrupulous in action; and her first thought, in any European convulsion, is to ascertain the party who requires her services the most, and by whom she is likely to be most munificently rewarded. Acting upon this principle, Prussia has found it her interest to play into the hands of the

Czar. She has thought proper, on the ground of "common German interest," to do all in her power to prevent the union of Austria with the West, and she is, even now, pushing her intrigues with the Germanic diet. The interchange of diplomatic notes, on the part of our Government, with Prussia, has been, from the beginning, the merest farce that ever was played. Prussia does not want pacification—her object is to be allowed to act unmolested and neutral, as the carrier of Russia. What the Russians cannot export in their vessels she is now free to carry. It is but a question of frontier dues—of course greatly to her advantage—and Russian hemp, tallow, hides, and corn are conveyed to our ports under the safeguard of the Prussian flag. Nay, when the Russians want lead, as they must do, in the course of their fighting, who so ready as the Prussians to supply them? Let those—if there be any—who repose faith in Prussian honour or integrity, read the following extract from the *Press* :—

"The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Daily News* writes as follows, under date of September 30 :—

"The Prussians are driving a lucrative trade under cover of their neutrality; but whether lead—as the raw material of musket bullets—may not be fairly classed in the category of contraband of war, is a question to be answered by the Government. This is, however, an undoubted fact, that the Russian government steamer *Sandonier* has arrived at Bromberg on the Vistula (in Prussian Poland) from Warsaw, to take on board 2800 cwt. of copper wire for the electric telegraph between St. Petersburg and Warsaw, and also about 8000 cwt. of lead; and further, that a similar quantity of lead was shipped at the same place for the same destination last week. Is this neutrality?"

"Musket balls run about fourteen to the pound; conical Minié balls, we believe, about twenty-four. So, then, under this 'neutrality' system we are sending, or allowing to be sent, to our enemy more than 20,000,000 Minié balls weekly after week."

The Russian trade is now carried on through the port of Memel, a place which, in 1837, was estimated to contain only 9000 inhabitants, being perhaps about as commercially important as our own burgh of Kirkcaldy. It is, however, conveniently situated, being

not more than ten miles distant from the Russian frontier, and it has now become the entrepôt of all the commerce, having superseded Riga, which formerly might have ranked with Dundee. Of the amount of this trade we may form some estimate from the fact that the loss of property occasioned by a recent fire among the warehouses which have sprung up since the commencement of hostilities, was estimated at two millions sterling. The property in question consisted for the most part of Russian produce brought across the frontier to be conveyed to Britain and elsewhere in "neutral" vessels, and this single fact speaks volumes as to the magnitude of the trade. Now, if Russia is really to be humbled, something must be done immediately to put a stop to this traffic. Of course the advantage which Prussia derives from this arrangement is very great, so much so that even the *Economist* is constrained to allow that, if we persevere in the present system, there is little hope that Prussia will be induced to exert her influence towards pacification, still less to assume that decided attitude which a power, claiming to be of the first class in Europe, should take, if conscientiously desirous that the general peace should be restored. It is with no ordinary satisfaction that we quote the language of that paper in regard to this particular point, because it shows that there prevails, at present, among men of all shades of political opinion, great uneasiness as to the future, if the Ministry shall think fit to persevere in the course which they have hitherto pursued.

"Now that Russia has retired amidst defeats and reverses, and will probably before long retreat beyond our reach, the only operations which will be open to us will be by means which will affect her interests. We shall find that we blockade her ports in vain so long as her produce finds a ready market through neighbouring countries.

"So long as we permit Prussia to profit so much by being the medium through which our blockade of Russian shores can be so easily evaded, it is more than doubtful that public opinion will ever exercise such an influence upon that government as will induce it in any degree to depart from that vacillating policy which appears to have been adopted and main-

tained chiefly to profit by the traffic with the belligerents on both sides.

"There is no doubt that when the blockade of the Russian ports was first undertaken, the great cost of transit across the frontier to the Prussian ports was a serious loss to the Russian producer, and went far to destroy all his profit; but a few months of uninterrupted intercourse has removed many of the impediments which existed at first, and has greatly reduced the cost. So well and so completely organised has this intercourse become, that it is said, with the arrangements now in progress, it is probable that Russian produce will be shipped next year from the ports of Prussia at as little cost as it has hitherto been from the ports of Russia."

Now, then, let us see as well as we can, through the dreary mist of diplomacy, the present position of Prussia with regard to the other powers of Europe. The jealousy which she has always entertained towards Austria has lately been exhibited in a very marked manner, and in proportion as the latter seems to incline to the Western Alliance, so does the former lean towards the Czar. Austria is just now in a very peculiar position. She has made a treaty with the Sultan, by virtue of which her armies have been marched into the Principalities, and her plea for this movement is, regard for European, and in particular German interests. It may be proper to lay before the reader the view which Austria professes to take of the posture of affairs, and her own explanation of the attitude which she has assumed. We quote from the circular of 14th September.

"The declarations of the Russian cabinet have nothing in them of a definitive character, and carry with them no sufficient valid security beyond the events of the moment. Russia has offered no guarantees for European or German interests. Should circumstances turn to her advantage, she may again seize her pledge, which, yielding at present to necessity, she has renounced. In the face of these circumstances, we must still continue to rely upon our force, in order to fulfil our duties towards the Powers who are united with us for similar objects, as well as towards ourselves. We have entered into no engagements to bring about a final decision by active advance against Russia, but we must remain strongly armed, and completely free as to our decisions, in order to be assured

that our important interests shall be sufficiently protected under all changes of events; and hereafter, during the negotiations for the re-establishment of peace, that our efforts for the restoration of legal security and a state of peace in Europe shall attain their objects."

Austria, therefore, while she disclaims being at war with Russia, asserts her own right of independent movement, adheres to the view which she originally expressed as to the character of the Russian aggression, justifies her advance into the Danubian provinces on the ground that Russia has given no guarantee that she will not occupy them again should a convenient opportunity occur; and expresses her determination to remain in arms, both for the protection of interests which are more peculiarly her own, and in order to take a becoming part in the settlement of the dispute when the time for negotiation shall arrive. We may be allowed to wish that Austria had gone still further; but it must be remembered that her position is one of peculiar difficulty, and that the internal state of several of her dependencies is such that revolution might follow upon war. But by marching into the Principalities she has effectually broken her former close alliance with Russia, and has enabled the Western Powers to withdraw their forces from the Danube, and to undertake the descent upon the Crimea. And it is undoubted that she has very material interests of her own to look after, for in the hands of Russia the mouths of the Danube were becoming entirely sealed, and Austria could not afford the interruption of that natural outlet for her trade.

Prussia, on the other hand, takes quite a different view of matters. She expresses herself to be satisfied by the withdrawal of the Russian troops from the Turkish territory, and to have entire faith in the declaration of the Czar that he will maintain a purely defensive attitude. She intimates pretty distinctly that she disapproves of the advances of the Austrian forces; and finally, with regard to the future proceedings of the Germanic diet, his Prussian Majesty intimates, that "he cannot find it compatible with his convictions to recommend to his German

confederates the acceptance of the four points, in a matter which might and must lead them into changes and engagements which do not appear to be called for by the spirit and object of the alliance." Also his Majesty "thinks it his duty conscientiously to keep aloof from the sphere of engagements which do not belong to the clearly recognised general interests of Germany." From all this we gather that Prussia will not move one jot further than she has done—which indeed is tantamount to saying that she does not propose to move at all—and that she intends by every means in her power to oppose Austria in the councils of the Germanic diet. She may not, because she dares not, considering how far her frontiers extend to the west, openly join with the Czar, but he has her good wishes and favourable word, and she will fetch and carry for him so long as she can do so with a reasonable profit. Now this is a state of matters which cannot be allowed to continue, because not only is the trade of Russia kept up, but we are in great danger of incurring financial embarrassment by a steady drain upon our gold. This underhand traffic must at all hazards be put an end to. If it be urged—as we have no doubt Lord Aberdeen will urge—that the consequence of a strict blockade affecting neutrals would be to drive Prussia at once into the arms of Russia, we reply, first, that the object to be gained is so vital that it would be better to encounter the open hostility of Prussia, than to leave Russia in undisturbed possession of the only resources on which she can depend for the prolonged maintenance of the war—and secondly, that Prussia dares not, under present circumstances, to accept a quarrel, because there is a French army lying on her outskirts, and any overt act of hers would be immediately followed by the occupation of the Rhenish provinces.

The interests of commerce, and the usual intercourse of nations, must give way for a time to the imperious necessities of war. We must have no more shilly-shallying—no more babbling about peace and humanity, and the superior civilisation of our age, which *admits of the operations of war with-*

out disturbing the commerce of the world. Powers at war cannot maintain commercial relations with each other, and none but an absolute fool would maintain so preposterous a proposition. Carry it a little—a very little further—and why should we not be selling ships, and arms, and ammunition to our enemies? Why should we not even allow them to negotiate loans with our financiers, and to avail themselves of our capital? What is it that buys ships, and arms, and ammunition, and enables any nation to maintain a standing army in the field? What but that very commerce, so sacred in the eyes of our Ministers that they will not interrupt it even in the case of Russia? Lord Aberdeen was pleased the other day, in an address to some of his northern admirers, to say that he considered that any one who prolonged the horrors of war for a single day, when it was in his power to make a just, safe, and honourable peace, would be greatly guilty in the eyes of God and man. He spoke truly; but has it ever occurred to him that those who prolong war by not availing themselves of the readiest means of stifling it, must incur an equally severe condemnation? The facts which we have already stated, speak trumpet-tongued against the miserable policy which we are pursuing; and it is sickening to know that even in the day of triumph for the victorious achievements of our armies, we have to record that through folly, or scruples which are worse than folly, we have not cut off from the enemy those resources by means of which alone he can hope to protract the struggle. We must not disguise from ourselves the real nature of this contest in which we are now inextricably involved. It may be in its results and in its duration the most serious and protracted which the civilised world has known, and we must look for complication after complication. Powers neutral this year may not be neutral in the next. As a stone flung into a pool spreads its circles outwards until the agitation reaches the shore, so war, once declared in Europe, extends from the immediate combatants to those around them, agitating the whole face of society, and communicating its impulse to all. It is impossible that two of the

great European Powers can be long at war with a third, without the others being implicated in the contest. Still less can the smaller states hope to preserve neutrality. Let but the approaching winter pass away without the settlement of this dispute—and who is there so sanguine as to suppose that any such settlement can be effected?—let but a new campaign commence, and Europe will be rent in twain. We do not say that there is any likelihood now of our being able to strike a deadly blow at Russia. We believe that unless it is the will of Divine Providence, of whom we are the blind and unconscious instruments, to shorten this struggle, the power, or the intellect, or the combinations of man will be but of little avail. But not the less are we bound to use every means within our reach; and the most obvious of these is, the adoption of such measures as shall effectually cripple Russia by isolating her from the rest of the world, and cutting off her commerce, which our command of the seas places entirely within our power. As regards Prussia, she must be dealt with roundly. She has crept up gradually to a position far higher than she was entitled to assume, and has been allowed more voice in the affairs of Europe than her importance deserved. She must now be told emphatically that the Western Powers will not permit her to play any longer into the hands of Russia, or to act as her notorious agent. She may remain neutral if she pleases, but that neutrality shall not avail for the conduct of the trade of Russia. She may bluster and bully for a season; but she knows the alternative, and must yield to it. Her rulers, we apprehend, have too much sense (or if not they must be singularly besotted), to put much confidence in the rotten rope of the German confederation, which, in 1848, gave way altogether. The transactions of that and the subsequent year by no means tended to produce a more cordial feeling than had existed before between Austria and Prussia, and it would require a much stronger occasion of mutual interest than we can foresee to make them cordially confesce. In fact, no state ever intrigued so sedulously and unremittingly against another as Prussia has done against Austria.

The constant aim of the former power has been to get the command and entire supremacy in Germany, and to that object she has for many years been unsparing in her exertions. Conscious of her own inferiority, she has contrived to form a commercial league among the minor states, and thus, by subsidiary assistance, to raise herself to the level of Austria. It ought to be stated and made known, that the character, pretensions, and policy of the cabinet of Berlin, are thoroughly appreciated at that of Vienna. A real *entente cordiale* between the two is absolutely impossible, unless they were forced together by the alarming aspect of a common danger. No other two courts in Europe exchange notes so frequently, or with so little sincerity on either side. The Prussian thinks he is much cleverer than the Austrian, and can outwit him—the Austrian opens the despatch, expecting the machinations of a knave. So stands it between these two countries—the one, Austria, if despotic, faithful to its engagements, and possessed with a full sense of its responsibility—the other liberal in profession when that suits its immediate purposes, faithless evermore, and regarding each new convulsion of Europe solely with an eye to its own aggrandisement. Surely that is not a power which, in a crisis like the present, we should stoop to conciliate or care for, if it opposes selfish interests to the only measures which can compel the pacification of Europe. It will never do to allow Prussia for a moment to suppose that she is of such importance that we must supplicate her to give up her underhand trade, and cease to be the carrier of the Czar. She must be told to do so, peremptorily, and must be told also that, if she fails to comply, the Western Powers will deal with her as a declared confederate of the Czar. After such a warning, let her take her course. We have no doubt whatever what that course will be. Trembling for the safety of her best provinces, she will give up the Czar altogether, and hint that if subsidised, she will be ready to assist in ridding Europe of all apprehension of the northern nightmare. She will certainly make play for an equivalent; and we only hope that

our men in office will have discretion and courage enough to answer her in a befitting manner.

We do not disguise from ourselves the possibility that serious complications may arise in determining the course which we are to pursue towards neutrals, because that is a subject always attended with great difficulty, and one upon which misunderstandings must arise on almost every occasion of protracted maritime warfare. Let us request the attention of the reader to the following extract from the thirty-third chapter of *Alison's History of Europe*, as containing a clear and intelligible view of the principles of maritime law:—

"It is not merely with the subjects of nations in a state of hostility that belligerents are brought in contact during modern warfare; they find themselves continually in collision also with neutral vessels trading with their enemies, and endeavouring, from the prospect of high profits, to furnish them with those articles which they are prevented from receiving directly from the trade of their own subjects. Here new and important interests arise, and some limitation of the rigour of maritime usage evidently becomes indispensable. If the superior power at sea can at pleasure declare any enemy's territory in a state of blockade, and make prize of all neutral vessels navigating to any of its harbours, it will not only speedily find itself involved in hostilities with all maritime states, but engaged in a species of warfare from which itself at some future period may derive essential injury. On the other hand, it is equally impossible to maintain that the vessels of other states are to be entirely exempted from restraint in such cases; or that a belligerent power, whose warlike operations are dependant perhaps upon intercepting the supplies in progress towards its antagonist, is patiently to see all its enterprises defeated, merely because they are conveyed under cover of a neutral flag instead of in its enemy's bottoms. *Such a pretension would render maritime success of no avail, and wars interminable, by enabling the weaker power, under fictitious cover, securely to repair all its losses.* These considerations are so obvious, and are brought so frequently into collision in maritime warfare, that they early caused the introduction of a system of international law, which for centuries has been recognised by all the states of Europe, and is sum-

med up in the following propositions by the greatest masters of that important branch of jurisprudence that ever appeared in this or any other country.

"1. That it is not lawful for neutral nations to carry on, in time of war, for the advantage or on the behalf of one of the belligerent powers, those branches of their commerce from which they are excluded in the time of peace.

"2. That every belligerent power may capture the property of its enemies wherever it shall meet with it on the high seas, and may for that purpose detain and bring into port neutral vessels laden wholly or in part with any such property."

We do not deem it necessary to quote the remaining propositions which refer to contraband articles of war, the effect of blockade, and the right of search. The two which are given above seem to us directly to apply to the case of Prussia. That power is at this moment *de facto* carrying on the trade of Russia, and Memel is to all intents and purposes a Russian port of shipment. It is of course to be assumed that all proper precautions have been taken, and the Russian produce, when it passes the frontier, becomes nominally transferred to Prussian subjects. This, however, is a manifest evasion and subterfuge, and must not be treated otherwise. By an important decision in our Admiralty Court in 1800, then presided over by Sir William Scott, neutral vessels carrying colonial produce from the enemy's colonies to the mother state were declared good prize, even although the produce had been landed and paid duties in the neutral country. The ground of this decision was that the duties had not been *bonâ fide* paid, but were only secured by bonds, which were cancelled by debentures for the same sums the moment the goods were re-exported. In short, the principle which is acknowledged by the general maritime law, while it does not strike at fair trade carried on by neutrals for their own advantage, prohibits them from carrying on an illusory trade in favour of one of the belligerents.

It is very gratifying to observe that the attention of the public is daily becoming more attracted to this subject, because it is incomparably the most important for the interests of the

country. If we can once succeed in crippling the trade of Russia, much of her power and means of doing mischief will be paralysed. Her revenue is utterly inconsiderable when contrasted with her population and extent. It is not estimated at more than £18,000,000 sterling, and although reserved funds and a forced contribution may have enabled her hitherto to meet the vast expenses of the war, these must be now pretty nearly exhausted. If we can stop her trade, or rather prevent it from being carried on by the connivance of neutrals, she must, exhausted as her credit is in the West, be subjected to great financial embarrassment. If we fail in these objects—or rather if our Government has not the courage and sagacity to prosecute them by every possible means—this war may be protracted indefinitely, and we shall have to pay for it by an unbounded expenditure both of blood and treasure. Therefore we are very glad to see that the press at least is not blind to the present exigency, and we regard it as a hopeful symptom when we find a paper such as the *Economist* expressing itself as follows:—

“If, therefore, considerations of general policy, in relation to new phases which the war may assume, shall render it needful again to consider the question of the extent to which the blockade of Russia shall be enforced, and her trade restricted by land as well as by sea, we shall approach such a question under circumstances in many respects very different from those under which it was considered six months ago. War, at the best, is a hateful and horrible alternative, and we believe never was undertaken with greater reluctance, or in a more just and necessary cause; but having been forced into it, it is our bounden duty to take whatever steps are the most likely to bring it to an early close. And better by far that we should submit for a short time to more severe sacrifices, than allow it to linger on for an indefinite period. Humanity and policy alike dictate that course which, at whatever cost or temporary inconvenience, will soonest rescue us from the horrors of war and restore to us the blessings of peace.”

We have already expressed our opinion that we need look for no

speedy termination of the contest. This is not the time for talking about negotiations, or the basis of future treaties. The hour for effective negotiation was expended in idle talk, and the issue, on our part, of satinpaper despatches which were utterly discreditable and highly prejudicial to the country, because they left its intentions in doubt, and so encouraged the aggressor to proceed in his meditated spoliation. The hour for demonstration was allowed to go by in tardy movements and hesitating advances. Even during the first period of hostility, when there still might have been room for the Russian to retreat with honour, our apparent inaction and inconceivable listlessness led him to believe that our opposition was not likely to be of a firm and determined character. Nor would such opposition have been offered to him even now, but that the spirit of the nation rebelled against the vacillating policy of the Ministers, and forced them to go forward. Lord Aberdeen need be at no pains to assure the country of his anxious wish to preserve peace. No man doubts that. But the question really is, whether the means which he and his colleagues adopted towards that end were wise and bold, and becoming the dignity of the country, or faint, weak, and pusillanimous. That is a point which history will decide; for the attitude and declared sentiments of a country such as ours, at the commencement of such a contest as this, must be considered in relation to all that follows, as cause is to effect; and the true reputation of statesmen rests, not so much upon their dexterity in opposing present evils, as upon their foresight and conduct in preventing evils from arising. We do not wish to prejudge Lord Aberdeen or his colleagues; but when some future historian undertakes the task of recounting the incidents of this war, and tracing it back to its source, he will not be able to say with truth, or to bear out his assertions by trustworthy evidence, that the British Ministry then in power emulated even the Czar in frankness, and gave him to understand, in as unequivocal terms as he used when communicating his intentions, that Britain would not tolerate

such an act of unprincipled aggression, but would oppose it with all the power, and by all the means that Providence had placed in her hands. Had such an answer been given THEN, there would have been no occasion for Lord Aberdeen *now* to utter his lachrymose monodies over the departure of peace, or to insist upon his anxiety to maintain it. All that signifies nothing now. What has been done is done, and we cannot recall the past. We are contented to give, which is all that can be required, credit to the Aberdeen Ministry for having acted for the best, according to their capacity, and the ideas which they entertained of what was necessary for the nation's honour. We might challenge the capacity and dispute the ideas, but this is not the time for recrimination. We have no desire, at a period like this, to weaken the hands of any ministry which will undertake the task and responsibility of the conduct of affairs; and if the Coalition will but show themselves adequate to the emergency, they shall have our approval far more readily than we have been forced to express our blame. But we must have no more baby speeches in the midst of bloody conflict—no repetitions of such miserable vindication as the Premier lately uttered, while justifying the policy which has cost us thousands of lives, and made tens of thousands mourners. What we demand—what the country unanimously demands—is resolute action for the future. If old men, with decided prepossessions in favour of the heads or representatives of foreign powers, feel themselves awayed by any former relations, or entertain any

difficulty as to the propriety of new alliances, which, in the old days of the Congress of Vienna, would have been looked upon with consternation, let them calmly gather their mantles around them and secede from public life, whilst they can decently do so. But, if they will not take that hint—which is not ours only, but which, we believe, almost every man in Britain is solicitous to tender—let them at least be aware that, however unwilling the nation may be to arraign them for past and most evident errors, the like immunity will not be extended to their future conduct.

It was formerly esteemed of especial moment that, upon a matter merely touching our own financial arrangements, Parliament should be convened before Christmas, in order that it might deliberate. What is the question now? The conduct of the war, upon the issue of which the future position of Britain as a nation depends. It is an issue far too great and momentous to admit of delay. We must have no such dilatory practices as were made available excuses for last year. It is the bounden duty of Ministers to convene Parliament immediately, in order that the sense of the country may be taken as to the course which we ought to pursue. We are aware of the objections which may be urged against that step; but in the present state of the public mind it is necessary that the national representatives should be at their post. When the ability of the executive power seems doubtful, or is doubted, it is time for the deliberative to interpose.

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VOL. LXXVI.

THE STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN.

WRITTEN IN A TENT IN THE CRIMEA.

CHAPTER I.—THE RENDEZVOUS.

[The following extracts from the private letter of our correspondent, dated "Camp before Sebastopol, October 27," will explain the circumstances under which "The Story of the Campaign" has been written;—we feel sure that our readers will join in our earnest hope, that the accomplished writer may long be spared to serve his country, and to continue this Narrative to the conclusion of the important struggle in which our forces are now engaged:—"I was very glad to be assured by your letter yesterday, that you had not quite forgotten me. I am also glad to enclose proof that I have not forgotten you. The account of the operations is brought down to the occupation of Balaclava, leaving the siege to fill a paper by itself. You should have had it two mails ago, but I was prostrated, just as I began to write, at the end of September, by a severe attack of jaundice; a disorder that has been very prevalent, so that nothing is more common than to meet a fellow with a face like a cowslip or a bachelor's button. Interruptions to my writing of course have been frequent. Alarms of attacks, mostly false, generally turn us out once in the twenty-four hours; often by night." * * * * *

* * * * * "Yesterday, as I was writing the last chapter, there was an alarm of a sortie in force from the garrison, confirmed by a tremendous fire of musketry in our front. Taking the nearest battery of our division, the colonel and I marched it to the front, and came into action with the guns of the Second Division, which occupies the heights in front of us. The Russians, eight thousand in number, under Prince Gortschakoff, were advancing upon us in columns, with skirmishers in front, but our guns, whose practice was really beautifully accurate, made them all seek shelter, and our skirmishers, pressing on, drove them into the town, with a loss, it is said, of five hundred killed. Our own loss was seventy killed and wounded. Carts of wounded Russians are constantly coming in.]

DURING the months of April and May the Allied Army continued to arrive by instalments in the Bosphorus. On their way they had most of them halted at Malta. Those who came in steam vessels made a swift and pleasant voyage, surrounded by every luxury a traveller can hope for.

The visits to the palaces of the Knights and the churches of the city—the novel and striking aspect of the harbours and fortifications—the subsequent voyage through the Egean—the view of the plains of Troy, dotted with the sepulchral mounds of classic heroes—the passage of the Dardanelles

—and the gay scenery of Constantinople, contributed to give the expedition rather the air of a pleasure excursion than of the advance of an army.

The halt at Scutari, so far from the scene of action, was rendered endurable to all but the most impatient spirits, by the curious scenes of the Turkish capital, and the magnificent landscapes disclosed at every bend of the Bosphorus. A vast quadrangular barrack, capable of accommodating a small army in its numerous chambers, and of affording ample space to assemble the occupants on parade within the oblong enclosed by the four walls of the building, was made over to the English. The regiments not lodged here were encamped on the grassy plains behind. A steamer plied across the strait every hour for the convenience of the troops; and those who happened to miss it found means of passage in the numerous caiques which, gaily carved and painted, and of peculiarly graceful shape, danced everywhere on the clear water, propelled, some by one, some by two, handsome Greeks in red skull-cap and white tunic. The background to these graceful figures was especially pleasant to the eye, whether formed by the white buildings of the city, gleaming amidst the dark clumps of trees, or by the banks of the sea-river, covered with soft feathery foliage, amidst which black cypresses stood stiffly up, varied by the pink blossoms of the peach and apple, and the purple clusters of the Judas tree; while close to the water's edge extended a line of red-roofed, painted, wooden houses, many of them decaying, but picturesque in their decay.

In the mean time the Russians had crossed the Danube and laid siege to Silistria, which was expected to fall, for the fortress was neither regular nor strong, and the besieging force was disproportionately great. Consequently, the original plan of the campaign remained as yet unchanged. This was, to fortify Gallipoli, in order to prevent the Russians (who might, after turning the left of the Turks, have advanced to the Chersonese) from closing the passage of the Dardanelles; and to intrench the neck of the isthmus on which Constantinople stands, so that, should the Russians

defeat the Turks south of the Balkan, the capital might still be saved from the invader. As the end for which these works were designed has never been fulfilled, and they have ceased to be objects of interest, a detailed account of them is unnecessary.

Contrary to expectation Silistria continued to hold out, and, at the request of Omer Pasha, an English division was landed at Varna early in June. The Russians being checked in their rapid advance, the line of the Balkan might now be held, and the fortresses of Shumla and Varna covered, when the enemy should turn upon them after taking Silistria, which, though marvellously defended, was still considered as doomed to fall. The rest of the English army, including the greater part of the brigade left in Gallipoli, followed the Light Division to Varna, and was distributed on the heights south of Varna bay, and at various points on and near the Shumla road, Devna, Aladyn, and Monastir; places which, though surrounded by landscapes picturesquely grand, will long live dearly in the remembrance of the British army in Turkey.

Foiled in their repeated attacks on Silistria, and suffering terribly from disease and want, the enemy made one final grand assault, and, when repulsed, withdrew across the Danube. It was now expected that the Allies would push on; but for this they were not prepared. Overrating the resources of the enemy from the beginning, an advance into the Principalities does not seem to have entered into their calculations. Various reasons for our inactivity were circulated; the commissariat could not supply us on the march; there was no transport for the reserve ammunition; we were waiting to see what Austria would do. Leaving diplomatists to attach a value to the last reason, I may say, that the commissariat would probably, if they had been called on, have found means to supply the army, but that the want of animals to carry the ammunition formed a more serious obstacle. The French, indeed, sent a division into the Dobrudscha, but it rejoined the army without other result than a fearful loss of men from the malaria of those pestilent swamps.

A new and terribly prominent feature of the campaign now disclosed itself. Towards the end of July the cholera broke out at Varna, and in a few days the hospitals were filled with cases. Some of the transports lost many men in a few hours, and were ordered to cruise outside the bay, in hopes of evading the pestilence. Changes of site seemed of no avail to the troops, and not a day passed, in any quarter, without the ghastly spectacle of many men, victims either to cholera or fever, being borne through the camp, sewed in their blankets, to be laid in the earth. At this time the troops were busily employed in manufacturing gabions and fascines from the brushwood which everywhere covers the face of the country. Huge piles of these were collected on the south side of Varna bay; the sappers were busy running out temporary piers; the transports remaining in the Bosphorus were ordered up; and everything pointed to the speedy fulfilment of what had become, since the repulse of the Russians at Silistria proved the Turks capable of holding the line of the Danube single-handed, the true strategical object of the campaign, viz., the invasion of the Crimea. Stores were accumulated—rumours of speedy departure were everywhere repeated, and the 14th August was even confidently named as the day of embarkation. However, the 14th passed without movement; and though the preparations still continued, yet all, except the most sanguine, began to despair of an active campaign at so advanced a season.

The First Division, consisting of the Guards and Highlanders, and two field batteries, was now encamped at Gevreckler, a dreary common on the heights to the right of the Shumla road going from Varna. The soil was stony, and covered with short wiry grass, such as geese feed on in England; trees were thinly sprinkled round the borders of the desolate plain. Going out of the camp in any direction, however, the prospect speedily became more smiling. Woods of low coppice appeared, having in the intervals vast corn-fields, spreading sometimes for miles in every direction. These were laid out in patches of wheat, oats, and barley,

golden with ripeness, and of tall guinea-grass of deepest green. Amid the crops occasionally sprang up groups of trees of maturer growth than those in the surrounding woods. Bulgarian peasants, in parties generally consisting each of a man and two women, or young girls, were reaping in the patches of corn; their left hands, which grasped the stalks, being defended from the sickle by part of a bullock's horn pushed over the fingers. Quail were tolerably plentiful in these fields; and parties of sportsmen might be seen in all directions, who, taking soldiers for beaters in the absence of dogs, advanced in line across the fields. A party of three generally averaged about ten brace of quail and two or three hares in an afternoon. Crossing the common from Gevreckler, over patches of thistles and ploughed land, the position of the Second Division was reached, commanding a spreading and magnificent prospect. Distant passes near Shumla could be discerned—great woody hills of graceful form undulated in tumbled confusion through the valleys—and on the south was seen the blue outline of the Balkan range.

Such was the brighter side of the picture, affording a temporary respite from the gloomy scenes which awaited us in camp. Accounts of friends, last seen in health, suddenly struck down with disease, and then reported dead,—cries from the hospital tents of men in the agonies of cramps—silent groups of five or six digging, on the outskirts of the camp, receptacles for those who, the rigid outline of their features and feet showing through the blanket-shroud, were presently borne past, followed by the officer who was to read the funeral service—sales of the clothes, camp-equipage, and horses of those who died yesterday,—such were the dismal sights and sounds that spread a gloom over the army, and doubled its impatience for action. On that melancholy plain the Guards alone left seventy-two graves, many of which contained a double tenant. Besides the fatal cases, sickness of milder though similar type was almost universal; and it is scarcely exaggerating to state, that not more than a tenth of the army remained in average health.

CHAPTER II.—THE MOVEMENT TO THE CRIMEA.

At length came the wished-for order for embarkation, and the First Division moved on the 23d August, towards the sea, the men so enfeebled that their knapsacks were carried on pack-horses during even a short march of five or six miles, and lamentably different in appearance from the splendid regiments who had marched past the Sultan on the plains of Scutari at the end of May. At the close of the first day's march, the artillery of this division halted at the base of the hills, near a Turkish village, so picturesque as to be worth describing. Its streets were green lanes, bordered by hedgerows of fine trees; on each side of the lanes were gardens, and each garden contained a mud-walled house, with thatched roof, having a farm-yard attached to it, one of the invariable features of which was a great, white-washed, dome-shaped, clay oven. These lanes had a common centre in a sort of village green, but I did not observe any sports going on there; all the inhabitants seemed sedate and apathetic, except the girls at the fountains, who tittered and whispered as the martial strangers passed by, much as young female villagers of any other nation might have done. In a stackyard an old peasant, seated in a kind of sledge, with a little girl standing up beside him, was being dragged round and round by oxen, over loosened sheaves of corn. This was a luxurious mode of threshing. The oxen, according to the Scripture precept, were unmuzzled, and occasionally stooped for a mouthful. Milk, fowls, and fruit, were brought from here to the tents for sale, though at other villages the inhabitants had kept carefully aloof. Probably they were now beginning to discover that we were not robbers.

The portions of the English army, as they embarked, sailed at once for Balchick Bay, where the greater part of the Allied fleet lay. Thither the cholera still pursued us, and every day boats might be seen leaving ships, towing a boat astern, wherein was a motionless object covered by a

flag. After a time the corpses, sewed in blankets or hammocks, and swoln to giant size, rose to the surface and floated upright among the ships, their feet being kept down by the shot used to sink them. One of these hideous visitants lingered about the foot of the accommodation ladder of one of the transports, till men going down the side passed cords with weights attached over its neck, when it slowly sank. Gevreckler common was scarcely more depressing to the men than the bay at Balchick.

Part of the French army marched from Varna to Balchick, defiling along the hills above the beach, and embarking from their encampment. Day after day our own transports came up with troops, and the Turkish squadron, with the Ottoman portion of the Allied army, also joined us. When all were assembled, we were still kept waiting by an adverse wind, against which the steamers could not have towed us. At length, on Thursday the 7th September, we sailed with fine weather, and, when under way, arranged ourselves, according to order, in six columns, a division in each. The Light Division, which was next the shore, was distinguished by a blue and white chequered flag; the First Division, blue; the Second, white; the Third, red; the Fourth, white and red; the cavalry blue and red. Each steamer towed two transports—the men-of-war stationed themselves ahead and on our flanks—the French fleet was on our right. Most of the transports were East Indianmen of the largest class, equalling in size the frigates of the last war; the steamers were among the finest in the world; and though more numerous invading armies have traversed the Euxine, yet so complete and imposing an armament never before moved on the waters of any sea.

On the 9th we were signalled "Rendezvous 14," which meant "forty miles west of Cape Tarkan;" and, on coming up with the ships ahead of us, at 6 p. m. we received the order to anchor. We remained at anchor the whole of Sunday the

10th, while Lord Raglan, whose headquarters were in the *Caradoc*, escorted by the *Agamemnon*, reconnoitred the coast. The day being fine, and the water smooth, boats were hoisted out and visits paid to other vessels, some of which had suffered much from cholera. The delay was disagreeable and unexpected, as we had all calculated on landing in the Crimea on Sunday morning. Starting at noon on the 11th, we were signalled from the Emperor "Rendezvous No. 9," which meant "thirty miles west of Sebastopol;" and at sunset "Rendezvous 13," which meant "Eupatoria." Squalls came on in the night, and our tow-ropes parted; the *Kangaroo*, which towed us, ran into the *Hydaspes*, and lost her bowsprit. In the morning of the 12th we were sailing far from any of the other ships, which appeared in different groups around us. Land had been sighted at dawn, and before breakfast we saw Cape Tarkan in the distance. On the previous day, the French, who had fallen astern, came in sight; but on the 12th none were visible all the morning, anywhere in the horizon.

On the night of the 12th, signal was made to anchor in the prescribed order. We had Eupatoria point on our right; the coast-line in front was low, sandy, and perfectly open; a few white houses, with stacks close to them, were scattered along the plain. On the 13th we were not under way till long after sunrise, when the columns, wheeling to the right, stood along down the coast, and parallel to it, and the signal was made to prepare for landing. At half-past eleven we were nearly off Eupatoria point, and we anchored for the night, while the place was taken possession of without opposition.

On the 14th we were taken in tow, and moved off at half-past two in the morning. There was a splendid sun-rise. We kept near the shore; and anchoring about twelve miles below Eupatoria, the disembarkation commenced at about 10 o'clock. Some French troops were already on shore, about two miles farther down the coast, when we began to land. The English disembarked on a narrow strip of sandy beach, having a lake

on its other side. In front was a steep cliff, with only one path down, which led to the point of disembarkation. At the top of the cliff extensive plains spread all round to the horizon and the sea. Two or three Cossacks with long lances appeared on the cliff, who, as our skirmishers mounted the hill, galloped away, and the troops continued to land without molestation. During the morning some firing was heard down the coast, which proceeded from the Furious, Vesuvius, and some French steamers, who, seeing a Russian camp, with about two thousand soldiers drawn up before it, fired shells at long range, and struck and dispersed their columns, and afterwards sent some others among the horses and tents.

In the afternoon it rained, and a swell arose along the coast, which continued to increase. At night the rain came down in torrents, and the troops on the beach were drenched. Bad as their situation was, I envied it. At eight in the evening I had left the transport with another officer in a man-of-war's boat, which, assisted by two others, towed astern a large raft, formed of two clumsy boats boarded over, on which were two guns, with their detachments of artillerymen, and some horses—two of my own among them. The swell from the sea was now considerable, and made the towing of the raft a work of great labour. As we approached the shore, a horse swam past us, snorting, and surrounded by phosphorescent light, as he splashed rapidly by. He had gone overboard from a raft which had upset in attempting to land. The surf was dashing very heavily on the sand, though it was too dark to see it. Fires made of broken boats and rafts were lit along the beach, and a voice hailed us authoritatively to put back, and not attempt to land, or we should go to pieces. Unwillingly the weary oarsmen turned from the shore. The swell was increasing every moment, and the raft getting more and more unmanageable. Sometimes it seemed to pull us back, sometimes it made a plunge forward, and even struck our stern, while the rain poured down with extraordinary violence. It was a long time before we reached the nearest

ships, which were tossing on the swell, and not easily to be approached. The first we hailed had already a horse-boat alongside, with Lord Raglan's horses, and needed assistance, and two or three others which we passed were unable to help us. By this time the raft was fast filling with water, and the men on it much alarmed; and our progress was so slow that we took at least ten minutes' pulling from the stern to the stem of the *Agamemnon*. At length a rope was thrown us from a transport near, whose bows were rising on the swell like a rearing horse; and, getting the artillerymen who were on board her out of bed, we hoisted in our horses and guns;—but the gun-carriages, too heavy for our small number of hands, were lashed down to the raft, which was allowed to tow astern of the ship, and which presently sank till the water was up to the axles, when the *Agamemnon* sent a party and hoisted them on board, and the raft shortly went to pieces. A horse, which had been swimming about for two hours, was also got safely on board. It was a grey, said afterwards to have been given by Omer Pasha to Lord Raglan.

The next morning the surf abated, and we were all landed without accident, as were a great many other guns and horses, under the superintendence of Captain Dacres of the *Sanspareil*, who was indefatigable in carrying out the arrangements of Sir Edmund Lyons, and who was warmly thanked by Lord Raglan for his exertions. Ascending from the beach to the level of the common, we saw the Allied army spread along the plains in front, the French on the right. Plenty of country waggons full of forage, driven by peasants in fur caps, with their trousers stuffed into their boots, were ranged alongside of the artillery camp; some drawn by oxen, some by large two-humped camels.

The army being thus landed, it will be well to describe shortly its composition and material.

A division of infantry, under Major-General Cathcart, had joined from England just before we sailed from Varna. The English army in the Crimea then consisted of four divisions of infantry, each division consisting of two brigades, each brigade of three regiments. To each division of infantry was attached a division of artillery, consisting of two field-batteries, each battery of four 9-pounder guns, and two 24-pounder howitzers. The brigade of light cavalry was also embarked, the heavy brigade remaining at Varna. With the cavalry was a 6-pounder troop of horse-artillery. In all, the British mustered 26,000 men and 54 guns; the French 24,000 men, and, I believe, about 70 guns; the Turks 4500 men, with neither cavalry nor guns.

The food supplied to the English troops by the commissariat was of very good quality. A ration for an officer or soldier was 1 lb. of meat, 1 lb. of bread, 2 oz. of rice, 1½ oz. of sugar, 1 oz. of coffee, and half a gill of rum, for which 4d. was paid. The ration of meat was at one time increased to 1½ lb.; but when provisions became scarcer this was discontinued. The ration for a cavalry, artillery, or staff horse, was 10 lb. of corn and 12 lb. of hay or straw; for a baggage animal, 8 lb. of corn.

A number of carts of a peculiar construction had been provided at Woolwich, to contain small-arm ammunition in reserve for the infantry. These, being found too heavy, were left at Varna, and the cartridges, packed in boxes or barrels, were carried on pack-horses, a great number of which had been purchased for the British government in Tunis, Syria, and Turkey. An ambulance corps, provided with light spring-waggons, containing layers of stretchers and seats for the sick and wounded, was also left behind; and disabled men were either carried on stretchers by hand, or in arabas, the common carts of Turkey and the Crimea.

CHAP. III.—FIRST OPERATIONS IN THE CRIMEA.

The campaign thus begun differed from all campaigns with which the reader has hitherto made himself

acquainted, in some essential particulars.

According to the practice of war up

to the present time, it was necessary for an invading army, on first entering an enemy's territory, to secure one or more defensible posts as depots, from whence to draw supplies, to form hospitals, and as points to retreat upon in case of disaster. As the army advanced from these points, the lines of communication grew more assailable, and it became necessary either to leave a moveable force to keep the road open, or to secure and garrison some other strong points on the line of march, from whence to oppose any attempt the enemy might make to throw himself on the line of communication. In advancing, it was also impossible to disregard any fortress or body of troops of the enemy stationed on the flank. The former must be besieged and taken, the latter attacked and routed; or a strong force must be detached to hold either in check, before the advance could be continued in safety;—and each of these necessary operations, of course, called for a certain expense of time or of material.

According to the old conditions of war, in the invasion of the Crimea near Eupatoria, and the advance on Sebastopol, the right flank of the army would be secure by resting on the sea, but the left would be totally unprotected. In the first place, the army, after landing its stores, must have strongly intrenched and garrisoned the depot on the coast selected for them. As it advanced, the communication with this depot must have been rendered secure, by detaching a force sufficient to repel any Russian army appearing on the flank of the line of march, and strong escorts must have accompanied all convoys between the army and its depot. In order to leave, after these deductions, a sufficient force to carry on the siege, the invading army must have been far larger than that which the Allies possessed. It would also have been necessary to attack the fortress on that side on which the landing of the army was effected; because, a complete investment being impracticable, to have passed round the place would have been to leave the communications at the mercy of sallies from the garrison.

All these considerations were obvi-

ated by the presence of steam. The fleet, moving as the army moved, within sight of, and in constant communication with it, carried the supplies and received the sick and wounded; and had the Russians, advancing from the interior in overwhelming numbers, attacked the left, or threatened the rear, the army, falling back parallel to the coast, might have fought, and, if necessary, re-embarked, with the advantage of an immeasurably more powerful artillery—that of the fleet—than the enemy could possibly have brought into the field. Thus the calculations and provisions which so largely contributed to the difficulties of warfare, and its chances of mishap, resolved themselves into the simple measures necessary to keep the army in readiness for battle while marching on the point in view.

The French, as stated, disembarked at a point about two miles lower down the coast. From thence they extended their front across the plain till their left touched the right of the English light division, while the first division filled up the interval between the light and second divisions and the head of the lake. On the ground thus enclosed by the front of the army, the lake, and the sea, the other divisions were encamped at intervals down to the point where the disembarkation of the stores went on. In the plain, about two miles in front, might be seen a Russian villa, with its outbuildings and clumps of trees. Here was an outpost of English rifles and French light infantry, with some artillery; and close to this place the light cavalry bivouacked and made daily reconnoissances of the surrounding country. In a village beyond the lake, on the left of the army, was another outpost of riflemen. The inhabitants remained in this village, and, being paid for any poultry, forage, and vegetables they might possess, freely parted with them; and they also brought their camels, bullocks, and arabas on hire. The camels were especially fine animals—large, well-fed, sagacious-looking, and covered with smooth brown hair—very different from the gaunt, mangy dromedaries of Barbary. The indefatigable foraging of officers and men, who returned

from the village at all hours laden with poultry and vegetables, very soon exhausted the scanty supply the village contained, though at first it was easy to get fowls, turkeys, geese, melons, and pumpkins. On the third morning, taking with me a Turkish interpreter of the division, I rode to the village to try my fortune. Successful foragers, with strings of poultry hanging to their saddles, passed me, and assured me there was nothing eatable left. The houses were of mud, thatched, and standing within small stone-walled enclosures. The inquiries of the interpreter at the doors only elicited the assurance that the inhabitants had already parted with all they had, and that there was not a single goose, hen, or turkey left in the place. However, I got some melons, pumpkins, and a jar of butter. On repeating the visit next day, even these were scarcely to be obtained; and almost the only result of the expedition was a small lump of fresh butter, which a woman brought me in a gourd. Looking round for something to cover it with, I saw a peasant in a long gown and fur cap standing beside his araba, eating a water-melon, and made signs to him that I wanted a piece of the rind. He courteously choked himself in his haste to finish the eatable portion of the section he was occupied with, gave me what I wanted, and then, scooping out the heart of the melon, presented it to me on the point of his knife. I had not thought it possible that water-melons could be so delicious as this juicy mouthful proved then; certainly those of the Crimea may challenge the world.

In the mean time, the commissariat officers, indefatigable in their efforts, had purchased, or, where the presence of Cossacks or the absence of the owners rendered purchase impossible, had "lifted" large droves of sheep and oxen, so that the army had daily fresh meat of good quality. Water was scarce, and not good. A muddy well in the village afforded the principal supply, and over it a guard was placed.

On the 18th, about eighty of the 11th hussars, reconnoitring in front, were pursued by seven troops of

Cossacks, and, retiring in skirmishing order, were fired upon; but the enemy kept too far aloof to do mischief. At midnight, on the 18th, the order was given for the army to advance on the following morning, the necessary supplies and reserves being all landed.

Accordingly, on the 19th, at about seven in the morning, the army commenced its march. The order of advance was by double column of companies, from the centre of divisions, the artillery on the right of their respective divisions. The day was cloudless, and the spectacle splendid. From any one of the numerous grassy heights produced by the undulations of the plain, the whole army might be seen advancing as if at a great review: the Turks close to the beach; then the French columns; next to them our second division, followed by the third; and on their left the light division, followed by the first and fourth. On the left of all marched the cavalry, parties of which, as well as of the rifles and French light infantry, were in front, in skirmishing order. Close in rear of the columns came the trains of horses carrying the reserve ammunition, the baggage animals, the arabas with sick men and commissariat stores, and the droves of oxen and sheep. There was a road along the plain, but none was necessary; everywhere the ground was smooth, grassy, and totally unenclosed. Perfect silence reigned in the vast solitudes around; no inhabitants, nor any signs of habitation were visible;—only, sometimes a Cossack might be seen perched on a distant hillock, who presently vanished like a ghost.

In this way the army continued to march, halting occasionally, till, early in the afternoon, the Baganak was reached. This stream, dignified in these ill-watered regions by the name of a river, is a sluggish rivulet, creeping between oozy, muddy banks, along the scarcely indented surface of the plain. Though fordable everywhere, the army commenced filing across it by a bridge, the light division leading. Before reaching it, we had seen our cavalry gallop up to and over the ridge beyond, in pursuit of some Cossacks who showed themselves,

and a troop of horse-artillery followed. Just as the first division began to follow the light across the bridge, we heard the guns open.

I obtained leave to go to the front and see what was going on. Arriving at the ridge, I found it lined with the troops of the light division, looking on at a skirmish of cavalry and artillery in the plain. All our cavalry, about 1000, and twelve guns, were drawn up opposite about 2000 Cossacks, whose artillery was just ceasing to fire; while ours continued to practise at them at a long range, probably 1200 yards. I rode down to the troop of horse artillery, and saw them throw some shot and shell, which appeared to fall short; but at the beginning of the skirmish the combatants had been much nearer. Three or four dragoon horses, killed by the Russian artillery, were lying about, and we had seven men of the cavalry wounded. After a time, the Cossacks slowly retired up the next ridge, behind which more of the enemy showed themselves, and Lord Raglan forbade any further advance. We found afterwards that the Russians lost in the skirmish twenty-five men and thirty-five horses. The army, withdrawing behind the ridge south of the Baganak, prepared to bivouac; but there being reason to

suppose that the enemy meditated a flank movement to attack our left, they having been seen extending in that direction at dusk, the divisions on the left had to abandon their scarce-lit fires, till the wing of the army, falling back until it rested on the Baganak, showed a front in the required direction.

The night passed quietly, though the change of front had caused some confusion, and men who had straggled on the march were wandering about everywhere, unable to find their regiments. The English lay without cover, the tents having been left behind, with some few exceptions, for generals, hospitals, and staff. The knapsacks, too, remained on board ship; and the articles judged most necessary having been selected from them, were carried, packed in the great-coats and blankets.

The next morning we were under arms early, but did not move for some time. Marshal St. Arnaud, riding along the front from an interview with Lord Raglan, was loudly cheered. A report went about that a general action was to be fought that day, which was shortly verified; and between nine and ten o'clock the army advanced, in the same order as the day before, and over plains exactly similar in character to those we had been traversing.

CHAP. IV.—BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

Under a bright sun we marched onward for about two hours, surmounting the grassy ridges which successively formed our horizon, only to see others equally solitary rising beyond. The front of the Allies was oblique, the Turks on the right being about two miles in advance of the British left.

About noon, a steamer, coasting along beyond the Turks, began to fire on the land just where a sharp steep cliff terminated the shore. None of the enemy's troops were within range from the sea. The firing was precautionary, to insure an unmolested passage to the troops on the right, who were already passing the river Alma at its mouth. When the British surmounted the next ridge, the scene of the coming struggle disclosed itself.

The plain, level for about a mile, then sloped gently down to a village, beyond which was a valley sprinkled with trees, and watered by the river Alma, a narrow stream, deep in parts, and its banks very steep, but in many places fordable and easy of passage. Between the village and the river were flat meadows and vineyards. On the opposite side of the stream the banks rose abruptly into high steep knolls, terminating in plateaus, behind which rose another and higher range of heights. Both these ranges were occupied by masses of Russian troops; the higher by the reserves, the tops of the knolls below by heavy guns, supported by cavalry and infantry on the plateaus behind. Such was the position in front of the British. In front of the French the

first range of knolls grew more and more abrupt, so that guns could not be placed there, and, indeed, seemed unnecessary from the natural strength of the position. These were defended by infantry, and field artillery were posted, with more infantry, on the plains at the top of the heights. Following the course of the river to the sea, the lower range of heights, growing more and more precipitous, gradually merged in the upper, till all became one steep perpendicular cliff, traversed by one or two narrow paths, where the Turks passed in single file. This cliff, had it been held by the enemy, could have been shelled by the fleet; but the Russians, as already stated, trusting, probably, to the natural inaccessibility of this part of the position, did not occupy it, and our Ottoman allies saw no enemy that day.

The progress of the French against the heights in their own front was marked by the puffs of musketry as they swarmed up. Their advance was steady and incessant. On the plain at the top, a small building, probably intended as a signal-station, had been left unfinished, with the scaffolding still round it; and this was the point most hotly contested against the French. During the attack on it, the right of the British had, in the oblique order of advance, gradually come under the fire of the heavy artillery on the knolls, which now began to open, and our skirmishers in advance exchanged shots with the Russians in the village, who retired after setting the houses on fire, the smoke from which, rolling up the valley, rendered the view in front obscure for some time. Pennefather's brigade of the second division, advancing in line along the slope of the plain, lay down near the walls of the village for shelter from the fire of the enemy's guns, which was now incessant and destructive, and then moved onward to the river; while the light division, passing into the valley on the left of the second, continued to advance slowly,—sometimes lying down for shelter against the terrible fire of an 18-gun battery directly in their front, sometimes pressing on, till, passing the river nearly up to *their necks*, they began to ascend the

slopes beyond, which were held by the Russian battalions.

The battery now in front of them, where the great struggle of the British took place, was, unlike the guns of the Russian centre, covered with an epaulment—that is, a thick low bank of earth, obtained in this instance from trenches dug between the spaces occupied by the guns. This battery swept the whole front of the British throughout its depth and length, and distributed its fire, sometimes on the regiments advancing to attack it, sometimes on the second division, while in and behind the village, sometimes on the first division, drawn up on the plain behind the light. Its fire was crossed by that of the guns from the knolls, which searched the village, and ploughed up the plain behind it. Between the first and second divisions was a wide road, bounded by low stone-walls, leading to a bridge and ford; and this point, being nearly intermediate between the principal lines of fire, was probably the hottest of the cannonade. Many of the 55th fell there, before advancing into the village; and Captain Dew, of Franklin's battery, was killed by a round shot early in the action, near a large painted post beside the road. Many corpses, marked with ghastly wounds, were sprinkled on that part of the slope—two I noticed, while riding into action with Wodehouse's battery, as killed by especially horrible injuries; a corporal of the 55th, whose brain, scooped out along with the back of his skull, was lying in a mass beside him, leaving his face perfect; and a soldier with only a profile left, half his head being carried away. Shot and shells of various calibres whistled and bounded incessantly along this spot, so that it seemed a marvel how anybody escaped; but the circumstance of the ground there sloping upward, in an opposite direction to the line of fire, considerably diminished the actual peril: for the shot bounding high after striking, hit only those who were in their line within a few feet of where they touched the ground.

To oppose, however inadequately, this fire, Franklin's and Turner's batteries of the second division had come

into action behind the village, the former suffering more severely during the day than any other. Turner's battery, while moving to the right, was ordered by Lord Raglan, who had crossed the river on the left of the French, to send two guns to the spot where he had stationed himself, from whence the Russian batteries were seen in reverse. Some delay was caused by a horse being shot, crossing the narrow ford; but the guns were at length brought successively into action on the opposite bank, and their fire took the Russian centre and guns in reverse; while the French, pressing up the heights, had driven back the left. Anderson's battery of the light, and Wodehouse's of the first division, being unable to come into action advantageously so far on the left, had joined the second division, and, unlimbering on the right of the road, directed a fire on the knolls in front of them. The Russian artillery on these knolls, attacked in front, and having their flank and rear threatened by the French and by the field battery which had crossed the river, now began to retire in succession from the left, and the covering masses of infantry soon followed; and a few minutes afterwards the 18-gun battery also limbered up, and began to retreat. It was at this moment that a brigade of the light division, consisting of the 7th, 23d, and 33d regiments, very gallantly led by General Codrington, advancing up the slope under a terrible fire of musketry, pressed into the epaulment before the guns were withdrawn, and Captain Bell of the 23d running up to a driver who was urging his horses out of the fight, the man dismounted and ran away, and the gun was taken. But the Russian battalions were as yet too numerous, and their fire from the breastwork and the slope behind it too close and heavy for the regiments assailing them, and the brigade, with a loss of six hundred killed and wounded, was compelled to retire down the slope, and re-form under cover of the attack of the first division, which had been led across the river by the Duke of Cambridge to support them. The Fusilier Guards, going up to the breastwork with a cheer, retook and kept possession of the gun; the 33d

and 95th came to the support of the 7th; the 19th and 47th also advanced; and after a terrible slaughter the Russians were driven back. The 55th and 30th regiments, coming up on the right of the 95th, drove back the enemy in their own front; and the three brigades, viz., Pennefather's of the second division, Codrington's of the light division, and the Guards, formed line on the ground they had won.

At this time Wodehouse's battery, which had been limbered up, and led across the river by Lieut.-Colonel Dacres when the Russian guns ceased firing, came up on the right of the 30th regiment. The slopes in front were still covered with the enemy's skirmishers, obstinately contesting the ground with our own, and giving way, if at all, very slowly. Over the heights behind the contested battery the helmets of a Russian column might be seen; and presently the solid mass, apparently about 2000 strong, marched over the hill, and began to descend towards the British line. A shell from a gun, laid by Colonel Dacres himself before the gun detachment came up, dropt among the Russian skirmishers; the other guns, coming up in succession, opened their fire on the column, and struck it every time. Franklin's and Anderson's batteries, crossing the river, came up and opened on the left, and Paynter's followed; and the column, after marching about fifty yards down the hill, halted, turned about, and, disappearing over the crest, was seen no more. At this time some guns were brought to bear upon another column which halted in a ravine on the right, quite close to where the French skirmishers were pressing along the heights, and apparently at a loss what to do, presented a somewhat puzzling aspect; inasmuch that Sir De Lacy Evans twice stopt our fire, under the impression that the column was French, and sent a staff-officer to the nearest French regiment to inquire. But, it being presently apparent that a French column would not be in front of their own skirmishers, and some bullets from the troops in question beginning to drop into the battery, where they wounded a sergeant, the guns reopened and dispersed them; and there being none but fugitives now within

sight, the batteries limbered up, and advanced in pursuit.

The battle, it will be seen, had thus rolled back to the right rear of the Russians. On the extreme right of their original position, at the top of the heights, was a battery behind an epaulment, with a flank for seven guns, thrown back to prevent the right being turned. The brigade of Highlanders being on the left of the British line, found themselves, when the first division crossed the river, directly in front of this battery, which, before it followed the other guns in their retreat, poured upon them, during their advance, a heavy but ill-directed fire, doing them but little damage. At the top of the hill they met some battalions of the enemy still showing a front, and compelled them to retreat with the loss of a good many men; and two troops of horse-artillery, which had crossed the river higher up, coming into action, plunged into the retreating masses with great effect. Thus ended the battle of the Alma. The Russians might still be seen withdrawing in masses across the plain; but the troops, French and English, halted on the ground they had won; and the batteries, six in number, which, by advancing, had placed themselves at the apex of two irregular lines, found themselves with nothing between them and the enemy. Some withdrew behind the third division, which, together with part of the light, had been moved to the front, and others were covered by a detachment posted for the purpose on the plain.

In the advance, an officer of Wodehouse's battery, Lieutenant Richards, took prisoner a Russian general, whose horse had thrown him, and who was trying to hide himself. While he was

seated on a gun-limber, Lord Raglan rode up and questioned him. In reply, he said that the number of the Russians was about 50,000; that they did not expect we should ever take the position; and added that they had come to fight men, and not devils, as our red-coats seemed to be. When taken on board ship, he complained that one of his captors had deprived him of his silver snuff-box. Inquiry was made, and the artilleryman who had it gave it up; but it certainly seems no more than reasonable to expect that, if people choose to take such articles into action, they should submit to lose them with a good grace.

Two guns were taken, but the principal trophy was Prince Menschikoff's carriage, with his papers. In one despatch the general assures the Czar that the position selected on the Alma must detain the Allies at least three weeks, and that he confidently hoped it would be found altogether impregnable. It was taken in three hours.

But the Russian general did not overrate the strength of his position; his mistake was in his estimate of the troops who were to assail it. It would be difficult to find a position more defensible in itself, and almost impossible to select another equally strong, where the ground in front is so favourable to the artillery fire of the defenders, and so devoid of all shelter from it. However, one other position as strong, or even stronger, exists on the river Katcha, five miles distant from the Alma, on which we expected to find the Russians had fallen back.

Two men of literary celebrity witnessed the action—Mr. Layard, who saw it from the ships, and the author of *Eothen*, who rode with Lord Raglan's staff throughout the day.

CHAP. V.—THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Going out of our camp next morning, to see where our own division lay, I heard a moaning on my right, on the bank of one of the ravines we had fired up the preceding day. Proceeding towards the sound, I found it came from a wounded Russian, who had made a pillow of the corpse of a *brother soldier* which lay on its back,

its breast pierced, and left arm broken by a round shot. Beside these lay two other soldiers, one alive, wounded in the head, and resting, like the other sufferer, on a comrade's corpse, which lay on its face. The first man, by signs and words, earnestly begged for water, which was brought him, and a surgeon coming up, examined

his wounds. The flesh of both his thighs had been torn away; he was too badly injured to be moved, or even relieved otherwise than by trying to make him comfortable as he lay; and next morning it was a relief to hear that he had died in the night. On the knoll around were about a dozen wounded men, who had lain there all night in torment, and to whom our soldiers now afforded a temporary relief.

The sides of the ravine, or rather gully, were sprinkled all the way with bodies, and with knapsacks and accoutrements thrown away by the flying enemy. On the slopes, too, and the paths crossing them, were lying dead men here and there, with scattered knapsacks and arms. One dead Russian appeared to have been lying on his back, probably wounded, or perhaps killed, when a shot from our batteries, towards which his head was turned, had carried away all his features, leaving an unsightly block, and had broken his foot short off at the instep, where it hung back as if on a hinge.

But it was not till reaching the plain on which stood the unfinished signal-tower, already mentioned as the contested point in the French attack, that there appeared signs of a sanguinary conflict. Many Russians lay dead there, and they lay thicker near the signal-tower, the hillock on which it was built being strewn with them. Three or four had been bayoneted while defending the entrance; and in the narrow space within, which was divided into compartments, were three or four small groups, slain in the defence. Another spot near contained three or four hundred corpses.

Riding back up the course of the river, we came to the slopes where the British had been most warmly engaged; and here it was that the real nature of the struggle first became apparent. The slope below the epaulment, on which the 18-gun battery had been posted, was covered with men of the 7th, 23d, and 33d, thickly intermixed with grey-coated, helmeted Russians. Within the breastwork the enemy lay in ranks. One company seemed to have fallen as it stood; there was no heaping of the bodies one on another, but

it would have been difficult to step between them. Some lay with their faces buried in the soil, as if they had fallen as they turned to fly: others on their backs with bullet-holes through their foreheads; a few had their hands outstretched, as if still grasping their weapons, or grappling with their enemy. Altogether, I estimated the bodies in and about the breastwork at seven or eight hundred, of whom two-thirds were Russians; and the returns of the officers charged with the burial duty did not much differ from that conjecture.

Passing onward to the right of the Russian position, the plain was again thickly strewn with dead; the tall bear-skins showing where the Guards had fought. In a narrow hollow way I observed a line of Russians, who seemed to have fallen while using it as a breastwork. Ascending the slope to the top of the position, the bodies there bore the marks of cannon shot; this was where our fire had turned the column. In a spot to the left, fifty or sixty bodies showed where the Highlanders had poured in their fire at the close of the battle; and again, on the plains at the top of the heights, files of slain, with the round shot still in some instances sticking in the farthest body, marked the line of retreat where the artillery had last fired upon the enemy.

All over the ground, so grimly strewn, were numerous parties burying the dead, and carrying off the wounded, both friends and foes. Hospitals had been established in the village north of the river, in some empty houses on each side of the road. Here the surgeons of the army, and some from the navy, were in terribly full practice; and as those whose wounds were already dressed were borne to the sea, others from the field took their places. Parties of sailors carrying hammocks assisted the soldiers, who were provided with stretchers for the wounded, and the road to the beach was crowded with these. Some stray Cossacks were seen during the day hovering on our flank and rear, and a detachment of cavalry patrolled the plain we had been marshalled on the day before, to protect the hospitals and burial parties. As I stood on this plain, sketch-

ing the position of the Russian army, a clergyman approached an open grave, to the edge of which a party of artillerymen brought a body wrapt in a cloak. It was that of Lieutenant Cockerell, whose leg had been carried away by a cannon shot the day before, while in action with his battery near this spot, and who had died after amputation.

Two entire days were occupied in removing the traces of conflict and carrying the wounded to the ships. The Russian arms and accoutrements left on the field were collected in heaps, from whence the curious gathered trophies to hand down to posterity as mementoes of a famous field. The eagles on the front of the helmets of the Imperial Guard seemed in greatest request for this purpose; and though, on the second evening, I examined some hundreds of these helmets, I found all had been stript of the ornaments, so I contented myself with a pouch-belt. Some were so fortunate as to get excellent rifles, but the common muskets were very shabby in appearance, and were mostly thrown away after being broken.

One English soldier was said to have found forty gold pieces on a dead body; and I heard of a drummer of the Guards who, assisting a wounded Russian officer, received from him his purse. This the man took care of, and gave to the captain of his company, who forwarded it to the Russian on board ship; but it was returned, with a request that the drummer would keep it as a token of the owner's gratitude.

On the plain near the signal-tower, where the struggle was hottest on the part of the French, our allies left a stone, inscribed "*Victoire de la Alma,*" with the date. The English left no monument on their fatal hill; but it needs none. The inhabitants will return to the valley, the burnt village will be rebuilt, the wasted vineyards replanted, and tillage will efface the traces of the conflict; but tradition will for centuries continue to point, with no doubtful finger, to the spot where the British infantry, thinned by a storm of cannon shot, drove the battalions of the Czar, with terrible slaughter, from one of the strongest positions in Europe.

CHAP. VI.—THE KATCHA AND THE BALBEK.

Amid this scene of blood, it seemed unnatural that any one could find time to die other than a violent death. But the cholera still exacted its daily tribute. Major Wellesley of the Staff died of it on the morning of the battle. Brigadier Tylden, of the Engineers, whom I met riding over the ground in good health on the following day, never left the field, but expired after a few hours' illness; and there were many others who passed unharmed through the combat, only to die a less soldierly death by pestilence.

The road between the Alma and the Katcha, traversed by the army on the 23d, lay as before over dry grassy plains. Here we expected to find the enemy awaiting us; but, ascending the ridge which overlooks the valley, we saw the heights unoccupied. The lesson on the Alma had been so sharp that the enemy never stood again in the field; and could *he have found heart* to hold the posi-

tion, it would scarcely have been prudent for him to risk a battle where the pursuit might carry the victors into Sebastopol along with the vanquished.

The position on the Katcha is, in one respect, more advantageous than that on the Alma. Like the latter, it has a village on the north bank of the river, beyond which is a plain; but the plain, in this instance, instead of sloping upwards against the line of fire, is quite level for about three quarters of a mile; and the lower range of heights on which the cannon would have been posted, being less elevated than the knolls occupied by the artillery at the Alma, every shot that bounded along the plain would have told with double effect. Except at the ford, the banks of the river were high, and as steep as the sides of a trench. It was such a position as English troops would have held against the world in arms, and, had the enemy made a determined stand

there, the conflict would have been no less desperate and bloody than that of the 20th.

Though it was scarcely noon when we reached the heights beyond the river, we encamped there for the night. The village extended for some distance along the narrow valley, and became, up the stream, extremely pretty, with nice white houses standing amid poplars, and surrounded by vineyards, gardens, and stackyards. The cottages had been deserted in evident haste; bedsteads were still standing; large chests which had apparently held the household gods and treasures were open and empty; and there were cradles from which the infants had lately been snatched in hurry and alarm. All the cottages were very neat and clean, and the furniture spoke of comfort. This, as well as the doors and rafters, was appropriated by the soldiers as firewood to cook their rations; and from every door-way might be seen emerging a forager with a beam, a bench, or a chest, and under every camp-fire were blazing the splinters of some cherished Lar, or long-descended heirloom. Many cats lingered with feline tenacity about these forsaken thresholds, winking lazily at the new-comers as they suckled their kittens in the sun, and apparently indifferent, so that mice were plentiful, whether Russians or British held the village. I carried a small black one, which one of our people picked up on the bank of the river, on my holsters for some time, feeding him with biscuit; but during my absence from the saddle he made off. Many ownerless dogs made friends with the army here, and, no doubt, will long be found in the ranks, all answering, of course, to the name of Katcha. At this place the Scotch Greys and the 57th regiment joined the army.

Between this river and the Balbek the Allied armies marched so close to each other, on the 24th, that the red coats almost intermingled with the blue; and the officers of the two nations rode together, Prince Napoleon conversing with the Duke of Cambridge. The Guards and Highlanders were on the right, and were much admired by the French officers, who called them "superb" and "magnifi-

cent." They also praised highly our artillery; the horses and equipment of which were certainly not to be surpassed.

A yawning rift, half a mile, wide, separates the heights on the opposite sides of the Balbek. Beyond the stream the aspect of the country changes from grassy plains to hills, divided by deep ravines, and covered with low oak-coppice. A steep road, which the English and French artillery descended together, led us to the river. Down the hill we found two waggons, painted green, abandoned by the Russians: they contained a great number of copper pans and dishes, and about 20,000 rounds of rifle ammunition, the balls pointed, and fitting a two-grooved rifle. The Russian method of folding a cartridge is particularly neat and convenient: the end can be twisted off and the powder exposed in a moment.

Passing up the valley to the river, we came to a small villa, which had been plundered by the retreating Russians. I rode up the road leading to the courtyard, and tying my horse to the garden railing, entered the house. On the steps of the porch were some broken arm-chairs covered with yellow damask. In a room on the right were broken sofas, chairs, and card-tables heaped together, and a piano, still tuneable, with the front board torn off, exposing the keys. Upstairs was a small library, where a good many French books lay scattered on the floor. Portraits of a lady and gentleman, of a very low signboard-kind-of-order of art, had been torn from their frames; and two fine mirrors, quite uninjured, in gilt frames, leant against the wall amid a heap of other furniture. In front of the house was a garden laid out in flower-beds, with fruit-trees in the midst of them. I climbed into a tree bearing still some large yellow plums, and found them delicious, though rather over-ripe. On the right of the garden was a vineyard with plenty of grapes. On the left a fence, lined with dahlias in full bloom, gay in colour, though not of high floricultural rank, separated the garden from a kind of orchard of apples, pears, and peach-trees. Under the latter the fruit lay thick on the ground, and before riding off I

filled my haversack to furnish a desert.

Passing the river we ascended a narrow, strong, winding road, leading up a steep ravine; and, emerging into plainer ground at the top, pitched our tents amid the coppice, in the pleasantest camping-ground we had yet found in the Crimea. While dinner was getting ready, the allurements of which were heightened by the presence of a fine cabbage and a pumpkin from the garden of the villa, I took off my haversack to display the dessert it contained. But the transformation of the money in the Eastern tale into dry leaves, was not more disappointing to the owner than the spectacle now revealed. The ripeness of the fruit had unfitted it to bear the jolting of my horse. Plums and peaches were squeezed into a shapeless compound, and mixed with crumbs of ration-biscuit; while in the centre of the mass lay imbedded a piece of dried tongue, escaped from its envelope; and the expressed juice of the fruit, partly running down the leg of my trousers, partly absorbed by my forage-cap, which was in my haversack, had turned the colour of

those articles of dress from their original blue to a dirty olive-green. However, the pumpkin, mashed in the Yankee fashion, and the boiled cabbage, turned out so good, that no vain regrets were expended on my unfortunate contribution to the feast.

We were now so close to the great object of the expedition, that, by going up the road about a mile and a half, the towers and fortifications of Sebastopol were seen, at no great distance, in the basin below. This was the north front of the place, to strengthen which all the efforts of the Russian engineers had been directed since the expedition had been first talked of. The whole of the ground there was supposed to be rendered deadly by batteries and mines, and the next move in the game was anxiously awaited. We had halted two nights on this ground, during which the cavalry and horse-artillery, who were on outpost duty, led a hard life. The horses had neither forage nor water for forty-eight hours, all which time they remained accoutred and harnessed; and the men and officers did not, for these and two other days, taste meat.

CHAPTER VII.—THE FLANK MARCH.

Towards noon on the 26th the artillery of the first division received orders to march immediately, without waiting for the infantry, up the road near which we were encamped. Proceeding about a mile, we came to a white house on the roadside, in front of which Lord Raglan and General Airey were seated looking at a map. His lordship motioned us to take a by-road into the woods on our left, and called out to us to go south-east. Accordingly we went on, steering by the sun, and following the main path, which was overhung with bushes. After proceeding in this way for an hour, our progress was stopped by a troop of our horse artillery, halted in the road in front. Finding themselves unsupported by cavalry, they had naturally become alarmed for the safety of their right flank and front in a spot where artillery would be taken at a great disadvantage if attacked by skirmishers,

who might pick off the men and horses, and capture the guns without risk.

Presently Lord Raglan came riding up, followed by his staff, and demanded sharply why we had halted; and, going to the troop in front, ordered them immediately to proceed, himself leading the way. Accordingly, we advanced through the wood for about three miles farther, when Lord Raglan and his staff came back in haste, inquiring for the cavalry. In an open space in front of us they had come suddenly on a Russian force, marching at right angles to our own.

Had the enemy, whose numbers were variously estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand men, known our order of march, they might, by throwing a sufficient force of infantry into the wood, have captured, or at any rate disabled, about twenty of our guns. The cavalry, some squadrons of which presently trotted past us to

the front, could not have acted efficiently against musketry in a thick wood; the artillery themselves could not have acted at all; and our own infantry, with the exception of a small body of the rifles, which presently followed the hussars to the front, was still some miles in rear. Luckily the enemy, far from adopting any such bold measure, at once took to flight, the meeting being no more expected, and much less desired, by him than by us: and our horse-artillery, debouching into the open space, opened at once on the rear of the fugitives, who, in their haste, left some carriages with baggage and ammunition on the plain.

On this small plain, which is surrounded by trees, stands a large white house, known as Mackenzie's Farm. From Sebastopol a road crosses it at right angles to the one we had come by, ascending very steeply from the plains below, on the side of the city, and descending again on the left after passing the farm. Down the road to the left the troop of horse-artillery (Maude's) pressed in pursuit, and came up with some infantry, who, turning on the skirts of the wood, fired a volley, which did no damage, and ran into the bushes; when the artillery, unlimbering, opened with case shot, and killed several. Some of the Scots Greys, dismounting, went skirmishing through the wood, and about a dozen Russians, throwing themselves down and pretending to be dead, rose after they were past and fired on them, for which discreditable ruse they were, as they deserved to be, all put to death.

In the mean time, all the artillery was brought into the open space and placed in position in both directions, so as to open on the force that had passed us if it returned, or on any other body which might be following it. Going to the edge of the plain opposite the side we had debouched from, we found ourselves on the edge of a steep cliff descending to the plains below, along which was retreating a train of carriages which, cut off by our advance, had turned back by the road they came. A gun was moved down this road, and some rounds were fired, with no other effect, however, than accelerating their flight, and causing

them to abandon some of their vehicles. Those left on the plain were immediately submitted by the artillerymen and dragoons to a rigorous examination. They appeared to contain the wardrobe of some luckless cavalry officer. Blue jackets, trimmed with black fur, and laced with silver, silver sashes, smart shakos, marked with the number "12" in silver, and gorgeous shabracks, were among the spoils. There were also fine shirts and other garments, a looking-glass in an inlaid tortoise-shell case, which I tried in vain to tempt the captor to sell me (*he* said if he was spared he hoped to look at himself in it in England), and a sort of altar-piece, in a great wooden case with folding doors, which, being thrown back, disclosed a goodly assemblage of saints and sacred personages, whose figures were gilt; while their faces appearing through holes left in the metal, were beautifully painted on ivory behind. There was some concealed machinery by which the figures were moved. My own share of the spoil was a large bucket filled with corn attached to one of the carriages, into which my horse immediately plunged his muzzle, having had but short rations for some days past.

By degrees the divisions of infantry came through the wood, and formed on the plain. The cavalry, coming back from the pursuit, brought in a few prisoners, mounted on Russian carriages, with some pairs of nice horses. An officer was taken, to whom the Duke of Cambridge put some questions in French about the late battle. "Ah," he said, "our men fought well enough, but 'tis of no use—your infantry are the best in the world."

Before we resumed our march, a dull deep roar was heard behind us, and from amid the trees ascended a column of smoke, itself in shape like a magnificent tree, its rounded outlines spreading, like white foliage, high and wide. This was the explosion of an ammunition waggon of the enemy, which Captain Fortescue of the artillery had been ordered to blow up. Then the divisions moved in their accustomed order of march down the steep chalky hill, on the precipitous side of which were numerous

carts and waggons, upset by those who had fled back by the road they came. The march was slow, and the stoppages from the carriages and waggons halting on the steep, frequent: and, though evening was approaching, we still had to traverse some miles of plain before reaching water. These plains had a surface of chalk covered thinly with grass, amid which the white dust rose in clouds at every step, and chalky hills were all around. At length, after a long and weary march, we reached the river Tchernaya, which runs through the valley of Inkerman, and pitched our tents after nightfall, while the rear divisions and batteries did not arrive till some hours afterwards. During the night, the redness of the sky above the heights on which Mackenzie's Farm stands, showed that

our allies, following in our steps, were encamping there.

It is not easy to define the object of the Russian troops in thus rallying from Sebastopol. Probably it was done with a view to operate in the woods in our rear during the siege, on the supposition that we should attack the fortress from our camp on the Balbek. But for the halt which our artillery made in the wood, it would have debouched at Mackenzie's Farm, across the middle instead of across the rear of the enemy's column of route. Had the infantry been close, in sufficient force to support us, this would have insured the discomfiture of the Russians, and the capture of many prisoners. But, under the actual circumstances, we may consider the halt fortunate, and console ourselves with thinking all's well that ends well.

CHAP. VII.—OCCUPATION OF BALAKLAVA.

On the 27th we only went about four miles; but the consequences of the long and fatiguing march of the day before, showed themselves directly we started. Men, fallen out of the ranks, began to strew the roadside, many of them in the agonies of cholera; and, within a mile, I saw at least fifty or sixty Highlanders lying exhausted. On this day Colonel Cox, of the Guards, seized with cholera, was taken up on one of our gun-limbers, and, going on shipboard, died the same evening.

Before noon the first division halted at the mouth of a gorge between very lofty hills; and up the heights enclosing it, the brigades of the light division advanced, one on each side; while some riflemen took possession of a low pointed hill in the valley, crowned with a white house. From beyond this hill we presently heard some of the guns of the light division, and the smoke of others also rolled back over the heights on the left, while a shell or two from the enemy burst over the valley. The Guards were moved forward into a village at the mouth of the gorge, down which appeared a piece of water like a small lake, closed at the other extremity by a high hill crowned by a long wall with towers, *looking in the distance like a respect-*

able fort. Presently ship's guns were heard from the sea. Our own continued to fire from the height on the left, and dust flew from the walls where they struck; while the garrison, instead of continuing to reply, ran along the edge of the wall towards the sea, apparently in great agitation. A party of Rifles, moving up the slopes, entered the place and followed the garrison along the wall, and a white flag showed that Balaklava had surrendered, fortunately without any blood spilt; while a small English steamer, appearing suddenly on the piece of water below, assured us that the harbour was our own, and our communication with the fleet re-established.

The manœuvre, now successfully accomplished, of transferring the army from the north to the south side of Sebastopol, would, as before remarked, have been impossible under the old conditions of war. With a stationary depôt north of Sebastopol, convoys with munitions could not have been taken past the fortress, unless guarded by detachments of such strength as could not have been spared from the army, and then only with constant risk of interruption and loss. To transfer this depôt to the south side of the fortress, in sailing ships, the first condition must have been a

favourable wind; and, when the fleet had obtained this and taken advantage of it, the manœuvre, detected from the fortress, would have been baffled by the interposition of a Russian force on the land side of Balaklava. But, thanks to steam, the army could afford to abandon its communications with the fleet on the Balbek, confident of resuming them at the point concerted; and the labours of the Russian engineers, long directed solely to resist the anticipated attack on the north side, were, by this unexpected movement, rendered unavailing.

As Balaklava henceforth becomes a place of importance in the narrative of the campaign, it is worth describing, and indeed deserves notice from its picturesque beauty.

The valley, extending less than a mile from the gorge to the edge of the harbour, consists of gardens, meadows, and vineyards, the latter spreading a little way up the slopes on each side till the hard rock forbids further cultivation. To the soldiers, long accustomed to eat their ration, fresh or salt, with the vegetable accompaniment of rice only, the vineyards, rich with clusters of ripe grapes, and the gardens, abounding overhead in apples and plums, and underfoot in pumpkins, tomatoes, and cabbages, all of excellent quality, appeared a paradise. The last-mentioned vegetable seemed especially agreeable to the military palate; and men of all arms of the service might be seen crossing the meadows, bearing on their shoulders long poles, on which whole rows of cabbages were impaled. Clusters of trees were intermingled with the spots of tillage, and a small stream, filling wells as it went, flowed along the meadows.

The harbour, a narrow inlet of the sea winding between steep barren heights, looked more like a fresh-water lake than an arm of the ocean, its mouth

being concealed by an abrupt bend. I have seen something like it in the basins of the hills around Snowdon and Cader Idris. Except at the upper extremity, where it grows shallow, it shelves down to an extraordinary depth close to the shore. Its greatest width is about 400 yards. In the course of the afternoon many ships came in and ranged themselves side by side close to the south shore;—the *Agamemnon*, towering above the rest, looked like the old puzzle of the reel in the bottle on a magnificent scale. The town, consisting of several narrow streets, stands on the south shore; the women, apprehensive of ill treatment, had fled to the opposite side, but a staff officer crossing to assure them of safety, several boat-loads returned. Amongst them was a poor lady who told me in French that she had left Sebastopol only the day before, “to escape from the English:” she submitted with exceeding good grace to the will of fate. Outside the guard-room were ranged in order the garrison to the number of eighty, with their venerable white-mustached commandant, prisoners of war, their arms being piled on the ground in front. Behind the town the rock slopes very steeply up to the wall and the towers at the top. These, built in rude times, and unrepaired for centuries, are absolutely useless for defence. The ruinous towers seem ready to topple over with the first footstep that ascends their broken stair; huge gaps yawn in the intervening walls; and the portions of the latter still standing show, by their thin parapet raised in front of a narrow path, that they were intended to resist an enemy who knew not the use of cannon. Nevertheless, at a distance these shattered stones wore an imposing and martial aspect, like an ancient suit of mail in an armoury. There were no guns in the place, and the shells fired at us were from a mortar.

ZAIDEE : A ROMANCE.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.—THE GRANGE.

"SOME call it the Uplands, sir, and some call it the Grange—to us hereabouts it is nought but the Squire's house; that's the name."

Such would be the answer of the Cheshire peasant of whom you asked the designation of this old-established family dwelling-place: it is both the Uplands and the Grange in reality, but the Squire's house, its simplest and most common distinction, is sufficiently satisfactory. The scenery about is Cheshire scenery—nothing grand or elevated certainly, but, after its bare, bleak, windy fashion, wild enough to please a moderate taste for desolation. The principal feature in the landscape is a low rocky hill, where a shelf of bare brown whinstone, almost as hard as granite, alternates with a slope of that close, slippery hill-side turf, rich with thyme and low-springing plants of heather, with bits of clover and crowflower, and infant prickles of furze, which seems to seize and hold fast the warmth of sunshine better than the most velvet greensward. A strange, eerie-looking, solitary windmill, the very picture of useless labour, flapping its long solemn wings in the air, crowns one dreary mound; on the other is a small round tower of observation, surmounted by a gallery, whence you can look out upon the sea; and the summit of this dreary little hill, and these two buildings standing out abrupt and gaunt from its points, strike sheer upon the sky without a softening tree. To be so minute in real extent, and so slightly elevated, the loneliness and silence of this place is remarkable; below it, a long stretch of pasture, the flattest and least varied of Cheshire fields stretches away towards the bleak sandbanks and unfeatured coast—a treacherous shore, where the waves roll in strong and wild, with a tawny foam and ocean force, but where there is scarcely either rock or headland—*nothing but the border of dry and pow-*

dery sand, and the hidden shifting banks that make this shore so dangerous, and without either beauty or interest to claim a second glance from an unacquainted eye.

The trees of the district are few and scanty; twisted and struggling oaks, Scotch firs, gaunt and defiant, bits of half-grown hedgerow, and wild dishevelled willows. On the sheltered side of this hill alone a young plantation flourishes; and under the shadow of these trees, closely folded into a cozy nook of this strong-ribbed iron miniature of a mountain, lies the Grange or Uplands, the Squire's house of the adjacent village, and the scene of our tale.

The house is such a moated Grange as Mariana herself might have inhabited; a far-seeing, wistful, solitary house, commanding long lines of road, along which nobody ever travels. The freest heart in the world might pine at one of these deep antique windows, and grow weary of its life, looking along the roads from the Grange; and the Grange stands straining all its dark glowing eyes into the day and into the night, as if on constant watch for the expected stranger who never comes out of the wintry windy horizon. It is a rare chance, indeed, when there is not a reddening of storm in the sunset which blazes upon this uplying house—a still rarer joy when the morning comes without the chill breath of a sea gale—and the sea itself could not witness a wilder riot of wind and brewing tempest than rings about the ears of the dwellers here through many a winter night. The old house never wavers of its footing for such an argument, but stands firm upon the little rocky platform over which a lawn, which has been green for centuries, mantles warmly, and, stoutly defiant of the winds to which it has been used so long, sets its back against the hill, and holds its ground.

In a semicircle round the front of the Grange is the moat, which in

these peaceable days is nothing better than a pond enclosed in broken masonry, the evil qualities of which bit of half-stagnant water are numerous, and would be more so in a less breezy locality, while its sole good one is an innumerable crop of water-lilies; but no one has the heart to destroy this bit of antiquity, and every one is proud of the swan-like floating flowers. Behind the house rises the rocky defence of the hill, so sheltered here that it is green with the richest turf, and draped with wealth of hardy, ruddy, half alpine flowers. Fruit-trees and blossoming shrubs do not refuse to grow under this verdant shadow, and within the warm and well-defended enclosure; and they say it is summer in the garden of the Grange many a day after the autumn winds are wild upon the dreary fields of the level country, and when the last hollyhocks are dying in the cottage flower-plots below. Modern requirements have made sad havoc in the regularity of the building—modern improvements, beginning in the days of Elizabeth, have thrown out oriel windows, and enlarged casements, and built additions, till the Grange, though still not very large, is a cluster of houses, a domestic chronicle of architecture in its own person, and has just that graceful medley of styles and periods, which, with the ivies and mosses of old centuries, and the living flowers of to-day, combine to form the finest harmony of a hereditary dwelling-place.

Within, there is an old hall, no longer used or possible to use in these days. Remnants of old armour, a faded banner, and an emblazoned coat-of-arms, give something of ancestral dignity to this ancient apartment; but the modern servant, who goes soft-fobbed across its echoing stones towards one of those closed doors, which break the wall; looks strangely out of keeping with the variegated pavement, the great wide chimney, and lofty window, which he passes in his way. No longer the rude retainers of an old Cheshire barony to make this vaulted roof ring again, and yonder old oaken table groan—one mild-spoken man of all employments, in his rusty black coat and white neckcloth, like what the parish vicar might have been a hundred years

ago, carrying his tray to the modern drawing-room—and as he opens the door, the modern luxury of a soft Persian carpet appears just edging the pavement of the hall. The wonder is, after all, that there is so slight an incongruity felt and visible between the antique life, chill here without in the ancient apartment, and the modern life, warm and full of comfort, which meets it on the threshold of the modern room.

It is an autumn evening, and the whole family are assembled within. The room is large—very large for the dimensions of the house—stretching from the broad and heavy mullioned window which looks towards the front, to the long narrow modern sashes which open upon the green turf and trim walks of the garden behind. More than one smaller room opens from this drawing-room, and the family must be a tolerably affectionate and harmonious family, or it could not bear such close neighbourhood. One door which you would fancy to open directly into the wall, opens instead into one of the oddest little nooks of building, as bright as daylight, all aglow with a great round window, where with fairy bookshelves, and a miniature piano, with little ottomans and couches, dainty with their own needlework, the young ladies of the house have made themselves a bower—for only the young ladies' maid, who is much the finest person in the family, calls it the boudoir. Just at the opposite end, running off at an angle, a low one-storeyed addition to the original house, is the gentlemanly retirement, the library, a larger, graver apartment—less gay and more comfortable; while the mother claims as her own exclusive property, a door opposite the ever-open door of the young ladies' room. The matron's "closet" is always closed, and is a sober, lady-like housekeeper's room; so each separate interest having its separate possession in a cluster round the drawing-room, it is less wonderful to find the whole family assembled here.

You cannot mistake the lady of the house in dignified possession of her little work-table and her easy-chair; but that rich gown of dim black silk, and that snowy widow's cap, coming close

round her face, make it very evident that Mrs. Vivian of the Grange is the Squire's mother, and no longer, what she has been for thirty years, the Squire's wife. The easy-chair is by no means a low chair, and the foot-stool is rather higher than usual, from which you may divine that this representative of domestic sovereignty is a very little woman. Little in stature, though by means of high heels and other innocent devices this good gentlewoman makes the most of what she has,—and most becomingly little are those lady-like and delicate hands, and the small feet which Mrs. Vivian slippers so handsomely. As nimble as they are small, you would never fancy these active fingers had seen fifty years' good service, nor this alert little figure travelled the ways of mortal care so long. Mrs. Vivian will tell you that she has had "her own share" of trouble, but for all that there is not a lighter foot in the household than belongs to the mother of all.

At the table near her sits a stately personage, whom it is a perpetual wonder to Mrs. Vivian, and all Mrs. Vivian's friends, to call her first-born. Five feet ten at the smallest measure, with the bearing, as she has the manner of a princess! Elizabeth Vivian could carry her mother under her arm like a child! And then Elizabeth's great dark liquid eyes, her hair so very dark brown that the universal opinion calls it black, her lofty features, and her air of unconscious queenliness, which neither comes from the good Saxon Squire, who has slept at rest for two years, now in the chancel of Briarford Church, nor from the little brisk mother who sits by her side—whence did they spring, those stately beauties? But no one can explain the mystery, and Elizabeth's mother consoles herself with the resemblance of mind which her daughter bears to various members of the family; and, very proud of her daughter's distinguished looks and singular grace, manages to be content.

Busily knitting a purse at the window is Margaret, a pensive beauty, just touched with sentimentalism. Both these young ladies have had the "fortune to be born older than the

heir, so that Margaret is actually two-and-twenty at this present writing, and Elizabeth full two years older—a state of matters very dreadful in the estimation of wild pretty seventeen-year old Sophy, who lies on the carpet playing with the oldest and shaggiest of greyhounds, a privileged visitor of the drawing-room. There is no mistake about Sophy's sunny eyes and golden hair, her lilies and roses of sweet complexion, and her gay simplicity of heart: her mother has had no difficulty in finding out hosts of kindred whom she resembles, and Sophy is the family darling, the beloved of the house.

The heir has not quite attained his majority. Yonder he sits in his father's chair reading the newspaper, which was his father's oracle, and absorbed with a young man's eagerness in the political news of the day; an impatient start and "pshaw," now and then, tempts one to suspect that Philip Vivian does not quite feel the force of his father's principles; but the dreadful thought has not yet dawned upon his mother, who looks up at him now and then with motherly admiration, thinking, with a smile upon her kind lip, and some unshed tears about her heart, how well he fills his father's place, and what credit he does to his father's name.

Still another member of the family, whose age is half-way between the ages of Philip and of Sophy, has a corner and a writing-table to himself. This son is the least handsome of the whole, though his eyes are finer than Elizabeth's, and his head a nobler head than even that lofty one, clustered all over with rich brown curls, which Philip carries like a young prince. But a great deal of frolic and mischief are lurking in Percy Vivian's eye, and he has a doubtful wavering smile, which is sometimes so very bright and tender, sometimes so scornful, sometimes as pensive and sad as Margaret's. Everybody knows he is very clever, but what more he is nobody does very well know.

Are these all? Still one little personage remains yonder coiled up in a corner, embracing a book; a girl of fourteen, in the angular development peculiar to her age, which may turn

out either ugly or beautiful for anything that can be prophesied. Not such a little personage either,—half a head taller than Aunt Vivian, with long arms, long fingers, long hair, and eyes that shine in fitful brightness—eyes that, shadowed by Zaidee's long eye-lashes, are stars never visible to strangers. Percy says those same eyes are liable to eclipse any day if but a new book arrives, or an old one is discovered; but Zaidee, with her odd name, her odd ways, and her girlish romance, has a supreme contempt for Percy's wickedness. A poor little portionless orphan cousin, heretofore the plaything, now the wonder and favourite of the house, endowed with every nickname into which her own very unusual name can be twisted, indulged in most of

her caprices, laughed at for her romantic fancies, and permitted more of her own way than is perhaps quite good for her, Zaidee, in her character as pet, never comes at all in Sophy's way. Pretty, good, wild, merry Sophy, it is easy to laugh at, to caress, to spoil her—but nobody wonders at her or her devices, and her cousin and she have quite a different standing-ground.

Thus dwelling in old-fashioned comfort, and thus grouped in their bright sitting-room, Mrs. Vivian, as best becomes her, is the first to speak: but as it does not become a lady of Mrs. Vivian's importance to come after so long a monologue of her obscure historian, we will turn another leaf, and transfer to another chapter what Mrs. Vivian says.

CHAPTER II.—A FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

And this is what Mrs. Vivian says—

"I wish you would put down your paper, Philip; I do wish, Percy, you would be done with that perpetual scribbling; and, Elizabeth, just put those accounts aside—lay them in my room; I'll get through them in half the time. Where is Margaret? Come here, all of you, children, and tell me what we are to do when Philip comes of age."

"Oh, mamma, such a dance we could have in the hall," cried Sophy, deserting her shaggy playfellow. Sophy had a true genius for advice, and never failed to be first in a family consultation.

"I should think now a great dinner of our large tenantry," said Percy, "with illuminations in our metropolis of Briarford, and a rustic ball out of doors. Eh, Philip? and the mightiest beer-barrel in the country broached for the occasion, and a holocaust of the great ox—there's a festival for you—like a good old English gentleman. Don't you think so, mother?"

"A rustic ball out of doors?—but then everybody would be blown away; unless, indeed, it could be in mamma's flower-garden," said Sophy, taking the matter into serious but somewhat dismayed consideration; "for Philip's birthday is in November; and I'm sure the heaviest man

in the parish could not dance out a gale there on the lawn;—what do you think, mamma?—and as for a tent, you know,—and they must have a tent to dine in—you couldn't put up such a thing for the wind—mamma, do you hear?"

"Percy, in his capacity of minstrel, singing the birthday ode to the assembled retainers," said the heir; "a great idea, mother; two public events in the family in one day—the advent of a poet, and my coming of age."

"Now, boys, be quiet," said the mother; "nobody looks for good sense from you;—in household matters, Philip, ladies are the only judges; but though you cannot suggest, you may listen and advise. I don't say I have not my own plans; but, girls, speak out—let me hear yours."

"Yes; but what about the tent, mamma, and the ball out of doors?" said Sophy, who was somewhat pertinacious, and never rejected a proposition without a fair discussion of its merits.

"Nonsense, child," cried the brisk old lady. "Now, Elizabeth, what have you to say?"

"Only that I hope you will all make up your minds to something very pleasant, mamma," said the queenly beauty, with the sweetest of gentle voices, and an air that made

her almost childish words quite majestic; "and then you may be sure I will do all I can to carry it out."

It seemed that every one was quite prepared for this speech—that nobody had the slightest expectation of a suggestion from Elizabeth; for, before she finished speaking, her mother had turned to the next in succession on the family roll.

"Oh, I think we could 'do' the hall like what it might be two hundred years ago," cried Margaret, eagerly; "and put John and the maids into those old livery dresses, and go into costume ourselves; and then Philip could sit in the old chair of state, with the old tapestry hangings round him, and receive all the guests, like an old country baron, as our forefathers were; and the great old table, and the silver flagons, mother; and all our ancestral things that nobody ever uses; and then, you know, after dinner we could take off our dresses, and come into the drawing-room and have Mr. Powis to read poetry to us, and as much music as we can muster, and Percy's ode—and so end the evening with an intellectual party like what one reads of. If you would only all make an effort, I am sure we could do it if we tried."

"And have no dance at all;—nothing but songs and stupid verses, and talking of books no one cares about," said the disappointed Sophy. "Don't yield, mamma; oh, don't give up the tent, Percy! I would rather have a game at romps with all the children in Briarford;—an intellectual party!—don't, mamma!"

"I object to going into costume myself," said Philip, laughing. "All very well for you, girls; but you may as well recollect that this should be the beginning of all manner of sobrieties to me."

"Now, mamma, if you would only hear me speak," said Sophy, with a slight air of injury;—"but everybody is always asked before me, as if it was my fault that I am the youngest. I think we should have all the Briarford people up here early—they could come with a procession and music, if they liked; and, if it was not very windy, the band could play upon the lawn; and then they might all come into the house, and have something to

eat, and as much ale as everybody liked—that is to say, not *too* much," said Sophy, correcting herself, "or it would be no pleasure; and cakes, and apples, and oranges for the children, and perhaps some little ribbons, or books, or things to give away. Then, when they were all merry, we could send them home; and I suppose there would have to be somebody to dinner; and then, after that, we could do what Margaret says, and dress up the hall, and as much tapestry and as many old-fashioned things as anybody cares for; and musicians, and a proper great ball. Oh, mamma! where is one to see such a thing, unless it is at home?—and you that went to so many when you were young, and we that never see anything but Briarford and the Grange;—Mamma! don't you hear what I say?"

"If you've all finished," said Mrs. Vivian, quietly, without any special response to this pathetic appeal, "I'll tell you what I've fixed upon myself."

A solemn silence ensued—an extremely brief one; and after this full stop the authoritative tones resumed—

"In the first place, we'll have a party to dinner—a larger party than we have ever had since you remember;—and you can get pen and ink, Elizabeth, and put down the names. In the evening, we'll ask all the young people you know. I won't be so particular as usual, Sophy; everybody that is at all presentable may come; and any decoration that is reasonable I won't object to in the hall; and you can dance as long as you like, or till your company are tired. Somebody can look up an almanac, and see if it will be moonlight for the guests going home. The twenty-fifth of November, Percy; no one need forget the day. Of course, Philip's guardian will stay a few days, and probably have some of his family with him; and your uncle Blundell, and a few old friends, will do the same. You shall choose new dresses for yourselves, girls—the whole of you. Philip can give the Briarford children a feast next day, if he likes; and nobody shall want a glass of ale. So, now I've told you what I mean to do; and if anybody

has any improvement to make, I'll be very glad to hear it now."

"I wonder what's the use," said Sophy, half indignantly; "I do wonder what's the use of asking people, when mamma has made up her mind all the while!"

"And I wonder, for my part," said Percy, "how, after all our valuable suggestions, my mother should hit on so commonplace a plan, which any one might have foreseen from the first: and still more do I wonder how my mother can pretend to have consulted everybody, when yonder lies X, Y, Z, coiled in her corner, and not a word of wisdom required from her."

"Oh, Zaidee! she would like something picturesque as much as I would," said Margaret.

And there immediately rose a chorus of calls—"Zed! Zed!" from Philip, an impatient "Zay!" from Sophy, and the soft, quick "Zaidee, child!" distinct and authoritative, which came from the head of the house.

Zaidee's ears were as quick as a savage's—buried in her book as she seemed: those delicate organs had caught the first breath of Percy's allusion, and perfectly apprehended all that followed. Now she put down her book very swiftly and silently, and coming forward, stole into her place, by the shaggy side of Sermonicus—called Sermo "for short," and famed as the wisest and gravest hound between the Mersey and the Dee. Sermo sat, very silent and deliberative, sweeping with his shaggy forelocks the footstool of his mistress, and between the ashy fawn colour of Sermo's profile, and the white marble of the mantelpiece, Zaidee interposed her kneeling person—long, lithe, and slender. The strange quick changes of attitude into which Zaidee threw this elastic figure of hers were the wonder of every observer; in the mean time, Zaidee knelt by the fireside in perfect stillness;—her dark hair, her plain, dark, girlish dress, and complexion not recovered from a summer's browning, standing out clear against the marble; while herself waited to be interrogated, and hear the cause of her summons, in breathless restrained impatience to return to her book.

"Zaidee Vivian, laggard and last in all the alphabets," said Percy, solemnly; "your vote and advice are required in a family council. True, my mother's mind is made up already; nevertheless, the moment of deliberation is not yet over, and now is your latest time."

"We are all about agreed, Zay," interposed Sophy. "We are to have a ball at night, and a dinner party. I don't mind that so much, considering what comes after—and we're all to have new dresses—so I don't see that there's anything to consult about now; for Percy's tent, you know, on the twenty-fifth of November, and on our lawn, the windiest hill in Cheshire! was quite impossible; and a feast next day to all the children, and the hall as fine as we can make it: I think mamma is the best planner, after all; and there's nothing more to say."

"Zaidee, you're to tell me what you think we should have on Philip's birthday, when he comes of age," said Mrs. Vivian—"that's the question—never mind what Sophy says."

"Philip's birthday? Oh, I know what I should like," cried Zaidee eagerly, twining her long fingers into Sermo's shaggy locks: "but it is no good trying, Aunt Vivian, not the least; I could not do it, you know."

"Couldn't do what, child?"

A great flush of violent colour overspread poor Zaidee's cheeks. The warm blood seemed to press, throbbing and swelling, under the thin and transparent texture which still owned the sunburning. "If I could only make anything, or find anything—no, finding would not do—if I only *had* anything in the world that would please Philip on his birthday!"

Philip bent forward to hear the words so rapid and hurried in their delivery. "Zed! what a foolish child!" cried the heir, with a little moisture in his eyes. Mrs. Vivian said nothing. She only put her little white hand on Zaidee's dark hair, to smoothe down those locks which, to tell the truth, were seldom out of need of smoothing,—and stretching over Sermo for this purpose, rested her arm on Sermo's patriarchal and most reverend head.

"Oh, we'll all have our presents—no fear. Zaidee, you can make some-

thing too," said her cousin Margaret; "but now, mamma, if you don't object, we may as well have tea and lights, since I think we may just as well be doing something as losing time talking, when there is so much to do!"

The bell was rung—one strayed to the window, another to the library, a third to search for the pretty young lady "materials," which were only to be found in the young lady's room; while Zaidee stole back to the volume which kept her place in her corner, pondering an impossible something to be achieved for Philip. Philip,

with so many sisters, had so little need of anything of feminine manufacture; and to tell the truth, Zaidee's taste and ingenuity were still very imperfectly developed. Philip, too, was heir and master of all—it would only be taking of his own to give to him; and Zaidee had not a private possession belonging to herself in all the world, save a little quaint old gold chain, a sort of necklace, quite useless to Philip, which had once been her unknown foreign mother's; and her father's Bible, an old worn volume, not at all adapted for a present. What could Zaidee do?

CHAPTER III.—THE FAMILY.

The Vivians of the Uplands were an ancient county family, well reputed, and of a stately, long ancestral line. At their culmination, some few hundred years ago, the family headquarters had been Castle Vivian, a great baronial residence in a richer district of the same county, and the Grange only a jointure house. Indistinct adumbrations of title were in the family annals, and their race had known many a gallant knight; but descended to the more modest standing ground of rural squires, and denuded of much of their original possessions, age after age had taken from the pretensions of the masters of the Grange. One thing neither reduced grandeur nor impoverished means could take from them—the pride and glory of being indisputable heads of the house. True, it was a Sir Francis Vivian who now held sway in the great old castle of the race; but Mrs. Vivian found no difficulty in pointing out to you the secondary and obscure branch from which this rich cousin sprang—a "scion of the family"—whereas Philip Vivian, Esq., of the Grange, who might with all ease be the grandson of Sir Francis, was its distinct and indivisible head.

The late Squire Percy, in whose memory Mrs. Vivian wore her widow's cap, and for whom all the parish had wept when they carried him for the first time in silence, and with no kindly greetings, to Briarford, belonged to the antique class of country gentlemen; innocent of literature,

timid of enterprise, bucklered in impenetrable mail of warm human loves and hatreds, prejudices and kindnesses. In his day everything went on after the antique style in the limited domains of Briarford; small farms, small fields, small profits with little risk, and still less hope, filled the squire's contented life; his wife's fortune and his own savings—no great item this last—lay snugly in "the bank," which Squire Percy trusted next to the constitution. To embark this little capital upon new-fashioned implements, drainings or levellings; to sink these assured good monies of the realm in Cheshire clay, in the vain expectation of replacing with golden grain this damp and sodden grass, seemed little better than insanity to the squire. He would make no such unhallowed venture. The soil produced what its Maker intended it to produce, said Squire Percy—rushy grass, rugged hedgerows, wonderful crops of flowering gorse and heather, Cheshire cheese and butter, and a thin residuum of milk. Did modern agriculture, with all its pretensions to science, know better than ancient Providence, the sole superintendent for centuries of these wet levels of pasture? And as no one tried to answer this overwhelming question, Squire Percy went on triumphantly upon his old-world way, and scouted improvements with all the proverbial warmth of the true John Bull and Englishman, which the unanimous county proclaimed him to be.

Squire Percy was his father's lawful successor, heir, and eldest son; but the "ould Squire," a name spoken in the district with somewhat similar feelings to those which animate the world in general on pronouncing familiar abbreviations of another name to which is always affixed the same adjective, had been much disposed on various occasions, as rumour and family tradition went, to disinherit his most uncongenial and unbeloved heir. "Th' ould Squire" was still the familiar demon of the scared peasant imagination of Briarford, and many a child awoke with a cold shudder, or ran trembling along the lanes at night, in dread of the visionary enemy who bore this name. Stories of him were current everywhere, and, told on dreary nights when the winds were louder than their wont, and the trees were tossing wildly in the stormy moonlight round the exposed and out-standing Grange, which every villager could see from his cottage door; there was something very eerie and ghostly in these tales, the more especially as they were not tales of ordinary license or riot—the vulgar vices to which the vulgar mind is indulgent—but of fierce ungovernable passions—wild furious hates and frenzies, which awed and oppressed as much as they horrified the common understanding. Rage, that brought temporary madness upon the unhappy old man, who drove children and friends far from his fierce old age, and held the attendants, bribed by high wages to remain with him, in terror for their very lives, with pride so haughty, and resentments so bitter, that to oppose his capricious will in the slightest particular was like provoking a remorseless fate. How Squire Percy managed to succeed so peaceably to the ancestral lands at last, no one of his humble neighbours very well knew; but everybody knew and rejoiced in the unspeakable ease and freedom of the new reign—and Squire Percy, who would have been popular anywhere, became doubly popular in the perpetual contrast instituted between himself and "th' ould Squire."

"Th' ould Squire" had but one other son, a gay young scapegrace, who wandered from the Grange at

nineteen and never returned more. People said he went abroad, and became a great traveller, that he even wrote books, and was in his day a famous man; but all that was certain of his history was, that he married a foreign lady and never came home. Some bits of wonderful embroidery in gold and silver and coloured silks were sometimes shown at the Grange, said to be sent home, pretty offerings of wistful kindness from young Frank's foreign wife; but nobody knew anything of young Frank during his father's lifetime, nor until many years after Squire Percy's peaceful accession, when foreign letters came to the Grange, black-sealed and bordered, on receipt of which good Squire Percy mournfully went upon a journey, from which he returned, bringing home with him a very little, mournful, wistful, wondering child. Then it was told that Frank had died abroad; that his poor broken-hearted wife had travelled to England to bring her child to her father's friends, but that not even Squire Percy's brotherly warmth and sympathy could keep the sad widow from sinking. She, too, was dead; and the poor little maiden, who never cried and seldom spoke, but looked such a strange small monumental image of childish grief and solitude, was alone in the world.

This was *Zaidee Vivian*, now fourteen years old; a quick-growing, strange, out-of-the-way girl, whom everybody wondered at. Nothing like her startling alertness of motion, her perfectly simple and unconscious abstraction of mind and manners, her quick, keen, vivid perceptions, and those wild visionary moods which were still so entirely sincere and girlish—the unrestrained imagination which people called romantic—were known within the horizon of Briarford. Her very name was a wonder; no one had ever heard it before, and *Zaidee* herself was half-ashamed and half-proud of the outlandish syllables; not much wonder that all the parish set her down as the oddest and least comprehensible of young ladies. Not a known relative in all the world had *Zaidee* out of the walls of the Grange. Her world and absolute boundary was this one family, and their warm and

kindly home. "Zaidee would never do to go among strangers, her heart is so tender, her feelings so keen," said lively little Mrs. Vivian, who has been so good to the desolate motherless child, whose loneliness touched her heart. Going among strangers is a horror and dismay which has never presented itself to the thoughts of Zaidee, who lives a very independent life much after her own pleasure, and has hitherto escaped many afflictions common to "properly educated" girls. Zaidee could not play you a bar of music for all Briarford. Zaidee's shy voice durst not hear itself singing save in the most obscure recesses of her own private retirement. If Zaidee is able to dance at all at this famous ball, over which Sophy grows wild, the instruction has been acquired most involuntarily by the sheer exercise of Sophy's superior strength; and though Margaret can produce extraordinary landscapes, and Elizabeth has a natural taste for pretty groups of flowers, and paints

them very well, Zaidee, armed with a school-room rule and cramping her fingers horribly, has never yet succeeded in making a tolerable straight line in the manuscript book where she sometimes copies her favourite bits of verse. Even the very handwriting of these extracts is no better than it should be—poor Zaidee cannot boast a single morsel of accomplishment. To run through a new book, every line of it, before a soberer reader has got over the preface—to have a general knowledge of every volume in the library, barring the facts contained in the same, and to be capable of any amount of reading, however constant or long-continued—if these are tokens of intellectual aptitude, Zaidee Vivian has them all, but of ordinary education nothing more; and such is the strange, fanciful, abstracted girl, who taxes her wild imagination with vain efforts to think of something which shall please Philip on his one-and-twentieth birthday.

CHAPTER IV.—ZAIDEE'S CHAMBER.

Like the nests of quaint little drawers in an old bureau, up steps and down steps, and piercing into all manners of odd corners, are the bed-chambers of the Grange. True, there are a few solemn great ones, in the most sheltered end of the house, but these are kept for company and solemn occasions, and it is through a thickly populated quarter, intersected with multitudinous narrow passages and morsels of stair, and quaint out-of-the-way windows, that, if you have any right to go there, you must seek the chamber of Zaidee. Still more like the internal arrangements of a bureau, with concave roofs and glimmering oaken panels full of reflections from two or three cross lights, are these rooms in the interior—and not all the snowy draperies and pretty decorations, proper to the bower of young ladies, can make the apartments of even Elizabeth and Margaret like anything but the little hiding-places, cosy and shining, which they are. Sophy's room is a miracle of good order and tidiness; for Sophy is the most active and brisk little

woman in the world, with the truest Saxon horror of litter; but opening out of Sophy's room, a little elf-like cavern, with a small rounded window—a slender tall bed, extremely narrow and very long, a ghostly great old chair of faded velvet, richly embroidered, a single small shelf hung against the wall, a square of ancient fringed carpet spread upon the floor and leaving a polished margin, a strange dark eldritch old looking-glass with transverse lines in it, which seem to blink and twinkle upon you, merry-eyed, with the truest satisfaction in those grotesque distortions they make of everything reflected by them—is the special retirement, study, and sleeping-chamber of Zaidee Vivian.

The round window needs no curtains, for nothing but a bird on the wing could look in upon the maiden meditations of Zaidee in this far-away enclosure. Instead of pretty draperies, however, there shine between these thick stone mullions some fragments of old stained glass; neither Zaidee nor any one else can interpret

the mystic signs which fall in rich hues of red and purple upon the snowy coverlet and faded carpet when the sun shines into Zaidee's room; nor could the wisest of antiquaries make much of these little patches of heraldry, features of griffins and plumes of parti-coloured eagles unceremoniously wedded together. Though the Vicar might be somewhat shocked to know a monogram of Mary, or a chipped and disfigured crucifix, among these remnants of the ancient art, such things do not disturb the mind of Zaidee Vivian. A hundred dreams of hers are woven about the vermilion and the azure of her panes of coloured glass, but the wild significations which the fanciful girl assigns to them are as far as entire ignorance can be from the meaning that they bear in fact—if fact or meaning have not evaporated from them many a year ago, as comprehension and intelligence have assuredly done.

Outside this turreted pinnacle is the stormiest spot in all the Grange; and Zaidee, looking out through her uncoloured panes, has such a world of shifting clouds to watch and ponder as never dreaming girl possessed before. If there is little either beautiful or grand in the scenery about, as is very certain, it is wonderful the perpetual charm and interest of this great domain of sky. The wild freedom of so great a stretch of atmosphere, the tumultuous masses of vapour tossing upon that clear and luminous arch above, and the perpetual turmoil of the winds, give character to everything here. These very ribs of rock in Briarford Hill, the dark colour and solitary looks of the houses, each of them holding its garments about it, and standing firm, as if a sudden gust or a moment of incaution might carry it away; the gnarled, defiant, and resisting trees, with their foliage always blown towards a point, like travellers caught in a storm: and those delicious harbours of shelter under high overhanging banks or in deep lanes, where you can hear the wind rushing overhead while not a blade of grass is stirred below—all alike evidence the atmospheric influences prevailing in this corner of English soil. And no one unac-

quainted with them can tell the peculiar delight of this wild windy weather and exposed district, its flush of spirit, of resistance and exhilaration, or the interest of its ceaseless changes. Those fierce buffets of wind, those stormy flashes of rain, those glimmering vicissitudes of light and shadow passing over the whole breadth of country like some giant's breath upon a fairy mirror—if nature looks her homeliest in this quarter, her struggling life and energy make amends; and not the sweetest of landscapes could charm the wild imagination of Zaidee Vivian like this windswept level country—this great waste and wilderness of cloudy firmament, and the low-lying, fierce, and warlike hill.

The masonry of the Grange is wisely adapted to its climate; and however wild the tumult without, Mrs. Vivian has well ascertained that no fugitive draught can enter within to wither her home flowers, so that Zaidee's treasures are in perfect safety here, established upon the low sill of the window, which forms a deep small round recess, and is lined with polished oak. These treasures are, first, the worn Bible which once belonged to Zaidee's father—a homely well-used volume—written over in its fly-leaves with mysterious Greek characters, which Zaidee many a day dreams over and would give the world to understand; and, in the second place, a small box bound with decayed gilding and once rich in ornament, which Zaidee calls a casket. It has been some kind of jewel-case in its day, and now it contains the sole valuable in Zaidee Vivian's repositories—the strange little gold chain, just long enough to circle her throat, which her aunt says she must soon begin to wear now, a mark of her maturing age and coming womanhood. Nothing else lies within this treasured and sacred casket—too honourable a place for common trinkets—nothing else except a book, or Zaidee's leaning arms as she bends over the same, ever shares with the casket and the Bible this polished window-sill; but Zaidee, with a whole day's work and a bit of an ancient hanging, has manufactured for herself a cushion, which lies upon the floor immediately under

the window, and on which it is Zaidee's own use and wont to lie in all her stolen readings, half kneeling, half reclining, with her book upon the window-ledge.

It is here the morning light finds Zaidee Vivian kneeling in her simple girlish prayers, all unwitting of the red mark of the cross, broken and indistinct, which the early sunshine throws on her brow. There is no cross, emblem of agony, of struggle and hope, and might that cannot die, in all the line of Zaidee's life, or the prospect of Zaidee's fortune. Humble enough these fortunes may come to be by-and-by, but, warm in the heart of so loving a household, the orphan knows no fear. Yet strangely it falls

upon her young forehead morning and evening; strangely it reddens over her in the light of noon, and wanes into pearly colour with the twilight. The sign of salvation—yes—the type of love invincible, and sacrifice divine—but no less the badge of all human self-denials and agonies, the mark of suffering and sorrow upon a mortal brow.

This is Zaidee's room—where there is not a curve or corner, not a line of panel, or a fold of curtain, which is not peopled with Zaidee's fancies. However much of her may go down stairs into the family occupations or apartments, Zaidee's heart stays in this quaint little solitude—it is the scene of her visionary life.

CHAPTER V.—Zaidee's Friends.

Perhaps the dearest intimate of Zaidee's life is Sermo, Squire Percy's favourite hound. Sermo has known more than one name in his day, and had no better an appellation in his youth than any other of his sporting race, a common huntsman and no more. But growing age, which gave to Sermo his wise and reverend face, conferred upon him a more becoming name. "Ne'er was such a dog, Squire.—I say 'tis as good as a sermon any day but to look at him," said Squire Percy's groom to his master. Squire Percy was a pleasant man, and loved a jest, so he carried this saying to his household circle, where Elizabeth, Margaret, and Philip were half-grown youngsters, and little Percy an imp of a boy. It was not quite certain which of this merry youthful party was the godfather or godmother of Sermonicus, but it was sufficiently certain that, in the dignified flow of these longer syllables, the common name of Rover was lost from that day, and a double favourite henceforward was the patriarch of the kennel, whom all his youthful friends were calling all day long to acquaint him with his change of name. When the Squire died, a kindlier affection still came to poor Sermo; the drawing-room, where his very entry was an unwarranted and guilty intrusion of old, became free soil to the faithful *stainer of the father dead*. His mis-

tress's very footstool pillowed Sermo's sententious face, and nobody could find anything in those grave decorous manners of his to call for exclusion, after the softening sentiment of grief had given him admittance. The days of mourning for Squire Percy were over, and the household heart had sprung again into the returning light-someness of nature and youth, but the drawing-room was still free to Sermonicus, and still he sat with stately gravity by the side of his mistress, or looked up with his vigilant and serious eye from his rest by her footstool, holding in the very sanctuary of household authority an unreprieved and dignified place.

But of all his friends none were so close and loving as Zaidee, whose affection for her good uncle seemed all to have flowed in as an increase to the private tenderness which all her life she had cherished towards Sermo. Sermo's stately pace of sobriety alone had ever been known to tempt Zaidee into quiet regularity of walking. Sermo stalked by Zaidee's side, through hall and passage, and faced the blast with her, unwilling but resigned, sniffing it resentfully with his disdainful nostril when Zaidee would go forth into a dusky twilight for the sole pleasure of feeling in her face the wild familiar wind. Sermo sat upright by Zaidee's side when she brought an ancient volume from the library, fix-

ing upon it thoughtfully his wise un-winking eyes; but Sermo was a dog of discretion, and disliked the damp odour of new printing and uncut pages. When his young friend possessed herself of the contents of the library-box, which came at long periodical intervals from very London, to the admiration of all the country round, Sermo, with dignified contempt, withdrew himself to Mrs. Vivian's footstool. So trifling a study as that of modern literature was beneath the attention of the solemn faculties of Sermonicus—it was almost the only occupation which Zaidee pursued alone.

The stout, common, everyday affection, which is your strongest texture for constant wear, the house-love which is not critical, nor thinks it has any call to criticise, which neither doubts the tenderness of others nor its own, was the common family-bond of this little company of kindred. Gratitude and helplessness gave it a greater delicacy with Zaidee than with any of the others; but the girl was so warmly cherished, and so thoroughly received among them, that she scarcely did know in reality how much ground for gratitude she had. A most admiring and devoted younger sister to Philip, whom she thought the very type of manliness, and full of the tenderest enthusiasm for Elizabeth in her stately beauty and majestic simpleness, of respect for Margaret in her pensive moods, Zaidee loved Sophy very dearly too, and was provoked with reasonable good-humour by Percy's pranks, as sisters are wont to be by wicked brothers. They were her own, every one of them, yet nobody in the Grange was Zaidee's chosen and confidential friend.

It was very hard, indeed, to find any properly qualified candidate for this office. It was much the easiest plan to fill it with some imaginary Blanche or Gertrude, pale, graceful, refined, and sympathetic. Yet Zaidee kept her eyes open, prompt to discover any proper living representative of her ideal friend. It was an astonishing mental faculty in its way, Zaidee's power of observation. From under the covert of her book, and with a mind really occupied with that in the first instance, not a scrap of any-

thing important or interesting in the conversation then in progress escaped Zaidee. She read with all her might too, but she could not close up all the other channels of information—could not dull her quick senses, or deaden her natural aptitude; and a very wonderful thing it was to Sophy to find how little of the news of the household needed to be repeated to one who was never seen listening on its first discussion. "I am quite sure, if I cared about a book, I should never hear a word any one said," was the wondering remark of Sophy; "and I am sure I would never waste my time over a book I did not care about; yet Zay knows what she reads, and knows what we are saying at the same moment. I can't tell how she does it, for my part; I can only do one thing at a time!"

But, notwithstanding the wonder of Sophy, Zaidee continued to read and to hear, and, still more strange, to see, simultaneously. There was a tolerable amount of visitors at the Grange, considering its lonely situation. Behind the hill, towards the richer side of the country, wore various families of sufficient note to be on familiar terms with the Vivians. Nobody much noticed Zaidee in her corner. Zaidee read on undisturbed—unconsciously noticing everybody; but there was not a Gertrude nor a Blanche among all these Cheshire young ladies, nor a chance of one, so far as Zaidee could perceive.

About this time it happened that the curate of Briarford married a wife—an event which, humble as the individuals were, was by no means uninteresting to the ladies of the Grange. The reverend vicar was fat, and scant of breath—scarcely to be calculated upon for the simplest tea-drinking, and very much afraid of the steep road to the Grange; and Mr. Green, first acknowledged to be a very good young man, having turned out of late an extremely sensible one, universal consent declared his wife a person to be paid some attention to, and received on a neighbourly footing, if that were possible. Everybody but Zaidee, whose opinion no one thought of asking, was dismayed to find Mr. Green's wife turn out a very tall, very young lady, in fair ringlets and

white muslin, lately out of the school-room, very pensive and sentimental; an eager borrower of novels, a fluent quoter of poetry, and most keen in the discussion of all the fabulous histories, and all the romantic personages she could hear of, far or near. Mrs. Vivian could not win her to that urgent oversight to the parish old women, which Mrs. Vivian thought necessary; and Sophy could not tempt the languishing young heroine to plead for holidays and indulgences, or to join in secret projects for the delight and astonishment of Briarford school. Mrs. Green did not happen to chime in harmoniously with the peculiar tone of Margaret, the only one of the family tastes similar to her own; so Mrs. Green was very generally given up in the Grange, with only the reservation in her favour that there surely must be something good in her, or her sensible husband would never have made such a choice; "but men," said Mrs. Vivian, sententiously—"men, it must be confessed, when women are concerned, are often such fools!"

To the general astonishment, however, when everybody else relinquished her, Zaidee adopted Mrs. Green—Mrs. Green's name was Angelina—most, unfortunate of designations. Her poor good husband, who was only John, threw all the blame of all her weaknesses on this celestial name, and would have called her

Sarah with good will; but not so Zaidee Vivian. Then, Mrs. Green took the warmest interest in all romantic and imaginary persons, and could "say" any amount of verses; the said verses having so much effect, at least upon the reciter, as to bring moisture to her pale blue eyes. With these conspiring circumstances to recommend her, Zaidee received into her special favour the curate's wife; and though she had yet poured out but few of her own private musings into the willing ear of her confidante, and found an unaccountable difficulty in doing this, yet still her confidante, chosen and elected, Angelina was. Her being married was a drawback, certainly, and a still more annoying suspicion of her being silly had just darted across Zaidee's mind; but Zaidee had an infinite deal of glamour in her girlish eyes, and could so easily exalt and idealise—it was the age of "sweetness in the bud and glory in the flower" to Zaidee, and who was to profit by the "vision splendid" if it was not her selected friend?

Perhaps neither of the individuals would have felt particularly flattered by their close conjunction; yet it was nevertheless true that Sermo and Angelina, with an attendant retinue of select old women from amongst Aunt Vivian's beadroll—old women who could tell stories—were Zaidee's most beloved friends.

CHAPTER VI.—ELIZABETH.

"Philip does not know what Colonel Morton is to do here for some days, as my mother tells us; neither do I, Lizzy;—It must be something about you."

"Indeed, Percy, my mother has said nothing to me," said the soft liquid voice of Elizabeth.

"And the Captain? Does he say nothing?" inquired Percy, with a little impatience.

"Nothing, Percy." A soft tranquil blush coloured Elizabeth's face—she was not discomposed in the slightest degree, but the pure blood came to her cheek in maidenly acknowledgment of her affianced bridegroom's name.

"I would not let them treat me like a child, Lizzy, if I were you!"

"I can trust them," said the sweet answering voice, in such tones as subdued the boyish impatience of Percy. The youth turned away with a youth's affectionate enthusiasm, and a youth's quick but no less affectionate anger. "My beautiful sister!" muttered Percy, "not one of them knows how good she is,—and we'll all put our hands to it to throw Lizzy away!"

You would have thought the familiar abbreviation sacrilege had you seen the queen-like figure so simple and yet so majestic, which, leaving the young brother in the little paved fore-

court, which lay between the house and the mount, was now re-entering the open doorway of the Grange; for few who looked upon her lofty beauty could realise the character of Elizabeth Vivian, so full of sweet unconscious humility and child-like simpleness. This perfect unpretending and even unintellectual simplicity of hers, made her, by some strange magic, half sublime. Straightforward, and sincere, and innocent, Elizabeth made no investigations into the unknown, but stood on the clear ground of things obvious and actual, and on the daylight level of ordinary soberness and truth. She was not clever; perhaps this very fact helped her to the half adoration with which her brothers regarded her—but foolish she could never be.

Elizabeth read nothing but the Bible, which she loved to read, and sundry good books, which she did not love, but thought it right to study. This was the whole extent of her attainments in literature, unless the household receipt-book, or the young-lady volumes of patterns for "fancy" work, could be numbered among the miscellanies of literature. Two or three little feminine accomplishments she was exquisite in. She painted flowers with the sweetest natural grace and simplicity, arranged them with faultless taste, and did everything well which could be done with a needle. Besides these, there was no one fulfilled all the everyday household offices with so perfect a natural propriety. Elizabeth thought nothing beneath her, and dignified everything with that wonderful queenly grace of hers which everybody was aware of but herself. Herself was aware of it with the slightest possible shade of annoyance. She laughed her low musical laugh, while she complained of being so tall, so solemn, so incapable of those light half-invisible movements by which her lively little mother kept all the household on the alert; but perhaps nothing did more contribute to the perfectly supreme and undisputed tenderness with which all the house regarded Elizabeth—respectful, yet protecting—as the contrast between her perfect simplicity of humble mind and manners, and her imperial per-

son—it gave her every action a singular charm.

The guardian whom Squire Percy had associated with their mother in the charge of the family interests, was an old friend of the house, an invalided Indian officer, rich and of good repute. Colonel Morton had a son only a few years older than Elizabeth Vivian, no great match, as everybody said, but a very suitable one. Bernard was clever, while Elizabeth was not, but for the rest, all the advantage was on the lady's side; and Elizabeth's home admirers could not comprehend what she, so beautiful as they all thought her, could find attractive in the very plain dark man, mustached and sun-browned, whom their guardian presented to them, after many years' absence, as "my son," and all the retainers of the Morton family proudly hailed as Captain Bernard. True, he turned out a very agreeable man—well read, well bred, well informed. At first sight, these did not seem the qualities to secure the heart of Elizabeth;—yet, whatever his means of wooing were, a successful wooer Captain Bernard Morton proved to be.

"She who might have made the greatest match of any young lady in the county; she who only needed to be seen!" cried the indignant Mrs. Blundell, Elizabeth's aunt. Elizabeth smiled and blushed and shook her head, but made no other answer. If anything did ever dismay the composed and tranquil spirit of Elizabeth Vivian, it was this "being seen." Admiration ruffled her calm, unless it was household admiration, which she liked well enough, setting it all down to the score of love and kindness; but to be seen! to be looked at like a picture or a statue!—almost Elizabeth was angry; and with a sweeter content she turned to the dark face of Bernard Morton, to the unassuming lot she had chosen, and the womanly life of home.

At the same time it was just possible that there might be a little truth at the bottom of Percy's boyish impatience and jealousy for his sister. She who made no exactions, perhaps, did not fare quite so well as if she had been more self-asserting. It was just possible that her betrothed and

his father calculated a little too much upon the easy acquiescence of Elizabeth. A slight cloud of pain crossed her forehead. "I should be sorry to think Bernard could feel so," was the thought that passed through her mind;—"and I to say I can trust them, and yet doubt like this." So Elizabeth set down the momentary pang as a fault of her own—much the most satisfactory plan of getting rid of it—a plan which she constantly adopted—and came down to breakfast, after half an hour's retirement, with her most tranquil looks and most composed heart.

But Elizabeth was doomed to some agitation that morning. On the breakfast-table lay a letter from Bernard, urgently begging for the appointment of their marriage-day. This had been often postponed already, and the bridegroom was impatient. Why not have it when Philip came of age? Why not take advantage of one joyful opportunity to make another?

Surely they had known each other sufficiently long to obviate all scruples; why not yield this point to him?—and Captain Bernard urged his long affection, his impatient patience, his general profound submission to her wishes in all matters hitherto. "I did not know, really, I had had my own way so often," said Elizabeth, puzzled, but undoubting, as by-and-by she discussed this matter with her mother. "It must be one time or another, my love," was Mrs. Vivian's response; "and I don't see what good it is putting off the day;—you had better give way!"

So Elizabeth, with her usual gentleness, dropped the discussion. She did give way as was her wont; and it became known in the household that Philip's coming of age and Elizabeth's marriage should take place within the same eventful week. A whole lifetime of excitement and festivity, as Sophy thought, crowded within the little range of one seven days.

EDUCATION OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.

THE infallible symptom of newspaper correspondence has shown how energetically have been working the newly-excited military anxieties of the great public. A good deal has been in this way adduced, contrary to the grain of national complacency, and calculated to argue the existence of a disposition to find fault unscrupulously. This is not altogether a pleasing manifestation, but at least it is calculated to authorise the hope that we know the worst of our predicament, and that not much undiscovered evil can lurk behind. The amount of criticism, lately bestowed on our army statistics, might really seem almost to justify this hope with respect to our military arrangements.

But what has all the talk been about? We have had an abundant showing-up of weak points, and truly are in evil case if many more faults of arrangement beset us than those which have been already routed out. Yet it is remarkable that the national mind seems to have been given entirely to the *matériel*, and not to the *personnel* of war. Our wide-awake correspondents have been stumbling over the equipment of the men, or the misdoings of Mr. Commissary-General So-and-so, or the medical arrangements, as undoubtedly in all of these departments there was a fine field for indignation. Yet no one seems to have had the slightest misgivings as to the *men* themselves; or to have suggested the inquiry whether we have been doing what we ought, to have men ready to take their places in the field as representatives of British Force. Taking it for granted that the country will always afford a sufficient supply to make up the *brutum pondus* of an army, what is the state of the case with regard to the officers? Are they to be found ready-made on demand? Clearly the public impression has been to the effect that they are so to be found, since no one seems to have doubted that persons would be ready to use the means for whose supply they have been so clamorous.

It is not difficult to assume the judgment of a wise man on this subject.

He will see that the great difficulty of military supply is in truth with respect to officers, and that on them mainly must depend the effect of all national effort in the way of military organisation. Recent events may, on the first blush, appear to afford an inference tending the other way—tending, that is, to show that we may dispense with excellence in officers, provided the men be sufficiently pugnacious and subordinate. The test, however, to which the Turkish armies have been brought, has been of very imperfect character, save in the one respect of their personal bravery. Their operations in Europe have been of confined extent, and of a character peculiarly suited to their genius. They have been leavened by a considerable intermixture of foreign officers, and supported by the near presence of their mighty allies. Above all, they have been commanded in chief by Omer Pasha. But what is the argument derivable from the campaign in Asia? Or could we have a clearer proof of the worthlessness of any mere numerical force, unless properly officered, than we derive from the spectacle of their continuous defeats?

It is too much to say that good officers will raise an army out of any kind of rabble. We might, perhaps, have thought so, but for the late failure with regard to those vagabonds the Bashi-Bazouks. They have made it clear that bodies of men may be so demoralised as to be unsusceptible of training, at least on the first intention. But this we say, that, up to the failure of Beatson and Yussuff, the stream of testimony went to show that there was no limit to a good trainer's power of adaptation. Our own Indian army is a standing proof that a force may hold together and act most efficiently in the field, though to a great extent recruited from alien races. When we bring the case home to ourselves, and speak of British armies, we are justified in the roundest assertion of their capability. We may affirm that here, if anywhere, is to be found the stuff whereof soldiers are

made, and that, if the finished article does not work well, it must be because of defective treatment. It is not enough to take friend Wart, and place a caliver in his hand and bid him "traverse." He will require a great deal more care and training than this before one can be content to march through Coventry with him. The day of actual battle comes only as the climax of performances required at his hands, and frequently as a positive relief from a long series of foregone endurances. He has to acquire habits of obedience and patience, and must be made to imbibe that *esprit de corps* which can be engrafted only on the consciousness that the body to which he belongs is held together by a worthy principle. Something there must be in him of patriotism, and something of unselfishness. The moral principle within the man must be developed in some strength, before he can be relied on as strong to endure the trials of monotonous encampings, or of such epidemic visitations as Varna and the Dobrudscha have lately witnessed. These are requirements far beyond the ordinary dreams of the class of men among whom the recruiting sergeant plies his vocation. It were indeed too much to say that this high tone of moral cultivation characterises the mass of any army under the sun. All that we can hope for is, that a certain number of individuals may be modelled after this sort, and so the whole body be brought, to a certain extent, under the constraining influence of good example. It is at least a field in which example has its most powerful opportunity.

And is it of this stamp that we can declare the rollicking young men to be who are the most likely to take the shilling, and follow the drums and fifes? Making every allowance for the numbers of those who are considerably and conscientiously led to enlist, must we not allow that a large proportion of recruits consists of those whom a harum-scarum disposition, to say the least of it, has led to that consummation? If it may be asserted—as in good truth it may—that, of any large number of persons grouped together, the majority will be those *in whom the moral principle has not*

been duly exercised, what shall we say of those now under consideration? It is no longer a question of persons maintaining a fair appearance. The prodigal who could not bear even a father's rule; the young gentleman broken down in his teens, because he could not use the blessings of his station with the least dash of discretion; even honest Hodge the ploughboy, who has no idea in particular of anything, and only knows that he 'listed because somehow the sergeant talked him over,—what shall we say of them, and of any body of which they are largely constituents? Whatever we may think of their moral *capacities*, we must at least allow that the good within them is latent, and decidedly in need of being acted on by influences from without.

There is but one class of persons in the position effectually to afford these influences—that is to say, the regimental officer. It would be difficult to imagine any relative position more thoroughly calculated to invest with the attributes of moral command. As a fact, it can scarcely be denied that the different regiments in the service do largely borrow their moral tone from that of the officers. Some of these regiments there may be, where comparatively little pains are taken to act on the men's consciences for better or for worse; and, according to the pains taken, we may suppose the observable result to be. But where the officers keep at the greatest permitted distance, there will still be many occasions when they must needs come before the observation of the men, as affording practical illustration of the mode in which they meet the moral requisitions of their position. It is not likely that they will be so observed without finding imitators. But, happily, there are regiments where the officers are fully alive to the depth of their responsibilities, and expressly endeavour to act on the consciences of the men. These regiments enable us to judge how great is the effect to be produced by those who, starting with the prestige of rank and education, make it plain by their line of conduct, that they are followers of a principle of good. Numerous are the private soldiers and con-commissioned officers who have

been thus taught practically what they could never be brought to know in any other way. Take the men as a body, it must be avowed that they are decidedly practical in their notions. Be they good, bad, or indifferent personally, they can at least understand the presentment of good, when demonstrably set before them. A Boanerges may preach himself hoarse without affecting their stolid inaccessibility to theoretical appeals. But once get the length of setting excellence practically before them—show them a comrade really acting in recognition of the dignity of our common nature, and you may spare yourself the trouble of speaking. They will for themselves draw the moral, and make the application; and anon you shall see attempts, lame, perhaps, but sincere, at imitation. This tendency to act by example on the men may be taken as one of the best features of our system. We steer clear of the absurdity of selecting officers exclusively from the class of nobles, and so bringing men to act together regimentally, on different sides of an impassable barrier. Neither do we encourage the advances of the *οἱ πολλοί* to the distinction of military rank—in deference to the old adage that “familiarity breeds contempt.” Our officers are, in the long run, simply gentlemen, having community of feelings and interests with the men, and (army rank out of the question) resting their claims to respect on a real superiority. They have thus necessarily an immense power to begin with, and it is only by the most culpable conduct on their part that this influence can be lost.

Happily it would not be difficult to designate instances in which this moral responsibility has been recognised, and where the most excellent effects have, in consequence, been made apparent. Our hope is, that, in spite of all defects, the entire British army is strongly infused with the spirit of such a recognition. We certainly have now and then judicial revelations made to us, that go to prove the existence of much that is reprehensible in the domestic history of regiments. But we would take these manifestations rather as tokens of the force and nature of the evil against which we must strive, than as serving

to indicate a condition widely prevalent. We, at all events, have plenty of counter-exhibitions before us—enough to let us understand how great is the moral power exerted by even a single officer in a regiment—how irresistible would be that of a general combination of officers.

Now, we apprehend that our part, as a wise nation, is to do our best to bring about such a combination. To the extent of that endeavour we all may, without undue presumption, venture to meddle with military subjects. The line of demarcation beyond which the civilian's interference with the soldier becomes mischievous is sufficiently distinct. The army is necessarily an *imperium in imperio*, and can brook no tampering with its internal rule. Its decisions may be wrong in particular instances; but the choice is between the submitting to this liability and the giving up of a standing army. A soldier enters voluntarily into this regimen, and must abide the consequences. He cuts himself off from the appeal to the people: “*Lasciate ogni speranza*” is written over the door of his barrack-room; where by *speranza* you will be good enough to understand all idea of radical sympathisings, and *ad captandum* proceedings generally. He has no longer to deal with abstract ideas of right and wrong, but has entered on a system of purely conventional and exceptional enactments. It must be enough for him that he is secured against caprice, and has to regulate his conduct by precise laws, settled beforehand, and open to his inspection.

But these considerations only enhance the importance of our setting ourselves to do what we can within the scope permissible. The very fact of our feeling that there is a point at which we must leave so large a body of our fellow-countrymen, beyond which, in their corporate capacity, they are to cease to be subject to civic control, seems to afford excellent reason why we should do all we can for them up to this point of relinquishment.

Now, this amounts to saying that we must give all diligence to the work of educating our officers. As for the men, the work of their training is in

other hands, and we can act on them only indirectly. We have no hold on them previously to their enlistment; and, besides, the necessities of the service will not brook too great a nicety in the work of selection. But the officer is fairly open to probationary treatment. Commissions are not so plentiful but that a young man has generally a long time to wait after he has been entered on the commander-in-chief's list. Such is the ambition to serve her Majesty, that candidates in plenty would be producible, ready to undergo any test of efficiency, and submit to any course of training that the authorities might prescribe. Of the education of the officer it may truly be said that it is in our hands. On ourselves may be said, humanly speaking, to depend the character of the army, since we can regulate the issue of men from whom the army is to receive its moral impress.

Here we have indicated the legitimate channel for the public anxiety on military matters. To meddle with these matters in one way or another, is a chronic whim of our dear Public—unfortunately the fancy has been to do so on any but the right point. Every pot-house in the country, every railway carriage freighted with its comfortable citizens returning to suburban dinner and domestic felicity, has had its batch of orators on the merits of our generals and admirals. Now times will be looking up when such gentlemen are brought to understand that military detail is beyond their reach, and that the wisest thing they can do is to leave the actual operators to blow up Cronstadt and Sebastopol at their own discretion. It will be enough for us civilians to digest their achievements when presented to us as facts.

But any man of kindly feeling, reasonable judgment, and moderate education, may form his own opinion concerning the duties which we owe to the army. The question touching the education of the officer is general, and perfectly clear of professional technicalities. A man need not be able to command a battery, or trace the profile of a fortification, in order to be able to say what is the sort of youth who ought to be turned over to

the military executive. It is what is to be settled on general principles, and by verdict of common sense.

There is a rubbish-heap against which we shall break our shins before we have made two steps in the way of inquiry, if we do not shovel it out of the way in the first instance; so we will dispose of it at once. It is the doctrine concerning speciality of education, that passes current just now with a good many utilitarians. They teach, that is to say, that the time is too short, and the struggle of human society too vehement, to admit of much probationary training of any kind. The only plan (according to them) of training a youth for worldly experience, is to go in for the prizes of life at once. Set before him, they say, the professional objects which are to occupy him, and train him up at once to their pursuit: he will then have been usefully educated, and will have some chance of making his way in the world. To hold this language is to repudiate the idea of education altogether; for such training involves no culture of the powers of the mind themselves, nor anything much beyond the category of encouragement afforded to particular instincts.

May we venture to remind these philosophers of the famous goose and her golden eggs. The luckless wight who could not await the tedious process of oviparation, lost eggs and goose; and all through his greediness. Even such is the hap of ultra-utilitarianism of education. You can no more hurry on the effects of mental operation than you can the process of egg-laying, though your witless attempts may cause the death of your poor goose. To set a young man at once to study such subjects only as have an immediate bearing on his ultimate professional destination, is to do all you can to impoverish him as an intellectual being, and even to lower his rate as a professional man. To cram a man with knowledge is not to utilise to the utmost his capacity. There is a certain cultivatory process which must come before the invigoration of the powers of intellectual digestion—those powers whose exercise is necessary before knowledge can be converted into wisdom.

Thus we repudiate the idea that,

because a youth is intended for the army, he is from his boyhood to be educated with a view to that speciality. We do not want to see our embryo Wellingtons collected together in one school, and our prospective lawyers and parsons in another, as though they had not a common mental process to undergo, and common sympathies to cultivate. In good truth, the whole work of what is properly to be termed education, is common to them all, and they diverge from a common path only when they come to the application of faculties whose vigour and accuracy are consequences of education past.

Many a long-headed man there is who will say, that to demand any lengthened term of preliminary treatment is to ask an impossibility, and that, if nothing short of this is to be styled education, the multitudes must remain uneducated. Undoubtedly they must so remain, and no harm come of it either, if only they be cognisant of the fact, and do not mistake the range of their powers. There is no bar to their acquisition of knowledge; and in arts and many sciences they may become adepts by mere force of natural genius. But this will be in spite of irregularity of education—in spite of defects which must be expected to characterise the action of their reasoning powers, and to affect the value of their general judgments. This is a consideration which we cordially recommend to all university reformers—to those who lament the time given to mental exertitions, and desire to set students to what they term matters of practical utility—who would have lectures confined to smatterings of science, as immediately applicable to the arts, and reduce to a minimum the exhibition of classics, mental philosophy, and speculative mathematics. The method which they blame cannot be for all; but it is not the less an immense advantage to those who are privileged to be subject to it. It puts between them and others all the difference that there is between regularity and irregularity of education. It is essential to the well-being of the country that we have amongst us a class of men so educated; and these are they who, reasoning rightly, and on a sound foundation, must be looked

to for the office of saving us from false conclusions on a large scale. This is a confidence which can never be safely reposed in the cleverest of the empirics.

And now as to the soldier. We do not hold that, because he demands the most careful training, he is therefore from boyhood to be treated regimentally. On the contrary, and in accordance with the general rule we have enunciated, he should be educated, like all other English gentlemen, on perfectly general principles. A time is before him when he will have his chief occupation about a speciality, but it has not arrived yet. He must meanwhile get up his *virtus*, *virtus*, like other boys, and find his way over the *Pons Asinorum* by the ordinary route. The age at which they may be properly separated, according to professional groupings, may be taken to be somewhere about the time when young men go to the university. At that stage, the nature of the case begets the separation, and the different classes of men do in fact enter upon their several specialities. But before that, the aspirant for military service should be kept in the position most favourable to the development of his sympathies with the community—i. e. he should be brought up with co-equals who might be looking forward to different professional destinations.

Can it be said that any one stands more in need than does the soldier of sound knowledge of human nature, and of disciplined habits of thinking? Take him in peace or in war, and think whether there be any profession of which we can predicate that it is more universal in its acquirements. The poet is pretty extensive in his demands; and Cicero and friend Warren have clearly convinced us that orators and lawyers are not much more common than Phoenixes. There have been also authorities who have enlarged on the nature of the requisitions made on the soldier. Let any one consider these, and say whether any position of earthly trust to which man can be called, is to be regarded as involving heavier demands on the moral and intellectual attributes of our nature, taken in their combination.

We all know, of course, that the muster-rolls, legal and military, present abundance of names which fall far enough short of the *beau idéal*. There is, however, a wide difference between the possible consequences of incapacity in the two cases. Stick the *Nisi Prius* benches as full as you please of blockheads, and you do no great harm. No one supposes that you thereby imperil the dignity of the bar, or the safety of the nation. The inefficient man will never rise to the post of Lord Chancellor, but continue to vegetate quietly on the benches, to the end of the chapter. But your stupid or unsympathetic ensign becomes in due course a captain, and anon a general. He has friends at the Horse Guards, or has been accidentally distinguished, or has the prestige of long services. He is named to a command, and national interests are committed to his keeping. Let us suppose him even to escape this prominence. He will at least, if he lives, and sticks to the service, rise to the highest regimental rank. Should he remain in the army no longer than while he is a subaltern, he would still be liable to be placed in command of a detachment. This might be in time of peace, and yet involve heavier responsibilities than are at all likely to fall to the lot of other non-military young men of like condition. The isolation of such a party—say in one of the small West India islands, or at a Cape outpost—may come to approach nearly to that of a ship's crew on a long voyage. The number of men composing the party will be dependent on the officer for discipline and social organisation, and from him to a great extent derive their habits of thinking. This would be a great matter did it affect only a single detachment or regiment. We duly estimate its importance, then, only when we take the aggregate of detachments, and consider that the entire army is, in due course, liable to come under the influence of such experience. No man open to such demands of duty can be said to have light responsibilities.

When we come to examine what is really being done by the country in the way of military education, we shall see that, so far as the scientific

corps are concerned, she stands clear of all imputation of carelessness. Be her course of treatment judicious or otherwise, there is at least enough of it in the case of the Artillery and Engineers. But with regard to the army at large, so much cannot with justice be averred. It is only lately that the examination for the line has been instituted; and even at present the rate of qualification is so low that the examination can be regarded as nothing more than a security against the grossest ignorance on the part of the officer. As a test of preliminary training it is quite worthless, and, of course, has no tendency to provide anything in the way of moral institutions. There is certainly the Royal Military College of Sandhurst; but as it is at the option of candidates to dispense with its advantages, and as, in fact, comparatively a small number of officers do pass through it, we will for the moment pass it over.

Two corps we have for which the pursuit of a particular course of education is rendered compulsory, and into which no officer enters who has not been for that purpose expressly trained under Government regulations. These are our Artillery and Engineers. They both fall very much within the same category. Up to the point of actual entry into the respective regiments—that is to say, during the whole course of preliminary training—they constitute one body, and are subject to exactly the same influences. After that, they diverge into somewhat different paths; but it is needless to trouble ourselves with both. The particular duties of the engineer are well known to be of a nature calculated in themselves to involve a continuance of intellectual training. In speaking of the Artillery, we shall be, to all practical intent, taking the general case.

The candidate for this service is taken up at a very late age. Before he is well clear of the nursery he is separated from his co-evals. The systematic beginning is with the Ordnance School at Carshalton, into which pupils are admitted at the age of eleven years. He becomes eligible for removal thence to Woolwich at the age of fourteen and a half, that he may

enter on his cadetship. The maximum duration of this second stage is four years. He then, if duly qualified, enters the practical class at the Royal Arsenal, where, according to the due course of things, he remains twelve months. He is then eligible for promotion into the regiment, but does not abruptly emerge from the state of pupilage. A captain of the regiment is appointed to the especial charge of the newly-joined officers, having the direction of their studies, and to a great extent the control of their movements. With him they go through a course of reading and field-practice, by way of supplement to their academical course—remaining under his command till by him reported qualified to enter on the discharge of their duties at large. At this point the work of *compulsory* education ceases, but they are not to be considered as entirely dismissed to their own devices. A considerable force of moral suasion still continues to be put forth by the authorities, having for object the improvement of the officers in science and general acquirements.

This opens another chapter in their history of ways and means, and brings us to speak of that very valuable establishment, the R. A. Institution. There has long existed an association within the regiment bearing this name, and professedly devoted to the advancement of science; but it appears to have fallen into complete neglect. The internal economy of the place was such as scarcely to contemplate any extended usefulness, or to place any really valuable advantages before young officers. It, however, forcibly struck some of the more considerate heads that the means which were here being wasted, because supplied in too niggardly measure, might be turned to good account. The question of a reform in the department was mooted; and after the usual amount of troublesome opposition attendant on movements for good, the efforts at amelioration issued in the founding of the existing Royal Artillery Institution. For the moment it is sufficient to name it among the educational means of the regiment, postponing particular description.

The Royal Ordnance School of Carshalton was founded a few years ago by the then Master General, with the view of obviating certain educational defects that beset candidates for commissions. It was thought that an advantage would be secured by bringing under Government inspection the course of a candidate's training. More particularly, it was supposed that what is technically termed *cramming* would thus be put out of the question.

Now, that the foregoing state of things was objectionable is likely enough; but we may fairly question whether the objection has been obviated by the Government remedy. The requisitions for entrance into the cadet company remain unchanged, and the period for admission is fixed even earlier in the day than formerly. Before it can be reasonably maintained that an evil has been radically obviated, it must be shown that the principle on which the evil proceeded has been repudiated. Now, in the present case, it can hardly be said that the change has been of such character. The evil was, that a number of children were, at an unduly early period of life, separated from ordinary companionship, and debarred of general education. They were brought up as members of a military clique; accustomed to associate pretty well exclusively—so far as school life was concerned, quite exclusively—with lads who were looking forward to the same profession as themselves, and preoccupied with the same set of ideas. There was in such an association much to contract the range of their sympathies, and even of their intellect. The natural tendency besetting them to make the passing of an examination the end of acquiring knowledge, must have been strengthened by association so exclusive with others under the dominance of the same idea. Now, in which of these respects has any mitigation taken place, in virtue of the transfer of the youths to a Government school? Rather, has not the evil been enhanced, since now the collection is *absolutely* exclusive, and the lads are brought at once under military rule?

Bearing in mind that this proviso

of serious radical defects is at the bottom of all particular observation respecting their course of education, it may be allowed that in general they are fairly enough taught. Yet even thus much can be said only with one decided exception, and that is with respect to classics. It is an awkward point for failure certainly; and when we regard it, there can scarcely be much hesitation to exempt their scheme from the category of the *Liberal*.

The pupils at Carshalton are so young that we need not trouble ourselves about the formulæ according to which their doses of knowledge are prescribed. They pass out of the school at an age which renders it unlikely that they can have absorbed any great amount of information, though not before they may have acquired general ideas on the subject of knowledge, and received a practical impulse or retardation in the way of wisdom.

It is not absolutely necessary that all candidates for the Royal Artillery service should pass through this training school. Nominations are still given directly to the Cadet Company. But there is this virtue about a nomination to Carshalton, that it at once puts beyond doubt the accessibility of the regiment. A nomination to the Cadet Company, promised, but awaiting a vacancy, may lapse through a change at the Ordnance Office; since an incoming Master General is not bound to work off the list of his predecessor. But no such mishap can befall the nominee to Carshalton, who must, if tolerably diligent and well-behaved, proceed in due course to Woolwich.

The Royal Military Academy, or, as it is called, from the style and title of those for whose benefit it has been organized, the Cadet Company, occupies the place of prominence in their array of educational means. The cadets are a *bonâ fide* military body, constituting the first company of the first battalion of Royal Artillery, and in that character being under the operation of military law. The supreme authority over the institution,

and everybody therewith connected, is vested in the Master-General of Her Majesty's Ordnance. The local staff comprises—

1. A Lieutenant-Governor, with jurisdiction over every person connected with the working of the establishment.

Under the Lieutenant-Governor in military charge of the company, are—

2. The captain commanding.
3. The subalterns.
4. A quartermaster.
5. A chaplain.

And in charge of the educational department are—

1. An inspector of studies.
2. An assistant-inspector.
3. The professor of mathematics, with a large staff of masters.
4. The professor of fortification, with a staff of instructors.
5. The language masters (German and French).
6. The masters for landscape-drawing.
7. An instructor in geography and history, and lecturers on mechanics and chemistry.

This is the provision for the Theoretical Class, which comprises the largest division of the Cadet Company. The Practical Class is, in military phrase, a detachment from the company, commanded by a "second captain."

[*N.B.*—Every company of artillery has *two* captains—a captain commanding, and a junior.]

Its professorial staff is as follows—

1. An instructor in practical artillery—a regimental officer, generally a second captain.
2. An assistant instructor—
3. An instructor in field-works—and
4. An assistant instructor—
—(all officers from one of the two ordnance corps.)
5. Language masters.
6. Lecturers on practical astronomy, the principles of mechanism, geology, and chemistry.

Subjoined is a scheme of study for the several days of the week :—

	1st CLASS.	2d CLASS.	3d CLASS.	4th CLASS.	PRACTICAL CLASS.
MONDAY— Morning. Afternoon. Evening.	Mathematics. Mathematics. Lect. on Nat. Philosophy. French.	Mathematics. Mathematics. German.	Mathematics. Mathematics. French or German.	Mathematics. Mathematics. French or German.	Practical Artillery. Practical Artillery. Lecture on Geology or Mineralogy.
TUESDAY— Morning. Afternoon. Evening.	Mathematics. Chemistry. German.	Mathematics. History and Geography. Plan Drawing.	Mathematics. French or German. French or German.	Mathematics. French or German. French or German.	Practical Artillery. Artillery and Chemical Manipulation. Artillery for Senior Division. Chemical Lecture for Junior Division.
WEDNESDAY— Morning. Afternoon. Evening.	Mathematics. Chemistry. German.	Mathematics. Mathematics. French.	Mathematics. Mathematics. French or German.	Mathematics. Mathematics. French or German.	Practical Artillery. Practical Artillery for Seniors. Lecture on Practical Astronomy.
THURSDAY— Morning. Afternoon. Evening.	Fortification. Fortification. French.	Fortification and Descrip. Geometry. Fortification and Descrip. Geometry. German.	Geometrical Drawing. Plan Drawing. Hist. and Geography.	Plan Drawing. Geometrical Drawing. French or German.	Practical Artillery. Practical Artillery for Juniors. French or German. Lecture on Mechanics and Metallurgy.
FRIDAY— Morning. Afternoon. Evening.	Fortification. Fortification. Lect. on Geography and Hist. to part of Class. German.	Fortification and Descrip. Geometry. Fortification and Descrip. Geometry. French.	Geometrical Drawing. Plan Drawing. French or German.	Plan Drawing. Geometrical Drawing. Hist. and Geography.	Surveying and Field-Works.
SATURDAY— Morning. Afternoon.	Fortification. Fortification.	Fortification, &c. Fortification, &c.	Plan Drawing. Geometrical Drawing.	Plan Drawing. Geometrical Drawing.	Surveying and Field-Works.

To this must be added the supplementary explanation, that on three days of the week there are classes formed for landscape-drawing; a certain number of cadets being taken, according to rotation, from each of the other class-rooms to make up the drawing classes.

No one can look this scheme of study in the face and say that it is not well devised for its purpose. For our own part, and entertaining the view of education already set forth, we have an objection or two to make to it, but not on the score of efficiency. It is undoubtedly calculated to lead young men to that knowledge which is indispensable to scientific excellence; and even to open to them the threshold of the temple of science itself. No cadet can get his commission without having passed over a considerable extent of scientific ground. Their course-books are open to public examination, and would, we suspect, rather astonish some of those who think cheaply of military mathematics. These mathematics range up to the extent of Integral Calculus, and the application of pure mathematics to natural philosophy. In the latter part of their cadetship—that is to say, during the period while they are attached to the practical class—they have to engage extensively in the pursuit of the natural sciences. The lectures, which occupy four evenings of the week, are of great excellence, as it is to be expected they should be. It is only lately that the chemical department has ceased to be under the direction of Faraday.

With respect to their scheme of study, it must be borne in mind that the case is not that of a prescription for university students, where considerable margin is needs left for industry. To the university student is indicated the direction in which his efforts ought to tend; in which a very slight effect produced will be held to be satisfactory. To the cadet is proposed only what he positively must accomplish. A youth of talent may go beyond the requisitions, but the most stupid of the number must come up to the mark, or miss his commission. At the end of the first year's residence, each individual is examined as to the progress actually made up to that

time. Should this prove to be unsatisfactory, he is abruptly brought up, and must leave the institution. Till this first test has been passed, he is considered to be only on probation as a cadet. And during his subsequent career, there is no time when he can safely surrender himself to idleness; for any one of the periodical examinations may prove condemnatory of him. If on any of these occasions his reported progress is such as to compromise the hope of his being able to pass into the practical class at the appointed time, he may be recommended for withdrawal from the academy. Withdrawn he must be, if at the end of four years he has not passed through all the four "Academies," as they are termed, into which, according to the scheme, it will be seen that the theoretical branch of the Cadet Company is divided. Thus the cadet is obliged really to engage in the studies provided for him: the officer is one who must at least be in the position of "having once known;" and we may regard the entire body of officers as being actually imbued with the odour of the sciences.

So much for the bright side of the picture: now for the shadows. Their scheme of study is characterised by one defect, which, considering the age of the pupils, is to be accounted most serious. It exhibits a disposition to preserve the idea of speciality, and so far ignores those general principles on which sound mental education must proceed. Undeniably it is calculated to place within the knowledge of the young men a considerable array of facts. But it can scarcely be said to contemplate the requirements of the mind itself—to forward the healthy expansion of those powers which must be in vigour where knowledge is to be properly useful. It cannot be said to be of a kind to assist him in the exercise of imagination, or with regard to the literary faculty, or to aid him in matters of taste. Yet these are faculties which none of us can afford to neglect. "A soldier's a man," says Iago: he may digest an enormous quantity of battery-drill, and do a deal of cut-and-thrust in his time, yet all of this sort will be but

by way of episode. He must in the main (unless he is to live as a brute) fall back on those moral and intellectual resources whence is derivable the happiness of man—field-marshal as well as *pekin*.

Now, these powers are largely dependent on cultivation; a cultivation, too, that must come at the right time—i.e., the time of youth. A man may be thoroughly up in mathematics, furnished to repletion with hard facts, scientific to the back-bone, and yet be miserably deficient in intellectual powers and human sympathies. Many an unfortunate wrangler will be ready to quote himself as illustrating the fact. One kind of mental power only has been cared for, and the mind itself neglected; and as a natural consequence, the one power is in a hyper-tropical state, while the rest are nearly spark-out, and the general harmony of mental action is marred.

It surely is clear that, for the proper cultivation of the powers with which man is gifted, he should be brought to sympathise with the thoughts and feelings of the family to which he belongs. He should be able to take some note of the phases of human intelligence during the bygone years of history. If he is to live and feel as a gentleman, he ought, at least to some extent, to be imbued with classical notions. If he is to appreciate the nature of the intellectual he ought to be brought to know something of the literature and history of that people who have furnished the world with the originals of poetry, law, history, philosophy, dramatic composition, political science; who have been equally our masters in æsthetics; and whose writings are of such intrinsic permanence that the series which begins with the old Halicarnassian is found to be still going on in our own day with *Tri-coupi*.

In this last respect the neglect is total. No one minute is given to the classics. They are examined to be sure in *Cæsar's Commentaries* on entrance, but, once over the threshold, are at liberty to shut up even *Cæsar* for ever and for aye. A few from among those who have been brought up at non-special schools, may have made fair progress for their age. But

of course the preoccupation of their time leaves them little or no opportunity for private study, and they make short work of forgetting. Thus, unless we are to make the improbable supposition that a boy of some fifteen years can have made such progress in classical studies as to be independent of assistance, and proof against the deteriorating effect of three years' neglect, it must be allowed that artillery officers have scarcely a chance of escaping ignorance in this respect.

With regard to the internal management of the institution, it must be allowed that the actual executive do their best to carry out the work proposed, according to their system. They work strictly in harness, and have no authority to devise alterations. They are therefore to be held responsible only for the full employment of the means provided, since no earnestness on their part can obviate the results of radical defects of constitution.

It is a fact well known to all those who have had opportunities of personal observation, that the executive authorities of the place have been long distinguished for their energy. Under the stringency of military rule, it is not likely that any body of men would be able to avoid doing their duty. But there is a perfunctory and a cordial mode of performance; and whether a man shall act in the one or other spirit, is frequently a question of example and *ton*. Now, of the Cadet Company it has become decidedly characteristic that the officers shall enter cordially into the spirit of their duties. Very great care is taken to select wisely the subalterns. They, for their parts, spare no trouble. They mix a great deal with the cadets during their hours of recreation, and endeavour to arrive at a correct estimate of the individual characters. Besides this indirect influence, they constantly exercise over the company the check of authority. They have access to the barrack-rooms at all hours of the day and night; and in the execution of their duty have to make domiciliary visits at uncertain times. In fact, zeal is with them the fashion; and we know how far the *rogue* will carry a man.

Much has been done to improve

the condition of the company, by affording them all desirable conveniences for social and intellectual enjoyment. They have an admirable library, and a reading-room provided with daily and other papers, and magazines, with an excellent collection of maps and charts. They have workshops furnished with numerous lathes for turning in wood and metal, and with all the apparatus delighted in by those cunning in carpentering. A good deal of this mechanical recreation is by way of being directly useful professionally: for instance, their artillery modelling. These models are especially good. Great pains are taken to encourage amongst them the taste for natural history. They have a museum for objects of curiosity; but as it has been only recently established, it presents little more at present than promising conveniences. The actual collection is small, but seems likely to become the nucleus of something really valuable, since it is in the way of receiving agglomerations from all parts of the world. In its actual state it is interesting chiefly as exhibiting specimens of their skill in taxidermy, of which useful art a professor attends for the instruction of volunteers. Besides this, they are encouraged to cultivate music at leisure hours; and, in general, every assistance is given them in the difficult art of enjoying themselves; every endeavour made to bring them to that tone of contentment which is the most healthful and promising spirit of the human mind. All this is, of course, besides the ordinary resources for active enjoyment. They have a capital cricket-club, a couple of racket courts, and a good gymnasium. They have also the benefit of the services of a *maître d'armes* (fencing-master would be inadequate), who superintends their calisthenic exercises, and teaches them the use of weapons.

But now we have to notice a defect of most serious character. There is no chapel attached to the institution, although there is a chaplain. This is a deficiency which, to the best of our belief, distinguishes between the Royal Military Academy and every other great public educational institution of the country. It is a want of which the daily life of the place exhi-

bits a constant consciousness. It is impossible to say what must be the good effect of at once supplying this deficiency, and enabling the large body of persons connected with the institution to meet together as Christians. It is inconceivable that any financial considerations can be allowed to stand in the way of an act of mere justice. We cannot understand how wise men and fathers—taking the Board of Ordnance to be composed of such men—can bring themselves to allow the work of education to be carried on, with lack of one of its most indispensable provisions. Such, however, is the state of things; and while this continues to be the case, an Englishman has room to be ashamed of the constitution of the great military college of his country.

Such is the general picture of the means at work for the intellectual and moral improvement of the cadets. Let us glance at the *CONSTITUTIONAL modus operandi*, that we may judge whether it be of a kind to give effect to those means.

In the first place, let us speak of the highest things—of the action of the supreme authority. The actual ruler is, as we have said, the Master-General of Ordnance. He grants appointments, authorises constitutional changes, and administers punishment in the more serious cases. The Lieutenant-Governor acts only as his delegate, and within strictly defined limits. Thus it comes to pass that the supreme authority is withdrawn from the sight of the cadets, and they are brought into contact only with those from whom reference may be made to another, greater than them all, residing at a distance.

An offence is noted, we will say, in the first instance, by a corporal—a designation answering to that of monitor in a public school. He reports to a subaltern. Should the offence be grave, the report is carried on to the captain of the company; from him it probably passes on to the Lieutenant-Governor; from him again to take its course to the Master-General, with whom the ultimate decision rests.

Where the appeal to the supreme power has to pass through so many stages of intermediate jurisdiction, it

is likely that much of its energy may be lost by the way. Suppose the meet expiation of an offence in any particular case to be the expulsion of the offender. For every reason it is expedient that this punishment should be administered promptly, and by authorities on the spot. But at this institution the authorities can go no farther than to the length of *recommending*, and that too with considerable likelihood of having their recommendation overruled. On the will of the Master-General absolutely, it depends whether or not ulterior proceedings shall ensue.

The officer holding at any time the distinguished post of Master-General of H. M. Ordnance is, of course, beyond all suspicion of wilful partiality. But he has no *ex officio* patent for the abrogation of human frailty. He is, of course, a veteran, with a long list of personal friendships. There are no end of men who can appeal to his recollection of perils undergone in company, and of those accidents by flood and field whose memory is so cogent to conciliate sympathies. Moreover, his interest in the cadet-establishment cannot be supposed to be of that intimate character which is likely to be felt by the officers engaged in carrying out the system of discipline. These are officers in the Ordnance corps dealing with young men who are one day to be their own regimental associates. Thus, the Master-General is not so likely to resist the importunities of friends and former companions-in-arms, concerning whose children there may at any time be question. There will be brought to bear on him, by these friends, importunity in the shape least to be resisted. Should he, in fact, prove manageable, then will the wrath of the Lieutenant-Governor, and of all the resident executive, fall harmless on the head of the offending cadet. He will be maintained in his position in spite of their teeth, and though they may have declared that they would recommend him for removal. One such case is calculated to do great injury to the cause of order and authority. Nothing can be more detrimental to discipline among lads of this age than that they should have any reasons for holding in secondary consideration

those who are placed in immediate authority over them.

Here, then, we point to a constitutional defect, if this place is to be regarded as an educational establishment. We know that theoretically the cadets are not boys, but men. But facts are stubborn things; and the fact is, that a large number of them are not only boys, but very little ones. As a general rule, it is allowed that the regime of a school must be absolute. All the pedagogues are agreed that the full odour of authority must be about the presiding head. Between him and those *in statu pupillari* there cannot be allowed the shadow of a controversy. Any discussion at which he is to assist in their presence should be simply with regard to facts: on these facts his judgment should be absolute.

And this is only what actually is the state of things at our best public schools. It is well known that the greatest of all modern school-masters, Dr. Arnold, insisted on holding office at Rugby on these terms or none; and old Dr. Busby walked into school before the king, with his hat on, lest the boys might be led to fancy that on these boards any greater than he could come. That defects would attend the working of the system, even though the ruling power were to superintend personally the carrying out of its provisions, is likely enough. The choice seems to lie between a liability to occasional mistakes, and a constitutional inability to work rightly. At present the relative position of the governed and the governing is too much like that of plaintiff and defendant; the punishment does not follow at once on the offence, and inevitably, but only in the case of a certain third party being persuaded that it is due. This is what we should call the leading constitutional defect of this important institution.

Next, we should point to a similar feature of their organisation for the prosecution of study. According to their system, no master has power to inflict any sort of punishment. In every class-room there is a corporal on duty, on whom devolves the task of maintaining order, and to him the master must appeal, or to the Inspect-

tor directly, in any case where he wishes punishment to ensue. The Inspector it is who eventually applies the remedy of actual punishment. But, of course, in any case where a third party has to adjudicate between two others, he must go into the detail of the question, and hold the balance of equity between them. Now, it does seem to be unreasonable to expect that boys are to respect masters in the degree requisite for the maintenance of discipline, when they see them in a condition of powerlessness, and equally with themselves thus citable on questions of conduct during study. They naturally refer all notions of power and dignity to the Inspector, and are tempted to hold the masters in comparatively cheap estimation.

The Inspector occupies a peculiar position. The entire machinery of education is under his control, and the professors and masters under his orders. He not only makes general enactments and receives general reports, but superintends the detail of daily performance. His duty requires him to attend frequently in the rooms where instruction is in process; and it is open to him to make any observations he pleases on what he sees and hears; in short, to find fault freely. It is not only in one particular or another that he has this super-professorial privilege, but in every branch of theory and practice, of science and art. He equally speaks *ex cathedra* whether the subject be mathematics, or languages, or mixed science or drawing. To him examination papers are submitted before being eventually issued; and in some cases the very work of the cadets in answer to those papers, on which the judgment of the examiners is founded; and he may, if he please, question or modify their decisions.

Now, considering that these masters are, or ought to be, the best of their kind—not neophytes, but men of whom many have won reputation in their separate departments, and devoted their lives to the work of advancement in their respective walks—it is certain that the individual who is to keep them, all and each, to their bearings in this style, should be a wonderful person. We will even suppose that such a Crichton has been

hit on for the nonce. The supposition is sufficiently improbable, even though we allow free choice, from among the notables of the age. Under the actual restriction it is even more improbable. He must needs be a colonel from one of the two Ordnance corps, which have the privilege of supplying the office in rotation. Such an officer is likely to be removed by a long interval of service from his student days. Still, we will suppose such a one to have been found; one qualified—i. e., by attainments—to exercise this discrimination, and by moral superiority to do so inoffensively. Can we, with any show of reason, expect that the supply of such persons will be continuous? Is it not absolutely certain that the vast majority of inspectors will be men unqualified for the fulfilment of what is required? And is it not unwise to maintain a demand which in the very nature of things must lack a supply? Besides this, we apprehend that the most competent of men could not exercise the power of interfering with the detail of education thus extensively and minutely, without the evil effects to which we have alluded.

These strictures are liable to be met with the assertion that the regulations in question are matters of necessity. As a military institution, the place must be under control of military authorities: as, being gentlemen cadets, the pupils cannot be subject to discipline except by authority of an officer.

This necessity, which will be admitted by all who are conversant with military matters, seems to indicate the available remedy. If the mountain won't come to Mahomet, let Mahomet go to the mountain. If the machinery and the material don't suit, and you cannot alter the machinery, bring other grist to your mill; in one word, alter the character, that is, the age, of the cadets. At present we have anomaly and confusion. Boys are treated as men, because their treatment as cadets begins at too early a stage. It is, we take it, eminently a case to illustrate the impolicy of beginning with specialities before the general foundation has been laid. We will grant that a company of gentlemen cadets is not to be dealt

with as though they were school-boys; but our inference from that premiss would be, not that it is incumbent on us to leave things as they are, but that we are bound in common sense to make cadets of them somewhat later in the day. The age at which they now generally enter the practical class, or even the regiment, might be made the age of entering on their cadetship. They would then be far more likely to appreciate the scientific and professional advantages provided for their benefit. They would be likely to bring to the lectures of their professors minds properly cultivated by previous education, and might safely devote the requisite space to technicalities without danger—that is to say, of intellectual cramping. And more than all this, they would be really young men, and not boys—really fit for the treatment assigned to them.

There can be no doubt that in such a change would be involved no risk of lowering the actual standard of qualification. It is certain that the amount of preliminary knowledge would be at the discretion of the Master-General. Wherever he might affix his mark, up to that mark would candidates in abundance be found to come prepared.

Indeed, it does not appear to be the fashion to deny that the likely effect of such a change of system would be to improve the education of the young officers. The supposed advantage of taking them early in the day has respect to their moral training. They are brought under the surveillance of those who are to be regimentally associated with them, and within range of military influences. The service itself prepares them for her future behests.

Unfortunately, as we have already said, this bringing is premature. The means are good, but there is a want of congruity between them and the persons for whose benefit they are set in action: therefore it is that the measure of actual efficacy falls below the point which it might be made to attain.

It is undeniable that the profit to the service must be great, of having a place of effectual moral training; where young men may be not only

taught all necessary knowledge, but encouraged so to think and feel as becomes soldiers. It would be a great boon to have a place whence they could draw their young officers, with every reasonable expectation of finding them the kind of men needed. But no place could answer this purpose, save one wherein discipline should be maintained far more sternly than comports with the treatment of the young. The working of such an institution is at once contravened if allowances are to be made, which, in the case of lads, it would be inhuman not to make.

One great use of such a probationary institution appears to be, that means may be afforded of stopping in time the course of those who present *primâ facie* disqualifications for the service. So far as disqualification *physical* is concerned, the end is subserved as things stand. A defect in bone or muscle is rigorously scrutinised, and by the regulations is held to afford sufficient cause for stopping the candidate at once. Such an objection is held to be insuperable, and cannot be compensated for by any amount of attainments. It may be that in the midst of his course some accident may disqualify the cadet physically. If so it be, he must be withdrawn from the Company, notwithstanding the argument *ad misericordiam*. However much he may be to be pitied, and however clear from blame, go he must, and infallibly does.

Now, surely there is a state of moral disqualification for military service. The idiosyncrasy of an individual may be such as to unfit him for the profession of arms. Without any impugnement of a young man's general excellencies, we may pronounce him an unlikely subject for military training. He may be well enough fitted to serve the State in a civil capacity, and yet be such a one as to justify us in declaring that his vocation is not to arms. Such a one there should be the power of stopping at once, that he may give place to some one among the hundreds of those who are eager and qualified. If this law were once thoroughly understood, and rigorously enforced, there would be nothing invidious in

its operation; and the whole course of moral training at the place would receive a vigorous impulse, from the mere consciousness of living under such a law of probation.

Neither need this degenerate into a pretence for avoiding the labour of rearing troublesome subjects—it need not interfere with the proper operation of punishment. The appliances of discipline would be discontinued in the cases of those only who should appear to present no points of application. It would be incumbent on the authorities to try their remedial devices in the first instance, and to proceed to judgment only when characteristic defects were made out to be radical and incurable. But where this is clearly made out to be the case, surely it is far better to remove the individual at once, than to wait for some specific offence against the laws and regulations: surely it is better than to send men into the army of whom it may safely be predicated, that they will never be worth their salt as officers. At least we are certain that such must come to be practically the rule of the place, if it is fully to answer the purposes for which it is designed. It must be regarded practically as a weeding-place for the service, expressly instituted for the diminution of the numbers of what are technically termed “Queen’s Hard Bargains.”

Of course a distinct enunciation of such intention on the part of the authorities would bring about a change in the spirit of the present generation of cadets. It is impossible to say what would be the salutary effect of their being brought to understand that they were in this sense on their probation; that they must not only keep clear of gross breaches of the regulations, but so conform themselves to discipline as to warrant the idea that they might be disciplined to good purpose. They would have to show cause why a fitness for military trust should be predicated of them. At present they exhibit far too decided a tendency to believe that the money paid for their expenses at the institution gives them a sort of right to a commission—a right, in fact, nearly tantamount to that acquired by purchasing into the Line.

Now the fact is, that, from the moment of their becoming subject to martial law, they, like all others under the operation of that law, forego the privilege of arguing on abstract principles. They are thenceforward to be used for the good of the service; in subservience to that good, to be discharged if necessary.

This is undoubtedly what may be taken to be the due complexion of a great military training establishment. But of course the persons subject to this discipline ought to be able to appreciate its nature. This, however, it is too much to expect that boys of fourteen or fifteen will be able to do;—besides which, at that time of life the dispositions are so little fixed that it is difficult to say how a boy is likely to turn out. It would be, at all events, rash to pronounce the judgment with so much confidence as might justify the ulterior proceedings in question.

But all objections would be obviated, and the present system would be consistent, and work admirably, if the age of the cadet were to be advanced by some four years or so—if the line were to be drawn somewhere between eighteen and nineteen, or thereabouts. A military system, organised for purposes of special instruction, would be perfectly homogeneous with such subjects. They would come prepared with theoretical knowledge, and be assisted by the professors in its application. It is presumed that, with pupils of this standing, a year’s practical instruction in the arsenal would do as much as is at present effected during the long course of training to which they are liable,—as much, that is to say, in respects purely professional; in other respects more. In the supposed case, the staff of professors and masters might remain as at present, but the mode of imparting instruction would naturally be by lecture, instead of by the present mode of attendance, which involves so great an absorption of time on theoretical branches. We believe that few persons conversant with the subject of artillery and engineer requirements will be found to doubt that a single year of such a cadetship would be amply sufficient for its purpose.

There would also be about such an arrangement this great advantage: A depot would be maintained of officers ready for immediate service. From such a cadet company any number of artillery officers might be drawn, fit to join the regiment at once. In fact, we should have *en permanence* a cadet company of the standing and efficiency of the present senior class at the arsenal. This is no slight matter, as may be seen by the light of recent occurrences. It is quite likely that a sudden emergency may at some time arise, when a reinforcement of officers may be required. Whence are they to come? The average age of cadets is so juvenile that it must take years to bring them up to the mark of actual serviceability. Meanwhile, how is the demand for officers to be satisfied? It must either be left unsatisfied, or the same sort of remedy be sought to which the East India Company had recourse some few years since for the supply of their artillery necessities—viz., that of examining cadets for direct admission. This would be contrary to the desire of the regiment, and so far a measure to be deprecated. But if it is to be put out of the question, there must be provided some other means of immediate supply.

Very little need be said about the course of instruction prescribed to the young officer on first joining the regiment, because it is exactly of that kind which common sense points out as appropriate. The regulation respecting this regimental course is of recent date; and all deductions from the few years' experience that is citable are most favourable. They usually remain under the charge of the superintending captain for the space of six months—till such time, at any rate, as he reports them duly qualified for regimental duty. This is taking the average run of things: under the pressure of actual war this period is apt to be curtailed. The course of study pursued by the young men comprises military history and tactics, and the law of court-martial. They have also to attend classes in French and German. Besides this, they have to practise the making of military reconnaissances on a larger scale than is feasible dur-

ing cadetship—being mounted, and proceeding over extensive tracts of country. Moreover, each of the young officers is expected to pursue a course of reading, of which he has to give account to the officer in direction of their studies. It is the duty of this officer to make periodically a report to the adjutant-general of artillery, of each individual thus under his care. In these reports are recorded confidential notes of individual character and talent, and by them are furnished data for the formation of a professional estimate of the officers individually. Such information it is of course highly important that the authorities should have at command.

This is the last stage of actual pupilage. Thenceforth the officer is not tied down to any particular course of study. Admirable provision, however, has been made for the purpose of affording to him assistance in any walk of science which he may wish to pursue. Indeed, when we speak of the Royal Artillery Institution, we pass beyond the bounds of what is regimental, and speak of what is calculated to act in the wide sense as a public benefit. It is the newest in origin (at least on its present footing), but perhaps the richest in promise of all our scientific institutions. It is evident that a regiment like the Royal Artillery is, in virtue of its very constitution, admirably adapted to bring about great results in the field of investigation. It consists of a large number of carefully educated men—a number about equal to that of some fourteen or fifteen ordinary regiments—scattered throughout the world, and yet held together by the centripetal force of regimental engagements. They have all headquarters at one common place, and of necessity have opportunities of meeting each other at Woolwich, and comparing notes. In the case of other societies, travelling has to be paid for, and personal investigation secured, not only at considerable cost, but with great difficulty—a difficulty and expense which are both rendered needless in the case of the Royal Artillery Institution. The normal condition of the constituent body is that of a large

number of observers scattered at favourable intervals over the world, with governmental resources at their command. They are almost driven into the work of collecting data, and must be tempted into observation, very many of them, unless they are more incurious than their neighbours. They are, besides, men, who have been, every one of them, drilled in the practical operations of science, and must perforce understand the use of instruments, and have more or less dexterity in scientific manipulations.

It may be said that this valuable body of men has been, for a long course of years, occupying this vantage-ground, and that no great discoveries have crowned their efforts. Even this must be said, with the exception of the field of magnetism, in which they have produced unquestionable effect. But at all events, who shall say how much valuable information has been lost for want of just such a depository of results as we have in the Royal Artillery Institution? Who shall say how many a youth of promise, having set his foot in the right track, having hit out some true line of investigation, has been untimely brought to a standstill by the sense of individual insufficiency, and the want of extraneous aid? A man may stand a good deal of banter and indifference from immediate associates, when he knows that, beyond that circle, he shall find assistance and appreciation; but few will have the resolution to persevere in a troublesome course, under circumstances of complete isolation. Now, seeing that the institution is calculated to afford, in an eminent degree, the support necessary to prevent the swamping of zeal, and the assistance requisite to the rendering of zeal effectual, we may expect to reap the benefit of whatever talent there may be in the regiment, and of whatever virtue in their favourable disposition of circumstances. This is no slight advantage, when we consider the number and the class of men in question. Among them we may take it for granted that talent of all kinds will be found, and occasionally genius of the highest order.

There is something in the very spirit of military organization which is favourable to the purposes of scien-

tific research on a large scale. Military men naturally become accustomed to act in combination; to be accurate in taking observations, and transmitting an account of them when taken; and to maintain regard to a common centre of operations. This predisposing influence of military habituations is so well recognised that, for some time past, most of the directors of our various colonial observatories have been chosen from among military men. It was by military observers that one of the most difficult operations of practical astronomy, in our time, was carried out—viz. the drawing of the famous North American boundary-line. This service was performed in a manner to elicit the especial praise of the Astronomer-Royal, who, moreover, for his part, has distinctly declared that these are the kind of persons that he desires to have as coadjutors, when combined operations are to be prosecuted.

On recent occasions, when it has become necessary to make choice of assistants for such purposes, the method has been followed of sending officers to the Astronomer-Royal in order that with him they might go through a preliminary course of instruction. One result of the vitalising of the Royal Artillery Institution is expected to be, that the regiment may become a depot whence at any time any requisite number of such assistants may be drawn at the moment. The idea (as enunciated by no less an authority than the pontifex maximus of modern astronomers) is, that, instead of sending to the Astronomer-Royal, the Master-General may forward a requisition to Woolwich, and at once get what he wants. The regiment would thus be in the position, not only of doing good service in the field, but of aiding the best interests of civilisation and social progress.

Such being the character of the men, such the proofs they have already given of adaptability, and such the expectations concerning them in high quarters, it would be a pity not to supply them with ample "verge and scope enough." In this respect the regiment and the country have good reason to be satisfied. The effort is yet in its early stage, and, doubtless, some things have not been done that

will be seen to anon. There is, we believe, at this moment, a lack of the larger and more costly astronomical instruments. This is inevitable. But in general respects the institution is well supplied. The laboratory department is especially excellent, probably not short of first-rate. A museum does not grow up in a day; the knowledge of which fact must console all parties concerned, under present circumstances of empty shelves. Certainly no museum in the country is likely to be more abundantly enriched, since none other retains so large and widely-scattered a staff of collectors. It is expected to be particularly valuable in the departments of geology and mineralogy.

Besides this material museum, it is intended to maintain here another, and probably not less valuable collection—a museum of facts. It is hoped that no observations worth recording, made in any part of the world, by any member of the regiment, will henceforth be allowed to lapse into oblivion. All being here recorded, results may be compared, connections traced, and *laws* brought to light. How many valuable facts have been apprehended in vain, because let slip before the apprehending of certain other facts, on comparison wherewith their practical use has depended! Now, this is what never need happen again. To this association a man may forward his experimental knowledge, in full assurance that the most will be made of it. In all probability some one will be found to follow up the thread of investigation. At all events, it will not be lost, but be guarded in the archives of the institution till the moment arrives for aptly utilising it. The officer in any part of the world, however remote from present assistance, will be able to feel that he has a place of reference, where he will be sure to find sympathy and skill to help him to make the most of his knowledge. The institution is also made useful in respect of general education. Classes are organised for the study of languages, and for the fine arts; and series

of lectures are given that are calculated to prove of the greatest utility. In short, it confers on Woolwich very much of the benefits of a university.

This completes the account of what is done for the officers; but a good deal more might be said of the advantages enjoyed by the men. The regimental schools, though primarily intended for the children, are open to the men, who are at liberty to avail themselves of the instruction therein afforded. This they do in large numbers; and the consequence is, that a superior intellectual tone is manifestly prevalent among them. We live in days when national schools are excellent, but probably no one of them is better than that of the Woolwich garrison. It may be asserted that no men of the like social grade are better educated than the gunners. As for the non-commissioned officers, they really are a very superior class of persons, as is proved by the character of the situations which they occupy pretty generally on retiring from the regiment.

There is an especial school in the Royal Repository for the non-commissioned officers. The education afforded to them, besides subjects purely technical, comprises the rudiments of mathematics, and military and geometrical drawing. The numbers are limited, the general average being about seventeen; and for this reason the selection is made with regard to good conduct, and token of ability. The men have pride in the distinction, and are zealous in application; and altogether the school works well. In point of practice, it has been found very advantageous to give the men an intelligent insight into the applications of mechanical science to their own technical requirements. There is also an admirable and well-regulated non-commissioned officers' library.

It will of course take some few years before the effect of later improvements can be made manifest; meanwhile they are working for good, and tending to the elevating of the entire body.

THE INFLUENCE OF GOLD UPON THE COMMERCIAL AND SOCIAL
CONDITION OF THE WORLD.

PART II.

WE intimated, in Part I. of this inquiry,* our intention of endeavouring to ascertain the rate of increase in the stocks of the precious metals subsequently to the first discovery of Mexico and Peru, and the effect produced upon the growth of Russia, and upon the general commerce of the world, by the discovery and increased yield of the mines of Siberia and the Ural mountains. Before proceeding, however, to this difficult portion of our subject, it would be most desirable if we could arrive at something approaching to a correct estimate of the stocks existing at the period in question; and in the attempt to do this we are met by most conflicting statements, the general characteristic of which is their gross exaggeration. The bulk of them, in fact, appear to be mere guesses; the authors of which have left entirely out of view the quantities consumed by application to the arts, and the ordinary wear and tear resulting from use as coined money. Well-informed writers doubt whether the quantity of gold and silver in the world at the period of the first discovery of America, was as great as it had been at the breaking up of the Western Empire; and not without reason, if the law of prices laid down by Mr. Tooke, and political economists generally, be correct. The command of the precious metals, as the money of commerce, over commodities had been little diminished; and although a larger amount of the existing stock had been called into circulation to meet the wants of the trading communities, the fact of the limited quantity employed as plate and for ornamental purposes, in the houses of the nobility and gentry, is sufficient to account for the increase of gold and silver coin in use, without supposing that any new sources of supply had been opened out. We cannot, how-

ever, carry our researches as to this question, especially as regards the quantity of the precious metals employed for domestic and ornamental purposes, beyond the civilised communities of Europe. But the stocks cannot have been large upon the value of which the comparatively small amounts, furnished to the world on the first discovery of Mexico and Peru, exercised so striking an influence as that which we have already shown to have resulted. We discard therefore, as utterly untenable, the extravagant estimates of Montesquieu and others, who set down the amount of the precious metals in every form, existing before the year 1500, at three thousand five hundred millions; and of the coined gold and silver at nine hundred millions; and prefer the more reliable and reasonable authority of Mr. Jacob and more recent writers.

Mr. Jacob supposes, and gives us tolerably satisfactory reasons for the conclusions at which he arrives, that the amount of coined money existing at the death of the Roman Emperor Augustus, in the year 14, was about £358,000,000. From this he deducts 10 per cent. annually for wear, which would bring down the amount to £87,033,090 in the year 482, the period of the breaking up of the Western Empire. No credit is given here for any accession to the stock from mining operations. The quantity derived from new sources was, however, very limited. After the irruption of the Saracens into Europe, mining was for a considerable period interrupted—the wear and tear, meanwhile, going on at a rapid rate. Keeping, however, to the previous estimate of 10 per cent. per annum, Mr. Jacob (vol. ii. p. 237) gives us the quantity existing in 518 at £78,229,700, which in 806 had been reduced to £33,674,256. About this period mining operations

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, November, p. 588.

were resumed in Macedonia, in Hungary, and in the Bohemian dominions of Austria. The deposits in the Hartz mountains were opened, and rich deposits were found in Saxony. The search for the precious metals in France was stimulated by the Emperor Charlemagne, with some degree of success; and mines were also opened in Lorraine. The mines formerly existing in Spain are also said to have been reopened, and worked with considerable success by the Moors during their domination over a portion of that country, and up to their final expulsion, which was nearly contemporary with the discovery of the Western World. The northern nations of Europe—the Danes and Norwegians—possessed, about the period of the middle ages, considerable stores of the precious metals, which they used principally for domestic purposes, for ornamenting their arms, ships of war, &c. It is probable that the wear and tear of gold and silver during the period from 800 to the discovery of America was not so considerable

as it had previously been, so small an amount comparatively being in active circulation, owing to the unsettled state of society. Still it was nearly, if not quite, sufficient to absorb the annual yield from mining operations. Taking the whole facts into consideration, Mr. Jacob adopts the hypothetical assumption that, "at the period when the mines of Hungary and Germany were opened, or, as regards the former, recommenced their workings, the whole quantity of coined money amounted to not more than about thirty-three or thirty-four millions sterling;" and estimates that, up to the discovery of America, that amount had merely been sustained—the yield of the mines of Europe, and importations from Asia and Africa, barely sufficing to cover the ordinary consumption and waste.

We have, then, the following results with respect to the important question of the stock of the coined metals up to the period when they began to be so rapidly augmented from Mexico and Peru.

Estimated stock in 1492,	£33,000,000 sterling.
Addition in the twenty-nine years between the discovery of America and the conquest of Mexico in 1521, at the rate of £52,000 per annum,	1,408,000 "
The amount for the twenty-five years from the capture of Mexico to the discovery of Potosi, at the annual rate, as estimated by Humboldt, of £630,000,	15,750,000 "
Total stock in 1546,	£50,158,000 "

An addition of 50 per cent. had thus been made to the stock of the precious metals in these fifty-three years, beyond what was required to balance the ordinary consumption; and we have already seen the effect which this seventeen millions produced upon prices, affording a very strong corroboration of the correctness of Mr. Jacob's estimate of the pre-existing stock.

It has been a very common supposition that very large quantities of the precious metals were found by the original conquerors of Mexico in the hands of the sovereign and nobles of that country; but inquiry shows us that the amount has been exaggerated. Undoubtedly it might be regarded as considerable in those days,

as an addition to the small stock of gold and silver in circulation in the old countries. The subsequent coercion of the inhabitants by their Spanish masters to labour in the old, or to open out new mines, very considerably increased the previous yield; but we have shown that, up to the period of the conquest of Peru, it amounted only to the inconsiderable sum of £52,000 per annum, and, in fact, for some time scarcely remunerated the Spanish government for the cost of retaining the country. It did not become so remunerative until its government was in the hands of the successors of Columbus, who extended their explorations further into the interior and along the coasts, exercising a much harder sway than that

which the easy temper and moderation of the original discoverer prompted. Vasco Nunez, the first European who had gazed upon the Pacific from American soil, is said to have drawn largely from the Caciques in the Isthmus of Darien, in exchange for beads, looking-glasses, and trinkets. Doubtless the possession of a few similar accumulations rewarded the scrutiny of his compatriots. Generally speaking, however, in Mexico the Spaniards found only the gold and silver-bearing soil, the wealth of which they had to exhume by the coerced labour of its population. The mining carried on had been hitherto of the very rudest kind, involving the minimum amount of labour. In fact, it may be most properly termed washing, the precious metals being found on the surface, amongst the sand and detritus of the rivers. There were evidences, indeed, of more regular operations in a few localities; but the commercial transactions of the new country being very limited, and gold and silver being chiefly required for domestic and ornamental purposes, labour had only been devoted very sparingly to their acquisition, and in a most desultory manner.

Mr. Jacob informs us, however, that "in the space of thirty or forty years from the subjugation of Mexico, mines were at work at Tasco, at Lultepeque, and Pachuca, which, if they yielded little treasure when compared with the more modern products of Valenciana and other rich districts, yet brought into activity sufficient to show what great application might effect, and enough, combined with a similar process in Peru, to produce a great influence on the transactions of the ancient continent as soon as it had reached the ports of Europe."

Somewhat different was the state of things which was found existing in Peru on its conquest by Pizarro. The inhabitants of that country had, for a considerable period previously, cultivated mining as a pursuit, in a somewhat rude and unscientific manner certainly, but with a fair amount of success, of which, however, the Incas received the principal benefit. Mr. Jacob* states that—

"The smelting was performed in small

portable furnaces, or cylindrical tubes of clay, very broad, and pierced with a great number of holes. In these the Indians placed layers of silver ore, galena, and charcoal, and the current of air, which entered the holes, quickened the fire and gave it a great degree of intensity. These furnaces were moved from one elevation to another, according to the degree of low or high wind. When it was found that the wind was too strong, and consumed too much of the fuel, they were removed to a lower situation. By these means the natives obtained argentiferous masses, which were smelted again in their own cottages. This was performed by a number of persons, ten or twelve at a time, blowing a fire through copper tubes from one to two yards in length, pierced with a small hole at the extremity towards the fire, which thus acted in the same manner as the modern blow-pipe. By such processes as these, though a very large portion of the silver must have remained in the scoriae without combining with the galena, yet such a quantity could be obtained as would satisfy the demands of the fiscal officers of the Inca.

"To this method of working may be attributed the quantity of metallic treasure which Pizarro was enabled to extort from the Inca Atahualpa as his ransom, which, according to Garcilasso de la Vega, is stated at the enormous sum of eight hundred thousand pounds, or, according to Gomara, at the more probable amount of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The plunder of Cuzco was also very large; and although the amount of it, as given by Henera, a writer long posterior to the event, and whose authority does not appear, may be exaggerated at four hundred thousand pounds, yet there is evidence sufficient to prove that the treasure found in that city was more than could have been collected if it had all arisen from the washings, and if the Indians had not worked some of the mines."

Pausing here, and looking back from this important point in history, we have clearly shown the extent of the increased power to carry out the ambitious and grasping designs of her monarchs which her new colonies had thrown into the possession of Spain. In little more than half a century, an amount equal to half the stock of the coined metals previously existing in the world passed through her hands,

* Vol. ii. pp. 50-51.

and was lavished in the payment of large armies raised amongst her own subjects, or in subsidising the governments and the unruly adventurers of other countries. We have already remarked that no portion of the vast sums annually flowing into the country was devoted to the promotion of the industrial arts, or to the improved cultivation of the soil, from which most other nations have derived such important benefits. Still less can we discover any efforts made by the Spanish people to develop the vast resources of the soil of their newly acquired possessions in Mexico. Their efforts appear to have been exclusively directed to the work of extracting from the coerced labour of the population the greatest amount of the gold and silver so abundantly yielded by the soil. Yet we have seen, from the experience of the comparatively few years which have elapsed since Mexico rose to the dignity of an independent empire, even amidst the internal discord with which she has been afflicted, how vast those resources are by nature, and how abundantly they would, from their first discovery, have increased under the rule of a wise and paternal government, even in their early condition as colonies. The only sensible use which Spain made of her abundant treasures was in the extension of mercantile adventure and foreign commerce. She had previously gained a footing both in the East and the West Indies. But the genius of her people was not commercial; and they failed as colonisers. We have already stated that she was shortly ousted from these valuable possessions by the more enterprising Portuguese, and the commercial genius and naval prowess of the English and Dutch. Her maritime power, in fact, may be said to have commenced its declination contemporaneously with her possession of her Peruvian treasures.

We are not to assume, however, that more than a limited portion of the mineral treasures of Spain was used as coin. A non-commercial nation requires but a very limited monetary circulation. The commencement of the sixteenth century was a period marked by great religious, or, perhaps, we ought rather to say, superstitious fervour. The passion for

splendour of religious ceremonials was strong in the Spanish people; and the Romish Church was never known to discourage the offerings of "the faithful," when her grandeur and power could be promoted by them. Vast sums were lavished upon religious edifices, and upon their adornments. The presentation to the church of a cross of gold, or a shrine fabricated out of the precious metals, sufficed to wipe out many a dark sin, or to obtain the church's aid to many an unholy adventure. By these and similar means vast amounts of the precious metals were locked up, and rendered as useless to mankind as if they had still remained in their original locations. Sufficient quantities, however, we have seen, were thrown into circulation in the form, or as the basis, of money, to stimulate the commerce and industry of the trading and manufacturing communities of other countries, and to enable them ultimately, by the ordinary profits of commerce and of usury, to absorb the bulk of the treasures which Spain and other producers of the precious metals permitted to pass through their hands with scarcely an attempt at increase or accumulation.

We come now to a more minute examination of the circumstances attendant upon the conquest of Peru by its first discoverer, Francisco Pizarro. It has been previously stated that, on the landing of the Spaniards, they found considerable stores of the precious metals existing in the country, the accumulations of previous mining operations. No portion, however, of these was in the form of money, or coined. The bulk was contained in the palaces of the Incas and superior nobility, who were descended from the same original stock, reputed by the Peruvian people to be divine; and in the temples dedicated to the sun, which was worshipped as a divinity; and a large portion was worn in various shapes as personal ornaments. Mr. Prescott, in his *History of the Conquest of Peru*, gives us the following description of the temple at Cuzco:—

"The most renowned of the Peruvian temples, the pride of the capital and the wonder of the empire, was at Cuzco, where, under the munificence of successive sovereigns, it had become so enriched that it received the name of *Coricancha*.

or 'the Place of gold.' It consisted of a principal building and several chapels and inferior edifices, covering a large extent of ground in the heart of the city, and completely encompassed by a wall, which, with the edifices, was all constructed of stone. The work was of the kind already described in the other public buildings of the country, and was so finely executed that a Spaniard, who saw it in its glory, assured us he could call to mind only two edifices in Spain which, for their workmanship, were at all to be compared with it. Yet this substantial, and, in some respects, magnificent structure, was thatched with straw!

"The interior of the temple was the most worthy of admiration. It was literally a mine of gold. On the western wall was emblazoned a representation of the Deity, consisting of a human countenance looking forth from amidst innumerable rays of light, which emanated from it in every direction, in the same manner as the sun is often personified with us. The figure was engraved on a massive plate of gold, of enormous dimensions, thickly powdered with emeralds and precious stones. It was so situated in front of the great eastern portal that the rays of the morning sun fell directly upon it at its rising, lighting up the whole apartment with an effulgence that seemed more than natural, and which was reflected back from the golden ornaments with which the walls and ceiling were everywhere encrusted. Gold, in the figurative language of the people, was 'the tears wept by the sun'; and every part of the interior of the temple glowed with burnished plates and studs of the precious metal. The cornices which surrounded the walls of the sanctuary were of the same costly material; and a broad belt or frieze of gold, let into the stone-work, encompassed the whole exterior of the edifice.

"Adjoining the principal structure were several chapels of smaller dimensions. One of them was consecrated to the moon, the deity next held in reverence as the mother of the Incas. Her effigy was delineated in the same manner as that of the sun, on a vast plate that nearly covered one side of the apartment. But this plate, as well as all the decorations of the building, was of silver, as suited to the pale silvery light of the beautiful planet. There were three other chapels, one of which was dedicated to the host of stars, who formed the bright court of the sister of the sun; another was consecrated to his dread ministers of vengeance, the Thunder and the Lightning; and a third to the Rainbow, whose

many-coloured arch spanned the walls of the edifice with hues almost as radiant as its own. There were, besides, several other buildings, or insulated apartments, for the accommodation of the numerous priests who officiated in the services of the temple.

"All the plate, the ornaments, the utensils of every description appropriated to the uses of religion, were of gold or silver. Twelve immense vases of the latter metal stood on the floor of the great saloon, filled with grain of the Indian corn; the censers for the perfumes, the ewers which held the water for sacrifice, the pipes which conducted it through subterranean channels into the buildings, the reservoir that received it, even the agricultural implements used in the gardens of the temple, were all of the same rich materials. The gardens, like those described belonging to the royal palaces, sparkled with gold and silver, and various imitations of the vegetable kingdom. Animals also were to be found there—among which the llama with its golden fleece—executed in the same style, and with a degree of skill which, in this instance, probably did not surpass the excellence of the material."

It was not, however, for some years after their first entrance into the country, or until they had acquired increased numbers and power from Spain, that the conquerors dared to outrage the national feeling by the sacrilegious appropriation of this vast mass of mineral wealth. When at length they did so, it was found that many of the costly articles had been buried by the natives, or thrown into the waters of the rivers and the lakes. "Such things as were in their nature portable were speedily removed to gratify the cravings of the conquerors, who even tore away the solid cornices and frieze of gold from the great temple, filling up the vacant places with the cheaper, but—since it affords no temptation to extravagance—more durable, material of plaster. It is computed that, besides the great temple at Cuzco, there were from three to four hundred inferior temples and religious houses in the Peruvian capital and its environs, besides many splendid temples and religious houses scattered over the provinces."

It was not for some years after the conquest of this wealthy land that much of its gold and silver stores found their way to Spain; and even

then it is most probable that the amount was limited to the Spanish monarch's share in the ransom exacted from the unfortunate Inca, Atahualpa, and the sack of Cuzco, added to the savings conveyed home by such fortunate adventurers as from time to time returned to Europe, satisfied with their accumulations, and anxious to exchange the discomforts and toil of the newly acquired country for the comparative ease and dignity which the possession of the precious metals enabled them to enjoy. Ample stores, however, of those metals, already won from the earth, were left behind to feed the rapacity of even a race of Spanish adventurers for years to come. To assist us in forming an idea of the extent of the stores left for future adventurers to appropriate, we may here advert to a singular practice which existed amongst the Incas and the Peruvian princes. The palaces of the latter almost vied with those of the Inca himself in magnificence and costly adornment; yet we learn that—

"The wealth displayed by the Peruvian princes was only that which each had amassed individually for himself. He owed nothing to inheritance from his predecessors. On the decease of an Inca, his palaces were abandoned; all his treasures, except what were employed in his obsequies, his furniture and apparel, were suffered to remain as he had left them, and his numerous mansions were closed up for ever. The reason of this was the popular belief that the soul of the departed monarch would return after a while to reanimate his body on earth; and they wished that he should find everything to which he had been used in life prepared for his reception.

"When an Inca died, or, to use his own language, was called to the mansions of his father, the Sun, his obsequies were celebrated with great pomp and solemnity. The bowels were taken from the body, and deposited in the temple of Tampu, about five leagues from the capital. A quantity of his plate and jewels was buried with them. A number of his attendants and favourite concubines, amounting, it is said, sometimes to a thousand, were immolated on his tomb. The body of the deceased Inca was skillfully embalmed

and removed to the Great Temple of the Sun at Cuzco. There the Peruvian sovereign, on entering the awful sanctuary, might behold the effigies of his royal ancestors ranged in opposite files; the men on the right, and their queens on the left, of the great luminary which blazed in refulgent gold on the walls of the temple. The bodies clothed in princely attire, which they had been accustomed to wear, were placed on chairs of gold with their heads inclined downward; their hands placidly crossed over their bosoms; their countenances exhibiting their natural dusky hue, less liable to change than the fresher colouring of a European complexion—and their hair of raven black, or silvered over with age, according to the period at which they died. It seemed like a company of solemn worshippers fixed in devotion, so true were the forms and lineaments to life. The Peruvians were as successful as the Egyptians in the miserable attempt to perpetuate the lineaments of the body beyond the limits assigned to it by nature."

These venerated effigies were removed by the natives before the capital was sacked by the Spaniards; and it is also said that most of the treasures contained in the royal palaces were removed and secreted from the clutch of the invaders, and an amount of gold and silver thus secured very far above that which they succeeded in appropriating.

For a long series of years, during the reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, Peru was comparatively worthless as a possession to Spain, and under successive members of the Pizarro family might be said almost to have thrown off all allegiance to the Spanish crown. During this period a great social change had been created in the new country by the use, for the first time there, of gold and silver as money. The treasures seized by the adventurers were melted into ingots of a uniform standard, which were divided amongst them,—six thousand pesos d'oro (about £4000 sterling) being the share of each cavalry soldier, and half that amount that of the infantry. The sudden influx of so much wealth, it is said, in so transferable a form, among a party of reckless adventurers, little accustomed to the possession of money,

* *History of the Conquest of Peru*, vol. i. pp. 30, 31.

had its natural effect. It supplied them with the means of gaming, so strong and common a passion with the Spaniards that it may be considered a national vice. Fortunes were won, and lost and won, in a single day, sufficient to render the proprietors independent for life; and many a desperate gamester, by an unlucky throw of the dice or turn of the cards, saw himself stripped in a few hours of the fruits of toil, and obliged to begin over again the business of rapine. Among these one in the cavalry service is mentioned, named Leginzand, who had received as his booty the image of the sun raised on a plate of burnished gold, spread over the walls in a recess of the great temple, and which for some reason or other, perhaps because of its superior fineness, was not recast like the other ornaments. This rich prize the spend-thrift lost in a single night; whence it became to be a proverb in Spain—"Juega el Sol antes que amanezca"—"Play away the sun before sunrise."

The historian informs us that—

"The effect of such a surfeit of the precious metals was instantly felt on prices. The most ordinary articles were only to be had for exorbitant sums. A quire of paper sold for ten pesos d'oro, the commercial value of the precious metals represented by the term pesos d'oro being three dollars and 7 cents present currency, or about 13s. A bottle of wine sold for sixty; a sword for forty or fifty; a cloak for a hundred, sometimes more; a pair of shoes cost thirty or forty pesos d'oro; and a good horse could not be had for less than twenty-five hundred. Some brought a still higher price. Every article rose in value, as gold and silver, the representatives of all, declined. *Gold and silver, in short, seemed to be the only things in Cusco that were not wealth.*"

The influx of the precious metals of Peru into Spain was not fully developed, and did not become of a regular character, until the mission of the licentiate, Pedro de la Gasca, had been successful in overthrowing the power of the Pizarros, and introducing order and regular laws into the country. By the wise measures of the same agent of the Spanish monarch, the condition of the native population was materially improved.

The title to property was secured, and able and upright judges were appointed, who laboured diligently with their chief to correct the mischief caused by the misrule of their predecessors. The career of Gasca is a somewhat remarkable one; it is recorded of him that—

"By a calm appeal to reason he wrought a change in the hearts of the people; and, without costing a drop of blood to a single loyal subject, he suppressed a rebellion which had menaced Spain with the loss of the wealthiest of her provinces. He had punished the guilty, and in their spoils found the means to recompense the faithful. He had, moreover, so well husbanded the resources of the country, that he was enabled to pay off the large loan which he had negotiated with the merchants of the colony for the expenses of the war, exceeding nine hundred thousand pesos d'oro. Nay, more; by his economy he had saved a million and a half of ducats for the government, which for some years had received nothing from Peru; and he now proposed to carry home this acceptable treasure to swell the royal coffers. All this had been accomplished without the cost of outfit, or salary, or any charge to the crown, except that of his own frugal expenditure.

"Gasca was most graciously received on his return by his sovereign, Charles the Fifth, to whom the treasure which he brought, and the trustworthy account of the value of his new possession, were most acceptable, at a time when the exchequer of Spain was in a state of the greatest poverty, caused by the expensive European struggles in which he had been engaged. Previously, however, to the mission of Pedro de la Gasca, the greed of the early discoverers of the country had laid the foundation of vast future accessions to the monetary resources of the world. Gonzalo Pizarro had possessed himself of the silver hills of Potosi, which, however, were not worked effectually until some years after their first acquisition. Under the superintendence of Cabajal, a faithful friend and companion of Gonzalo, a vein of extraordinary richness was opened, which soon enabled him to send large remittances to Lima; and it is recorded by the Spanish historian, Tarate, that the effect was such, according to Garcilasso, that in ten years from this period an iron horse-shoe in that quarter came to be worth nearly its weight in silver, whilst the tide of wealth which flowed in from the mines, supplied Pizarro with the resources of a European monarch.

Previously to this period, however, the visit of Hernando Pizarro to his native land, and his appearance at court with gold to the amount of half a million of *pesos*, much of it in the form of those beautiful manufactures of the precious metals for which the Indians of Peru were so celebrated, and the arrival with him of a number of private adventurers, laden with wealth, had excited in Spain a perfect rage for emigration.

"The conquest of Mexico, though calling forth general admiration, as a brilliant and wonderful exploit, had as yet failed to produce those golden results which had been so fondly anticipated. The splendid promises held out by Francis Pizarro, on his recent visit to the country, had not revived the confidence of his countrymen, made incredulous by repeated disappointment. All that they were assured of was the difficulties of the enterprise; and their distrust of its results was sufficiently shown by the small number of followers, and those only of the most desperate stamp, who were willing to take their chance in the adventure.

"But now these promises were realised. It was no longer the golden reports that they were to trust, but the gold itself, which was displayed in such profusion before them. All eyes were now turned towards the West. The broken spendthrift saw in it the quarter where he was to repair his fortunes as speedily as he had ruined them. The merchant, instead of seeking the precious commodities of the East, looked in the opposite direction, and counted on far higher gains, where the most common articles of life commanded so exorbitant prices. The cavalier, eager to win both gold and glory at the point of his lance, thought to find a fair field for his prowess on the mountain plains of the Andes." *

As has been the case with respect to nearly all the conquests of the Spanish people, in their avidity for sudden gain—for the possession of gold and silver—they neglected, and in fact wantonly destroyed, sources of wealth and of future commercial greatness, almost incalculable in extent. We may instance their treatment of the vast flocks of llamas which they found spread over every portion of the country on their arrival, the wool of which furnished the material for cloths of exquisite manufacture and dyes,

equal indeed in beauty to the finest productions of the East. These animals were appropriated exclusively to the Sun and the Inca; and the utmost care was manifested in their rearing, and to promote their increase. They were scattered over the different provinces, chiefly in the colder regions of the country, where they were intrusted to the care of experienced shepherds, who conducted them to different pastures, according to the change of season. A few only were slaughtered for the consumption of the court, and for religious festivals, and then only the males. They were sheared at the appointed period, the wool deposited in the public magazines, whence it was dealt out to families in quantities apportioned to their wants, and spun and woven by the female portion of each household. By the Spaniards these valuable animals were slaughtered with such recklessness, as a Spanish writer, Oudezardo, the governor of Cuzco, informs us, that "in four years more of these animals perished than in four hundred in the times of the Incas. The flocks, once so numerous over the broad table-lands, were now thinned to a scanty number, that sought shelter in the fastnesses of the Andes. The poor Indian, without food, without the warm fleece which furnished him a defence against the cold, now wandered half starved and naked over the plateau."

It is truly painful to contemplate the serious change for the worse which took place amongst the Peruvian population, whilst they were subjected to the arbitrary sway of Francisco Pizarro and his successors. The rule of the Incas was upon the whole a mild and patriarchal one. Although their subjects were not permitted opportunities of rising much above their original position in the social fabric, and were virtually not free agents, being compelled to work for the monarchs and the superior nobility, yet the tasks allotted them were within their strength to perform, and were gone through with alacrity and cheerfulness. Poverty was unknown in the country; and if the natives could not become individually rich, neither were any permitted to want. The arts of civilisation had obviously been long

* *History of Peru*, vol. ii. 28, 21.

cultivated amongst them, probably for centuries, although whence derived has not been satisfactorily determined. Their public roads alone afforded evidence of an advanced stage of civilisation, and a vastness of design, combined with power to construct, which have struck every traveller with astonishment. Humboldt has recorded that "the roads of the Incas were among the most useful and stupendous works ever executed by man." And in one respect they were greatly in advance of the similar works constructed by the Romans. Small buildings or stations were erected along them, at distances variously estimated at from a league to five miles asunder, which served as resting-places for a numerous corps of chasquis or couriers, by whose means despatches could be forwarded from one extreme of the empire to another, it is said, at the rate of a hundred and fifty miles per day. Poetry, in the form of ballads, was cultivated amongst the Peruvians; and it is even said that they had advanced as far as dramatic composition.

Far different became their condition after they had been subjected to the arbitrary dominion of their conquerors. The Spaniards were merciless in their exactions of labour from their Indian slaves. Regarding gold as the means by which every luxury and enjoyment were brought within their reach, human life even was not permitted to stand in the way of their obtaining it. Their victims were literally worked into the grave, as the cheapest asylum which offered itself for those who could work no longer. In the mean time, every outrage which the most atrocious wickedness could suggest, was practised towards this inoffensive people. The most boundless scope was given to licentiousness. The young maiden was torn, without remorse, from the arms of her family, to gratify the passion of her brutal conqueror. The sacred houses of the Virgins of the Sun were broken open and violated, and the cavalier swelled his harem with a troop of Indian girls, making it seem that the Crescent would have been a more fitting symbol for his banner than the immaculate Cross.

We need scarcely ask what must

have been the social condition of Spain herself, when her population had been reinforced by the return of successive bands of these ruthless and utterly depraved adventurers. We know, in fact, that society throughout other European countries was contaminated by their presence.

The influx of gold and silver from the Spanish colonies into Europe can scarcely be said to have proceeded with any regularity before the middle of the sixteenth century. Humboldt estimates the annual supply as follows:—

From 1556 to 1578, £448,000 sterling.

" 1579 " 1600, 280,000 "

On the discovery of America, as has been previously stated, the coined money in the world was believed to be £34,000,000

Produce of 112 years,
allowing for wear
tear,

138,000,000.

£172,000,000

A large portion of this increase must obviously have come from other sources than the American mines; such, for example, as the melting down of plate in various countries of Europe, to provide the funds for war. It is estimated that £42,000,000 sterling was abstracted during the period in question, by the extension of the commerce of Europe, and of England in particular, with Asia and other eastern countries, leaving £130,000,000 as the coined money of Europe. The effect of so large an addition to the circulating medium was a rapid enhancement of the prices of commodities in every country. In the reign of Henry VII., during a period regarded as one of great dearth, the price of wheat was 3s. 4d. per quarter. From 1583 to 1593 the average was 20s. 9d., and from 1593 to 1619 it had risen to 33s. 3d. Prices of commodities generally throughout Europe were enhanced in similar proportion. Don Sancho Moncada, who published his work at Madrid in 1619, after boasting "de que el oro y el plata eran cosa esta nacion," adds, that "before the discovery of the Indies he who possessed one hundred reals was as rich as he who now enjoys five hundred; for with the abundance of gold

and silver, their value has fallen, and the value of whatever has to be bought with money has likewise increased." Of course, in the last sentence the worthy Spaniard only tells us the same story a second time, though in a different form. The principal sufferers were the monarch and great land-owners, who derived their incomes from the soil, in the shape of fixed incomes from fines, chief rents, or under-leases for lives or years, and the labouring classes, whose wages were not raised in proportion to the increased cost of living.

The increase of gold and silver during the seventeenth century has been estimated at £337,500,000. Deducting one-tenth of this amount for the supply of the East, we have \$304,750,000 left for the wants of Europe. Of this amount Mr. Jacob (*vol. ii. 131*) puts down £297,000,000 as the amount of coined money. The population during the century had increased 40 per cent., which would tend to check excessive prices, owing to the increased demand for coin to be used for enlarged exchange transactions.

During the latter portion of the seventeenth century, there was a considerably increased amount of the precious metals employed in the decoration of Catholic churches and in private dwellings. Watches, both in gold and silver cases, became more generally worn, as these watches became cheapened in their manufacture. A larger quantity of the precious metals was used for gilding, plating, lace, &c., and the possession of various utensils of gold and silver became an object of ambition to the nobility and gentry throughout Europe.* From 1700 to 1809, the increase of the precious metals is estimated at £706,464,434, the annual produce having been, during the century, nearly £8,000,000 sterling. The stock of coin, however, is only estimated, in 1809, at £380,000,000 sterling.† Of course, in this estimate, as in previous ones, wear and tear is taken into consideration. In regarding the slow increase in the stock of coin up to the close of the eighteenth century, as compared with the increase in the stock of the precious

metals in other forms, we should bear in mind that, in many of the principal trading countries of Europe, the domestic transactions could be efficiently carried on by means of paper representative money, thus enabling a large portion of the precious metals to be employed for other purposes.

Mr. Jacob thus winds up his sketch of the progress of our supply of these metals up to the beginning of the present century:—

"Viewing Europe as a whole, comprehending with it England, and taking into view the United States of America, which had risen from low beginnings to become a wealthy and independent power, we are compelled to believe that the whole mass of material wealth had increased at a rate much beyond that which has been shown to have been the rate of increase of the precious metals. If we could be led to estimate the rate of the advance in material wealth to have been very much beyond the rate of the increase of metallic wealth, we might expect that the prices of commodities in general would have fallen, instead of having risen in the period under consideration. It must, however, be borne in mind, that times of internal turbulence favour the conversion of articles of metallic wealth from articles of luxury into current coin. This operation, especially, was proceeding in the early part of the wars which originated in the French Revolution. In France itself the most tangible property of the royal and noble families who became emigrants was their plate and jewels. The same was the case with the churches, monasteries, and other public establishments. Whether that plate was sold to supply the means of emigration, whether it was confiscated by the decrees of the Convention, or devoted to unauthorised pillage, the greater part of it would, for the sake of more facility in its circulation, be converted into coined money. In Italy, where the churches, shrines, and religious institutions were richly furnished with ornaments of silver and gold, the greater part was seized either by the assailants or defenders, and converted into coin. The same course of events may be observed in the Netherlands, in Austria, in the parts of Southern Germany, and, though at a later period, in Saxony, in Prussia, and the north of Germany, and, finally, in Portugal and Spain."‡

* Jacob, *vol. ii. p. 131.*

† *Ibid.*, *ii. p. 214.*

‡ *Ibid.*, *ii. p. 222.*

We must briefly advert to the progress of the supply from the mines of Russia. Their yield, up to the commencement of the present century, is included in the previously given estimates of Mr. Jacob.

From a very early period it was known that the soil of Russia was rich in the possession of metals, especially lead, copper, and iron; and every encouragement was offered by successive sovereigns to encourage the pursuits of mining, smelting, &c., as the surest mode of developing the resources of the empire. The influx of foreign miners was courted; and on the accession of Peter the Great, that sovereign wrought in the first regular mine-work, situated near Moscow, which had been granted to two foreigners—a Dane and a Dutchman—previously to his setting out on his first tour into foreign countries, from which he secured the services of an assayer, and a number of experienced miners, with a master at their head. It was not, however, until the early part of the eighteenth century that gold ore was discovered in the mountains of Olonitz. About the same period it was discovered that the Kolhyvan contained a considerable proportion of silver, amounting to from seven to eight per cent. In 1745 the working of these mines, generally known as the Altayan, was undertaken by the Crown. Under the Empress Elizabeth the mines of Russia increased amazingly in productive yield,—in part from more skilful management, and in part from new discoveries. The Beresof gold mine on the Ural mountains was opened in the year 1754, and up to the year 1788—thirty-two years—had produced about 120 pood of gold, valued at 1,198,000 roubles. The mines of Nertschink were also most productive. It is probable, however, that at no time previous to the beginning of the present century had the annual yield of gold in Russia reached the amount of £500,000 sterling. Since the accession of the present Emperor Nicholas, the mines of the Ural and the Altai increased still more considerably, and

a large additional supply was afforded to the world by the discovery that portions of the great eastern regions of Siberia are highly auriferous. Sir Roderick Murchison estimates—*Anniversary Address, Royal Geological Society*, vol. xiv. 1844—that, a few years ago, this distant region did not afford a third part of the gold which the Ural mountains produced; but by recent researches, an augmentation so rapid and extraordinary has taken place, that, a year or two ago, the eastern Siberian tracts yielded considerably upwards of £2,250,000 sterling, raising the gold produce of the Russian empire to near £3,000,000 sterling.

As in the case of the mineral products of Mexico and Peru, and those of earlier gold-producing countries, comparatively no portion of this abundant yield of the precious metals has fallen to the share of the classes by whose instrumentality they were raised from the bowels of the earth. Previously to the reign of the Empress Elizabeth, the iron, copper, lead, and salt mines of Russia were chiefly owned either by the Crown or by certain of the great landowners and noblemen, with a few foreigners, who had been induced to bring the benefit of their mining experience into the country, by the inducement of extraordinary privileges held out to them by Peter the Great. The workers were chiefly boors, belonging to such great landowners and noble families, or to the Crown. Their pay, of course, was the minimum for which the lowest caste of the peasantry could be maintained in strength sufficient to enable them to endure very severe toil. On the discovery of the silver mines of Kolhyvan and the gold mines of Ural, in the middle of the eighteenth century, they were taken possession of by the Crown, which already owned a portion of the iron, salt, &c. mines, besides exacting a heavy royalty upon others, especially those which were upon Crown lands. Under the reign of the Empress Catherine, we are informed*—

“The political and economical constitution of the mines underwent a

* *View of the Russian Empire during the Reign of Catharine II., and to the close of the Eighteenth Century.* By WILLIAM TOOKE, F.R.S.

thorough change, as the Empress, in pursuance of the great plan she had formed of new-modelling her empire, reduced also this department of the public administration, by several ordinances and precepts, to a well-combined system. Not only was the management of the mines greatly simplified, but likewise the privileges formerly granted to miners were confirmed and enlarged by many important concessions, even at the expense of several imperialties and prerogatives of the Crown. By the present constitution (1800), the mines belong either to the Crown, or to public institutions, or to private individuals. The first possesses *all* the before-mentioned gold and silver mines; the share which it has in the copper and iron mines cannot be accurately ascertained, though it appears, from authentic statements, to be about one-sixth of the former, and of the latter one-eighth part.

"Under the direction of the cabinet are all the gold and silver mines of Kolhyvan and Nertschink. The rest of the Crown mines are dependent upon the senate. They are managed by directors and overseers, who deliver their accounts to the finance office of the government, and thence receive their orders. Besides these offices, there is also a Kantora at St. Petersburg, for the separation of the gold from the silver, over which the general-procureur has the inspection. The private mines received in the late reign so many and such diverse grants by law that it would not be easy to point to a country which can show in this respect similar privileges and immunities. According to the former constitution, the right of working mines properly belonged to those who had the right to possess land; a privilege, it is well known, enjoyed only in Russia by the nobility. The ordinances of Catherine II. grant the right of opening mines, and erecting works at them,—1st, to all owners of land particularly; 2dly, to the nobility; and, 3dly, likewise to the therein-named burghers, and the burghers of the first and second guilds. Yet, from the commencement of mining, there have been un noble proprietors of mines, who belonged to the class of merchants; but their mines are either in crown-lands, or in the country of the Tartars, Bashkirs, Vogules, and other Siberian nations; and in the former case the forests are given them only to cut, for a stipulated time or for ever, with permission to work the mines; but the fee-simple of the land was never made over to them."

These concessions were apparently liberal, and were certainly most politic; for whilst they promoted the exploration of the soil in search of iron, copper, and other metals, the Crown was always ready to step in when such exploration resulted in the discovery of a supply of the precious metals, on the ground that the laws of Russia forbid mines of gold or silver to be owned or worked by private individuals. To the extension of mining operations which followed we owe the discovery of gold in the Eastern Siberian mountains, which has so very greatly enlarged the production, as shown by Sir R. Marchison.

It will scarcely appear singular, after the description we have given of the Russian system of mining, and of the manner in which mining property was held in that country, that we find its increase in wealth attended by very little improvement in the condition of the masses of its population for at least a century and a half past. In the year 1788, the total annual produce of Russia was estimated at 300,000,000 roubles. Her exports in the same year were estimated at 27,500,000 roubles. In the same time Russia possessed a monetary circulation of 230,000,000 roubles, of which, however, only 76,000,000 roubles consisted of gold and silver coin. The amount of copper coin amounted to 54,000,000 roubles, and of paper-money to 100,000,000 roubles. It is an obvious sign of the general poverty of a people when so large a portion of its transactions can be carried on in the lowest-priced metal which is used as coin. In 1800, the quantity of specie had been largely increased, and was increasing; but the copper money showed the greatest share of this increase—the quantity coined in the year being 2,000,000 roubles against 1,700,000 roubles of gold and silver. In the same year 1,300,000 roubles of foreign coinage of various sorts was added to the circulation of the country. The exports were yearly exceeding the imports; and the value was balanced by imports of foreign specie. Russia had extended, and indeed created, a lucrative manufacturing system, which not only supplied the greater portion of

her population with many of the necessities of life, but had as early as 1800 begun to furnish considerable quantities of goods for exportation; and being added to her previous exports of copper, iron, bismuth, &c., increased largely the balance of trade in her favour, and hence increased also the influx of the precious metals into the empire. Amongst the leading manufactures are those of cordage and sail-cloth, linen, cotton, silk, woollen cloth, carpets, leather, earthenware, porcelain, charcoal, firearms, cannons, vitriol, saltpetre, potash, distilled liquors, soap, isinglass, oils, &c. In the most profitable of these the Crown is largely interested. The remainder are chiefly carried on by the nobility and large landowners, or by wealthy capitalists, aided by the cheaply-furnished labour of the Crown boors, or the serfs of the possessors of the soil. Under such a system, the wealth acquired naturally flows into few hands, and has thus far done little towards elevating the masses of the people; and an independent middle class can scarcely be said to exist in the empire.

The question naturally arises—What has become of the large amount of the precious metals which has been exhumed from the soil during the last hundred years, and been claimed by the Crown? More especially, what has been the destination of the largely-increased yield during the reigns of the Emperor Nicholas and his predecessor? The costly defensive works in the Black Sea and the Baltic, Sebastopol, Cronstadt, the fortifications of the Åland Isles, and of the various Russian forts, readily account for the dispersion of vast sums amongst foreign engineers, and in the purchase of the material required, cannon, &c. The powerful fleets at present shut up in their harbours by the Allied Powers, and a portion of which has been destroyed or sunk by the Russians themselves, account for the outlay of a very large amount of money. Aggressive wars have been a constant drain, both of the treasures of the Crown and the incomes of the nobility and landowners, the latter of whom are

additionally impoverished by most extravagant habits of living. The subtle diplomacy which Russia carries on in every country with which she has relations, is a source of vast expenditure to the State; and Europe knows by experience how widely spread and lavishly conducted is the system of bribery and corruption carried on in every foreign court, by which she is continually endeavouring to urge forward her schemes of aggression, and to gratify her ambition for extended empire. The increased attention which the present war has invited to the actual condition of the Russian people, has disclosed to us a state of things existing amongst the most favoured classes—the nobility and great landowners—which one could scarcely have conceived compatible with the profitable privileges which those classes have so long enjoyed, and the large revenues which they have been deriving from the soil, and the vast mineral wealth which it yields. We have had it clearly shown that it is only by heavy advances of foreign capital that a great portion of the produce of Russia can be brought to the various ports of shipment; that the bulk of her grain, tallow, hides, hemp, and flax, and other articles of export, are mortgaged far in advance of the period when they can be delivered; in fact, that the foreigner may fairly be said to furnish the bulk of the monied capital by which the cultivation of the empire is carried on.

But it is not so much the yield of the precious metals in Russia as her commercial policy, by which she has succeeded in carrying out the ambitious designs of respective rulers, and extending gradually the boundaries of the empire. From a very early period that policy has been of an extremely restrictive character; and hence Russia has been constantly drawing the precious metals from every nation with which she has traded, and especially from European countries. The following table of the exports and imports at St. Petersburg, and other evidence derived from commercial history, extending over more than a century, will show with what success and constancy this policy has been pursued.

In the year		Exports.	Imports.
1742	Roubles	2,479,656	2,030,337
1749	"	3,184,322	2,942,242
1759	"	3,530,614	Not procured.
1780	"	10,941,128	8,656,379
1790	"	21,641,779	22,964,618
1795	"	31,767,952	23,019,175
1799	"	38,169,925	19,290,779

Special circumstances account for deviations from the ordinary state of things in a few particular years. An excess of exports, during the latter portion of the same period, took place in the commerce of Russia through the ports of the Euxine which became still more strikingly developed subsequently to her possession of the Crimea, which was long an object of ambition to her rulers, and was most insidiously sought to be achieved. During the years 1776 to 1780 she had exported from the ports of that sea to the value of 903,818 roubles against an import of 276,504 roubles only. From this *point d'appui*, it is not concealed by Russian historians, she aimed at grasping a share in the valuable commerce between India and Europe, and established a considerable traffic with the former country, Persia, and other Eastern nations, the central seat of which was established at Astrakan.

It is clear that, up to the close of the eighteenth century, before the yield of her mines of the precious metals had been so enormously increased by their discovery in the Eastern Siberian range, the aggressive career of Russia was mainly supported by the influx of gold and silver to balance her transactions with foreign countries. The only exceptions to this general course of Russian commerce occurred in her transactions overland with Prussia on the European frontier, and with Persia. There was a slight excess of imports over exports in her commerce with these countries; and, with respect to China, the exports about balanced the imports.

During the fifty-four years which have passed of the present century the same principle has pervaded her commercial transactions with every country, and has been carried out with very great success. Great Britain, in particular, has been constantly

her debtor for large balances, to be satisfied in the precious metals.

We need scarcely be at a loss to account for the amazing strides in substantial power made by Russia during the present century, and especially within the past few years, or at her being able to withstand the lavish war-expenditure incurred by the present Czar and his predecessor. During twenty-six successive years, a war has been waged with the Circassians, which is said to have involved a sacrifice of life to the awful amount of about 600,000 Russians. The war with the Turks in 1823 and 1829 was accompanied by a similarly awful sacrifice of life, 50,000 Russians having perished by the plague, in addition to the number of lives lost on various battle-fields. Yet leaving out of consideration the increased yield of her mines, which is the unchallenged property of the Crown, we have never heard of any deficiency of the precious metals in that country. Personally, the present Czar especially has always been rich in their possession; and he has occasionally manifested his monetary power by financial operations upon the various exchanges in Europe, and always with an ulterior motive rather than that of mere gain. One of his favourite weapons of offence has been the effort to bring about monetary crises in countries which showed a disposition to thwart his ambitious designs. The resources of his empire must have been prodigiously increased by the vast demand which recent legislation in this country, and the circumstances of European nations during the past twelve months especially, have created for one of its great staples—grain.

What is the lesson which the present position of Russia ought to teach mankind? Obviously this—and it is only a confirmation of the lesson which had been previously taught us

by the decline, in power and prosperity, of Spain and her South American colonies—that the possession of the precious metals in the soil of a country, or however obtained, may be a curse instead of a blessing, when those metals are hoarded in a few hands, or absorbed by the Government, instead of being permitted to circulate freely to promote the growth of the arts and of commerce, and the employment of industry. The gold and silver of Russia have been directed to promote only the territorial aggrandisement and the ambition of her successive rulers; whilst the monopolies possessed by her nobility and great landowners have served mainly to feed their passion for profuse expenditure and ostentatious display. Externally imposing as a power amongst nations, internally she is full of rottenness. Her system is a grinding tyranny, encircling a nation of abject slaves, scarcely a degree removed by intellect and mental culture from barbarism. Such a country contains within itself the seeds of its own decline, or rather the combustible materials which must some day shatter the fabric of its imagined power into fragments; for Russia is not destined to sink gradually from the position which she has assumed in the world. Her break-up will be one of violence, and is probably not far distant, unless the advent to power of some wiser dynasty of sovereigns, and more honest and patriotic statesmen, interfere to prevent the catastrophe, by allowing their full development to the vast resources of her soil and position, and by alleviating the condition, both physical and mental, of the masses of her population.

Another important lesson may be derived from a glance at the whole career and policy of Russia since the time of Peter the Great. That policy has been directed towards acquiring and retaining the possession of as large an amount of the precious metals as possible, in addition to the produce of the mines, wherewith to carry on vast schemes of aggrandisement, and bring about extensions of her empire, so astutely conducted that the bulk of mankind, and even

reputed as far-seeing amongst

statesmen, have rarely discovered the objects which she was seeking to attain, until her prey was firmly clutched, or powerless at her feet. With the tortuous crawl of the serpent, she has made her slow approaches towards the accomplishment of those objects, progressing almost imperceptibly, yet still drawing nearer and nearer, always prepared for the final spring until, in some hour of weakness on the part of her doomed victim, she has suddenly brought forth her hoarded millions, and swept him from her path. A full comprehension of the policy of Russia, and the genius of her political system, would have been especially valuable during the past twelve months. The secret of her power is also the secret of her weakness. We have committed a suicidal mistake in permitting her to enjoy the indirect facilities afforded by Prussia and other states of carrying on an export trade little diminished from its former amount, whilst we have been making a show of crippling it, by an ostentatious blockade of her seaports. To some extent, indeed, we may have limited the amount, and diminished the profits of that trade. But this was not enough. Such a feeble half-and-half policy was not calculated to meet the emergency in which the Western Powers of Europe were placed by her insolent attack upon an unoffending ally, and her outrage upon international law. Moreover, she has the power of protecting herself from any material deficit being created in her financial resources, by the very simple step of limiting the amount of her imports, and thus maintaining her ability of drawing largely upon the stocks of the precious metals in Europe. We know that she is doing so at the present moment; and, as the result of our weakness and folly, it is well-nigh certain that she will be enabled, after all the reverses which she has sustained, to enter upon a new campaign in the ensuing spring, with resources little impaired, and probably with a still wilder desperation. It should be ever borne in mind that the loss of an army, or of half-a-dozen armies, or the destruction of fleets and fortresses, are lightly regarded by such a power as

Russia, swayed as her destinies are by a sovereign whom wounded pride and thwarted ambition have driven to the very verge of insanity. Let his empire, however, be once effectually cut off from commercial intercourse with the rest of the world; seal up the produce of its mines, its agricultural produce, and its manufactures, and thereby destroy the incomes of its nobles, its landowners, and its merchants; close stringently the avenues through which gold and silver, the basis of its monetary system, flow into the empire more abundantly than from the mines of the Czar, large as their produce is,—and the voice of the Russian people will probably, before many months elapse, assume a potency which even that obstinate and fanatical man will find himself powerless to resist.

There is one source, indeed, from which the Czar, as a last hope, might draw largely, if permitted. It is well known that the Church, and the religious houses in Russia, are rich in the possession of the precious metals, as well as in revenues. The former, however, would be the most valuable, because the most easily available for his purposes. But history has shown us that religious establishments, however wealthy, have rarely yielded up, or even lent, their plate to sovereigns, except in exchange for some great boon to be conferred upon them. Within the memory of the present generation, Spain experienced how little the Romish Church within her borders would contribute, from its known wealth, even for the preservation of their country's liberties menaced by an invading foe. The effect of an application of Nicholas for a loan even of the church plate would most probably dissipate at once the pretence that his aggression upon Turkey was a religious movement, entered into from a consideration for the condition of the Christian subjects of the Sultan, and not, what all the world considers it, a wanton attempt to achieve, by the combined agency of fraud, hypocrisy, and violence, a long-contemplated object of ambition.

We shall not pursue further the inquiry as to the acquisition made to the stock of the precious metals in the world up to the period of the dis-

covery of the resources of Australia and California. It is enough to know that they barely suffice to maintain the value of the representative currency issued by the solvent and honourable nations of Europe. Our task is rather to glance backwards, and trace the effects of the various accessions to our stock of gold upon the various countries from which it has been supplied. Spain, it is clear, has supplied the bulk of the gold and silver at present circulating in Europe. And that country has fallen from its once proud position to that of a bankrupt nation, whose promises to pay are no longer trusted by the most reckless of the usurious community. Her commerce is as limited as her credit, and is in fact carried on principally by British capital. She is at the present moment indebted to foreign aid for the little liberty which her people enjoy. The increase of the precious metals of Russia during the past half-century has only enabled her to constitute herself a nuisance to the civilised world. Her own civilisation it has not advanced an iota. The claws of the barbarian have been strengthened, and are being whetted in the blood of the nations, whom folly has driven to worship a metal, which the poor Peruvian Indian only regarded as affording the nearest approach to the ocular effulgence of the god which he blindly worshipped. Peru and Mexico, from which we received in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries such a vast amount of mineral wealth, are thriving countries, and have assumed a high position amongst the commercial peoples of the world; but far less through the instrumentality of their mineral wealth, which is still large, than from the proceeds of the industry engaged in the cultivation of their fertile soils, and the freedom of action which ameliorated laws and institutions have secured for their populations. We are still receiving from them, it is true, large occasional remittances of the precious metals; but these are being distributed amongst the industrious classes of Europe, instead of being absorbed by unprincipled adventurers as the proceeds of the fee-simple of millions of human beings held in abject slavery. These countries are supplying to

Europe most valuable raw materials;—wool, that beautiful llama wool especially, which the ignorant Spanish conquerors of Peru destroyed as beneath their consideration;—hides, tallow, and other products:—and are, moreover, carrying on a highly profitable commerce with those very Eastern countries which the Spaniards neglected whilst so intensely eager in the gratification of their greed for gold. The main sources of the strength of Russia, we have already shown, are not the rich yield of her mines of gold and silver. Eastern nations furnish us with the products of their soil, or of their industry and art, instead of mineral wealth, diffusing blessings amongst their own populations, whilst supplying us with most grateful comforts and aids to our mercantile and manufacturing supremacy.

Upon the world at large, however, the effect of the increase of the precious metals, from time to time, has exercised a most beneficent effect, by increasing the medium used for the exchange of commodities—in other words, *money*—and enhancing the reward of industry by holding out the prospect to the industrious classes of increased ability to consume, as the precious metals used as money became more abundant. In every age of the world prices have been enhanced by an increase of the medium of exchange. In ancient and medieval times this medium was entirely gold and silver. In more modern days representative money has occasionally exercised the same influence. Political economists preach to us of the evils of inflated currencies and depreciated representative money; but so long as an ample currency, be it composed of what it may, keeps industry employed, the result must be increasing capital, and its diffusion amongst the masses; whilst its opposite, a restricted circulation, and consequent *cheapness*, must be an accumulation of wealth in the hands of the few, and the decline in the social scale of the many.

Vast as we have seen the addition made to the stores of the precious metals, and therefore of money, for which those metals formed the basis, during the eighteenth century, a review of the data which we have laid

before our readers must show that the commercial transactions of the world had materially exceeded them. Prices of most commodities retrograded during the eighteenth century, and until recently, although we were compelled, during a portion of this period, to have recourse to a paper currency. This very resort, however, rendered compulsory by the disturbed state of the continent of Europe, served to prove the position for which we are contending—that more money means, more reward for industry and art—more products and more created capital; whilst monetary restriction means industry neglected, its rewards confiscated, the few rolling in wealth, and the many sinking into poverty. We are not here about to enter into a currency discussion; but we may, without far transgressing the bounds of our subject, point to our position in 1847 and 1848, and ask what would have been our position had not nature's extension of the currency come to our aid, in maintaining a system of free imports, concurrently with a war against what has long been regarded, and with some truth, as the colossal country of Europe.

The doctrine that prices are affected by the increase or decrease of the precious metals, has been denied by what may be fitly called the matter-of-fact school of political economists, who, in one breath, contend that gold and silver are mere commodities, and in the next that their possession forms the only just basis of money, and profess a wish to see all money composed of them. The error of these men arises from their want of inclination to observe attentively the mode in which considerable accessions of the precious metals in any community act upon its social condition. If regarded merely as a commodity, or devoted mainly to the purposes of art and household or personal adornment, the effect of such increase would be undoubtedly small. But when converted into the form which enables it to afford additional employment to industry and enterprise, increased consumption by the masses begins to affect the prices of all other commodities, and enhancement goes on until production has overtaken the increase in the metals by which prices are

measured. We have been experiencing something very like this during the past two years. There is scarcely a commodity to be found the price of which is not higher at the present moment than on the average of the past quarter of a century, as measured in the precious metals. Their relation to each other, however, is little changed. This would not be the case, however, were the production of any particular commodity to be suddenly or largely increased in excess of the demand for it. Were the production of iron, for example, to be increased by 50 per cent, its relation to copper, the production of which had not increased, as well as its price, as measured in money, would be sensibly diminished.

We have felt the effect upon prices of the recent accession to the supply of the precious metals, afforded us from California and Australia, much less sensibly than we should have done, for several very weighty reasons. In the first place, the supply from these countries has had to act upon a vastly increased stock existing in the world, as well as upon a commerce increasing at a rate equal to, if not exceeding, that of the precious metals. If an accession of eight millions sterling per annum, during the eighteenth century, kept pace with the monetary requirements of the world, forty millions sterling per annum, the produce, in round numbers, of California and Australia, is found little more adequate, if any, to keep pace with its increased requirements at the present time. In the next place, it must be borne in mind that the bulk of our large commercial transactions are carried on without requiring the presence of any large quantity of metallic money. It would probably excite the amazement of the sticklers for "hard money"—that god of some of our professing political economists—if they could see with what facility it is dispensed with in the Clearing-house in London, and on our Stock and Share Exchanges, and how little it enters into the vast import and export transactions of the country. At any given moment, in Great Britain at all events—such is the genius of her monetary laws—an assurance of the capability of the Bank of England to retain an

additional five millions of gold in her commerce, would exercise an influence over the entire community greater than the discovery of another California or Australia.

And here a most important question suggests itself for consideration, and will most probably before long be discussed with great interest. A short while ago, in the pages of this Magazine, reference was made to the discovery of the precious metals in California and Australia, as "the currency extension act of nature." As such it was operating at the period when the article was published—January 1851—and for some time subsequently; but more recent experience must have shaken the confidence then felt by many parties, that the effect of continued large imports of gold and silver would suffice, without legislation, to rid us of the disastrous effects attendant upon the working of our existing monetary system. We are now in a better position to solve the question,—which we may put into the following form—Can we, by the aid of an increase of the world's stock of the precious metals merely, protect ourselves against those crises which periodically sweep away such vast masses of the capitalised industry of this country, and maintain for our merchants and manufacturers that ample, and at the same time elastic, circulation of money throughout Great Britain which is required to enable them to compete effectively for their just share of the largely increased commerce of the world?

The answer, we think, must be in the negative; for, in the first place, there is no direct connection between the stock of the precious metals in the world, and the quantity of money permitted to be issued in Great Britain. We begin to find our currency expand, under our present money laws, only when those metals find their way into the coffers of the Bank of England, and compel the directors of that establishment to look round them for new channels, in which they, or their amount in representative paper, may be employed to advantage and with moderate safety. We have no security whatever how long such increased quantity of gold and silver may be permitted to remain in the

country; and consequently no security as to when the bank, by its departure, may be compelled to withdraw its increased issues, and to throw back upon their own unaided resources those unfortunate persons who, upon the faith of an easy money market, have engaged in extensive operations and undertakings at home or abroad. Those very operations, to which the trading community are tempted by the direct action of the bank when it offers discounts at 2 to 2½ per cent., as was the case only two years ago, not unfrequently bring about the very revulsion—a contracted condition of the currency—the ruinous effects of which are so justly dreaded by all classes of the community. It is very obvious from the experience of the past six months, that no increase has taken place in the precious metals, either coined or in bulk, sufficient to impel holders to deposit them in the bank at interest. More profitable investments have been readily found in this and other countries; and so long as this is the case, or until we find our exports of merchandise and produce exceeding our imports, as a rule, instead of an occasional exception, we shall not be enabled, however vast may be the stock of gold and silver in the world, to congratulate ourselves upon an increased amount in this country, sufficiently large to enable the Bank of England, under our existing monetary system, to afford to commerce and industry a permanently extended circulation. Thus, during the past six months we have seen our great trading communities watching anxiously from week to week, for some increase in the bullion held in that establishment, to warrant the hope that the large arrivals from Australia and elsewhere would at length begin to recruit its stock, and allow the bonds, in which enterprise and industry were so tightly held, to be slackened. But disappointment has been the only re-

sult. The gold and silver received in such large amounts have regularly disappeared to liquidate foreign balances, to carry on the war in which we are embarked, or to advance to the ally in whose behalf it is waged. The existence of a state of war, in which the majority of the great powers of Europe may at no distant period find themselves involved, and whose termination none can foresee, is an additional element recently introduced into the question to which we have adverted.

There is a possibility, and, in fact, a probability, at which we may glance *en passant*, that, as the result of a disturbed state of society in continental Europe, the metallic capital of some of its countries may flow to Great Britain for safe investment, as to a land whose soil the foot of an enemy is never permitted to pollute. It was thus during the disturbed period which followed the discoveries in Mexico and Peru. Large portions of the metallic wealth lavished by the various contending powers found their way, by the natural course of trade, to this country. Other portions were forwarded here, as to the only country in which they were safe from the hands of the spoiler. But we cannot decide a question so important as the description and extent of the currency, under which we can most securely and profitably surmount the difficulties with which we are surrounded, upon a mere probability. It is certain that we shall be called upon to put forth our commercial and industrial enterprise to its maximum strength, to enable the community to meet the additional load of taxation which it will be called upon to bear; and we cannot submit to enter upon such a struggle with our enterprise fettered, and the hands of industry paralysed, by a currency which has already been found to be too restricted for the ordinary transactions of a period of universal tranquillity.

THE JEW.

A TALE FROM THE RUSSIAN.

I was at Vienna a few years ago. After trying several *tables-d'hôte*, I established myself at a hotel in the Judenstrasse, frequented by a select society. Mr. Müller, master of this establishment, did its honours with thorough German gravity. Perfect order, extreme and conscientious cleanliness, reigned throughout the house. One might pass through the servants' room, and even through the kitchens, without meeting with anything by which the sight was in the least offended. The cellar was as well arranged as a bookcase, and the regulations of the house, as regarded both the service and the hours of meals, were as punctually observed as they could have been in a seminary. If a guest came in late, though it were but ten minutes, he was served apart, in an adjoining room, that the comfort of all might not be sacrificed to the convenience of one.

In the conversation at this *table-d'hôte* there prevailed a tone of good society which excluded neither ease nor pleasantry; but a caustic or indelicate expression would have jarred on the ear like a false note in a well-executed concert. The countenance of Mrs. Müller, in which dignity was blended with benevolence, was the barometer by which the young men regulated themselves when the influence of Rhine wine or Stettin beer might lead them a little too far. Then Mrs. Müller assumed an air of reserve; by a few words she adroitly broke off the conversation, and turned it into another channel; and she glanced gravely at her daughter, who, without affectation or pouting, kept her eyes fixed on her plate until the end of the meal.

Ellen Müller was the type of those beautiful German faces which the French call cold, because they know not how to read them; she was a happy mixture of the Saxon and Hanoverian characters. A pure and open brow, eyes of inexpressible softness, lips habitually closed with maidenly reserve, a transparent com-

plexion, whose charming blushes each moment protested against the immobility of her bearing, auburn hair whose rich and silken curls admirably harmonised with the serenity of her features, a graceful and flexible form just expanding into womanhood;—such was Ellen Müller.

A councillor of the Court, Hofrath Baron von Noth, who had resigned his functions in consequence of an injustice that had been done him, several students, whose parents had recommended them to the vigilance of Mr. Müller, and a few merchants, composed the majority of the habitual guests. The party was frequently increased by travellers, literary men, and artists. After dinner, philosophy, politics, or literature, were the usual topics of conversation, in which Mr. Müller, a man of extensive acquirements and great good sense, took part, with a choice of expressions and an elevation of views that would have astonished me in a man of his station in any country but Germany.

Sometimes Ellen would sit down to the piano, and sing some of those simple and beautiful melodies in which the tenderness, the gravity, and the piety of the German national character seem to mingle. Then conversation ceased; every countenance expressed profound attention; and each listener, as if he were assisting at a religious service, translated the accents of that universal language according to his sympathies, his associations, and the habitual direction of his ideas.

I was not long in perceiving that Baron von Noth and a young student named Werter were particularly sensible to Ellen's charms and merit. In the baron, a middle-aged man, there was a mixture of dignity and eagerness which betrayed an almost constant struggle between pride and the energy of a strong passion. It is between the ages of thirty and forty that the passions have most empire over us. At that period of life the character is completely formed; and

as we well know what we desire, so do we strive to attain our end with all the energy of a perfect organization.

Werter was little more than nineteen years old. He was tall, fair, and melancholy. I am persuaded that love had revealed itself to the young student by the intermediation of the musical sense. I had more than once watched him when Ellen sang. A sort of fever agitated him; he isolated himself in a corner of the room, and there, in a mute ecstasy, the poor boy inhaled the poison of love.

The pretensions of Ellen's two admirers manifested themselves by attentions of very different kinds, and in which were displayed their different natures. The baron brought Mrs. Müller tickets for concerts and theatres. Often at the dessert, he would send for delicious Hungarian wine, in which he drank the health of the ladies, slightly inclining his head to Ellen, as if he would have said—I bow to you alone. Werter would stealthily place upon the piano a new ballad, or a volume of poetry; and when the young girl took it up, his face flushed and brightened as if the blood were about to burst from it. Ellen smiled modestly at the baron, or gracefully thanked the student; but she seemed not to suspect that which neither of them dared to tell her.

An attentive observer of all that passed, I did my utmost to read Ellen's heart, and to decide as to the future chances of the baron's or the student's loves. She was passionately fond of narratives of adventure, and, thanks to the wandering life I had led, I was able to gratify this taste. I noticed that traits of generosity and noble devotion produced an extraordinary effect upon her. Her eyes sparkled as though she would fain have distinguished, through time and space, the hero of a noble action; then tears moistened her beautiful lashes, as reflection recalled her to the realities of life. I understood that neither the baron nor Werter was the man to win her heart; they were neither of them equal to her. Had I been ten years younger, I think I should have been vain enough to enter the lists. But another person, whom none would at first have taken

for a man capable of feeling and inspiring a strong passion, was destined to carry off the prize.

One night, that we were assembled in the drawing-room, one of the habitual visitors to the house presented to us a Jew, who had just arrived from Lemberg, and whom business was to detain for some months at Vienna. In a few words, Mr. Müller made the stranger acquainted with the rules and customs of the house. The Jew replied by monosyllables, as if he disdained to expend more words and intelligence upon details so entirely material. He bowed politely to the ladies, glanced smilingly at the furniture of the room, round which he twice walked, as if in token of taking possession, and then installed himself in an arm-chair. This pantomime might have been translated thus: "Here I am; look at me once for all, and then heed me no more." Mr. Malthus—that was the Jew's name—had a decided limp in his gait; he was a man of the middle height, and of a decent bearing; his hair was neglected; but a phrenologist would have read a world of things in the magnificent development of his forehead.

The conversation became general. Mr. Malthus spoke little, but as soon as he opened his mouth everybody was silent. This apparent deference proceeded perhaps as much from a desire to discover his weak points as from politeness towards the newcomer.

The Jew had one of those penetrating and sonorous voices whose tones seem to reach the very soul, and which impart to words inflexions not less varied than the forms of thought. He summed up the discussion logically and lucidly; but it was easy to see that, out of consideration for his interlocutors, he abstained from putting forth his whole strength.

The conversation was intentionally led to religious prejudices: at the first words spoken on this subject, the Jew's countenance assumed a sublime expression. He rose at once to the most elevated considerations: it was easy to see that his imagination found itself in a familiar sphere. He wound up with so pathetic and powerful a peroration, that Ellen, yielding

to a sympathetic impulse, made an abrupt movement towards him. Their two souls had met, and were destined mutually to complete each other.

I said to myself, that Jew will be Ellen's husband.

Then I applied myself to observe him more attentively. When Mr. Malthus was not strongly moved and animated, he was but an ordinary man, nevertheless, by the expression of his eyes, which seemed to look within himself, one could discern that he was internally preoccupied with some of those lofty thoughts identified with superior minds. Some celebrated authors were spoken of; he remained silent. Baron von Noth leant over towards me and said, in a low voice, "It seems that our new acquaintance is not literary."

"I should be surprised at that," I replied; "and, what is more, I would lay a wager that he is musical." The baron drew back, with a movement of vexation, and, as if to test my sagacity, he asked Ellen to sing something. The amiable girl begged him to excuse her, but without putting forward any of those small pretences which most young ladies would have invented on the instant. Her mother's authority was needed to vanquish her instinctive resistance. Her prelude testified to some unwonted agitation; its first notes roused the Jew from his reverie; soon she recovered herself, and her visible emotion did but add a fresh charm to the habitual expression of her singing.

Suddenly she stopped short, declaring that her memory failed her.

Then, to our great astonishment, a rich and harmonious voice was heard, and Ellen continued, accompanied by the finest tenor I ever listened to in my life.

The baron bit his lips; Werter was pale with surprise. The warmest applause followed the conclusion of the beautiful duet.

Malthus had risen from his chair, and seemed entirely under the spell of harmony. He gave some advice to Ellen, who listened to him with avidity; he even made her repeat a passage, which she afterwards sang with admirable expression. He took her hand, almost with enthusiasm, and exclaimed, "I thank you!"

"Very odd indeed," said the baron. Poor Werter said nothing, but went and sat himself down, very pensive, at the further end of the drawing-room.

Mrs. Müller was radiant at her daughter's success. As to Ellen, she merely said, in a low voice—

"If I had instruction, I should perhaps be able to make something of music."

"With your mother's permission," rejoined Malthus, "I shall have pleasure in sometimes accompanying you."

Mrs. Müller cast a scrutinising glance at the Jew, whose countenance, which had resumed its habitual calmness, showed nothing that could excite her suspicions. She judged that such a man was not at all dangerous, and accepted his offer. Malthus bowed with cold dignity—doubtless appreciating the motive of this confidence—and Ellen struck a few notes, to divert attention from her embarrassment.

The baron, who sought a vent for his ill-humour, said to the young girl, pointing to the Jew's stick—

"If anything should halt in the accompaniment, there is what will restore the measure."

Ellen rose, cast a look at the baron, which meant, "One meets people like you everywhere," and left the room. Malthus took up a newspaper, and read until we separated for the night.

The Jew led the regular life of a man who knows the value of time. He worked until noon, paid or received a few visits, went upon Change about two o'clock, then shut himself up in his apartment and was visible to nobody, and at precisely four o'clock entered Mr. Müller's room, where Ellen awaited him at the piano. It was easy to see that he daily assumed a greater ascendancy over the mind of his pupil, whose progress was rapid.

When Malthus smiled, Ellen's charming countenance assumed an indescribable expression of satisfaction; but as soon as he relapsed into his habitual thoughtful mood, the poor girl's soul appeared suspended in a sympathetic medium; she saw nothing, answered nobody;—in a word, she instinctively assimilated herself to the mysterious being whom

influence governed her. When Malthus leaned on his cane in walking, Ellen seemed to say, "My arm would support him so well!"

The Jew, however, did not limp disagreeably; his left leg was well formed, and his symmetrical figure showed the disturbance in its harmony to have been the result of an accident. He had the appearance of having long become reconciled to his infirmity, like a soldier who considers his wounds a glorious evidence of his devotion to his country.

I had more than once felt tempted to ask Malthus the history of his lameness; but he eluded with so much care every approach to the subject, that I deemed myself obliged to respect his secret.

Two months passed thus, and I had opportunity of appreciating all the right-mindedness, generosity, and enlightenment that dwelt in the accessible part of that extraordinary soul. In presence of this dangerous rival, who triumphed without a struggle, the baron became almost tender. His self-love cruelly suffered to see preferred to him a lame merchant, with a fine voice. He sometimes attempted to quiz him; but Malthus confounded him so completely by the aptness of his retorts, that the laughers were never on the side of the baron.

One night that the family party was assembled, Werter approached Mr. Müller with a suppliant air, and delivered to him a letter from his father. The poor young man's agitation made me suspect that the letter contained a proposal. Mr. Müller read it with attention and handed it to his wife, who rapidly glanced over it and cast a scrutinising glance at her daughter, to make sure whether or no she was forewarned of this step. A mother's pride is always flattered under such circumstances, and the first impulse is generally favourable to the man who has singled out the object of her dearest affections; but the second thought is one of prudence; a separation, the many risks of the future, soon check the instinctive satisfaction of the maternal heart, and a thousand motives concur to arrest the desired consent.

"It were well," she said, "first to know what Ellen thinks."

The words were like a ray of light to the poor girl, whose countenance expressed the utmost surprise.

"Besides, he is very young," added Mrs. Müller, loud enough for the baron to hear.

Werter's position was painful; he stammered a few words, became embarrassed, and abruptly left the room.

"A mere child," quoth the baron, "who should be sent back to his books."

Malthus, who had observed all that passed, rested his two hands on his stick, like a man disposed to argue the point, and warmly defended the student.

"It cannot be denied," he said, in conclusion, "that the young man's choice pleads in his favour; and his embarrassment, which at that age is not unbecoming, proves, in my opinion, that, whilst aspiring to so great a happiness, he has sufficient modesty to admit himself unworthy of it."

"If a declaration were a sufficient proof of merit," interrupted the councillor, "I know one man who would not hesitate"—

"And who is that?" inquired Mrs. Müller, with ill-concealed curiosity.

"Myself, madam," replied the councillor—"Baron von Noth."

By the way in which this was spoken, the dissyllable "*myself*" appeared lengthened by all the importance of the personage.

"At my age men do not change," continued the baron; "and the present is a guarantee for the future."

Ellen was really to be pitied. When Malthus took Werter's part, I saw that she was on the point of fainting. Her countenance, naturally so gentle, was overshadowed by an expression of vexation and displeasure. She had taken the Jew's benevolent defence of the student for a mark of indifference. Whilst still under the influence of this painful impression, the Baron's declaration came to add to her agitation; she cast a reproachful glance at Malthus, sank back in her chair, and swooned away. The Jew sprang forward, took her in his arms, laid her on a sofa, and knelt down beside her.

"You have not understood me, then?" he exclaimed.

Ellen opened her eyes, and beheld at her feet the man whom her heart had selected; and, absorbed in her passion, unconscious of the presence of those who stood around, she murmured, in a feeble voice—

"Yours! Yours alone! — ever yours!"

"Sir," said Malthus to Mr. Müller, "my proposal comes rather late; but I hope you will be so good as to take it into consideration."

In the Jew's manner there was the dignity of a man in a position to dictate conditions. Ellen had recovered herself. As to Mr. Müller, there had not been time for his habitual phlegm to become disturbed; but his wife could not restrain a smile at this dramatic complication, whose *dénouement* remained in suspense.

"Mr. Y.," said she to me, somewhat maliciously, "do you not feel the effect of example?"

"Perhaps I might have been unable to resist," I replied, "had not Mr. Malthus declared himself before me."

Ellen blushed, and the Jew pressed my hand. Just then Werter re-entered the room, pale and downcast, like a man who comes to hear sentence passed upon him. There was profound silence which lasted several minutes, or at least seemed to me to do so. At last Mr. Müller broke it.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am much flattered by the honour you have done me"—

He paused, and seemed to be recalling past events to his mind. During this short silence, Werter gazed at us in turn with an air of astonishment, and I doubt not that he included me in the number of his rivals.

"I have something to tell you," continued Mr. Müller, "which will perhaps modify your present intentions. About ten years ago I had to visit Berlin, where my father had just died. The winding up of his affairs proved complicated and troublesome, and I was obliged to place my interests in the hands of a lawyer who had been recommended to me as extremely skilful. The business at last settled, I found myself entitled to about forty thousand florins, which I proposed to embark in trade. I was happily married, and Ellen was seven

years old. Our little fortune had been greatly impaired by a succession of losses, for which this inheritance would compensate.

"One day I went to my lawyer's to receive the money. He had disappeared, taking it with him. Despair took possession of me; I dared not impart the fatal news to my wife, and, I confess it with shame, I determined on suicide. All that day I rambled about the country, and at nightfall I approached the banks of the Spree. Climbing upon the parapet of a high bridge, I gazed with gloomy delight into the dark waters that rolled beneath. On my knees upon the stone, I offered up a short but fervent prayer to Him who wounds and heals; I commended my wife and daughter to His mercy, and precipitated myself from the bridge. I was struggling instinctively against death, when I felt myself seized by a vigorous arm. A man swam near me, and drew me towards the shore, which we both reached,

"It was so dark that I could not distinguish the features of my preserver. But the tones of his voice made an impression upon me which has not yet been effaced, and I have met but one man whose voice has reminded me of that of the generous unknown. He compelled me to go home with him, questioned me as to my motives for so desperate an act, and, to my extreme astonishment, handed me a portfolio containing forty thousand florins on the express condition that I should take no steps to find him out. I entreated him to accept my marriage-ring, at sight of which I promised to repay the loan, as soon as it should be possible for me to do so. He took the ring, and I left him, my heart brimful of gratitude.

"I will not attempt to describe to you the joy with which I once more embraced my wife and daughter. God alone can repay my benefactor all the good he did us. I arranged my affairs, and we set out for Vienna, where I formed this establishment, of which I cannot consider myself as more than the temporary possessor. You perceive, gentlemen, that Ellen has no dowry to expect, and that we may at any moment be reduced to a very precarious position."

Ellen's face was hidden by her hands. When Mr. Müller ceased speaking, we still listened. Presently the Jew broke silence.

"I have little," he said, "to add to your narration: the man who was so fortunate as to render you a service, remained a cripple for the rest of his days. When he plunged into the Spree, he struck against a stone, and since then he limps, as you perceive."

We were all motionless with surprise. Then Malthus drew a ring from his finger and handed it to Mr. Müller. The countenance of the latter, generally so cold in its expression, was suddenly extraordinarily agitated:

tears started to his eyes, and he threw himself into his preserver's arms.

"All that I possess belongs to you," he cried, "and I have the happiness to inform you that your capital has doubled."

"Of all that you possess," replied Malthus, "I ask but one thing, to which I have no right."

The worthy German took the hand of his daughter, who trembled with happiness and surprise, and, placing it in that of the Jew—

"Sir," he said, addressing himself to me, "you who have seen the world, and who are disinterested in this question, do you think that I could do better?"

THE TWENTIETH OF SEPTEMBER, EIGHTEEN-HUNDRED FIFTY-FOUR.

As Written and Sung by CORPORAL JOHN BROWN, Grenadier Guards, when the Men got some Drink for the first time at Balaklava, September 28, 1854.

[We have great pleasure in presenting our readers with the following genuine effusion from the Crimea. It has been rumoured that the Poet Laureate, as well as several other bards of renown, are presently engaged in the task of commemorating the great campaign. With all respect for their genius and accomplishments, we doubt much whether any of them will exhibit more graphic power than the gallant Corporal, who certainly had the advantage of witnessing what he sings. We hope that his services, towards doing for his military comrades what Dibdin did for the Navy, will not be overlooked in the proper quarter.]

AIR—The British Grenadier.

COME all you gallant British hearts, that love the red and blue,
And drink the health of those brave lads who made the Russians rue;
Then fill the glass, and let it pass, three times three and once more,
For the Twentieth of September, Eighteen-hundred Fifty-four.

We sailed from Kalamita bay, and soon we made the coast,
Determined we would do our best, in spite of brag or boast.
We sprung to land, upon the strand, and slept on Russia's shore,
On the Fourteenth of September, Eighteen-hundred Fifty-four.

We marched along until we came upon the Alma's banks,
We halted just beneath their lines, to breathe and close our ranks.
"Advance!" we heard, and at the word, across the brook we bore,
On the Twentieth of September, Eighteen-hundred Fifty-four.

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We scrambled through their clustering grapes, then came the battle's brunt;
Our officers all cheered us on, our colours waved in front;
There, fighting well, full many fell, alas! to rise no more,
On the Twentieth of September, Eighteen-hundred Fifty-four.

The French they had the right that day, and flanked the Russian line,
Whilst full upon their front they saw the British bayonet shine.
We gave three cheers, which stunned their ears, amidst the cannon's roar,
On the Twentieth of September, Eighteen-hundred Fifty-four.

A pic-nic party Menschikoff had asked to share the fun,
The Ladies came at twelve o'clock to see the battle won;
They found the day too hot to stay, and the Prince felt rather sore,
On the Twentieth of September, Eighteen-hundred Fifty-four.

For when he called his carriage up, the French came up likewise,
And so he took French leave at once, and left them to the prize.
The Chasseurs took his pocket-book, the Zouaves they sacked his store,
On the Twentieth of September Eighteen-hundred Fifty-four.

A letter to old Nick they found, and this was what it said,
"To meet their bravest men, my Liege, your Russians do not dread;"
But devils then, not mortal men, the Russian generals swore,
Drove them off the heights of Alma in September Fifty-four.

Here's a health to noble Raglan, to Campbell and to Brown,
And to all the gallant Frenchmen who share that day's renown.
Whilst we displayed the black cockade, and they the tricolour,
The Russian hue was black and blue in September Fifty-four.

One more toast we must drink to-night,—your glasses take in hand,
And here around the festive board in solemn silence stand;
Before we part, let each true heart drink once to those no more,
Who fought their fight on Alma's height in September Fifty-four.

And now God bless our gracious Queen, and all her royal race;
And may her boys, to crown her joys, still keep the foremost place;
For in the van each Englishman oft saw their sires of yore,—
Brave Cambridge showed the royal road in September Fifty-four.

PROSPECTS OF THE MODERN DRAMA.

It has lately been maintained, by several ingenious writers, that the literature of the present day has a strong dramatic tendency; and that our poets and novelists are gradually approximating to that form of composition in which brevity and concentration are the leading qualities. If the fact were so, we should be but too happy to hail it as a favourable omen; but we really are not able to discover any grounds for entertaining such an opinion. The greater part of a novel may be thrown into the shape of dialogue; but it does not thence follow that it becomes essentially dramatic. Action—well regulated, designed and culminating action—not talk, is the real soul of the drama; and whatever tends to impede the course of that action, or to interfere with the progress of the plot, has, and must have, a deleterious and positively weakening effect. The writings of Mr. Dickens have been referred to as eminently dramatic, and there can be no doubt whatever that they abound in brilliant and effective dialogue. But for all that they are not dramatic, in the proper sense of the term. They are exceedingly diffuse; the plots are loosely and ill constructed; and the tendency of the author towards episode is so strong, that he very often allows a subordinate part of the action to overshadow and conceal the main incidents of the story. Of all modern writers he is the most deficient in concentration; the least able to practise self-denial in the selection and arrangement of his ideas. Perhaps, if it were otherwise, his novels might not be so attractive as they are; for many of his characters would appear meagre and frivolous if divested of the superabundant garb of humour with which the peculiar whimsical genius of the author has invested them. Almost equally deficient in dramatic power is Mr. Thackeray, who occupies much of his space in philosophising—admirably we admit—upon the incidents of his story, and in the

laboured anatomy of his own characters. Indeed we are utterly at a loss to know in what quarter we ought to search for manifestations of the alleged dramatic tendency. We find it not in the novelists—we cannot descry it even in the writers of plays. Several years have gone by since even a tolerable drama has been written for the stage. Since Mr. Troughton brought out his *Nina Sforza*, an admirable, effective, and powerful tragedy, we have had nothing in the higher walk of the drama worth listening to. From time to time we hear a great bluster about some forthcoming Cockney comedy, and are told, on the authority of the literary confidants of the scene-shifters, that nothing comparable to it has been seen since the days of Sheridan. It appears; and after two or three representations is withdrawn, because the public, however sentimentally inclined, cannot stomach the mawkish platitudes of its pathos, and refuses to accept its dull buffoonery as wit. Not much better are the vaudevilles which the less inventive of our playwrights purloin from Paris, and equip in an English dress. Time was when really good and lively vaudevilles were as plentiful as peaches in the French capital, but now they are scant and poor. We need not stop to inquire into the causes of this decline, which may arise either from the lack of competent artists, or from that practice, always destructive to the drama, which has become prevalent, of composing for the deliberate purpose of suiting the histrionic accomplishments of some favourite actor or actress of the day. From whatever cause it may arise, it is indisputable that this light and popular species of dramatic entertainment, which was so well suited to the genius of the French language, and to the taste of our volatile neighbours, has become much deteriorated; and, as a matter of course, the clumsy English adaptations have suffered in proportion. Very gladly, indeed, would we

hail the appearance of a tearing melo-drama, with its proper complement of robbers, skeletons, bravos, and pilgrims. So wearisome is the drivel that we are now invited to listen to in the theatres, that we would cheerfully exchange five scenes of maudlin sentiment for one terrific combat with broadswords; and we would have no objection to pay double price in order to witness the explosion of a powder-mill towards the termination of the third act. But even our melo-dramas have become insipid. The old stage ruffian has degenerated into a whimpering poltroon who has hardly pluck enough to draw his whinger; and our hair has become perceptibly grey since we beheld a heroine leap from the summit of a precipice.

As for the dramatic mysteries—soul-dramas—night-dramas—thought-dramas, and such-like pleasant carols with which the press has been lately teeming, we may put them out of sight altogether. The authors may flatter themselves that they have written dramas, but their works are no more dramatic than Johnson's Dictionary. Possibly they never were intended to be such, and we ought to consider them simply as poems. So be it; but why then, in the name of common sense, do they give them an appellation, to which, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, they are not entitled? Most of them are under a gross mistake if they think they can shelter themselves by pleading the example of Lord Byron. In *Manfred* and in *Cain* there was some obvious meaning, even though the scenes were loosely thrown together—some semblance of a *denouement* to which each step insensibly led; but the majority of our young friends and bardlings appear to us to be utterly guiltless of any meaning whatever—at least of any comprehensible scheme of action. Their productions are not half so dramatic as either Wordsworth's *Excursion*, Blair's *Grave*, or Young's *Night Thoughts*; and in saying so, we hope they will be grateful to us for mentioning them in such distinguished company. Rollicking fellows they are, we doubt not, over oysters and ale; but, on paper, they are woefully weak in action, and oftentimes singularly absurd. Therefore let them

eschew the dramatic form. The whole field of verse, from epic to elegy, lies before them; and all we ask is that they will abstain from writing dramas which are not dramatic, in as much as the greater bulk of these consists of soliloquies of some thirty or forty pages, which absolutely lead to nothing, but are merely intended to express the peculiar state of the author's mind under physical circumstances which may be distinctly traced to an abuse, on the previous evening, of the creature comforts of a Welsh rabbit, moistened with a superfluity of Younger's undeniable browage.

It seems to us very obvious that we are not likely, for many years to come, to behold a resuscitation of, or fresh impulse given to, the British drama. The public has gradually withdrawn its support from the theatres, not because the relish for histrionic performances had decayed, but because the new plays brought forward were, in the great majority of instances, unsufferably bad. It is all very well to talk about the everlasting charm of Shakespeare; but even Mr. Collier himself would hesitate before he went for the thirtieth time in his life to see *Hamlet*, or *Othello*, or *Macbeth* acted; and the same feeling influences every one who has a decided prepossession for the theatre. After one or two representations, the real interest which the spectator feels in the scene wears off. He becomes simply a critic, not of the play, but of the actors. He contrasts the man before him with Macready, or Kean, or Kemble, or any other great luminary of the stage whom he may have seen in the same part; and, knowing beforehand every word which is to be uttered, and every situation which is to occur, he can feel no decided interest in the play. The spell has lost its charm; it is not the poetry which affects him now—it is the mere art of the delivery. Had we a succession of Shakespeares, or even of men of far less genius, the British drama would still have been in high favour and request; and in proof of that position we adduce the instances of such modern plays as Sir E. B. Lytton's *Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu*; Knowles' *Wife of Mantua*, perhaps the best of his contributions to the drama; and

his *Hunchback*, which, though decidedly inferior to the other, is a spirited acting play, with many powerful situations. But, including these, there are not more than ten or a dozen modern plays which are endurable; and consequently the theatres are deserted. It is sheer nonsense to allege that the public taste tends abstractly in the direction of the opera. It does nothing of the kind. People go to the opera because they are sure of hearing performers of first-rate talent, and because the whole rôle of the opera must be well filled up, and no glaring discrepancies appear in the cast of the several parts; because there is a succession of new operas from first-rate composers; and because managers spare no expense in enlisting talent wherever it can be found. And the great advantage of the opera is this—that it requires no translation. Crispien or Caradori may warble at Vienna, at Munich, at Paris, at London, or at New York, without a change of dialect. To the national spoken drama, from whatever country it emerges, the same privilege never can be accorded. But, as an offset against that, we may state the advantage of intelligibility. It is undeniable that nine-tenths of those who go to hear an Italian opera are utterly guiltless of its meaning, save from the pantomime, intonation, and possibly the libretto, with a translation on each opposite page, which they purchase. No doubt they are allured by the music, which possesses a prodigious charm; because, however indefinite may be the sensations which it produces, they are in a high degree poetical and wild, and seem to have the same effect upon the intellect which morphia produces upon the nerves. Nevertheless, nothing will persuade us that, *ceteris paribus*, the British public, in any of its ramifications, would rather rush to listen to a new opera than to a new tragedy, if the merit of the composition and the cast of the characters were of equal value. Grant to music what effect its most ardent votary can claim; and who would not rather see Shakespeare's *Othello*, if a new and unhackneyed piece, acted, than listen to the dreary parody which it assumes in the operatic shape? But

we are all dead sick of *Othello* on the boards, having seen dozens of *Othellos*, either naturally or artificially black, and dozens of Iagos who have quitted the stage with the same diabolical grimace; and after having witnessed so many facial contortions, why should we covet more? Who would quit his comfortable fireside or study on a cold winter's night, and trudge along a mile of slushy streets to behold Mr. Stubbs make his first appearance upon any stage in the character of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark? We are not only previously familiar with the exact language which Romeo will employ, but we can predicate to a certainty the very colour of the tights in which his clumsy calves are to be encased. We know the outward appearance of the scenic vault of the Capulets better than that of any tomb, monument, or shrine in Westminster Abbey. Calotyped in our memory is the outline of Juliet's balcony with its bower of pink-paper roses, and that wonderful pomegranate tree with two daubs of red upon it, the favourite haunt of the nightingale. Even the liveries of the subordinates have been known to us from the days of our youth; and any change in the traditional costume of Peter, Abram, or Balthazar, calls forth a burst of merited indignation from the fortunate holders of free admissions to the gallery. In short, our very familiarity with Shakespeare is the reason why we cannot endure repeated representations of his plays; and managers are perfectly well aware of the fact that an inferior drama, of less reputation, is more likely to prove attractive than one of the best dramas of Shakespeare. Hence those attempts to reproduce with more than ordinary scenic attractions the *Tempest* and *Pericles of Tyre*. Even Milton's *Comus* has been brought upon the stage; not because it is a good acting drama, but because it was unhackneyed, and was expected to succeed as a novelty.

If you ask a casual observer to assign a reason for the reduced amount of patronage which is now given to the British drama, he will probably tell you (unless he belongs to the sour sect who consider plays as things forbidden) that he and others

do not go to the theatre so frequently as before, because they neither derive amusement nor delight from the performances. He will assert that the present race of actors are greatly inferior to their predecessors; and that it is not worth while to pay money for the privilege of seeing a barber's boy go through the part of a walking gentleman, with no better success than attended Jenkin Vincent when he attempted to palm himself off as a person of quality at Monsieur de Beaujeu's ordinary. He will further indicate his opinion that the modern plays are, in the aggregate, so supremely bad that no histrionic talent would avail to make them palatable. We defy you to controvert his positions. It is true that we have bad actors, and bad plays; and so long as this state of matters continues, theatrical speculations must needs prove unprofitable. But it would be unjust to the body of actors to charge them solely with having caused the decadence. An actor can only be great according to the greatness of his text. If he is compelled to give sound merely to trash and fustian, he cannot rivet the attention of his audience, and is in fact himself degraded. The profession, as is well known, is a very precarious one, in which only a few can rise to eminence; and it is viewed with considerable suspicion by a great majority of the respectable classes. Therefore, so soon as the public cease, from whatever cause, to frequent theatres, we must be prepared for the appearance of a very inferior set of performers. Even when high salaries were attainable, and the revenues of our theatres prosperous, it was found very difficult to organise a first-rate *corps dramatique*. Now, when the receipts of many theatres are barely sufficient to cover expenses; and when managers are absolutely compelled to practise the most rigid economy, it need not cause any wonder if we are supplied with indifferent performers. Young men of talent will not embark in such a profession without adequate inducement; neither will they submit to become laughing-stocks by enunciating nonsense which they are not only expected, but bound under penalties, to deliver. Garrick himself, who had perhaps a stronger

impulse to the stage than any other great performer with whose private history we are acquainted, never would have consented to become a mere mouthpiece for the extravagant or contemptible conceits of fourth-rate play-wrights. The enthusiasm, be it right or wrong, which prompts young men to seek their fortune on the stage, is of no ignoble kind. It is a poetical impulse, and is the token of a lively and fervid imagination. The young aspirant after histrionic honours possesses much of the ambition of the orator. He expects, by giving voice and palpable embodiment to the emotions described in the poet's verse, to sway the feelings and excite the sympathy of thousands; and he never associates with this idea anything which is mean and trifling. It is his admiration of the subject, which prompts him to become its visible exponent. But take the most enthusiastic, or, if you prefer the term, moon-stricken youth, that ever drove his father frantic by avowing his infinite preference of the boards over the three-legged stool of the counting-house, and his resolute determination to die every lawful night in the cause of the British drama—tell him that he may persist in his career if he pleases, but that, instead of enunciating nightly the grand melodies of Shakespeare, he must confine himself to the compositions of Fitzball—and he will shrink from the prospect with as much horror as would convulse the souls of various members of the Coalition Ministry, if they were solicited to subscribe to a Protestant Missionary Association. The present state of the stage is such, that very little temptation is offered to rising talent. Managers may, indeed, acting upon the system usually pursued by confectioners towards their apprentices, allow any young man of promising abilities, on whom they may have laid their hands, to revel for a few nights in the imaginary glories of Hamlet, Romeo, or Macbeth. But the period of indulgence is limited in extent, and very soon the juvenile successor of Betterton and the Kembles is expected to do duty in Box and Cox, in Tunks and Spunks, Whipple *versus* Muggoridge, or any other delectable dish which may issue from the Cockney *cuisine*. What

wonder if, under such circumstances, we have bad actors? The whole poetry, which was the real life of it, has been removed from the profession; and at last the old complaint of poor Laberius has been verified.

This is a melancholy state of things, because it seems extremely doubtful whether if a new dramatic writer of decided genius were now to arise, his plays could be adequately represented. We must admit that there is still enough histrionic talent left among us to secure, if that talent could be collected, the powerful embodiment of some leading characters; but we apprehend that it would be impossible now at any theatre, either in the metropolis or the provinces, to insure an appropriate cast for a first-rate tragedy or comedy. Every one must have felt the lamentable want of support to which our best performers have been subjected during the last twenty years. Let us suppose *Macbeth* to be represented. The characters of the hero and heroine, or at least one of them, are portrayed with the unmistakable power of genius; but then the gracious Duncan is represented by a humorous gentleman who usually appears upon the stage under the decided influence of alcohol; Macduff, on ordinary nights, is the baffled miscreant who makes dishonourable proposals to "Shoosan" when Jack is supposed to be far away at sea, but who is usually rewarded for his pains by a thorough rubbing down with an oaken towel, or a forcible ejection, by way of the window. Malcolm is, *par excellence*, the "cako" of the *corps dramatique*—a young gentleman whose appearance in white trousers without straps as a man about town, is an irresistible provocation to mirth. Banquo is the standard sympathetic jailor, with a heart too soft for his office. As for the rest of them, they are mere walking libels upon the memory of the ancient Scottish Thanes; and no more like the characters which they affect to represent, than is the curly waxen bust in a hair-dresser's window to the ideal of Phœbus Apollo.

Whether the authors, the actors, or the public are most to blame for the present state of the British drama, is a point upon which we decline to give

any decided opinion. Possibly they are all guilty; but, as we do not happen to have any soul-rending play at present upon the stocks, we do not consider ourselves called upon to pronounce authoritative judgment. This much, however, we may say, that it is the manifest interest both of managers, authors, actors, and the public, to restore, if possible, the British drama to something like its former position. The argument we would use to managers, is of course directed to the purse. They have two duties to perform for their own interest. First, to enlist the highest literary talent, which would readily adapt itself to the most popular of all forms, the dramatic; and so gradually free themselves from the debasing position of exhibiting mere trash to the public view. Secondly, and in connection with the other, they must be prepared to give fair and even liberal terms to the performers—not to the stars, as they are so designated, only, but to the men who really are useful in the subordinate characters. We can remember when the theatre of Edinburgh was an excellent paying concern, independent of the appearance of any stars in the histrionic horizon. When Murray, Mackay, Stanley, Calcraft, Denham, Pritchard, and Jones were banded together—when we had such actresses as Mrs. H. Siddons, Mrs. Renaud, Mrs. and Miss Nicol, Miss Jarman, and Miss Noel associated in the same company—the theatre of Edinburgh never wanted support; and it would have been a disgrace to a literary city if it had wanted it, for better acting, or a better arranged company, it was impossible to find in any capital of Europe. Even the subordinate parts were then adequately filled. But what was then a pleasure, has now, we are compelled to say, become a sort of penance. Formerly we used to have some vestige of a national drama. *Gilderoy* or *Cramond Brig* were wont to draw houses, because the personifications therein exhibited were familiar to the Scottish public; and it was something, at all events, to hear the native Doric delivered with the proper accent. Nowadays all this is changed. We are, indeed, occasionally favoured with the apparition of a mountaineer from the wilds of Marylebone or the Clachan

of Sadler's Wells, who is announced in the play-bills as undertaking, for one evening only, the character of Rob Roy. Old Dugald Macglashan, the well-known caddie of the Tron Church, would not look half so ridiculous if he were to play Lord Ogleby or King Lear, as does the stunted Cockney when he asks us to believe that he is the fac-simile of the Red Gregarach. We repeat that we love the theatre; but it is out of the power of flesh and blood to endure such unnatural distortions. In our view, the first care of a manager should be to secure the services of an able and well-drilled company accustomed to play to each other. One or two very bad actors are sufficient to destroy the effect of a performance which is otherwise creditable; and from our observation, we should say that the gentlemen who undertake the comic parts are those who require the strictest scrutiny and observation. Grimacing to the galleries rarely fails to excite a laugh in those elevated regions; but it is not considered by others as the highest and most delectable species of humour, especially when it is not suited to the genius of the character represented. The general run of actors, if they wish thoroughly to understand their function, need do little more than study and follow Hamlet's advice to the players. Shakespeare did not spend so many years of his life behind the scenes for nothing. He knew very well what the besetting temptations and ordinary faults of the actors are; and he has set them forth admirably, though briefly, in one memorable discourse. "Stars" are to be dealt with otherwise; and managers, if not stars themselves, must be prepared to make these luminaries a little less erratic than heretofore. No actor, whatever be his talent, ought to have any say in the composition of a drama. That is a matter which the manager alone ought to determine; for, if the other course is pursued, the unity of the piece is sure to be sacrificed in order to gratify the monstrous appetite of the leading cormorant in buskins. What, in the name of Mephistopheles, have they to do with the matter? Did Kemble, or Kean, or Macready, or Mrs. Siddons, or Miss O'Neill, ever suffer in reputa-

tion because they were asked to take parts in the performance of a bad play? Not one of them. The play was sent to Orcus, as a matter of course, upon the first night, amidst hideous sibilation, and the twang of a hundred catcalls. But that was not their fault, nor was it attributed to them. But it really is too good a joke to expect that an author, who has devoted months of labour and study to the composition of a tragedy, shall be handed over to the tender mercies of a tragic performer, who requires that one scene shall be expanded, in order that he may have full swing for bel-lowing; and that another shall be curtailed, because it gives too much business to a rising Boanerges who has not yet achieved the same theatrical reputation. It is not the case of *Hamlet* with the principal character omitted. It is the case of *Hamlet* with all the characters omitted save that of the Prince of Denmark. We have spoken, we trust, reverently of the histrionic profession; but really this *outré-cuidance* on the part of leading performers calls for serious animadversion. We are as anxious as they can be to raise the standard; but it never will be raised so long as they are permitted to criticise or control the subject-matter of the play. Pretty work the leading tragedians would have made of Shakespeare, if, in his day, they had been permitted to exercise a control over the written drama!

As to the authors, we have nothing to say, except to express our conviction that they will not want support from the public, if they will seriously endeavour to write dramas which, when put on the stage, really merit the public approbation, and have legitimate claims to be considered works of literary merit. But this they will never accomplish by pilfering from the French, or writing pieces for some mere ephemeral occasion. In particular, it seems to us desirable that we should have a good deal less of the mere slang of London than is thrust into modern dramas. Doubtless there is recondite humour in the denizen of Seven Dials, and some pleasantries may be connected with the noble art of fogle-hunting, as practised on the Strand or Cheapside; still these are not the only topics which ~~occur~~

the attention of mankind; and we should be glad, were it merely for the sake of variety, to be favoured with a little more expansion. In short, we wish to see the tone of the drama elevated, so that it may become what it once was, the vehicle of noble thoughts and high sentiments, and again perform the valuable function of elevating and refining the general taste of the people. No one will venture to say that it performs that function now. When it does not grovel in the mire of the street-crossings, it uses the babbling of sheer and hopeless imbecility.

We are rather ashamed of ourselves, when we regard the length to which our preliminary observations have extended. Nor are they yet—begging Mr. Martin's pardon for the discourtesy which keeps him waiting—quite done. It is a fact that, within the last twenty years, the drama has declined, not only in this country, but all over Europe. Our ideas as to the cause of this decline may be gathered from the remarks which we have already made; but there is one feature upon which we have not yet touched, though it is deserving of peculiar consideration. That feature is, the evident disinclination of men possessing high dramatic talent to accommodate their writings to the stage.

Byron, who was actually a dramatic manager, and, moreover, the most ambitious man of our century to excel in every walk of literature, did not, we think, seriously contemplate that any of his dramas would be acted. The only one bearing his name, at all fitted for the stage, is *Werner*, which, as everybody knows, is a mere hash from the *Canterbury Tales* of the Misses Lee. Scott never would write a drama for the stage, if we except the *House of Aspen*, a juvenile performance, which never saw the light until the latter days of that illustrious author Schiller's highest work, the *Wallenstein*, was not intended for the stage; no more was Goethe's *Faust*; though both of these have since been brought forward without permanent success. Ludwig Tieck, who is certainly entitled to be ranked as the third name in the great German trilogy, hardly ever ventured on the theatre; in fact, the angels have generally held back to give admittance to

the fools. Hence, though the actual theatre is no longer the vehicle for instruction or delight, a new phase of the poetic form has been presented to the reader, which we may appropriately term the Dramatic Romance. This is not to be confounded with the recent stuff of immediate modern poetasters; it resembles rather the *Midsummer Night's Dream* of Shakespeare, the *Comus* of Milton, or, though the declension from these is great, the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher, than a play intended to be actually represented. It is really curious to observe that the men who, in recent times, were foremost in European literature, would not, in their great efforts, have availed themselves of the means which were in their power, of insuring popularity through the stage; but rather preferred that their masterpieces should be read, than heard by the ear of a listening audience. Possibly some of them may have been unwilling to run the risk of dramatic failure, which, absurdly enough, has always been considered an especial blemish on the poetic laurel; or they may have been conscious that they did not possess that power of concentration without which poetical genius cannot hope to achieve a triumph in this walk of literature; or they may have shrunk from confining themselves to the dramatic limits which are imposed for the sake of representation. The present generation does not inherit the patience of their ancestors, who were willing to devote a whole summer's day to the audience of a play. When Sir David Lindsay's *Satire, of the Three Estates* was enacted at Edinburgh in the year 1539, before the Queen-Regent and a large number of the Scottish nobility, we are told that it lasted "fra nyne houris afor none till six houris at-euin." Nine mortal hours did not suffice to exhaust the sufferance of our sires—where shall we now find the long-enduring man who will listen patiently for half that period? Novel and romance writing, we strongly suspect, has been eagerly adopted by many as a convenient escape from the dramatic trammels. We are quite sure that it would have cost Scott more labour and pains to condense his thoughts and concen-

trate his matter within the compass of a single drama, than to write three volumes of romance.

On the whole, however, literature has lost nothing. Irrespective of the splendid prose romances, which are the distinguishing feature of the earlier part of the present century, we have had many important contributions to the stores of Dramatic Romance, a form of composition which we confidently expect will be ere long very popular. It does not require, at least with the sternness of tragedy, excessive concentration. Instead of checking, it affords free scope to the play of fancy; and lyrical poetry may be freely interwoven and intermingled with its texture. On the Continent, and especially among the Germans, this form has been more cultivated than with us. The greatest master of it undoubtedly was Tieck, whose *Oclavian*, *Genoveva*, and *Fortunatus* are wonderful specimens of art, poetry, and imagination. Next to him, perhaps, in respect of genius and accomplishment, may be ranked Oehlenschläger, the Dane, whose two dramas of *Aladdin* and *Correggio* are deservedly placed among the best productions of modern literature.

The translation of the latter drama, by Mr. Theodore Martin, is now before us; and ere we pass to a consideration of the intrinsic merits of the work, we are desirous to express our admiration of the manner in which it has been rendered into English. The old adage that the writings of a poet cannot be adequately translated into another tongue, except by one gifted with true poetical accomplishment, seems of late years to have been forgotten; for men who could not, in order to save themselves from impending death, compose two consecutive lines of original verse which any human being could peruse with patience, think themselves entitled to grapple with the chiefs of foreign song, and to "do" them into execrable English, without even an expression of remorse. Look at Goethe's *Faust*. Hardly a lad in the land, who has gained a smattering of German; but has tried his hand at a version of it. Of course they have all failed, and most ludicrously; for in the finer details of poetical composition Goethe

had, in his day, no rival; and it was as impossible for them to imitate his tone and cadence, as it would have been to write an original battle-piece or describe a storm after nature. Some of their versions are as unmelodious as the sound of rubbish shot down over the surface of a rough quarry. Mr. Martin, on the contrary, not only understands the principles of versification, but is an adept in the art. He never departs from the spirit of his original, or makes unnecessary display of his own power; but frames the flow and swell of his verse exactly in accordance with that of the Danish poet; and in consequence he has produced one of the finest and most accurate translations, both in spirit and substance, which we have ever seen. This is no mean commendation. It is undeniable that the Germans translate better from the English, than the English do from the German; and we have no work in this department at all comparable to the version of Shakespeare, which was made by Tieck and Schlegel. Mr. Martin is already favourably known from his very beautiful translation of *King René's Daughter*, a lyrical drama by another Danish poet, Henrik Hertz, and of the *William Tell* of Schiller. If he does not choose to venture before the public in *propria persona*, or, as these slang-begetting Yankees, who are ruining our language, would say, "on his own hook," we shall be but too happy to greet him so often as he appears in the character of a translator.

Highly as we estimate the genius displayed in *Correggio*—a work which was noticed at a very early period of the Magazine's existence, we must confess that we should have preferred a version of Oehlenschläger's *Aladdin* from the pen of Mr. Martin. He seems to us to attribute more value to the former as a drama available for the stage than we can admit to be its due; and we suspect that his ideas of dramatic capability differ considerably from our own. We maintain that the essence of an acting play lies in its action. Mr. Martin seems to think that beauty and purity of thought, if adequately expressed, are sufficient. Thus he says of the *Correggio*:—"Not only in Denmark, but throughout Germany, this tragedy forms part

of the dramatic *répertoire*. When will either English actors or an English audience be educated to such a point as to admit of the performance on our stage of a work of this class?" To this query we answer unhesitatingly—Never. The play is essentially an art-tragedy. It pre-supposes, in those who read it, an intimate knowledge, not only of the principles of art, but of art itself in a high state of development. It is expressive, not of such feelings as we can suppose a rustic or a mechanic to experience when a new sense or a new phase of beauty dawns upon him, but of the emotions of artists at the contemplation of the highest art. A poem or a drama such as this never can be popular; it is addressed only to minds of the highest cultivation. To be greatly successful, a tragic writer must deal with such passions as lie near the surface. Love, hatred, revenge, ambition, remorse, heroism—these are his materials; but if he begins to refine, and tries to awaken sympathies which are not commonly felt or appreciated, he is not only losing his pains, but is in reality defeating his object. We apprehend that Mr. Martin is mistaken when he says that this play of *Correggio* is a stock-piece throughout Germany. We have had some experience of that country and its capitals, and we cannot charge our memory with having once seen the *Correggio* announced for representation. Certain we are that a "Ritterschauspiel," which corresponds to our most tearing species of melo-drama, would go down much better either in Frankfort, Vienna, or Munich; which latter city ought, of all others, to be prepared for the reception of a pure art-tragedy. It is in vain to try to write the public up. The most eminent artists, when they seek to produce lasting or strong effects, are fain to descend the ladder, and to appeal to the common sympathies of those below.

Mr. Martin, we observe, objects to the charge of over-sentimentalism which several eminent German critics have brought against Oehlenschläger, for whom he seems to entertain an almost filial veneration. We are compelled to say that, in this matter, we make common cause with the Teutones. We think that Oehlenschläger is sentimental even to a fault. We

desiderate more pluck, more manhood, more energy than he has thrown into *Correggio*, especially in the situations where the artistic element is subdued or disappears. The lack of these qualities becomes even grossly apparent in the scene between Ottavio and the painter, in which the former, after having calmly informed the latter of his intention to have seduced his wife, walks out of the room with a wholesome benediction; and Correggio, after some forty lines of reflective soliloquy, in which he arrives at the conclusion, that it is his duty to pocket the insult (*sits down on a chair, and falls asleep*). Such are the stage directions.

Would Shakespeare, the great master and expositor of the human heart, and affections, and emotions, have written so? Never! And there are other portions of the drama which amply bear out the charge of sentimentalism preferred by the German critics. Correggio, as Oehlenschläger depicts him, is not up to the mark of a martyr; he is undeniably a considerable poltroon. He is bullied on all hands, and never has the courage to bestow a respectable kick in return. Now, that is not a character with which the public will sympathise. Burritt made an abominable blunder when he told us that, if an enemy were to land on our shores, he would consider it his duty to supply the invading forces with meat and drink, and such other creature-comforts as his means or family could afford. The maxim did not take; and we can only hope, for the sake of the wretched Elihu, whose occupation is utterly gone, that there is so much human feeling in the bosom of Mr. Bright—whose carpets have an extensive circulation—that he will not permit his apostle to perish for the lack of subsistence. As to Mr. Cobden, it is in vain to expect that he will contribute a single farthing, even though the quondam blacksmith were to sigh through his lungs like a furnace. We can perfectly understand what the meaning of the poet was. He intended to depict Correggio as a being so intent upon his art that he was inaccessible to the ordinary impulses of humanity. The delineation may be true, but only as an exception; and exceptions never will be

popular with the public. There can be no doubt of this, that Oehlen-schläger has depicted his hero as a simpleton. Can a simpleton be made, under any circumstances, and allowing for his peculiar bent—for simpletons may have genius—heroic? We apprehend not; and, therefore, no amount of poetry will ever make this a popular play.

Nor is it in all respects well designed. In more than one scene and situation, the author has outraged propriety—more especially in that where he represents the robbers as stricken with contrition and woe at the sight of Correggio's picture of the Magdalen. Indeed, our opinion is, that the plot is by no means felicitous, nor the details dexterously managed. It is only in the art-scenes that we thoroughly recognise the hand of the master; but in them he is really great. Let us lay before the reader one or two specimens. The first is a soliloquy of (Antonio) Correggio after an interview with Michael Angelo. The sculptor has remarked with surprise the beauty of a picture on which Correggio, then an unknown painter in an obscure country village, is engaged. He approaches for the purpose of commending it; but the painter, misled by a knavish innkeeper, and unconscious who his visitor is, contrives to irritate Michael to such a degree, that he pours forth a torrent of virulent abuse both at the artist and his work. He tells him that he has a notion of colour, but that he cannot draw or foreshorten; that the legs of his figures are as shapeless as sausages; and that, in short, he is an absolute bungler! Correggio at length discovers that he is speaking with Buonarrotti, and in an agony of consternation and shame entreats him to reconsider his verdict, and recall his words. But the fiery Michael, who has just met with some crosses on the road, and is more than usually irritable, repeats his anathema and departs. Then follows a passage which we think peculiarly beautiful.

ANTONIO (*lays his picture aside*).

Is it a dream? Or was it Buonarrotti, The mighty artist, who was here? Were these The words he spoke? I hope 'tis but a dream!
(*Sits down with his hands before his eyes: then starts up*).

My brain whirls round, and yet I am awake.
A voice of dreadful note has broke my sleep;
I am a bungler! Surely, surely not!
I'd ne'er believe it, had these ears not heard
Great Buonarrotti's self proclaim me so.

(*Stands lost in thought*).

Mists rosy-radiant swam before mine eyes.
I deemed them forms of universal truth,
And seized my brush to fix what then I saw,
When lo! my work resolved to mist again!
A gaudy toy, devoid of feeling, soul,
Invention, purpose, dignity, proportion!
This I had ne'er surmised! Day after day,
I went to work, I did, with guileless heart,
And soul devoutly fervent. As I sat
Before my canvass, then meseem'd as though
I knelt before the Great Eternal's shrine,
And He revealed unto my wondering eyes
His far-off majesty. But I was wrong;
Alas! how wrong! how wrong! (*a pause*).

When but a child,

One day I went to Florence with my father.
Whilst he was buying in the market-place,
I slipp'd away to San Lorenzo's church;
There at the tombs I stood of Julius, and
Lorenzo, and those forms immortal saw,
The Day, the Night, the Twilight, and the
Dawn

Of Michael Angelo, in pure white marble.
A moment's glance was all that I could steal,
Yet did that glance sink deep into my soul;
It was the one sole work of high true art
My eyes had look'd upon. It was so strange,
So grand, so fine, and yet so dead, so still,
That I felt glad, when, issuing forth, I saw
The clear blue sky and dappled flowers again.
Now in that vaulted tomb once more I stand,
And all bright forms of gay and transient
grace

Again have fled, and leave me shuddering
Before the Night and Twilight, self-annull'd.
So be it; henceforth I will paint no more!
God knows, I ne'er did so from vanity,
But rather as the bee constructs his cell,
Or as the bird instinctive builds his nest.
Oh, if 'twere all a dream!—Once more he
shall,

Ay, yet once more—not passionately, in
wrath,

But with serene and tranquil dignity,
Like his own Day there on Lorenzo's tomb,
Repeat that word to me—and then—good
night,

Thou beauteous art! I'm what I was before,
A poor, untutor'd peasant. Be it so!
I will not grieve, nor yield me to despair;
I still can boast a quiet conscience. Grant,
I be no artist, abject I am not;
Ay, though the mightiest Angelo of earth—
Should say I were, here is a voice that cries,
Such thou art not! And that voice comes
from God!

This is very powerfully and poetically conceived; but not less so is the ensuing scene between Correggio and his wife, which is peculiarly touching from its simplicity and pathos. It is not more delicately and exquisitely expressed in the original than in the translation:—

ANTONIO.

Maria, dearest wife, my painting's done.

MARIA.

How! Have you finish'd, quite?

ANTONIO (*pressing her hand mournfully*).
I have, my child.

MARIA.
What ails you? Heavens! you weep, Antonio?

ANTONIO.
Not so, my love!

MARIA.
Dear husband, what's the matter?
Speak to me!

ANTONIO.
Dearest wife, be not alarmed,
I have been turning over in my mind
The life we lead, its future and its past,
And I have felt that this pursuit of mine
Provides us bread, but does not make us
happy,
And therefore have I inwardly resolved
To give it up.

MARIA.
I understand you not.

ANTONIO.
When seven years since I ask'd you to my
bride
From your old father, you perchance remember,
What were the old man's words. 'Antonio,'
said he,
'Give up this painting. He that dwells
like you,
Dreaming for ever in the world of art,
Will ne'er get on in life. The artist makes
A sorry husband; in his heart his wife
Is second to his Muse; and daughter, son,
Are in the children of his brain forgot.'

MARIA.
A good, kind soul he was, a homely root,
That spread and grew in silence 'neath the
soil,
But was not meant to culminate in flower.
Think not of what he spake!

ANTONIO.
'Become,' he said, 'a potter, and like me
Paint little pictures on the clay for sale.
So live with wife and child, aloof from care,
Your time, your life, devoted all to them.'

MARIA.
He had not power to see, that what I loved
Was your aspiring soul, your gifted mind;
Nay more, it was thy art which made me
happy,
Because it was a portion of my love.

ANTONIO.
We often think things are, love, which are
not.
I have not made you happy, as you say.

MARIA.
Antonio, do you wish to give me pain?

ANTONIO (*embracing her*).
Thou art an angel! Murmur never crossed
Thy lips. But no, I have not made thee happy.
I have not given thee, darling, as I should,
The riches of my heart, but wasted them
On airy phantasies chiefly. What I earn'd
I spent in part upon expensive colours,
And have not managed wisely with the rest.
At times we lived in superfluity,
But oftener lack'd the barest necessities.
Thy gentle heart has thus been sorely tried.
No matter, this shall be no longer so!
We will now aim at the impossible.
No more wild fancies! I am humbled now;

I'll step back to mine old obscurity,
And a good artist if I may not be,
I shall be a good husband, a good father.

MARIA.
Thou not an artist! Thou! If that be so,
Art blooms not on this earth.

ANTONIO.
Dear wife, thou lov'st me.

MARIA.
Yes; for I know thee wholly, what thou art.

ANTONIO
(*takes her by the hand, and conducts her to his
picture, and contemplates her and the picture by
turns*).
Thy smile is sweet, is innocent. You see
This mincing sugar'd simper?

MARIA.
Antonio!

ANTONIO.
Its faults, I see them now. Ah, why had I
No trusty friend, who might long, long ago
Have told me of them? For I feel within
The capability to set them right.

MARIA.
Great heavens! What can have happen'd?

ANTONIO.
Yet, methinks
There is a something here in this poor picture
Not quite to be despised. 'Tis not mere colour,
Not mere dexterity of hand, not merely
The undulating play of light and shade,
But something too of beautiful, of grand

MARIA.
What can have happen'd? Answer me,
Antonio!

ANTONIO (*after a pause, more tranquilly*).
Once more he shall pronounce it. Twice he
hath
Thunder'd the sentence forth, yet must it be
A third time utter'd; and, if utter'd, why—
Thenceforth I'll paint on clay.

MARIA.
Who has been here?

ANTONIO.
The famous Michael Angelo Buonarrotti.

MARIA.
And he? What said he?

ANTONIO.
Hush, child! Let us wait,
Till for the third time he pronounce the sen-
tence.
I cannot tear myself without a pang
From that fair loftier world. Ay, yet once
more,
Once more, and then—then I will paint on clay!

But, fortunately for poor Correggio,
there is another critic at hand be-
sides the burly Buonarrotti. The tra-
velling companion of the sculptor is
Julio Romano, the favourite pupil of
Raphael. He has just come from the
church, where he has been enrapt-
ured by the sight of Correggio's
great picture, now called "*La Notta*,"
which is one of the chief ornaments of

the Dresden Gallery. It represents the adoration of the shepherds, and is certainly one of the most attractive works of this renowned master. Both Reynolds and Mengs speak of it with the highest admiration; the Rembrandt testified his sense of its excellence by transferring some of its effects to his picture of the Annunciation. Here is the scene in which Julio makes the acquaintance of his brother artist.

ANTONIO

(*discovered looking at his picture.*)

It only wants the varnish now. The veil
Is too transparent yet. Oh, that I might
Withdraw this from the gaze of all the world!
The other picture is not half so good.
It is not surely honest to accept
So large a sum for such inferior work?
But yet his lordship chose it for himself,
And named the price without a word from
me.

I told him at the time it was too much.

(*Takes up his brush.*)

Now will I paint a little hyacinth
Into the grass. When lovely maidens die,
Men scatter simple flowers upon their tombs.
My hope, that was so lovely—it is dead.
So then, in tribute of a sad farewell,
I'll plant one flower,—and then—How shall I
live,

When I can paint no longer? It has grown
As useful to me now as life itself.

Well, I will toil the whole long week-days
through
For wife and child,—ay, with my hands I'll
toil!

But Sunday morning still shall be my own.
Yes, then shall Iris, blooming as of yore,
With her ærial bow, of sevenfold hues,
Descend to greet me at the early dawn.
Then will I draw, and colour, and invent
For mine own pastime. Any way it is
A blameless pleasure. In my home I'll hang
The little pictures. They at least will serve
To decorate the walls. Maria loves them,
So does my little boy; and when I die,
And some stray pilgrim, wandering here, shall
see

The rich-hued canvass hanging on the walls,
The sight will touch him;—all are not so hard
As this great Angelo—and he will say,
High aspirations had this man at least,
And loved his art in pure sincerity.

JULIO ROMANO

(*enters, but keeps at some distance, contemplating ANTONIO unobserved.*)

There sits the Muse's favourite! He paints
Another picture, which will wrap the world
Once more in wonder. How I long to know
A man of powers so noble! Hold awhile!
Let me enjoy my pleasure in long draughts!
Am I awake? Is this not fancy's dream?
I little thought, in coming to Correggio,
That I should find a second Raphael here.
Oh, marvellous! most strange and marvellous!
In our great cities we erect great schools,
Our princes aid ambition, industry,
Our youth is moulded on the choicest models,
From very infancy our hearts are train'd;—
Then comes some glorious opportunity
To exercise the art, so thoroughly learn'd,

And what do we approve ourselves, we scholars?
Why, scholars,—good, apt scholars, certainly,
But genius is not to be foster'd so.
It blooms not in the hothouse;—all the warmth
And nursing care of artificial aid
Develop not the fruit that charms the world.
In the wild woods, untended, it must grow,
A seedling scattered by the winds of chance,
Ripening by chance, a forest miracle,
And ere we wot of it, and while we gaze
In hopeless awe on what the Past has left,
And think that Genius is for ever flown,
Lo, there it stands again before our eyes,
And we,—we look, and are again amazed!
Strange, that a Bethlehem so oft gives birth
To the Divine; that the benignant angel,
Who bringeth light and joy into the world,
So oft should find his cradle in a manger!

(*Approaches ANTONIO and contemplates his work.*)

ANTONIO.

Stand there, you little azure hyacinth!
Thy violet paleness is the type of death.

JULIO

(*again retiring, and looking at ANTONIO.*)

He wears the aspect of his pictures,—gentle,
Genial, and full of feeling; but that air
Of sadness is a stranger to his works:
The full warm bloom, which glows so richly
there
Spreads not its tints upon his delicate cheek.

ANTONIO.

Another traveller here! A stranger, too!
; (*They exchange salutations.*)

JULIO.

Your pardon, signor, if perchance I now
Disturb you? But I could not leave this place,
Till I had paid my homage to the artist,
Whose genius is its crowning ornament.

ANTONIO.

Alas! dear God, then will you only know
A man dejected, poor, and sore distraught!

JULIO.

How! This so glowing sun glad others merely,
And have no warmth nor radiance for itself!

ANTONIO.

Good sir, your words are kind, you cannot mean
To mock me; but you wound me to the quick
Although you think it not. A sun!

(*Lays his hand on his breast.*)

Did you but know
What an abyss is here, how dark, how dark!
Not one poor star to gleam from out my night.

JULIO (*with animation*).

Nay, from your 'NIGHT' a quenchless glory
beams
That with a halo of immortal light
Shall one day crown your head. How are you
call'd!

ANTONIO.

Antonio Allegri is my name.

JULIO (*marrying*).

Antonio Allegri, of Correggio!
How can that name sound strangely on mine ear,
Which soon shall vibrate far on every tongue?
I have beheld your 'Night,' Antonio,
There in the church. You wish'd to represent,
And you have wrought a miracle! The light
Pierces the murky night of earthly life,
And glads the shepherds. Of these shepherds I
Am one. You see me stand before you, still
In wonder lost, and comprehending not
The sight miraculous which now I see,
Holding my hands before mine eyes, in doubt,
If what I look upon be not delusion.

But the barbed arrow of sarcastic criticism has pierced too deep to be easily removed. Correggio sees in his visitor only a kind-hearted enthusiast, but will not, though most grateful for the sympathy expressed, receive his favourable judgment as a counter-balance to the judgment passed upon him by the famous Florentine. He recounts the incidents of their meeting:—

ANTONIO.

I knew not who he was, and thoughtlessly
Offended him. The owner of that house,
A strange, mad knave, who bears me no good
will,

Came up and told me, that his guest, who sat
At yonder table, drinking, was a dyer,—
A coarse-tongued churl, who had insulted him,
One who knew nothing, yet would dogmatise
On all things. So I own, I met him not
With that respect which is his righteous due,
He spoke to me in caustic surly tone,
And I made answer to him scoffingly,
Whereon he grew incensed, and called me
'bungler!'

Abject and base, and said, though I might
have

An eye for color, and its gaudy hues,
I never should be able to achieve
True beauty and true grandeur.

JULIO (*with animation*).

There he is right!
Achieve you never will—you have achieved,
Ay, even beyond the Sistine chapel's self.

ANTONIO

(*makes a deprecating gesture with his hand*).

Ah, dear signor!

JULIO.

I see you think I speak
As blind men speak of colours. 'Tis not so.
I am no Angelo, no Michael I.
But a mere mortal man, yet I'm a Roman;
No Cæsar truly, yet a Julius.
I too have learned to know what painting is,
The mighty Raphael Sanzio was my master,
His lofty spirit hovers o'er me still,
And I on such a theme may claim to speak.

ANTONIO.

O heavens! you, you are Julio Romano!

JULIO.

'am.

ANTONIO.

You Julio Romano! Can it be?
The famous painter? Raphael's favourite?

JULIO.

I was so.

ANTONIO.

And you tell me, I am no bungler?

JULIO.

I tell you, that since Raphael parted hence,
Our country has no greater painter known
Than you, Antonio Allegri of Correggio!

ANTONIO (*sits down*).

Your pardon, gentle signor! My brain reels!
Your words have stunn'd me with a wild sur-
prise,

And in the maze I cannot see my way.
All my existence, like an unknown brook,
Has flowed along in shadow until now.
As little did I dream I could be great,
As that my powers were bent on hopeless aims.
All simply trusting to the Muse and fate,
I went on painting, and my labour thrived.
Now—in the course of one brief day—have two
Of art's most famous masters sought my home.
One strikes me down into the nether dust,
The other lifts me up beyond the clouds.
What shall I think? Is this a dream, or no?

JULIO.

And if that one should say as I have said,
What then?

ANTONIO.

How! Michael Angelo? Think you,
That he would ever—

JULIO.

'Tis his way to do
What no one dreams of. His impetuous spirit
Is less of God than Titan, and his greatness
Resembles that of the primeval world.
Grace is not in his nature. The younger Amor
Fires not his heart for individual objects,
But the old Eros in his bosom folds
The universe with arms of giant grasp;
No winged urchin, but a youth full grown,
All life and vigor. I will speak to him.
Rest thee at ease; I understand his ways;
The Titan has a human heart. Like Chronos,
His children are of a majestic growth,
But there is nought of cannibal in him.
He rather, like Prometheus, snatched fire
From heaven, to animate earth's common clay.
Let but the storm blow o'er, Antonio,
And he too will do justice to your work.
I see him coming. Go into the house.

We really wish that our space would allow us to extract the ensuing scene between Julio Romano and Michael Angelo; but it is not fair, while cordially commending a book to our readers, to help ourselves to all the tid-bits. Suffice it to say, that Julio, in an adroit but manly way, makes the sculptor exceedingly ashamed of himself for his former violence; and another view of the

picture elicits the following eccentric but characteristic criticism:—

MICHAEL.

No doubt, but get you gone, sir! How! The knave
Has chafed me! Ha! now I can comprehend
How 'twas the painter here, unhappy devil—
(*sits down before the picture*).

A work like this is not read at a glance.
No matter what they show me in the whirl
And turmoil of my rage—my blood boils up
Before my eyes as well as in mine ears.
Then your didactic prating nettles me.
What I should think, I can myself find out;
And Julio—he—as though I could not, I—
Well, well,—he felt this, though, himself! By
Jove,
The picture's finely handled! This is painting!
And how poetical,—trees, landscapes, flowers!
What lovely drapery! This reflected light!
The woman's charming, yes, by heaven, she is!
The John, too, exquisite, the little Christ
Sublimely fair. For Baccho, 'tis colour!
And I,—although the Pope would make me
paint,
Although I chased the scurvy Florentines,
Like those that vended doves, from out the temple,
And climbed myself into the scaffolding,
And worked some half year in such surly mood
That I had all but killed his Holiness,
By flinging down a pail, because he came
Prying so early to my studio,—
I am no painter, no, not I,—I know it.
I am a sculptor. What of sculpture's art
In painting can be used, why that is mine!
In drawing and design I stand alone,
But as for dipping in the paint-pot, zounds
I understand it not, that's very clear,
And this man does, and that most thoroughly.

From these extracts our readers will be able to form some estimate of the poetical genius of Oehlenschläger, and of the manner in which the accomplished translator has executed his task. We have already indicated our opinion that this is not a drama which could be successfully represented on the stage, for the higher scenes deal too exclusively with art to please “the groundlings;” and in its other portions there is a deficiency of interest and action. But it is one which cannot be perused without exciting admiration; and even the sentimentalism, which operates to its disadvantage as an acting play, may possibly recommend it to many. The tone throughout is remarkably delicate and pure, and, in connection with the beautiful poetry it contains, ought to render it a lasting favourite.

It is both absurd and wrong at any time, or under any circumstances, to despair whilst there is still a chance left; and although it must be confessed that the British drama appears

to be in a moribund condition, we shall not yet abandon all hopes of its recovery. Not many years ago we were told that the public had lost all taste for poetry, and that no singer, however sweet, had any chance of an audience. If you wished to throw a publisher into a paroxysm, the easiest mode of accomplishing your design was to clap a roll of manuscript verses into his fist. The metamorphosis of Lycæon into a wolf was mild compared with that which followed the touch of the iambics. Now there is a reaction, and the public are said to be screaming for poetry. They are getting it in reams; whereof it is not wonderful if many should be worthless. Some, however, are not so, but exhibit unmistakable marks of genius. Alexander Smith possesses abilities which, if rightly directed, cannot fail to make him eminent as a poet. The real danger to which he is exposed arises from the superlative commendation lavished upon him by men who, in the present deluge of cheap literature, have been let loose upon the public as critics. Worse supporters for a young author could not be found. They ply him with their noxious and indiscriminate praise, just as Charles Onions, the Lively Kiddy, plies the Pet of the Fancy, to whom he acts as bottle-holder, between the rounds, with execrable and adulterated gin; and the consequence is, that in a very short time the youth exhibits unmistakable symptoms of gogginess. We by no means intend to insinuate that Mr. Smith has been so elated by the approbation he has won as to be beyond the reach of sober and really friendly criticism. Our belief is far otherwise; and it is our sincere hope that, when he next appears before the public, we may be able to congratulate him upon having freed himself from blemishes, which are the natural and inevitable concomitants of youthful genius and inexperience. One other name we must mention. It is that of Gerald Massey, a man who, in spite of extraordinary disadvantages, has already won for himself a considerable name in lyrical poetry, and who certainly does possess a large share of the poet's stirring inspiration. He also,

we observe, has been seized upon as an object of adulation by certain critics, who appear to think that they can win their way to eminence by flattering each new aspirant, on the hypothesis that, if he rises, they must rise also. They have called Massey a second Burns. That he is not, and probably never can be. But he has within him the soul of a poet; and if he can rid himself of a certain tendency towards verbiage, engendered by the study of indifferent models, and endeavour to acquire that simplicity of expression which can only, in our complicated language, be gained by a strict adherence to the Saxon style and phraseology, he must succeed. What he has already done—and it is worthy of high praise—we take but as an instalment of what he is yet to do. In particularising these two—Smith and Massey—we may possibly have excited a feeling of disappointment in the bosoms of other bards, who doubtless will consider themselves entitled to similar notice. Let them possess their souls in patience. Ere long we intend to have a field-day, and minutely to inspect the ranks and accoutrements of the younger British volunteers.

That word reminds us that American ingenuity has lately insinuated a hope, of a most forlorn description, for the resuscitation of the British drama. From small beginnings, the science of spirit-rapping has increased to large proportions. We pass over the preliminary phenomena of messages sent by the mere nameless defunct to their kith and kin, none of which equalled in interest Defoe's famous narrative of the apparition of Mrs. Veal, which had the extraordinary effect of selling various editions of *Drelincourt upon Death*. (No wonder; since the experienced ghost asserted that Drelincourt 'had the clearest notions of death, and of the future state, of any who had handled that subject,' preferring him to Dr. Sherlock. Never, since dissent was organised, has there appeared so efficient an *imprimatur*!) Nor shall we advert to the posthumous remarks of Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson, which, as we had occasion to show some time ago, prove incontestably that the atmosphere of the spirit-world is not

favourable to the development of the intellectual faculties. Also, keeping in remembrance that Southey, Coleridge, and Shelley, were poets of some distinction in the flesh, we shall refrain from criticising the spavined dactyls which their ethereal spirits deigned to dictate to their Columbian correspondents. Why they should, one and all of them, have chosen to confine their favours to the indwellers of the land of Barnum, appeared to us an incomprehensible mystery, and, we thought, argued ill of their patriotism. It was, to say the least, curious that Washington, Jefferson, & Co., remained as much attached to their own country and institutions after death as in life; whereas the base British bards had repudiated all sentiments of nationality, and not in thought only, but in language, had adopted the Yankee phraseology. However, these things, being inscrutable, must remain so; and after giving due weight to the testimony of grave judges, eminent literary men, and distinguished newspaper editors, we could only deplore the defection of so many poets, and lament that the spiritual harmonies were so little in accordance with our own. But we are now startled by the intelligence that SHAKESPEARE himself is *redivivus*, and that he has dictated to a pious American, who rejoices in the name of Pray, a posthumous tragedy, with the promise of many more! There, our masters, is good news for you. We have long talked of the immortal Shakespeare; and immortal he is, with a vengeance; for he has stated to an especial correspondent of ours in Philadelphia his intention to write on to the end of time. There is a drawback, however. It grieves us very much to be compelled to state that the spirit of Shakespeare is an avaricious spirit, and that its ideas about the value of copyrights seem to have been exorbitantly inflated in the spirit-world. Of course, we should have no objection to arrange with the spiritual Shakespeare upon liberal terms—if he would only state what is now the favourite circulating medium. If it is old scrip, that shall be forthcoming; or if he prefers a cheque upon Mr. Gladstone, in his official capacity, at twelve months' date, we

shall venture that fearlessly; but we cannot understand what use a spirit can make of the current coinage of the United Kingdom, or why he should wish to carry the promissory notes of the Bank of England, which Mr. Matthew Marshall so obligingly subscribes, to visit the "pale glimpses of the moon," where we apprehend there must be, in operation, a more satisfactory banking system. There-

fore, we have been chary of advising Messrs. Blackwood to purchase, for a large sum, the exclusive copyright, in this country, of a very remarkable tragedy by the deceased William Shakespeare, called "The Two Loafers of Arkansas," of which we are bound, under high penalties, to divulge no more than the following passage, with which we terminate our article:—

WHITTIER.

Tarnation seize me, if I bear the taunt
Of this young locofoco!—Skin a 'coon?
'Twere easy. Ay!—and ask me to do more—
To whip my weight in wild-cats; or to dive
For alligators in the turbid stream,
And, having ta'en them by the rugged throats,
To wrench their entrails from their jagged jaws.
And fling them on the bank—why, that were but
A summer evening's play! There's not a boy
Within Arkansas but might do the same,
And after, clamber to the squirrel's nest
And rob it of its nuts. Shall this base loafer,
Than whom the June-bug which the night-hawk cracks
Is in creation greater of account,
Chaw me so catawampously? Away—
'Tis night—be red, my bowie-knife, ere day!

[*Exit.*]

PEACE AND WAR.

DIALOGUE THE SECOND.

—ἀκίνδυνος δ' ἄρεται
οὔτε παρ' ἀνδράσι οὔτ' ἐν ταυσι καίλας
τίμαι.—PINDAR.

THE month of November has a bad character. It is looked upon as the black sheep among months. If we could drop its acquaintance altogether, I have no doubt we should; but it sticks to us year by year, and will not be shaken off, for it holds on to the fall of the year as tenaciously as Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, or Lord Cranston's goblin page. So as we cannot hang the dog that bears the bad name, the best we can do is to examine whether he bears it justly or not. And as November has a bad name among months, so has Boulogne-sur-Mer a bad name amongst English watering-places. For English it is, and not of yesterday; it was so before the "entente cordiale," and before the present "entente amoureuse" between France and England. We do not suppose that we can place November and Boulogne quite in the position of injured innocents; but we do think that, like many other good things, they have had to suffer a deal of unmerited abuse, and, taken together, they play into each other's hands, and make out a tolerably good case for defence.

First, as to November. The name is rather pretty than otherwise. All the consonants in it are either liquids or labials; and the last, as in others of like ending, suggests the season of oysters. It is a month of thirty days, and, as such, in the agreeable company of September, April, June. The first, perhaps the loveliest month in our year; the second, pleasant, if not in itself, in the prospect of May; the third, the real May of the poets, the coming of age of the year, the beauty of which, like other kinds of beauty, as it begins later, lasts longer with us than in the south. Thus, if its agreeableness be not so plain, it is a short month, though that is a questionable merit. We heard of a worthy divine who, after his sermon, asked a friend

who had "sat under" him, what he thought of it. He answered, "Well, you were not long." "So much the better," said the rector; "I am glad I was not tedious." "But you *were* tedious," rejoined the friend. But we maintain that November is not tedious, nay often agreeable; it is often a time of strangely bright sunrises and sunsets, quiet soft warm days, "jours des dames," the equinoctial gales having blown themselves out, and a very clear atmosphere. With November in London we have nothing to do; for no man, except under compulsion, with our tastes, would linger in London when his business or pleasure is over there,—at least in this, the unsocial season of its year. It is true that that gentlest of geniuses, Charles Lamb, does stand up for London; but he could not help living there, and he was a sensible man to make the best of a bad necessity, and a right-minded man to attempt to overcome the evil that was about him with the good that was in him. November, we maintain, in the country or at the seaside, is often a pleasant month. We remember, some years ago, a peculiarly rich November, seen to perfection in that city of gardens, Oxford. We say rich advisedly; for the whole vista of Christ Church Walk appeared hung with cloth-of-gold, as seen against a stainless sky, not of the hot ultramarine of summer, but the pure tender cobalt-blue of the waning year. There had been no high wind throughout the month. Hence the persistence of the glory. Scarcely a leaf had fallen. There need have been short search for the golden bough which the Sibyl sent Æneas to look for, for the groves were all golden, and the earth lay (to make a slight alteration in Tennyson's line) "all Danae to the groves," ready at the first blast of December to receive the shower of wealth in her bosom. Then the days are just long

enough to enable a man, who is not a fanatical early riser, to see sunrise without sitting up for it, and sunset comfortably before dinner;—no slight advantage in the opinion of a living poet, whose philosophy is more of the garden than of the portico. Dinner is a rite to be performed without the external distractions of sunsets or moonrises, at least by the eupaptic wise man, with shutters shut, curtains drawn, and three pleasant friends, with one of those lamps discreetly called “moderators” diffusing mellow light from the middle of the round table, held aloft by a pediment covered with attic figures in bronze, French Watteau scenes, or an Etruscan sacrifice, being to us moderns with its moral name a more cheerful mentor than the skeleton which the ancients hung up at their feasts to remind the guests that they had “but a second” for their enjoyments. Shall we forget the immortal Fifth, dear to urchins, a small part of whose associations to them is made up of treasons and plots, and a large part of fun and fireworks? Surely the poor fanatic Guy would have kept his principles in his pocket, and his tinder-box out of it, if he had known that his very name was to become a source of annual and perennial delight to yet unborn generations of heretics; or the most he would have done would have been to turn Irish agitator, and “blow up” the three estates at monster meetings, or meetings of monsters. In the present year, Guy-Fawkes day fell on a Sunday, and therefore was either postponed or anticipated, according to the impatience or the luxurious patience of its celebrators. But the evening of Sunday, the 5th of November, is remembered by the writer of this, as illustrating the frequent beauty of the season. The evening air was rather cold, the sun had gone to rest wrapped up in robes of purple, and in the west was that sweet green tint which, mixing into the cool blue-grey of the heaven, creates an appearance and feeling best expressed by the term “weird.” And the full moon rose large, and of a deep gold colour, over a hill which stood between the spectator and London. And as she rose, or rather stood, suddenly up, there

was a faint redness round her in the air, perhaps partly produced by the smoke of the metropolis; at all events, it had the effect of a blush, as the pure queen of night, who had just left her bower in unveiled beauty, sailed over the great bad town, so that the air seemed flushing with consciousness, as it did when the Lady Godiva had to run the gauntlet of the unholy eyes of Coventry. This evening, in particular, was full of calm and spirituality, and, in general, the month abounds with a soothing melancholy, which is very good for the heart and soul. When fine, it is like the peaceful and natural death of the year, which passes away like

“A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death.”

Such a death as all good people would wish to die.

Now, what shall we say for Boulogne? People say that those live there who cannot live at home, except on Sundays, being buried for six days out of seven. What is that to us? We do not get into debt, probably because we have as yet had no strong temptation to do so. But what if it be the resort of our Dunshunners? It may be well that it is. There ought to be cities of refuge for the debtor. For debt is not the unpardonable sin, whatever man's laws may make it. It might conduce to our social happiness, and even morals, if there were no legal recovery of debts; all debts would then be debts of honour, and a stigma that is wanting now would be attached to the non-payment of them. We do not care much if there were no such thing as credit recognised. As it is, tradesmen are always trying to entrap one into their books. In that case, kindness and charity would still in urgent cases give credit, avaricious speculation never. It is hard to estimate how much of our social misery arises from the ease with which credit is obtained, the law of debt being so severe—as severe almost as that of the Romans, who gave over the debtor to private, while we give him over to public bondage. May not this be the main cause of the care-worn look which foreigners say stamps most of the faces of middle-aged British sub-

jects? And how many a good man—good, but easy—in the complications of commerce, by some heedless signature, gets into a mysterious money-scrape, of which he will never know the beginning or the end, which haunts him as the monster of his own creation-haunted Frankenstein, and infects his memory with a quodidian shudder, as if he had blood on his hands. We need say nothing of Chancery victims. Thanks to Charles Dickens, their case is mended; but the historical existence of such frightful injustice under the name of law, is enough to make one's blood boil. Yes, it is well that there are such cities of refuge—well that there is a Boulogne, though the city of London seems rather ashamed of it; for it has corrupted the old tavern-sign of "Boulogne Mouth" into "Bull and Mouth;" a sign suggesting not only a harbour for the swindler, but a safe asylum for the harmless man who has lost his bearings amongst law-papers, or who is going mad in the midst of the labyrinthine difficulties of commerce. But if you do not like the company, you are not obliged to know it. Such as we have mentioned are a small part of the population, and their habits are generally, for sufficient reasons, unobtrusive. The town looks pretty as it scales the hill. The harbour and sands are pretty. The sea-view is good, especially where you see a bit of old England "looming in the distance," your position being the upland which bears Napoleon's column, the pillar of Nemesis. There may a British heart throb, not so much with pride as with thankfulness for that great deliverance when the storm of war that hung over our shores was almost miraculously driven off, like the locusts of Egypt, by the strong west wind, to vent its fury on the east of Europe. Boulogne, like Brighton, is pleasant in November to those who would fly from the fall of the leaf. For in those places it may be spring instead of autumn; for all we know, on very many days. To be at these places in spring is wrong, for there the beauty of spring is lost. Often, when detained at Brighton *through* May, as once happened, we have gone out to the Hassock's Gate

station to hear birds sing, as they do most perfectly in the woods on the landward side of the Downs, to make up for their silence on the seaward side. Boulogne is now the great point of handshaking between England and France, and therefore now of peculiar interest; and then there is the camp as an object of attraction to those who wish to see the workmanlike arrangements of a people who are essentially military.

"Non cauponantes bellum, sed belligerantes."

But I confess I was surprised to meet friend Irenæus one evening on the pier at Boulogne, the last man I should have expected to have been attracted by a camp; for I well knew he had no other business there. But as the Peace deputation was undeniably very much attracted by the court of the Russian autocrat, perhaps Irenæus, in going to see the camp of the French Emperor, is only following the newest fashion of his sect. We knew long ago that "the camp, the court, the grove," were haunted by the society of Love; we know now that at least two of them are occasionally visited, if not haunted, by the society of Friends. One never grows too old to learn. Walking on the long pier at Boulogne, opposite the quay, I was aware of a well-known stout figure with neat distinctive dress, which seemed to me so familiar that I was tempted to follow it. Its stride, however, was too much for mine, and I gave it up for the present, but soon marked it down in a corner, leaning over the rail in conversation with a Douanier, and looking through a telescope at the steamer from Folkestone, which was just coming in. The figure turned. It was friend Irenæus, as I had thought.

TELEPOLEMUS—"I see my man," as Cyrus the younger said when he made a dash at the king. Irenæus, how came you here? What are you doing here? Trying to convert the camp into a conventicle? Pockets full of tracts? Mind what you are about. There were some well-meaning Protestant tractarians here a little while ago, who got into trouble with the authorities by trying to introduce heresy into the Line in empty champagne bottles, which had

each a tract tacked to the bottom of the cork. It was not very likely that thirsty "moustache" would be quite in the humour to receive ghostly counsel in the thick of his disappointment at hearing no pop. I fear his first exclamation would have been "sacré," even though he was too well brought up to finish the sentence. (To DOUANIER): Est-ce que Monsieur comprend l'Anglais?

DOUANIER.—Mais, fort peu, Monsieur.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Dites donc, vous allez profiter des instructions de Monsieur, vu qu'il est comédien des plus distingués au théâtre royal de Philadelphia.

DOUANIER (with a shrug and a smile).—Il faut que j'aille au bateau-a-vapeur; Messieurs, j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer.—[Exit.]

TLEPOLEMUS.—What are you doing with him? Were you merely fraternising, or trying to turn him from his speculations in the direction of the Atlantic to your own pacific views? Did you think you could make him an instrument of yours, because he belongs to the Preventive Service? Why, that is the reason why he wears a sword, and has so military an aspect. Yet he is only half a soldier. I suppose you are practising on him to get your hand in. "Nature tried her 'prentice hand" on him before she made the full blown militaire; his sword is crooked—cross-bred of sword and sickle.

IRENEUS.—But what has that crooked sword to do with the preventive service?

TLEPOLEMUS.—Wait till I tell you. Prevention, you may have heard at some time or other, is better than cure. Our Custom officers are not a strictly preventive, but a detective force. They board the steamers in the Thames in sheep's clothing of plain blue, and lie in ambush for the unsuspecting fair, who have sometimes been even known to consult them about the stowage of their Cologne water, or the secretion of their lovely lace; till at the landing-place the awful sentence comes out like a thunder-clap, "Ma'am, you must pay duty for the other things; and the foreign editions of English books, I regret to say, we must take away." "What! even

the reprint of *My Novel*, by that dear Bulwer?" "Yes; even the reprint of *My Novel* by that dear Bulwer, whom you seem to wish to hold cheap at all events, taking the bread out of the mouth of his publisher." Jack-in-office we see gets rude again by touching his mother-soil, as Antæus recovered his strength. Now the French officer is truly a preventive. Many a little contraband project has been nipt in its bud, in the brain of the fair projector, by the thought of having to pass that bent sword and unbending countenance. He looks like a fire-eater, though he is only a water functionary, a tide-waiter.

IRENEUS.—I do not like the French system of giving the look of soldiers to tide-waiters and policemen. War is bad enough in itself without investing peace in its trappings. Louis Napoleon has done well to propose the institution of a strictly civilian police at Paris.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Joking apart, I quite agree with you, though on other grounds. You dislike the profession of arms; I dislike playing at soldiers, or investing with the attributes of this noble calling other professions equally honest, but less honourable, less dangerous, less solemn. I do not underrate the courage of the policeman, which may be severely tested by having to arrest a mad Milesian in a three-pair back in St. Giles', or to separate two determined amazons in their rehearsal of the battle of A-gin-court. But look at the comparative dangers of the respective duties. In the one case seldom more than a broken head, in the other death is risked. It was perhaps this respect for the profession of arms which induced the Romans to preserve so carefully the distinction between the gown of peace and the coat of war. They hated playing at soldiers.

IRENEUS.—It is sad to observe how our French friends display from the cradle that fondness for war which attends them through life, though I must allow that of late they have been getting more sensible. In England the children have brass guns of rude construction, the noise of which pleases more than the association. In France I have observed their military toys are much more suggestive; their guns, for example, are perfect models

of real artillery. After the fighting at the barricades in February 1848, the street boys were seen caricaturing the frightful scene. I saw once with pleasure, though no dancer myself, a dance of children at the Jardin d'Hiver in the Champs Elysées; the only thing which did not please me was, that the boys were dressed in the military costume of Louis Quatorze. What a sad thing that the infant should be so early taught to aspire to be a shedder of blood, to be one of a profession which has been aptly said "to get its living by being killed."

TELEPOLEMUS.—I am happy to be able to agree with you, though on different grounds, as I said before. The French have gone to the extreme opposite to ours. Shaken up together, we shall do very well. I love peace as much as you, but I cannot say I hate war. War is not a subject of love or hate, any more than the cholera or any other awful thing which it pleases the Inscrutable should exist. It is a necessity inseparable from our earthly condition. As such, we must accept it like men, and be ready, at all times, to bear our part in it manfully. It is far too serious a matter to jest upon. I had almost as lief see children playing at priests as playing at soldiers. Although I detest the old Puritans and their principles, I cannot help thinking that Cromwell's Ironsides carried a better spirit into the battle-field than the roystering cavaliers, which stood them in good stead at the hour of trial. The Normans surely were better engaged on the eve of Hastings in fasting and prayer, than the Saxons in drinking themselves drunk with ale and hippocras to the health of King Harold. Nemesis directed the shaft to Harold's eye. Nemesis is, indeed, no mere mythological personage, but a living and eternal principle in human affairs in the hands of the Most High. Most sad did I think the inauguration of the present struggle by the banquet to Sir Charles Napier at the Reform Club, and the vain after-dinner boastings which accompanied it. Were I not sure that it did not represent the spirit of the nation, I should have trembled for its consequences. It was too like the return of Agamemnon to his good house and bad wife, "*ποσειδάωνος*

ναῦς, treading on purple robes," which were a conjugal ambushade, intended to bring on him the wrath of the goddess who punished pride. But there was more excuse for those who set the trap for the Greek *στρατηλάτης*, *νέμω*, or "general-admiral," for Agamemnon had conquered, and was come home. We hope that this presumption has been sufficiently punished by the return of the Baltic fleet without having done anything miraculous. We must be thankful that it is safe, and not forget our obligations to the fine old hero that he has brought it safely back. At any rate he deserves the civic crown, for saving the lives of our citizens, and indeed the mural for Bomarsund. Let us bear in mind that a good cause and a stout arm, directed by a modest heart, have ever had more to do with success than overwhelming forces. Would that our people and press would well ponder this. I was vexed as much as any man of peace could have been, at the description of the putting to sea of the Baltic fleet. I was painfully reminded of Thucydides. "Now the whole remaining multitude, so to say, that was left in the city, both of townsmen and foreign residents, went down with them to the fleet, the people of the country accompanying each of them their own friends, some lovers, some brothers, and some sons; taking with them as they went, both hopes and mournings—hopes of that distant acquisition, mournings arising from misgiving as to ever seeing those again, as they called to mind the greatness of that voyage, and to what a distance from their own country they were sent. And in the present crisis, when they were just about to part with each other, with associations of danger, the terrible entered their mind more than when they decreed the expedition; but, nevertheless, in the presence of their strength, and considering the abundance of each kind of preparation that they witnessed, they took heart at the spectacle. But as to the foreign residents and the rest of the people, they came as to a show, attracted by the result of a conception worthy of its object, and surpassing expectation. For this was the first expedition of its kind that had sailed from any one city, being of all, up to that time, in its

Greek element of strength, by far the most sumptuous and the most imposing." This was the inauguration of that expedition, proverbially disastrous, the Athenian expedition to Sicily. *Absit omen*. For our consolation it may be said that Nemesis may have been still more outraged by the assumptions and falsehoods of Russia; and what can we expect will come to pass to a government whose officers are so inhuman in their pride, that they preferred abandoning their wounded at Alma, to acknowledging a defeat by a flag of truce? Those old Athenians, though indeed no saints, were far more religious on this point. They put to death their successful generals, because they abandoned their countrymen on the wrecks after the battle of Arginusæ; and on one occasion they had gained a victory in the Peloponnesus, and then re-embarked, carrying their slain with them; but, missing one man, they resigned their right to the trophy they had set up, and sent a herald to buy from the enemy that one corpse at the price of the honours of the field. So we have no reason to despond, though the faults of the enemy are no excuse for our own. Confidence is good—but in the justice of our cause, not in our resources. We ought to try to strike the mean between the Crumplers and the Croakers, if we may be allowed to adopt the former term from Mr. Cobden; or shall we call them rather the political bulls and bears, as the former believe in England and the latter in Russia? It is ever to be remembered that a man of peace spoke in that scornful way of the power of Russia: such an expression would never have dropt from the mouth of a warrior. George the Fourth, when regent, tried hard to extract from the great Duke an assertion of the superiority of the British cavalry to the French. His repeated answer was, "Sir, the French are very good." A true warrior, though not bashful, is always modest; and I am ready to maintain, also, that a true warrior is always humane; so that Menschikoff's proceeding in leaving his wounded to the mercy of the enemy, as well as his dead soldiers to their piety, was as unsoldierlike as that other proceeding of his or one of his colleagues in command, of hoisting

a yellow hospital-flag on a powder-magazine, by way of saving it from fire—tending to harden the heart of his enemy, as mendicant impositions tend to harden the heart of the almsgiving public. He has been called unseamanlike for sinking his ships at the mouth of Sebastopol harbour; but it must be owned that that was a clever and eccentric conception, and has put a spoke in the wheels of our fleet; though a real sailor would never have dreamed of it, even though amphibious like old Charley. Still, however unseamanlike, it was not immoral; while those other proceedings were unsoldierlike, because immoral. The hero of Scinde was laughed at by that scoffer *Punch*, for saying that his soldiers must be "well-conducted moral men, fit to go with him into Central Asia," and that every soldier was by nature a gentleman, and ought to act as such. Sir Charles Napier, of Scindian memory, was right, and *Punch* was an impertinent scoffer, though he tried to make up for it to him by reporting that despatch shorter than Cæsar's, which consisted of the single word "*peccavi*"—"I have Scinde;"—a questionable compliment.

IRENÆUS.—I really can stand this no longer, Tlepolemus, lover of paradox. Did I understand you to say that soldiers were in general humane men? Are butchers humane?

TEPOLEMUS.—Soldiers are not butchers, and butchers are humane; (I do not say butchers' boys)—they often treat the poor beasts kindly till they kill them, and then kill them out of their misery by way of consistency; but a respectable butcher will kill without pain if he can—read Sir F. Head's accounts of the Parisian *abattoirs*. Besides, he kills beasts to make people live, which can hardly be called inhuman. But butchers, though honest tradesmen, are not like soldiers. Butchers must kill and run no danger—soldiers may kill or be killed; the personal danger makes the difference. The butcher must kill in order to live himself—the soldier must kill sometimes in order to prevent himself from being killed; in this they are certainly somewhat alike. But while the butcher strikes for livelihood, the soldier strikes for honour. Life in

itself has few charms for him; he freely stakes it for unseen good, and in this consists his nobility, in this also his humanity, for the first principle in humanity is abnegation of self. If the true soldier can gain a bloodless victory, the better is he pleased; for he cares for victory, not for blood. Cruelty goes hand in hand with meanness and physical and moral weakness. The reason why weak things love to tyrannise is, that thus they imagine themselves strong thereby. Strong, generous natures are naturally kind. My Newfoundland dog lets the fowls roost on his back, and the ducks lay eggs in his kennel. On this principle boys are more cruel than men—they will pelt chained-up dogs, and tease horses they dare not mount; and we may trace almost every defect of temper in those noble creatures to some course of torment inflicted in early life by butchers' boys, baker-boys, stable-boys, pot-boys, or some specimen of that most repulsive species of the whole genus, the unmitigated schoolboy. But the warrior—the man of men—is essentially humane, because he knows not fear—because he does not exaggerate his mere life's worth, or hate a man for only wishing to take it from him. He looks upon his enemy as a competitor in the noblest of games, who is necessary to bring him out, and gives him an opportunity of earning immortal honour. History will furnish numberless examples of humane warriors: so will every man's experience. Do you know, for instance, any veterans of Waterloo or Trafalgar, any of the *αὐτοὶ μαρμαρινόμαχοι* or *σαλαμίνιοι* of England?

IRENEUS.—I have not cultivated their acquaintance. Perhaps they rather fight shy of me.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Well, I know two or three. I know one old colonel, who was through the Peninsular War as well. He walked about with some ounces of lead in his body, though none in his head, I can tell you; but he was simple and gentle as his youngest granddaughter. I knew, too, over here, a "vieux grognard," with the star of the Legion of Honour on his breast. He went through the

eat from Moscow, and lost by cold two fingers from each hand. You would have thought that that, if anything could, would have barbarised him. I saw, with my own eyes, that old man drop a tear upon a French translation of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, at the place where little Eva died.

IRENEUS.—Quite to the point, but not conclusive to me, though I do not doubt your word; for I have no military acquaintance. I will tackle you on the neutral ground of history. Let me see, who was the first warrior? I think his name was Cain.

TLEPOLEMUS.—The fratricide was no warrior; he slew because he hated, and he hated because he feared the moral superiority of his brother. Slavish fear, as the annals of crime will testify, is the commonest motive of murder. Surely the warrior and the murderer are the antipodes of one another,—I mean the true warrior.

IRENEUS.—It seems to me that a man who murders for the sake of gain is very like a man who kills for the sake of conquest.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Wanton conquest, yes—but a good soldier must have a good cause; and such a cause is the command of his country, whether his country be right or not in commanding him. Being in her service, he is bound to obey her—

καὶ σμικρὰ καὶ δίκαια καὶ τὰ πάντα.

As for one who takes upon himself the responsibility of originating a war—if wrong, he incurs all the guilt and punishment of Cain. Hence the awfulness of the present position of the Czar. We must in charity hope that his motive was not mere selfish aggrandisement, else never did blood cry to heaven like that shed, if not by his hands, by the hands of others in his name.

IRENEUS.—Yes! Think what it would be for you or me to have the sorrows of a single slain man's family on our heads! We should believe in ghosts then, whether we do now or not. I should not like to change places with his Imperial Majesty. In the campaigns of 1828-1829, he is said to have sacrificed a hundred thousand Russians, besides Turks innumerable. No one knows yet what the present war has cost, and will cost in blood. At Sinope the Russians slew for the sake of slaying.

But we must not say too much about it, after being fools enough to help them at Navarino. It would have been as well if we had listened then to the men of peace.

TELEPOLEMUS.—Not so; but it would have been well if the men of war could have known who were their friends and their enemies, and fired in the right direction. Navarino might then have prevented Sinope.

IRENÆUS.—How can you justify war? Take a single family's sorrow which has lost its head, and fathom if you can that sorrow's poignancy. Would you not buy off that sorrow with all the honour of the national flag?

TELEPOLEMUS.—No! for the honour of our national flag is too closely bound up with our national independence and our individual liberties. It is for the preservation of this liberty, and this alone, that we are ready to fight to the death. "None but the brave deserve the fair," and none but the brave deserve freedom. As for you men of peace, you are free, because men who "never will be slaves" risk themselves for you. If left to yourselves and your principles, though I do not think you would act upon them, you would soon furnish matter for a book of horrors, entitled *Friend Obadiah's Cabin*.

IRENÆUS.—I would run the risk with you as slave-driver; but I do not know what we are driving at now. You spoke of the humanity of warriors, and challenged me on historical ground. Suppose we take the Greeks. Achilles was cruel.

TELEPOLEMUS.—I beg your pardon. He was a gentleman though a savage, much like those red warriors of the West, who ought to make their white neighbours blush as red as they at being outdone by them in every social courtesy. He was no humanitarian, it is true; nor did he care much about the greatest happiness of the greatest number. He was a blunt man, though not a plain man, and he *did* love his friend; and his treatment of poor Priam, when he came to ask for his son's body, does the greatest credit to his humanity. You must acquit Achilles, and you must acquit also Hector, though he has got un-

justly a name as a bully. Look at that beautiful scene with his wife and child.

IRENÆUS.—The German critics commonly believe that episode interpolated.

TELEPOLEMUS.—Hang the Germans! Why do they let us fight their battle against Russia, unhand-some dogs as they are? They never did, and never will, know their own minds on any matter either of theory or practice. They are threatened with absorption into the constellation of the Great Bear, and France and we are spending our blood and treasure to prevent it, and they would pay us, forsooth, by shaking our belief in Homer! Episode interpolated, indeed! I fear, Irenæus, I must give you up. Homer, sir, is one and indivisible; and if you say he is not, and persist in it, I must bring in my pocket my most leathery and least digestible copy of the *Iliad* to stop your mouth withal, unless you will recant your literary heresy. Speak not of Homer, unless you love him.

IRENÆUS.—Well, if Homer is sacred, his lovers are not. I will pass on to Homer's great admirer, who kept a diamond *Iliad* in a walnut-shell—I mean Alexander of Macedon. He was cruel. Besides his slaughters in the field, he slew his friend Clitus in a drunken brawl.

TELEPOLEMUS.—And bitterly repented it all his life. Richly as he deserved six months at the tread-mill, under the new act, for aggravated assaults committed under the influence of liquor—richly as he deserved even worse than this, for setting Persepolis on fire, under the influence of Thais, he was not a cruel man when sober. He treated honourably the captive family of Darius, and in the Indian desert gave a helmetful of water, which was on its way to his royal lips, to a wounded Macedonian—an act which, for an habitually thirsty soul, must be considered indicative of great self-denial, and a disposition the reverse of cruel.

IRENÆUS.—You will prove black white soon. Never mind. Let us have a Carthaginian. Can you deny the cruelty of Hannibal? Horace calls him "perfidus Hannibal," and "dirus Afer," or "the awful Afri-

can;" and we have heard of his wicked oath of eternal enmity to Rome.

TRIOLEMUS.—So did Nelson inculcate on his sailors the duty of hating Frenchmen worse than—the original Nicholas. But did he hate them himself? No; they fought him too gallantly for that. As for Horace's "perfidus Hannibal," has not France often called us "perfidus Albion?" Yet we are the best of friends now. The fact is, it was the first dactyl that came in his way. And an "awful African" he well might call him, when he had given such a thundering, though runaway, knock at the gates of the Eternal City. Hannibal was a genial man, and loved a joke. It is told of him that he came out of his tent laughing before the decisive battle of Cannæ—a circumstance which his soldiers considered ominous of victory; and one of his staff, named Gisco, asked him what he was laughing at. He replied: I am laughing, because it has just struck me that in that vast host of Romans down there there is not a man who bears such a quaint name as Gisco. The man who said this could scarcely have been inhuman. The Roman consuls were inhuman, if you please, when, after the affair at Metaurus, they tossed his brother's head into his camp. They were cruel to him because they feared him. Hannibal never feared them, because he knew that he should never be in their hands. He had a poison in his signet-ring to prevent this contingency, and which did prevent it.

IRENEUS.—Well, Hannibal, I must say, was not his own historian. But the Romans' great man, Julius Cæsar, what say you to him? You may convict him from his own mouth of wholesale cold-blooded massacres of the Gauls, besides the slaughter of his own fellow-citizens at Pharsalia.

TRIOLEMUS.—Those massacres of the Gauls, though wholesale, were not cold-blooded; and in a military point of view, they were probably necessary, for savages do not know when they ought to surrender, and thus prolong the slaughter by their own bootless resistance. As for his fellow-citizens, they would have slain him,—they came to Pharsalia on purpose; and the general order

which he gave on that occasion, "Faciem feri, miles,"—"Strike the face, soldier,"—proves that he wished to spare the lives, though he was willing to spoil the beauty of the young dandies opposed to him, and disable them as lady-killers;—rather a humane thing than otherwise. As for Cæsar's conduct to his political enemies, it was in perfect contrast to the practice of his times. He never proscribed anybody, though he subscribed most liberally to everything and everybody. At last he fell a victim to his unsuspecting good nature, and died by the daggers of those immortal scoundrels Brutus, Cassius, and Co., men who had eaten his mutton and drunk his Falernian; a set of hypocritical rogues, who prated of liberty and patriotism, when they only wanted to set up their own order in Rome, with a bureaucracy; the old legitimate oligarchy having come to an end by dint of tribunes. He was in and they were out, so they slew him. Brutus ought to have contented himself with being leader of the constitutional opposition; but nothing but office would do for him, even if he broke every tie to obtain it. The fact is, that Cæsar was a great objective soul, with nothing mean or little about him. Read his Commentaries. They are all truth, terseness, and modesty, like the despatches of our Cæsar, who was like him in his want of self-consciousness and simple grandeur of character. Cæsar was a vicious man, it is true, but his vices belonged to his times; the avoidance of them was scarcely a virtue in the lukewarm-blooded Cicero, whatever it may have been in the red-hot-blooded Cato. But Cato was alone. Cæsar must be judged of as an average man of the world; and we are not discussing his morality, but his humanity. As for Cicero, he was cruel, if you please; and Cicero, though he did pretend to wage a little war in Cilicia, was essentially a man of peace. What a fright he was in when he ordered Lentulus and Cethegus, Catiline's companions, to be put to death without trial! Cæsar took, by the way, the humane side in the debate preceding that very strong, but in our view, weak measure. And with what vulgar joy he hails the news of Cæsar's death! If

he hated him so, why did he eat his dinners? Why? Just because he liked to say he knew a great man, and because the great man's cook was not to be despised. Cicero has been canonised because he wrote (pardon the anachronism) Johnsonian Latin. Is Johnson's English the best English, or Cicero's Latin the best Latin? Do things exist for the sake of words, or words for the sake of things? Tacitus, Sallust, Pliny, Cæsar, had something to say, and they found words to say it by nature. Cicero wanted to say something, and so he was obliged to cast about for something to say. His style was evidently got up at great pains, and regardless of expense. The beauty of Cæsar's writing is like, that of the author of *The Vicar of Wakefield*—you soon forget the style as you read, in the interest of the facts; just as, being a healthy man, you perform your vital functions without the consciousness of heart, liver, or diaphragm. I hope you will not be shocked, but I confess I think Cicero a humbug—the greatest of them if you like—the king of humbugs, as Bamfylde Moore Carew was king of beggars. I concede him this “bad eminence,” but I cannot retract. How he sickens you with his eternal consulship, far more perpetual in its effects than the dictatorship of Sylla! As if no one else had ever been consul; as if there were not a Briton Free-born, consul at Rome now. One wishes he had been consul at Archangel among that great silent people (as Carlyle calls them) the Russians: they might have kept him quiet. But peace to his manes! Though his philosophy was Plato and water, his rhetoric Demosthenes and foam, and his correspondence dry as “the land of Juba, that dry-nurse of lions;” yet he did know how to write Latin, he had the episcopal qualification of “being full of Greek;” he patronised the fine arts; and he was somewhat of a hero in his death. You have challenged on a Roman ground; I accept it. Was Augustus a man of war or a man of peace?

IRENEUS.—A man of peace; for he made it his great boast that he shut the temple of Janus.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Well, he was one of that triumvirate who put to death,

or drove into exile, hundreds of fellow-citizens, for the sake of selfish power; and he was so cruel, when administering justice, that Mæcenas once said to him (one wonders how he dared), “Come down, executioner,” In his family he was a licentious brute. Horace and Virgil flattered him, because it was as much as they could do to save themselves from the fate of Ovid;—poor Ovid, whom the patron of letters sent to freeze somewhere in the present seat of war, when he was never warm but in Rome. What do you say to the Emperor Nero?

IRENEUS.—He was a horrible tyrant, not a man of peace.

TLEPOLEMUS.—But he was; for he never went to the wars, as all well-regulated Romans did; and after living the life of a tiger, he died the death of a hare. Yet that man of peace was a human fiend, and his name in all time to come, εὐδὲς ὠνομασμένον συνελήφται μετὰ κακίας, “is included with villainy as soon as uttered.” How different was he from the warriors of Rome, both under the republic and the empire! Scipio is another name for noble self-restraint, Fabricius for incorruptibility, Cincinnatus for model-farming. As for those in the imperial times, Titus destroyed Jerusalem, but he made Rome happy in his short reign, and bitterly lamented having lost a day. Trajan was a grand character; and the Emperor Julian, though a renegade, was every inch a soldier. As an apostate, we should have expected him to have persecuted the Christians with the zeal of a religious changeling;—he did not, as others did, for he was too true a soldier. Under the bad reigns, where do we find a character more beautiful than that of the warrior Agricola, as described by Tacitus? He is a light in that thick moral midnight.

IRENEUS.—Enough of Greeks and Romans. You have unfairly selected the best specimens. Both these peoples were cruel, on the whole. Why, the Romans had gladiatorial shows.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I am sorry to say they had, but not in their most truly warlike days, the first days of the commonwealth. Again, these shows were not so much indicative of positive

cruelty—that is, the enjoyment of pain—as of carelessness of human life, exhibited in the love of sport. The bull-fights of modern Spain are quite as bad for a professedly Christian people. But you must consider the Greeks and Romans not by themselves, but in comparison with less warlike nations. They were far less cruel than the Persians and Carthaginians. The former were bad soldiers, but exquisite executioners. We read of one of their queens ordering an offending minister to be flayed alive, then smeared with honey, and stung to death by flies. The story of Apollo slaying Marsyas, and hanging his skin in a cave, because he dared to rival him on the harp, is evidently an Eastern, and not a Greek story; and a punishment of this kind was actually inflicted on the Emperor Valerian, in the latter days of Rome, when he fell into Persian hands. As for the Carthaginians, we know how they put Attilius Regulus to death by exposing him to an African sun in a barrel lined with knives; and this because he kept his soldier's parole and returned into captivity after an unsuccessful mission to his countrymen. Those Carthaginians were essentially men of peace, although they did not on principle object to war. They thought that to trade with all the world was the object of human life, and then carried on wars solely with the object of establishing a connection. They fought their battles by proxy, and gained their commercial advantages by Gallic and Spanish valour. But they neglected their best general in his need, till a run upon their banks came, and in consequence a national bankruptcy, and Emilianus came and smoked out their wasps' nest of free-trade.

IRENEUS.—I am getting tired of this; you do not beat me in argument, but bear me down with instances, establishing what is called, in the carnal jargon of war, a superiority of fire. We have had enough of the accents.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Even so. I do not think the middle ages perfection, but matters were much improved by the spirit of chivalry. The same rule applies there. The true soldiers were humane, the false ones cruel. Richard

Cœur-de-Lion was more humane than his brother John. Edward the Third of England, the Black Prince, and Henry the Fifth, were as gentle as they were brave. If there is less to be said for Edward the First, he is a foil to the Scottish chiefs, who do equally well for our argument. The Black Douglas, for instance, was a genuine knight. On one occasion, when he scaled, by surprise, one of the castles garrisoned by the English, at the moment he mounted the parapet, a woman on the wall was stilling her crying child with the threat that the Black Douglas would come, when she felt an iron glove on her shoulder, and heard a gruff voice say, "The Black Douglas is here." It is hardly necessary to observe that the Black Douglas was not a man to make war on women or children, even though the men of their nation had hunted his king with bloodhounds in his adversity.

IRENEUS.—I cannot wait for a summary of universal history. What do you say of Napoleon the First?

TLEPOLEMUS.—I will grant you that he was willing to sacrifice life, for military ends, in a very unscrupulous manner, but he was not positively cruel. The putting his Turkish prisoners to death at Jaffa because they embarrassed him, and the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, illustrates his want of respect for life, but does not prove his cruelty. He loved glory, and cared not for what led to it, even if it were suffering; but he did not love suffering. He is a most difficult character; sometimes great, sometimes little; a gainer of battles when he was well; a loser of them when he was dyspeptic. The little out-of-the-way inns in France are hung with engravings of passages in his life, generally illustrating some kind act of his. It is not for nothing that a great nation falls in love with one man, and with a lover's blindness refuses to see his faults or be told of them. After a lapse of more than thirty-five years, his name alone is enough to invest his nephew, previously almost unknown, with the imperial purple, and to give his government a strength that no other has possessed from that time until now; not that we would depreciate the un-

questionable personal qualities of the present emperor. I am more disposed to agree with the second part of Lord Byron's line than the first—

"There fell the greatest, nor the worst of men."

IRENÆUS.—If he was not cruel, some of his marshals were, and they were undeniable soldiers.

TLEPOLEMUS.—But not gentlemen by birth or education; so they preserved in an elevated rank the feelings of the class they had quitted, in many respects at least. Their chief fault was that they took no trouble to restrain their men. We are not discussing any character that falls short of the ideal soldier. I cannot help thinking that the perfect gentleman and perfect soldier are convertible terms, every gentleman *in esse* being the soldier *in posse*. Froissart and all the medieval writers consider these terms convertible. And we read in Chevy Chase—

"Many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground."

The gentleman and soldier are one, because the soldier's character is a compound of gentleness and manliness, without both of which qualities he is incomplete.

IRENÆUS.—I always considered the term gentleman to apply rather to birth in these times than to conduct. You remember, perhaps, the lines—

"Within the bounds of Annundale
The gentle Johnstones ride—
They have been there a thousand years,
A thousand yet shall bide."

Now these Johnstones, though their family was as old as the Cheviot hills, were probably very rough-and-ready customers; nor did they ride along the Border merely to air their horses. They were moss-troopers; which is the same as saying many things which did not tell in favour of their gentleness.

TLEPOLEMUS.—At all events they rode, and rode well, and that is more than your men of peace do; and it appears they were exemplary boys, and did not go out of bounds. But whether they were gentle by nature, or only in name, it is certain that this name was applied to the well-born, from the conduct by which they were originally distinguished; and as

it continues to be applied to them, it is an eternal homily on the duties of their station. The hero of Scinde was not far wrong when he said that all soldiers were by nature gentlemen. History is filled with gentlemanly soldiers, always the best. The bare mention of Sydney and Raleigh will suffice us here; and we ought not to forget our then enemies, but now fast friends, and their gentle heroes, Henri Quatre, and Condé, and Villars, and Saxe, with his

"Messieurs, veuillez tirer les premiers,"

addressed to the enemy with a bow before action. This gentleness is related to humanity as honour is related to honesty; it is not an effort of principle, but bred in the bone. Of our Peninsular heroes, none was more gentle or brave than Hill. And there is one more. Need I name him? He was a stern man in the service—was the Iron Duke; but he had a rough lot to deal with, and no bed of roses to lie on, between his countrymen, his allies, and the enemy—the latter being his least difficulty. But see the man of war become the man of peace, and judge him thus; for I say that, after all, it is the warrior who makes, when the wars are over, the most perfect man of peace. It is enough that he was the idol of the children of his friends, of those young beings who saw nothing in him but a mild old man. They did not know of Torres Vedras or Vittoria; but they knew that he kept a stock of shillings, new from the mint, in his pockets on purpose to give them. They knew him as their silver mine.

IRENÆUS.—Yet his name was the Iron Duke.

TLEPOLEMUS.—A name that will last as long as history. But iron, you know, will grow warm or cold; it is a substance of universal application; it does not, like stone, express stiffness, coldness, an inexorable nature; it is only strong, and firm, and enduring, nor easy to break and bend. He was the Iron Duke. Yet Copenhagen, the horse he rode at Waterloo, was by his order turned out to grass for the remainder of his life, as a reward for bearing him safely through that day of days; and though he gave short answers to impertinent come-

spondents, reminding them that he was Commander of the Forces, and not a Jack-of-all-trades, yet, if they could help it, his old servants never left him; and blessings for kind deeds, and kind words no less good for them than deeds, done and spoken to the poor, and those dependent on him—blessings fervent and strong and humid in the eye, and more numerous by far than its own scant silver hairs, followed, in God's good time, that laurelled head to the grave.

This is my case for the defence. But how, in your attacks on soldiers, came you not to think of Cromwell?

IRENEUS.—Cromwell, like Mahomet, must be considered to have become a soldier only because he was a fanatic, and to have applied the strong common-sense with which he was endowed to the science of war—very successfully too. If it had not been for his fanaticism, he would have remained a butcher at Huntingdon.

TLEPOLEMUS.—You are right in considering Cromwell scarcely a case in point. Though, if he was a mere impostor in his religion, he was an atrociously cruel man. But he certainly was not. All fanatics are apt to become impostors in many things; because in that they are fanatics they are ready to sacrifice truth, honesty, and morality in general, to the triumph of their views. It is impossible to mistake the sly twinkle in the corner of the eye of a genuine fanatic. Sidney Smith proposed to deal with fanaticism, not by controversy, but by asking it to dinner. If I were to do so, I think I should substitute electro-plate spoons for silver. The Jesuits of all religions are alike in many respects. Cromwell was a Puritan Jesuit. When he believed people Amalekites, he was destitute of mercy or pity; but I do not think him on that account to be regarded as a cruel man. A cruel man is one whose pleasure is the infliction of pain. Domitian, whose imperial amusement was to kill flies, is to my mind the model cruel man; I think you will find that cruel men have in general been men of peace, and that men of peace are often cruel men.

IRENEUS.—I suppose you think that you have parried my thrusts, and that your turn is come now. But I

do not fear you much, for you have come to the attack out of breath, like the third of the Curiatii; nor quite unwounded either. I think I have little to fear from your remaining history, for the cistern must be dry by this time. You have probably done as young divines often do, who let out their whole reservoir of divinity in their maiden sermon, and in consequence appear as dry and as tough as oak-chips in their second. I am ready for you with a fifty-horse power of passive resistance.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Do you think soldiers in spirit the same as murderers?

IRENEUS.—As the greater is to the lesser. Murderers are not necessarily cruel, any more than soldiers.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Did you never hear of a Friend being hung for murder?

IRENEUS.—Never! we always read them out first.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Transparent sophistry! The being hung does not constitute the murderer, but the deed of blood. Men of your body have murdered, but they have not been suffered to obey God's law in expiating their guilt; because when they do so, they no longer belong to your body. Thus it seems to me that this system of reading out has only the effect of staining your society with unexpiated crime. But I do not mean to lay too great stress on this. Men of peace are not often murderers, any more than warriors are. But there is a spirit of murder inherent in society, more damaging to human happiness than the overt act which the law punishes. Such a spirit is to be found in the selfish hard-heartedness habitual to those accustomed to look at their fellow-creatures through the inverted spy-glass of trade. Men are dwarfed into worthless, feelingless puppets. They are spoken of, not as souls or as heads, but as "hands."

IRENEUS.—Well, so they are on board ship; and the soldier speaks of them as "sabres and bayonets."

TLEPOLEMUS.—The nautical term had manifestly its origin in the merchant-service. As to the military term, it is pictorial and poetical, and has nothing to do with the moral of

the case. But the hard-heartedness of men of peace consists in looking at man as a machine for achieving physical well-being. To those accustomed to lay great stress on the preservation of life, all the little adjuncts of physical well-being become of exaggerated importance. Thus, to enhance luxury for a few, the faces of the many are ground in mills; and the wood and iron of which those mills are made, are looked upon in the same light as the blood and bone of God's image which sets them going. It is not bread alone the poor want, as horses want oats; it is cheerful and innocent recreation for which they are athirst. But he is a cruel man who would deprive his horse of a roll and a gallop in the meadow. So he is a cruel man who does not care for the recreation of the poor. You may murder a man's life as effectually by destroying hope and happiness out of it, as by cutting his throat.

τὰς γὰρ ἡδονὰς
ὅταν προδῶσιν ἀνθρώποις, οὐ πῶμ' ἐγὼ
γῆν τούτων, ἀλλ' ἐμψυχον ἡγούμεν νεκρόν.

Labour is a duty for us all; but labour is a duty, because it is not a pleasure, but the curse; and though we undertake it cheerfully ourselves, we ought to do all we can to mitigate it for others. Now, I maintain that the almost entire disappearance of the innocent pleasures of the poor from the face of our country, is owing to two things. The first is, that Puritanical heaven which has remained by us ever since the so-called reign of the saints, as a meet punishment for the crimes of that epoch; poisoning our social happiness, embittering our domestic relationships, infecting the very current of our ideas, and showing itself often when we least expect it, as ineradicable as those livid stains in the marble, which seem, from time to time, to come from the interior to the surface, on purpose to spoil the pure beauty of the Ariadne of Dannecker. The second is the unwarlike spirit of utilitarianism. When the nation was a nation of warriors, and every peasant was an archer, as every gentleman was a man-at-arms, and even the Cockneys had a military organisation, then did the necessity of warlike exercising produce merry-makings

innumerable. Those were the days of dances on the green, shooting-matches, maypoles, music, and madrigals. It seems now as if May-day had changed its nature, because it has ceased to be honoured. England was merry England then, instead of being, as it is now, the land of the seldom-smiling, where men breathe the atmosphere of Trophonius' cave. If our young yeomen were all rifles, and our gentlemen mounted rifles, those times might come round again. But firstly, your men of peace must be put down.

IRENEUS.—Why sigh for the restoration of vanities?

TLEPOLEMUS.—Have you no vanities? What are your expensive dinners, your curiously ventilated houses, your stuffed carriages with ascent between the wheels, your cushioned dormitories called pews, your public meetings, but vanities? I cannot help thinking a shooting match in the open air, refreshed by a moderate consumption of sound ale or cider, infinitely less a vanity than a spouting-match in an atmosphere of carbonic acid, enlivened by the indefinite consumption of human pig's-wash called bad tea. But you men of peace would keep your vanities to yourselves, and let the poor have none, at least of an innocent kind, for they have vanities of another. Hence it is that young Hodge has no other idea of pleasure but that of nocturnally stupefying himself with *Cocculus indicus*, under the name of beer, till he finds he cannot get money to drink fast enough; and then poor Mary, who has been pining at home, is dragged to the altar "by a brute beast that hath no understanding," who wants a slave and not a wife, to wash that he may swill: and utter misery ensues, which is only modified by the Act for aggravated assaults removing her, for a time, from the power of her tyrant. This is the state of things brought about by you men of peace among the labouring classes. Man's pleasures are only of the vilest character, while woman's have been utterly abolished. I am now going to make a bold assertion; but as there are no ladies to hear me, I am not afraid of being tossed in a blanket. I do think that the philosophy of the teapot is for men, whatever it be for women,

but the war of the ledger and the fire-waters they did not understand. If they had, the result would have been different. The scalp locks which grew under the broad brims would soon have ornamented the leggings of the Strong Wind, or Black Eagle, or Oiled Lightning, Chiefs of the Cherokees, or have dangled from the flounces of their squaws. It was this fear of being scalped that was the probable cause of that main article of religion of the Quakers, the ungerman custom of wearing the hat in all presences. Your grandfathers did it to keep temptation out of the sight of the Indians. The Turks curse, by wishing one's soul as little repose as the hat of a German; they might bless, by wishing it as much as the hat of a Quaker enjoys. Perhaps this custom, so unnecessary now, is a sort of penance for the wrongs done the poor Indians, when they were cheated out of their birthright for red cloth and beads, which their squaws probably would not let them refuse. Poor fellows, they little thought, when they gave up a few acres of their hunting grounds to the plough, it would end by their being elbowed into the setting sun. It is a favourite maxim with our political economists, that men have no right to inhabit the earth, unless they cut it all up—that they have no right to live, unless they are settled. But the sons of Ishmael have a divine right to be unsettled; and is not the desert theirs to this day?

But what right have you to say that a red nobleman may not keep his buffalo-drives or wild-turkey covers to himself, just as much as a white nobleman may preserve his game on his own ground here at home? Because you are no sportsmen yourselves, can you be satisfied with nothing short of making an end of sport? for I dare say, in your hearts, you want to do the same at home. Tastes differ. One man likes to live with a million others, and breathe with them foul air, and drink with them filthy water; another likes to live with nature, and in the country which God made, preferring the song of the bird to the squeak of the mouse, and "the blue vault of heaven, with its cresset so pale," to the gas-lighted

and yellow-feverish air of manufacturing towns. I say that the tastes of such a man ought to be respected. You have no right to civilise him against his will. And I should like to know who is most civil—the red gentleman, smoking the pipe of peace in his wigwam, or the yellow snob chewing tobacco in his store? Try them both by asking for a night's lodging. Irenæus, do you call scientific men emphatically men of peace?

IRENÆUS.—Yes, in that they are scientific, decidedly. Prince Rupert himself was a man of peace so far as he was scientific.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Good! A book fell into my hands lately. It gave an account of the effects of different poisons injected into the veins of living dogs, cats, and rabbits; describing with apparent zest—at all events with minute interest—the agonies of the poor beasts, which generally terminated in death. It seems to me that he who could inflict such misery on that noblest of animals, the semi-human dog, might have been put in the dock with the wretch who appeared in a London police-court, charged with roasting a cat alive. Now, do you think any soldier could have written that book? You do not answer. I am sure you agree with me. There are other occupations which harden man's heart more than war. I say that the man who could have done that for the sake of science, was

"A flogging slave,
One who would peep and botanise
Upon his mother's grave,"

—after having dissected her first for the sake of science. No soldier could have written that, or sportsman either; for a sportsman is only a warrior out of work, and his worst cruelties are accidental.

IRENÆUS.—That is a new field for us to fight on. But the night is getting cold. I am shaken, but not convinced. Let us to my inn; we will hear it out there.

TLEPOLEMUS.—So be it. We will meet again at Philippi, without parting now. Let me take your arm.

I took his arm, for he is taller and bigger than I am. As we strolled round the harbour, our attention was

arrested by a voice which cried, as the French say, "to succours." The voice proceeded from a small boy on the ground, whom a big fellow in a blouse was kicking with his wooden shoes. Before I had time to interfere, Irenæus loosed my arm, and saying, "Friend, hold my coat," went at the bully like a bull. There was a vision of a big carcass roaring on the ground, and a pair of blue legs finished with "sabots" in the air, while the little sufferer thought it a good opportunity to "save himself," as the French say again. Irenæus has come into my views from that date. There is nothing like a practical illustration. Once upon a time a man was mad with the delusion that his nose had grown so large that it could not go through the door of his bedroom, so that he was a close prisoner there. His physician, after two mortal hours of vain argument, took counsel, and in a moment sent his clenched fist like a catapult against the member in question, then "saved himself" into the street. The monomaniac was soon after him, in spite of his streaming nose, with his hand on his collar. "Strike, but hear," said the doctor; "my dear fellow, you are a cured man."

So Irenæus was a cured man, and I needed not to prolong the discussion. I was going to quote Aristotle to him, and show him how the wisest of Greeks considered the noblest manhood to lie in military virtue, because the soldier's sphere of action is beset with the greatest dangers, even with death, the end of all things. I was going to bring the ladies to bear upon him, and show him that woman was seldom far wrong in her instincts, being gifted by nature to see truths in a moment which men come at by circuitous reasonings, and that one of these instincts was admiration for the warrior—not to be accounted for by

the colour of his cloth, for footmen have gaudier liveries—but by the inherent romance of a profession whose business it is to be above the fear of death—the fear most natural to all created beings, undervalue its absence as we may. But Irenæus needed no more words; his little adventure had stirred the manhood of his heart. We had no longer differences to adjust; so, although we met to discuss, we both went to sleep on our respective sofas. I have since been informed that he has subscribed to the Patriotic Fund; and it is even whispered that he attends his parish church regularly, and that they think of electing him churchwarden. I wish no worse fate to all men of peace, although I cannot help thinking they brought the Russian war upon us. I hear that the Czar was burnt instead of Guy Fawkes in some places this year. Now, although I do not like effigy-burnings, even of men of straw, I would rather have substituted one member of the Peace Society—I mean Mr. John Bright; for although Mr. Bright and men of his stamp are not much like Helen in other respects, they are like her in being "*teterrima belli causa*." If it had not been for them and their lowering the character of our nation, the Czar would never have cast a sheep's eye on Constantinople. Having thus satisfied my vindictive feelings by a *bright* bonfire, I would wish to see all men of peace by profession cease, not by extinction, but by mediatisation, as the political existence of the lesser German powers has been merged in the greater. Nor do I entirely despair of taking one day my youngest born to Madame Tussaud's waxwork, and seeing there, mid the resplendent uniforms of her Majesty's Ministers, Cardinal Wiseman and Mr. Perry the military martyr—the sober habiliments, contrasted with the red and white cheeks, of the Last Man—of Peace.

A FEW PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR."

[The ensuing brief but interesting and affecting sketch of one so long the glory of *The Magazine*, was written by the author for the purpose of his forthcoming "MISCELLANIES;" but at our request he has allowed it first to appear in the columns of *The Magazine* so long irradiated by the genius of Professor WILSON.]

On a bright frosty day in December, 1827, as I was quitting the mathematical class in the University of Edinburgh, of which I had been a member about two months, one of my class-fellows said suddenly, "If you want to see Christopher North, he's yonder!" This my companion knew to have been long my desire, for I was in those early days one of Christopher North's most enthusiastic admirers. My curiosity was gratified in a moment. Walking rapidly across the quadrangle towards his class-room (that of Moral Philosophy) with a sort of hasty, impetuous step, as though he were behind his time, was Professor Wilson, then in the very prime of life.* A faded, tattered gown, put on carelessly, fluttered in the keen wind, and seemed a ludicrous appendage to as fine, tall, manly a figure, and free, fearless bearing, as I have ever looked upon. As he came nearer, his limbs and their motions gave the idea of combined strength, agility, and grace; and there was a certain sort of frank, buoyant unaffectedness about his demeanour that seemed to indicate light-hearted consciousness of great mental and physical endowments. When he came near enough for his face to be seen with distinctness, in it I forgot everything else about him; and I shall never forget the impression it produced. What a magnificent head! How finely chiselled his features! What compression of the thin but beautifully formed lips! What a bright blue flashing

"Eye, like Mars, to threaten or command"

Add to all this the fair transparent complexion, flowing auburn hair, and the erect commanding set of his head

upon his shoulders, and surely no Grecian sculptor could have desired anything beyond it. As for his eye, it lightened on me as he passed, and suddenly disappeared.

I had seen power and genius visibly embodied; and, in a word, I think that never before or since can any celebrated man's personal appearance have so far surpassed an admirer's expectation as Professor Wilson's air, face, and figure went beyond what I had imagined. I say this calmly, after the lapse of twenty-seven years, during which I have a thousand times recalled the scene which I have now faintly sketched for the reader; assuring him that no one then knowing this gifted and far-famed man will think my sketch too highly coloured.

As I heard that many more were crowding into his class-room than were entitled to do so, I followed their example, discarding from my thoughts for the nonce all poor Professor Wallace's sines, co-sines, triangles, and parallelpipeds; and when I entered the Moral Philosophy class, I found that Professor Wilson had just begun his lecture. He read it with considerable rapidity, as it were vehemently urging his words out of lips compressed with the natural energy of his character. Professor Sedgwick, of Cambridge, when speaking in public, has sometimes reminded me of Professor Wilson's manner.

The lecture was eloquent, and greatly relished by the auditory. A small incident showed how he was absorbed with his subject, though the lecture was probably one that he had often read to his class. He had taken out his pocket-handkerchief, and after drawing it across his forehead, crushed it up, and placed it on the left hand

* He was in his forty-third year.

side of his paper, partly under a book. By and by, he required his handkerchief, and felt first in one pocket, then in the other; then in the breast, then glanced hastily round, evidently in quest of his handkerchief, but without pausing for a moment in the flow of his impassioned rhetoric. These efforts he renewed several times; but it was not till he had finished his lecture that he suddenly saw what he had been looking for, and which we had seen all the while. He uttered a loud "Oh!" as he thrust it into his pocket, and withdrew. I have several times reminded him of this little circumstance, and he always laughed heartily, saying, "Very likely—very probably. I'm very thoughtless about such things." All I recollect of his lecture was, that it dealt much with Plato; but I was completely occupied with Wilson, feeling that I could pay my respects to Plato at any time. I am bound to say, that this distinguished man did not favourably impress me as a Lecturer on Moral Philosophy; inasmuch as he seemed to lack that calm, didactic manner, alone befitting the treatment of difficult, profound, abstract subjects. I think those who frequented his class must have found it difficult to realise what they had heard from him. I do not indeed recollect seeing any one taking notes; but I do recollect thinking one or two passages in his lecture very fine.

I did not see Professor Wilson again, except perhaps casually, and at a distance, till a few days before I quitted Edinburgh, in the autumn of 1828. I had had no opportunity of meeting him in society; and I was resolved not to leave Scotland without being able to say that I had spoken to Professor Wilson. But how was this to be done? Having been informed that he had concurred with Professor Pillans in awarding to me the prize for English poetry,* I thought, after many qualms and misgivings, that an allusion to that circumstance might, to a generous man of genius, serve to take off the edge of the liberty I proposed to myself, of calling, as a student quitting the university, to pay my parting respects to one of the

Professors. So one afternoon, after walking hesitatingly up and down the street in which he lived, and other adjoining ones, I summoned up spirit enough to call at his house, and inquire if he were at home. The answer was, yes; and on being asked my name, I mentioned it, adding, "a student in the university." In a moment or two's time the servant returned, saying, "The Professor would see me." Somewhat nervously I followed, and in a moment found myself, if I am not mistaken, in his library. The room had a disordered appearance, as if its occupant were careless. He had a loose wrapper round him, his shirt collar was thrown open, and he seemed writing. "Pray take a seat," said he, addressing me by name, and then his piercing eyes were fixed on me with what I thought a slightly impatient curiosity. "I feel, sir, that I have taken a great liberty," I began; "but I am an English student, with very few friends in Scotland, and before leaving the university and Scotland, I felt anxious to have the honour of paying my parting respects to you." "Oh, well, I am much obliged to you. So you are leaving the university? Are you the Mr. Warren that gained the prize for English verse?" I told him I was; on which his whole manner altered, and became exceedingly cordial and gracious, and his smile was fascinating. "Well," said he, "as you are an Englishman at a Scotch university, I was a Scotchman at an English university—at Oxford;" and he talked with animation on the topic. I explained that the reason why I could not attend his, among other classes, was that I wished to enter at an inn of court immediately. "Oh, pho!" said he, laughing good-humouredly, "you have not lost much by missing my lectures! You must read for yourself on these subjects." After some other conversation, I happened to say—"There is only one other person besides yourself, sir, whom I should have liked to see before returning to England." "Who's that?" he asked. "Mr. De Quincy, the 'Opium Eater.'" "Mr. De Quincy? Why, he's staying with me now! Well, I

* *The Martyr Patriots*, WALKER'S *Miscellanies*, vol. ii.

dare say I can manage that for you. Come in to-morrow evening about nine o'clock, and I'll introduce you to him. I shall be most happy to see you!" He said this with so much kindness that I accepted the invitation; and after he had shaken my hand with much friendship of manner, I withdrew, he instantly resuming his pen.

On making my appearance next evening at the appointed hour, I was at once shown into the drawing-room, where were Mrs. Wilson, evidently a very amiable and kindly woman, and some of her children. In about ten minutes' time, Professor Wilson made his appearance, with one or two other gentlemen, to whom he was talking very energetically. He presently saw me, and shook hands with me cordially. "Oh, you want to see Mr. De Quincy!—Come here!" and leading me into the back room, towards a door which stood open, in the angle formed by it with the wall stood a little slight man, dressed in black, pale, careworn, and with a very high forehead. "Mr. De Quincy, this is a young friend of mine—a student in the university, returning to England." After a few words of course, he left us; but Mr. De Quincy seemed exceedingly languid. He spoke courteously, though evidently disinclined to talk. Shortly before we went down to supper, Professor Wilson said, "You shall sit opposite to Mr. De Quincy"—and I think he added in a whisper and with a smile, "it will be a queer kind of *vine* that you will see him drinking!" Presently we went down to supper. Nothing could exceed the gentle unaffected kindness to me of Mrs. Wilson, whom I never saw again after that evening. I saw her watching me once or twice with a good-natured amused smile, as she saw me intent upon Mr. De Quincy, and his doings! I cannot at this distance of time pretend to say that his small decanter contained coffee: assuredly it was not wine, but exactly resembled laudanum. He was taciturn for some time, but gradually fell into conversation, in which Professor Wilson joined with vivacity. It was on some metaphysical subject; and at length I well recollect that the discussion turned on the nature of

Forgetfulness. "Is such a thing as forgetting possible to the human mind?" asked Mr. De Quincy—"Does the mind ever actually lose anything for ever? Is not every impression it has once received, reproducible? How often a thing is suddenly recollected that had happened many, many years before, but never been thought of since till that moment!—

Possibly a suddenly developed power of recollecting every act of a man's life may constitute the Great Book to be opened before him on the judgment day." I think this is the substance of what was said on the subject, Professor Wilson making several curious remarks as to the nature of mind, memory, and suggestion. I ventured to say—and it was the only thing I did venture to say—that I knew an instance of a gentleman who in hastily jumping from on board the *Excellent*, to catch a boat that was starting for shore, missed it, and fell into the water of Portsmouth harbour, sinking to a great depth. For a while he was supposed drowned. He afterwards said, that all he remembered after plunging into the water was a sense of freedom from pain, and a sudden recollection of all his past life, especially of guilty actions that he had long forgotten. Professor Wilson said that if this were so, it was indeed very startling: and I think that Mr. de Quincy said that he also had heard of one, if not two or three such cases.

I was so absorbed with watching and listening to the conversation of Professor Wilson and Mr. De Quincy, that I left almost supperless, in spite of the kindly pressure of Mrs. Wilson. I often saw her look, as I fancied, with fond interest at her famous husband, whose demeanour had a noble simplicity. His eyes sometimes seemed to glitter and flash with the irrepressible fire of genius. I watched him with lynx-like vigilance; but all was spontaneous and genuine; not a vestige of artifice, affectation, or display: no silly "inflicting his eye on you:" but all, whether grave or frolicsome, the exuberance of a gloriously-gifted man of genius. And see how hospitable and kind he was to a young English stranger, whom he had never seen till the preceding day. Before I left, he asked me much about my

intentions and prospects; wished me heartily well: and when, about eleven o'clock, I had shaken hands with him and got into the street, the sun of æthere no longer shone on me, and I felt dull, and indeed in the dark. As I walked home, I thought myself a poor pigmy that had just been entertained by a good-humoured giant!

I never saw any man who *looked* the man of genius he was, but Professor Wilson. Next to him was Sir Walter Scott. Him I first saw in his fifty-seventh year, when I was at college in Edinburgh, and had wandered one day, in, I think, the month of June, into one of the law courts to hear Mr. Jeffrey plead. The latter's face, let me say in passing, appeared to me that of an acute, refined, sensitive, and somewhat irritable man, but not indicative of power. I had been standing for some time in the Court of Session, in which Sir Walter Scott was one of the principal clerks, who sat at a table below the judges, when my eye fell upon an elderly man, one of those sitting at the table, wearing a rusty-looking old stuff gown. His chin rested on his left hand, and his right hung by his side with a pen in it. Without having an idea who he was, my attention was soon arrested by his lofty forehead, and a pair of eyes that seemed gazing dreamily into a distant world unseen by any but himself. The more I looked at those eyes, the more remarkable appeared their character and expression; not bright, or penetrating, but invested with a grand, rapt, profound air. He sat motionless as a statue, apparently lost to all that was passing around him. A sudden suspicion arose within me that I was looking on the mighty Northern novelist, who had publicly avowed himself the author of *Waverley* in the preceding February. To make assurance doubly sure, I asked a person standing beside me, who that was, indicating him. "Whaur d'ye come frae?" said he, looking at me rather contemptuously:

"d'ye no ken that's Sir Walter?" Almost while this was being said, Sir Walter Scott seemed to rouse himself from a reverie, and soon afterwards wrote rapidly on several sheets of paper, and then quitted the Court, leaning on his stick, and walking very lame.

Professor Wilson's noble countenance indicated, to even an ordinary observer, the impulsive energy of his character, daring and generous,—also acuteness, refinement, and power; one, in short, to fear, to admire, and to love. Everything petty and mean, he spurned with a scorn that was magnificent; to obscure and timid genius, he extended, with tender kindness, the hand of, as it were, the King of Letters. To pretenders, however, of all sorts, he was utterly merciless: to them, the crutch of Christopher was annihilation. It was fine to hear him *talk* on such a subject: his eye, his lip, his voice, his gesture, all in fierce and vivid accord.

As an instance of his watchfulness of literary merit, when newly manifested, I recollect his once saying to me, "By the way, do you know any one in the Temple—a special pleader, or something of that kind—called Moile—Nicholas Thirning Moile?"* I told him that I had never heard of the name: on which he pressed me much, and said, "Try to find out, then, for he is a very clever fellow. He has just published a sort of poetical version of two or three of the State Trials, which I have read, and formed a high opinion of them. Some parts are beautiful—he's a man of genius. I shall review the book in the *Magazine*;" and his opinion of the performance may be seen in No. 288.

Professor Wilson read with prodigious rapidity, and it was an *exhaustive* reading: he gathered the purpose, scope, and character of a work, on even a difficult subject, at almost a glance. Instances of this have come under my personal knowledge: and I know the pages in *Blackwood's Maga-*

* It turned out that the name of "Nicholas Thirning Moile" was assumed by a friend of my own, now an eminent Queen's Counsel, who had sent to me the very volume in question in his assumed name; and, after glancing at it for a moment, I acknowledged the receipt of the book to the publisher, but soon afterwards sight of it. It was only a few months ago that I discovered the author.

zine which attest Christopher North's marvellous rapidity and accuracy of critical judgment. As a critic, his perceptions were exquisite, and his resources boundless. He could put a new or an old idea into a sort of kaleidoscopic variety of striking and novel aspects, and with a charming facility. He could bring out a meaning often more distinctly and happily than his author himself. His rich, comprehensive, and penetrating criticism shed new splendour over Homer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, and whomsoever else he wished to set before his own and his reader's eye.

One of his most distinguished contemporaries, not apt to bestow eulogy lavishly or unworthily,—I mean Mr. Hallam,—in his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, while sketching the character of Spenser, thus alludes to a fine series of papers by Professor Wilson on the *Fairy Queen*: "It has been justly observed by a living writer, of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush of mighty waters, and has left it for others, almost as invidious, to praise in terms of less rapture, as to censure what he has borne along in the stream of unhesitating eulogy, 'that no poet has ever had a more exquisite sense of the beautiful than Spenser.'" adding, in a note, "I allude here to a very brilliant series of papers on the *Fairy Queen*, published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, during the years 1834 and 1835." I think the observation which the Professor makes concerning Spenser, may be well applied to the gifted critic himself. I fear, however, that I am wandering too far from the object of this humble tribute to the memory of Professor Wilson.

I never heard him speak in disparaging terms of any of his contemporaries; but how tremendous, in his earlier years, were his flagellations of those whom he considered deserving of them as literary offenders, is known to all well-informed literary readers. I have conversed with him much about

literary men, and often admired his forbearing and generous spirit.

Shortly after Mr. Dickens had so suddenly eclipsed in popularity all his contemporaries, Professor Wilson spoke to me of him in terms of high admiration, as a man of undoubted and great genius; and he spoke of "*Nelly*" as a beautiful creation.

Professor Wilson told me that there were two things he specially hated—letter-writing, and being "made a lion of," or, as I recollect him saying contemptuously, "a lionet." As for letter-writing, I never received from him but one in my life; and that was written on half a sheet of paper, evidently the blank sheet of some old letter. Mentioning a late accomplished dignitary of the Church, he said, laughingly, "—— will continue writing to me, though I never answer his letters, nor will!" One of those letters happened to contain a friendly allusion to myself, and he sent it to me through a common friend, thinking it would please me.

He never called on me in the Temple but once; and then sate a long time asking a multitude of questions about the Temple,—its history, the nature of chamber life, &c., &c., with lively interest; almost suggesting that he might be thinking of writing something on the subject.

He used to be a daily visitor at Messrs. Blackwood's saloon* in George Street, to chat with them and one or two other friends, read the newspapers, and skim over the magazines, reviews, and new publications. He was much attached to all the Blackwoods, giving them many proofs of his zealous and affectionate good-will. How pleasantly have I chatted with him in that saloon! How fresh and genial he always was! How sly his humour! How playfully his eye glittered while he was good-humouredly making fun of you! How racy his comments on literary and political topics! How ready and correct his knowledge in all kinds of subjects, even while he professed "to know very little about them!"

* This is a spacious room dedicated by Messrs. Blackwood to the use of their friends, where are lying numerous newspapers and magazines; and ornamented with busts and pictures of their distinguished literary men.

I saw him last in that saloon, towards the close of September, 1851. I had been for ten days in Edinburgh, superintending—as that was the long vacation—a work which was on the eve of publication, and had lived quite secluded all the time. In passing hastily through the saloon with some proofs in my hand, I came upon Professor Wilson, sitting there as usual; but I had not seen him for several years. He had become a great deal stouter than I had ever seen him before; he was also aged much; but his face was as fine, his eyes as bright, and his manner as delightful as ever. He did not, however, speak with his former energy. “They tell me,” said he, laughing good-humouredly, “that you’ve quite buried yourself since you have been here! What have you been about?” I told him. “Aye—it’s a capital title, and promises well. You have set us all gaping to know what we’re to have: Tell me what it’s about—I’m anxious to hear. What’s your *idea*?” I told him as briefly as I could. “Let me hear some of it,” said he, after I had given him my notions of the scope of the work; and I read him, at his desire, a considerable portion. How I recollect his full, keen eyes, watchfully fixed upon me as I read!

The next, and last time I saw him, was also the last time that he left his own house. During the intervening years, he had had a paralytic seizure, which affected his powers of motion and speech, and to some extent his mental faculties. He had driven up to Mr. Blackwood’s door, accompanied

by a fond daughter, for the purpose of congratulating one in whom he had always felt deep interest, on his approaching marriage. I was in the saloon at the time; but on being told that he would be pleased to see me, though he was feeble and could not converse, I went to the carriage door. Shall I ever forget father and daughter* as they sat opposite to each other, she eyeing her gifted but afflicted father with such tender anxiety! Never! His hat was off, and his countenance, on which fell the rays of setting sunlight, was fine as ever; his eye was not dim, nor did his natural force seem abated, as he sat, and looked at me, and stretched forth his hand; but when he attempted to speak, alas! it was in words few, indistinct, and unintelligible. To me it was an affecting moment—but a moment; for he was not allowed to become excited. Again he shook my hand; and I had looked my last on Professor Wilson. The next I heard of him, was his peaceful death; and then a burial befitting one of the great men of Scotland.

I am almost ashamed to commit to the press this sudden and spontaneous, but poor tribute to the memory of such a man of genius and goodness. I am altogether unequal to the task of his intellectual portraiture; but what I have written is true, and comes from my heart; wherefore I hope it will be accepted in the spirit in which it is offered.

Adieu, Christopher North! Adieu, John Wilson!

SAMUEL WARREN.

* Mrs. Gordon.

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